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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

MODERN

WIT AND HUMOR

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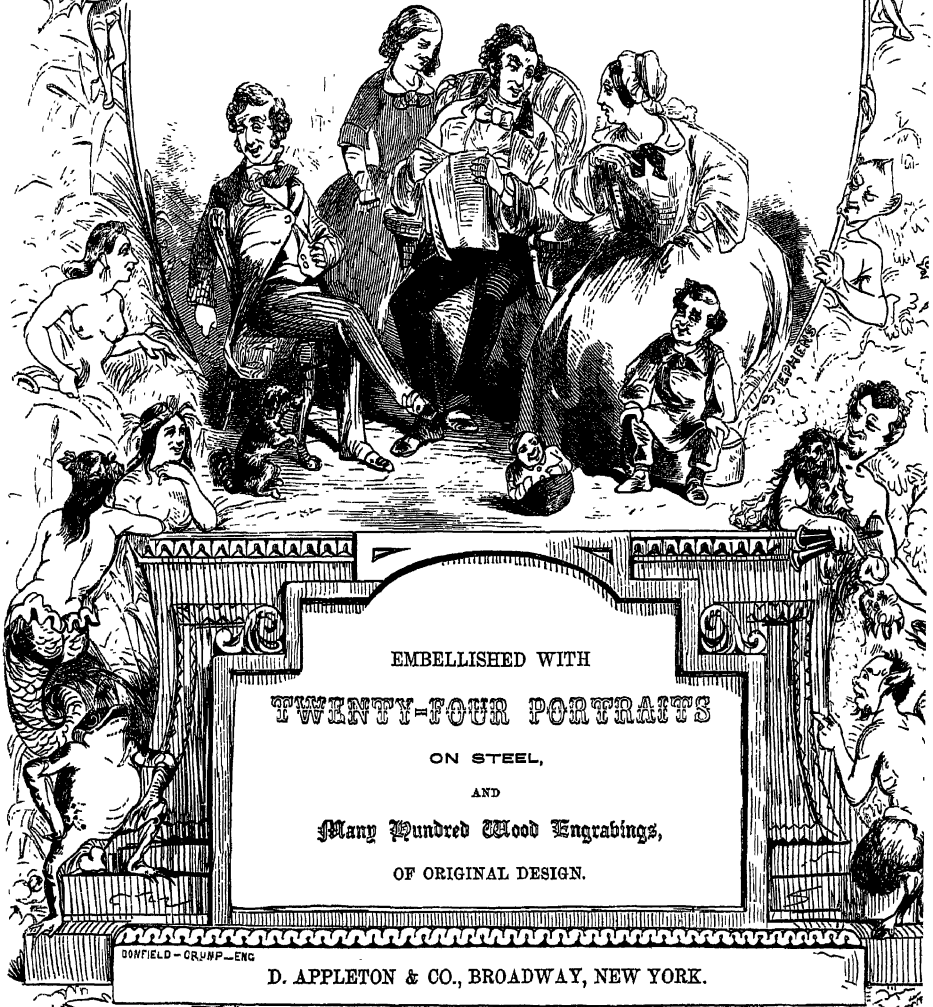






ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WIT AND  
OF  
AMERICA,  
Ireland, Scotland,  
AND  
HUMOR,  
ENGLAND.

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM E. BURTON.



EMBELLISHED WITH  
TWENTY-FOUR PORTRAITS  
ON STEEL,  
AND  
Many Hundred Wood Engravings,  
OF ORIGINAL DESIGN.

DONFIELD - GRUMP - ENG

D. APPLETON & CO., BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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CYCLOPÆDIA  
OF  
WIT AND HUMOR;

CONTAINING  
CHOICE AND CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS  
FROM THE  
WRITINGS OF THE MOST EMINENT HUMORISTS  
OF  
AMERICA, IRELAND, SCOTLAND,  
AND ENGLAND.

*Illustrated with Twenty-four Portraits on Steel, and many Hundred Wood Engravings.*

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM E. BURTON.

VOLUME I.

"I have observed, that in Comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So, in this Farce of Life, wise men pass their time in mirth, whilst fools only are serious.—BOLINGBROKE.

NEW YORK:  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,  
346 & 348 BROADWAY.  
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.  
1858.

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TO  
MY DAUGHTERS,  
WHOSE  
KEEN AND DELICATE PERCEPTIONS  
OF  
THE WITTY AND THE HUMOROUS,  
MATERIALLY ASSISTED MY RESEARCHES ;  
AND WHOSE  
EXERTIONS AS COPYISTS,  
SAVED ME MANY WEARY HOURS OF LABOR,  
*These Volumes*  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY  
THEIR FATHER.

•

## PREFACE.

---

WHAT constitutes Wit? Wherein is Wit different from Humor?

These questions have exercised the pens of various searching expositors, who, in analytical language and graceful periods, prove the truth of the essayist's remark, that "it requires Wit to describe what Wit is." Aristotle, Barrow, Dryden, La Bruyère, Bouhours, Montaigne, Locke, Voltaire, Addison, Cowley, Pope, Davison, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Sydney Smith—all good men and true—have enlivened the pensive public with their several definitions, but an acceptable and satisfactory standard of authority has not yet been given. In the prescribed limits of a preface, it would be supererogatory to promulgate any new dogma, or attempt to controvert the hypotheses and pleasant perorations of the many celebrated writers named above. But sufficient evidence may be cited in proof that as yet the Anatomy of Wit and Humor is an unwritten book.

Dr. Barrow, in his Sermon against Foolish and Idle Talking and Jestings, has given an able and comprehensive exposition of the habitudes and actualities of Wit. It is worthy of being quoted entire.

"It may be demanded what the thing we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs; so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude. Sometimes it is lodged in a sly question; in a smart answer; in a quirkish reason; in a shrewd intimation; in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting

an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech; in a tart irony; in a lusty hyperbole; in a startling metaphor; in a plausible reconciling of contradictions; or in acute nonsense. Sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it. Sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, gives it being. Sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roving of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit, and reach of Wit more than vulgar; it seeming to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of Humor, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty (as monsters, not for their beauty but their rarity—as juggling tricks, not for their use but their abstruseness—are beheld with pleasure); by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gayety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.”

As an exposition of the “shapes,” the “postures,” and the “garbs” of Wit, this is admirable! and minutely elaborate, in accordance with the mathematical fancies of the old divine. But, as regards the combination of spiritual or æsthetical qualities in the construction of the various phases of “facetiousness,” little is said. Indeed, as Leigh Hunt observes, “it includes a modest confession of its incompleteness, notwithstanding the writer was in a state of *embarras des richesses*—of perplexity in his abundance.” Perhaps this is the only instance wherein Barrow did not thoroughly exhaust his subject matter in every shape; Charles II. called him “the most unfair preacher in the world, for he left nothing to be said on the other side.”

Voltaire’s enumeration of the shapes of Wit bears such a verisimilitude to the catalogue of the divine as to give authority to a reasonable supposition that the philosopher of Ferney had benefited by a perusal of Barrow’s works.

“What is called Wit, is sometimes a new comparison, sometimes a subtle allusion ; here it is the abuse of a word, which is presented in one sense and left to be understood in another ; there, a delicate relation between two ideas not very common. It is a singular metaphor ; it is the discovery of something in an object which does not at first strike the observation, but which is really in it ; it is the art either of bringing together two things apparently remote, or of dividing two things which seem to be united, or of opposing them to each other. It is that of expressing only one half of what you think, and leaving the other to be guessed. In short, I would tell you of all the different ways of showing Wit, if I had more.”

Dryden, with classic terseness, says that Wit is “a propriety of thoughts and words adapted to the subject ;” and Pope plagiarises or rather paraphrases the same idea, thus ;—

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,  
What oft was thought, but ne’er so well expressed.  
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,  
That gives us back the image of our mind.

Locke’s definition of Wit, lauded by Addison, is a plagiarism from Montaigne. The English philosopher asserts that “men who have a great deal of Wit, and prompt memories, have not always the clearest Judgment or deepest reason. For Wit, lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any semblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy ; *Judgment*, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully, one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity, to take one thing for another.” Addison says this is a most admirable reflection upon the difference of Wit and Judgment ; and Judgment is elsewhere described as the offspring of Truth and Wisdom. In his *Genealogy of Humor*, Addison states that “Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom she had issue Humor. Humor, therefore, being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such *different* dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper ; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit ; sometimes airy in his behavior, and fantastic in his dress, insomuch that at different times he appears as grave as a judge, and as jocular as a merry-andrew. But as he has a good deal of his mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.” This is very Spectatorial and witty, but how can the



son of Wit and Mirth be the offspring of *different* dispositions? Mirth is the natural associate of Wit. Archdeacon Hare tells us that Wit and Wisdom are sisters; and Voltaire says that "Wisdom used to be termed Wit in former days."

La Bruyère calls "Wit the God of moments as Genius is the God of ages." This is a sparkling phrase—but Genius without Wit is not destined to enjoy immortality.

Addison remarks that "the greatest wits I have conversed with, are men eminent for their humanity." Sydney Smith, on the contrary, asserts that "the tendency of Wit and Humor is to corrupt the heart." This is a strange phrase to be penned by a man who was not only extremely witty himself, but the constant associate of the greatest wits of the age.

Leigh Hunt, beautifully and delicately appreciative in his Discourse on Imagination and Fancy, seems to have labored unsuccessfully in his Illustrative Essay on Wit and Humor. Indeed, he acknowledges as much in his opening page, and confesses that he found himself so perplexed that he feared he "should never be able to give any tolerable account of the matter." His selection of specimens is far from happy; and his arbitrary classification of the "Forms of Wit" is, in many instances, sciolistic and absurd.

Leigh Hunt affirms that Addison first pointed out the necessity of *surprise* as an absolute requirement in Wit's concomitants. Not so. Barrow distinctly characterizes Wit as a pretty *surprising* uncouthness in conceit or expression. Sydney Smith reiterates the Addisonian dictum, without acknowledging the paternity of the idea.

Sydney Smith, in his Lectures on Wit and Humor, establishes in his instances no new postulatam. He writes pleasantly but paradoxically, and contradicts himself in several important positions. He states that ideas, in order to be witty, must not excite any feelings of the beautiful or the sublime. "The good man," says a Hindoo epigram, "gives not upon enmity, but rewards with kindness the very being who injures him. So, the sandal-wood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavor." "Now here," says Sydney, "is a relation *which would be witty if it were not beautiful!* The moral beauty of the thought throws the mind into a more *solemn and elevated mood* than is compatible with Wit." In the next page, he destroys the effect of these assertions by instancing the beautiful line of Crashaw's, on the miracle at the marriage supper in Cana of Galilee, "Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit"—translated thus by Smith, who does not give the Latin:—"The conscious water saw its God and blushed." "Here," he says, "*the sublimity is destroyed by the Wit.*" In one instance, the solemnity is too much for the Wit, and in the other the Wit is too much for the sublimity.

The mighty canon goes on to state, that "if a tradesman of a corpulent and respectable appearance, with habiliment somewhat ostentatious, were to slide down gently in the mud, and decorate a pea-green coat, I am afraid we should all have the barbarity to laugh; but if he were to fall into a violent passion, and abuse everybody about him, nobody could possibly resist the incongruity of a pea-green tradesman, very respectable, sitting in the mud, and threatening all the passers-by with the effects of his wrath. Here every incident heightens the humor of the scene; the gayety of his tunic, the general respectability of his appearance, the rills of muddy water which trickle down his cheeks, and the harmless violence of his rage. \* \* \* \* *But the sense of the humorous is incompatible with tenderness and respect.*" I should like to know if any man living could have laughed if he had seen Sir Isaac Newton rolling in the mud."

Laughed? Certainly. And if the great philosopher had tumbled into a puddle, spattering his embroidered coat, losing his periwig, staining his silken hose, and bedraggling his *subligaculi* as he sat in the mud, in a dignified posture, while, with begrimed countenance and a bald and shiny caput, he berated the passers-by in the same strain with the respectable tradesman instanced by Smith, there is little doubt but that the cachinnations of the multitude would be equally boisterous in both cases, notwithstanding the world's respect for the man of science in the mud. Nay, were the very Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury to be placed in the same ludicrous position, the mob would prove but poor respecters of place or character; they would greet the great church dignitary in black with the same rude guffaw bestowed on the respectable tradesman in green. The humorous, the ludicrous, the ridiculous, are as dependent on surprise as the finest point of Wit itself—and a ludicrous surprise overpowers for the moment the highest sentiments of respect and tenderness.

Our Smith again indulges in paradoxology. He repudiates laughing at a well-dressed philosopher sprawling in the mud, but says that the most laughable scene he ever saw in his life was the complete overturning of a very large table with all the dinner upon it. "*It is impossible to avoid laughing at such absurdities*, because the incongruities they involve are so very great." Now, there certainly is as much food for mirth in the overturning of a philosopher in a mud pool, as in the upsetting of a dinner table with all its positive annoyance and personal distress. Such positions are not examples of Humor. An accident may be laughable in its effects, without being either witty or humorous.

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\* How could the friend and avowed admirer of Dickens utter such a ridiculous remark?

Sydney Smith, following Addison, expresses hatred and contempt for puns, and yet he has made several which are bad enough to earn the notoriety of excellence. Charles Lamb honestly admires the pun. "It is a noble thing, per se—a sole digest of reflection; it is entire; it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet—better. It limps ashamed in the retinue of Humor—it knows it should have an establishment of its own."

The difference between Wit and Humor is, at best, an undefined distinction. Addison's relation of their connexion has been already quoted. Charles Lamb says that "Humor is Wit, steeped in mannerism." Sydney Smith repeats the same words; but this double authority gives no extra lucidness to the remark. The question remains open:—What *manner* of Wit constitutes Humor?

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The title of this work is "The Cyclopædia of *Modern* Wit and Humor," and, in the English, Irish, and Scotch departments, the selections are confined to the writers of the present century. But in the choice of American authors, I have, for obvious reasons, enlarged my sphere of action; and have gathered the earliest blossoms into the same bouquet with the matured flowers of the present day. The collection is a full answer to the whilom scandal of the Reviewer as to the lack of geniality in American Wit and Humor.

The dates prefixed to the American articles are not always those of the earliest editions. When altered or amended copies have been published under the author's supervision, I have given the revised text with its date of publication. In the national classification of writers, I have included amongst the Americans such persons of foreign birth whose well-known citizenship or long residence in the States authorized the distinction.

The rich and genial humor displayed by HENRY L. STEPHENS, the artist, whose creative fancy supplied a large majority of the original designs which illustrate these volumes, cannot fail to be appreciated. His subjects are too numerous to catalogue, but may easily be distinguished by their excellence. Choice specimens of Pictorial Humor have been transferred to these pages from the well-known pencils of Cruikshank, Leech, Darley, Seymour, Hine, Kenny Meadows, Johnson, Crowquill, etc. A reference to the Index will point out their several places.

WILLIAM E. BURTON.

## LIST OF PORTRAITS.—VOL. I.

	PAGE
W. E. BURTON, . . . . .	FACE TITLE.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, . . . . .	44
WASHINGTON IRVING, . . . . .	49
GEO. P. MORRIS, . . . . .	152
JOSEPH C. NEAL, . . . . .	192
SOL SMITH, . . . . .	255
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, . . . . .	269
JOHN G. SAXE, . . . . .	296
GEO. WM. CURTIS, . . . . .	360
T. B. THORPE, . . . . .	373
FREDERICK S. COZZENS, . . . . .	411
TYRONE POWER, . . . . .	485
SAMUEL LOVER, . . . . .	535
CHARLES J. LEVER, . . . . .	593



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# CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

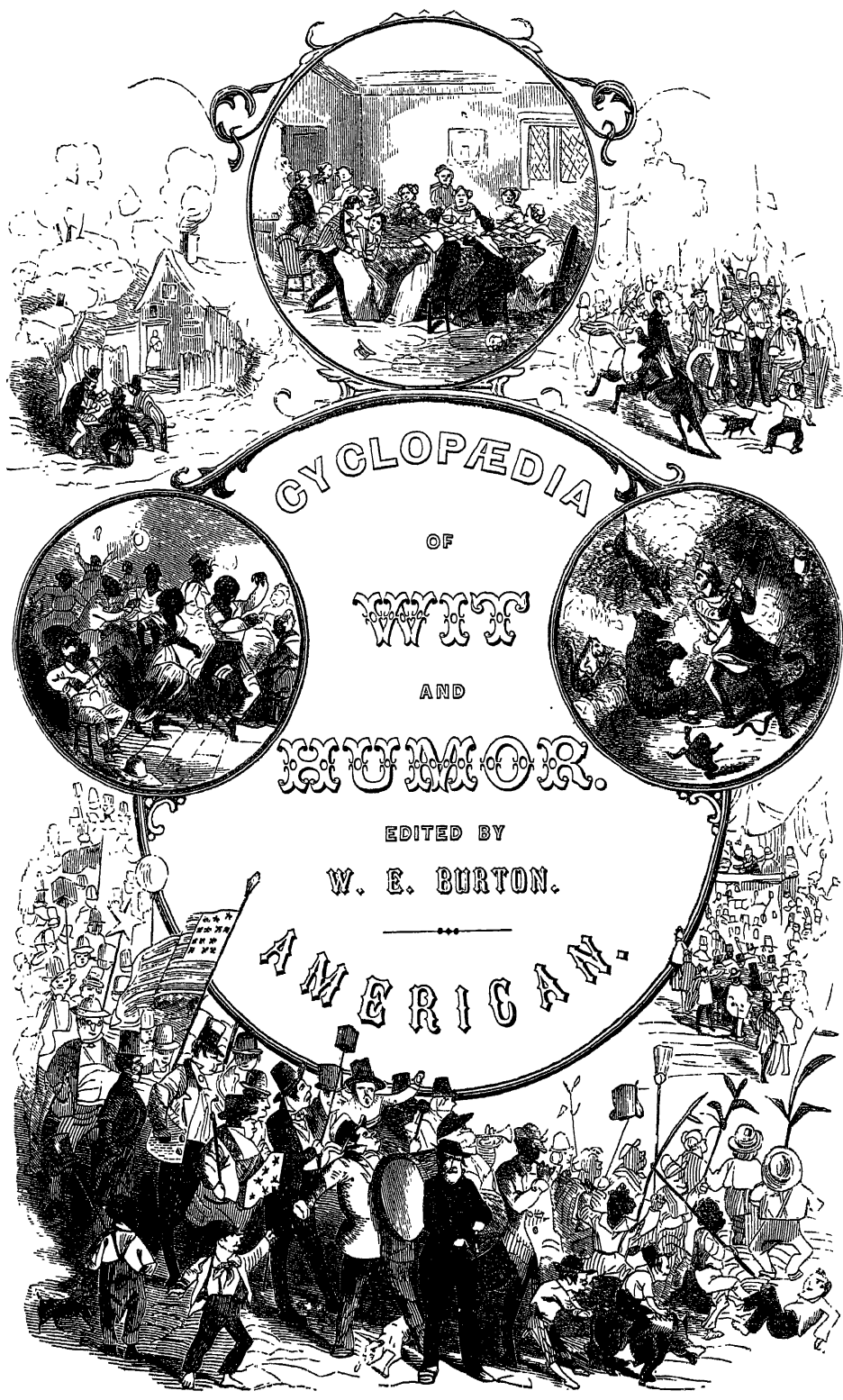
WIT AND HUMOR.



AMERICAN.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

WIT

AND

HUMOR.

EDITED BY

W. E. BURTON.

AMERICAN.



•

“IT IS A THEORY OF MINE, THAT THOSE GIFTED WITH TRULY HUMOROUS GENIUS ARE MORE USEFUL AS MORALISTS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND TEACHERS, THAN WHOLE LEGIONS OF THE GRAVEST PREACHERS. THEY SPEAK MORE EFFECTUALLY TO THE GENERAL EAR AND HEART, EVEN THOUGH THEY WHO HEAR ARE NOT AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THEY ARE IMBIBING WISDOM.”—*Joseph C. Neal.*

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# CYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT AND HUMOR.

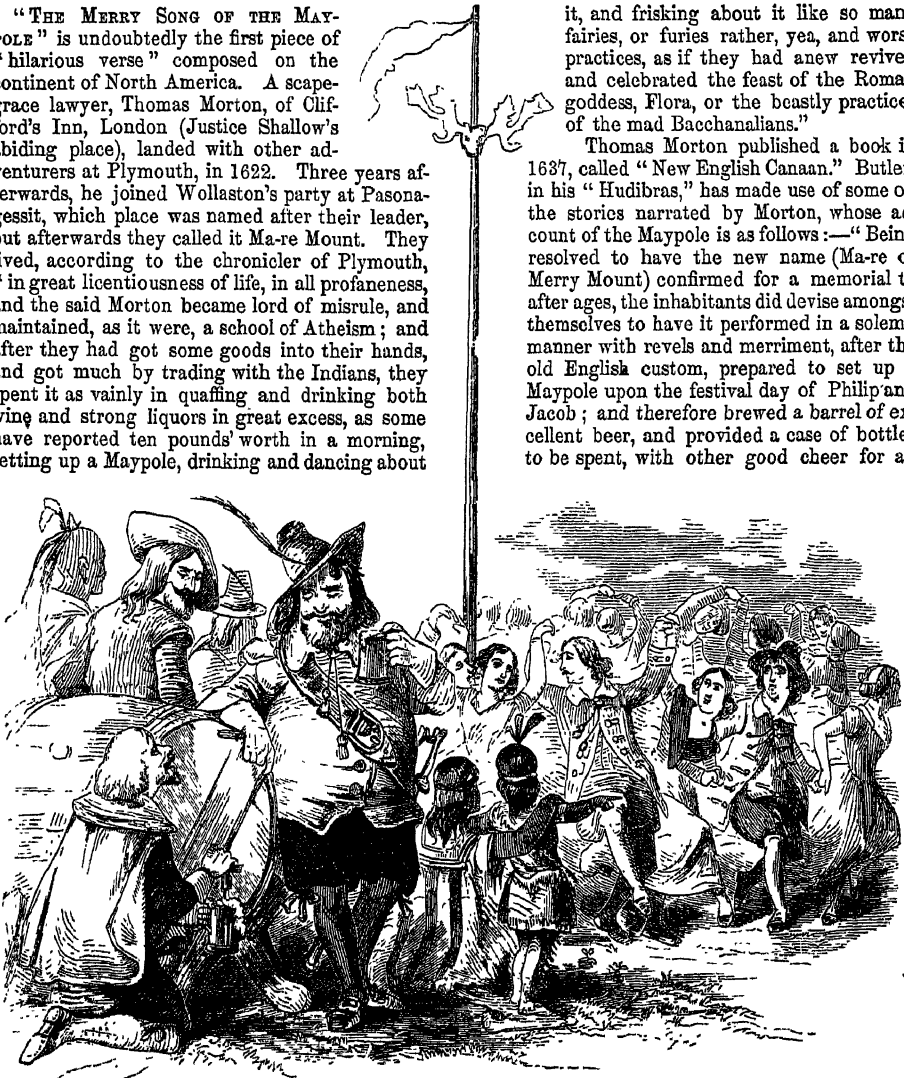
## AMERICAN.

### THE MAYPOLE OF MERRY MOUNT. 1625.

"THE MERRY SONG OF THE MAYPOLE" is undoubtedly the first piece of "hilarious verse" composed on the continent of North America. A scapegrace lawyer, Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inn, London (Justice Shallow's abiding place), landed with other adventurers at Plymouth, in 1622. Three years afterwards, he joined Wollaston's party at Pasonagessit, which place was named after their leader, but afterwards they called it Ma-re Mount. They lived, according to the chronicler of Plymouth, "in great licentiousness of life, in all profaneness, and the said Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained, as it were, a school of Atheism; and after they had got some goods into their hands, and got much by trading with the Indians, they spent it as vainly in quaffing and drinking both wine and strong liquors in great excess, as some have reported ten pounds worth in a morning, setting up a Maypole, drinking and dancing about

it, and frisking about it like so many fairies, or furies rather, yea, and worse practices, as if they had anew revived and celebrated the feast of the Roman goddess, Flora, or the beastly practices of the mad Bacchanalians."

Thomas Morton published a book in 1637, called "New English Canaan." Butler, in his "Hudibras," has made use of some of the stories narrated by Morton, whose account of the Maypole is as follows:—"Being resolved to have the new name (Ma-re or Merry Mount) confirmed for a memorial to after ages, the inhabitants did devise amongst themselves to have it performed in a solemn manner with revels and merriment, after the old English custom, prepared to set up a Maypole upon the festival day of Philip and Jacob; and therefore brewed a barrel of excellent beer, and provided a case of bottles to be spent, with other good cheer for all



comers of that day. And because they would have it in a complete form, they had prepared a song fitting to the time and present occasion. And upon May-day they brought the Maypole to the place appointed, with guns, drums, pistols, and other fitting instruments, for that purpose; and there erected it with the help of salvages, that came thither of purpose to see the manner of our revels. A goodly pine tree, of eighty feet long, was reared up, with a pair of buck horns nailed on, somewhat near unto the top of it. There was, likewise, a merry song made, which was sung with a chorus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a dance, hand-in-hand about the Maypole, while one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor, like Gammedes (Ganymede) and Jupiter."

### The Song of the Maypole.

Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys,  
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys.  
Io to Hymen, now the day is come,  
About the merry Maypole take a roome.

Make green garlands, bring bottles out;  
And fill sweet Nectar freely about.  
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,  
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.  
Then, drink and be merry, &c.

Nectar is a thing assigned,  
By the Deities' own mind,  
To cure the heart oppress with grief,  
And of good liquors is the chief.  
Then drink, &c.

Give to the melancholy man,  
A cup or two oft now and then,  
This physic will soon revive his blood,  
And make him be of a merrier mood.  
Then drink, &c.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,  
No Irish stuff, nor Scotch over warm;  
Lasses in beaver coats come away,  
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day,  
To drink and be merry, &c.

Morton remarks that "this harmless mirth, made by young men, was much distasted of the precise Separatists, who, from that time, sought occasion against my honest host of Ma-re Mount, to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clear." Nathaniel Hawthorne, who has a sweet sketch on this subject, says, "Bright were the days at Merry Mount, when the Maypole was the banner-staff of that gay colony! They who reared it, should their banner be triumphant, were to pour sunshine over New England's rugged hills, and scatter flower-seeds throughout the soil. *Jollity and gloom were contending for an empire.*"



### NEW ENGLAND'S ANNOYANCES.

ANONYMOUS. CIRCA 1630.

NEW ENGLAND's annoyances, you that would know them,  
Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth show them.

The place where we live is a wilderness wood,  
Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good:

Our mountains and hills and our valleys below,  
Being commonly covered with ice and with snow;  
And when the north-west wind with violence blows,  
Then every man pulls his cap over his nose:  
But if any's so hardy, and will it withstand,  
He forfeits a finger, a foot, or a hand.

But when the Spring opens, we then take the hoe,  
 And make the ground ready to plant and to sow;  
 Our corn being planted and seed being sown,  
 The worms destroy much before it is grown;  
 And when it is growing some spoil there is made,  
 By birds and by squirrels that pluck up the blade;  
 And when it is come to full corn in the ear,  
 It is often destroyed by raccoon and by deer.  
 And now our garments begin to grow thin,  
 And wool is much wanted to card and to spin;  
 If we can get a garment to cover without,  
 Our other in-garments are clout upon clout:  
 Our clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,  
 They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;  
 But clouting our garments they hinder us nothing,  
 Clouts double are warmer than single whole clothing.

If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,  
 We have carrots and turnips as much as we wish;  
 And is there a mind for a delicate dish,  
 We repair to the clam-banks, and there we catch fish.

Instead of pottage and puddings, and custards and  
 pies,  
 Our pumpkins and parsnips are common supplies;  
 We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at  
 noon;  
 If it was not for pumpkins we should be undone.

If barley be wanting to make into malt,  
 We must be contented, and think it no fault;  
 For we can make liquor to sweeten our lips,  
 Of pumpkins and parsnips and walnut-tree chips.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Now while some are going, let others be coming;  
 For while liquor's boiling, it must have a scumming,  
 But I will not blame them, for birds of a feather,  
 By seeking their fellows, are flocking together.  
 But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,  
 Forsake not the honey for fear of the sting;  
 But bring both a quiet and contented mind,  
 And all needful blessings you surely will find.

## FATHER ABBEY'S WILL.

BY JOHN SECCOMB. 1782.

MATHEW ABBEY was a bodmaker and sweeper at Harvard College, Cambridge, for many years. He is supposed to leave his childless wife (also a bodmaker) the whole of his estate, as follows:

To my dear wife,  
 My joy and life,  
 I freely now do give her,  
 My whole estate,  
 With all my plate,  
 Being just about to leave her.

My tub of soap,  
 A long cart-robe,  
 A fryingpan and kettle,  
 An ashes' pail,  
 A thrashing-flail,  
 An iron wedge and beetle.

Two painted chairs,  
 Nine warden pears,  
 A large old dripping platter,  
 This bed of hay,  
 On which I lay,  
 An old saucepan for batter.

A little mug,  
 A tin quart jug,  
 A bottle full of brandy,  
 A looking-glass,  
 To see your face,  
 You'll find it very handy.

A musket true,  
 As ever flew,  
 A pound of shot and wallet,  
 A leather sash,  
 My calabash,  
 My powder-horn and bullet.

An old sword-blade,  
 A garden-spade,  
 A hoe, a rake, a ladder,  
 A wooden can,  
 A close-stool pan,  
 A clyster-pipe and bladder.

A greasy hat,  
 My old ram cat,  
 A yard and half of linen,  
 A woollen fleeco,  
 A pot of grease,  
 In order for your spinning.

A small tooth-comb,  
 An ashen broom,  
 A candlestick and hatchet,  
 A coverlid,  
 Strip'd down with red,  
 A bag of rags to patch it.

A ragged mat,  
 A tub of fat,  
 A book put out by Bunyan,  
 Another book,  
 By Robin Cook,  
 A skein or two of spunyarn.

An old black muff,  
 Some garden-stuff,  
 A quantity of borage,  
 Some devil's weed,  
 And burdock seed,  
 To season well your porridge.

A chafing-dish,  
 With one salt-fish,  
 If I am not mistaken,  
 A leg of pork,  
 A broken fork,  
 And half a fiitch of bacon.

A spinning-wheel,  
 One peck of meal,  
 A knife without a handle,  
 A rusty lamp,  
 Two quarts of samp,  
 And half a tallow-candle.

My pouch and pipes,  
Two oxen tripes,  
An oaken dish well carved,  
My little dog,  
And spotted hog,  
With two young pigs just starved.

This is my store,  
I have no more,  
I heartily do give it.  
My years are spun,  
My days are done,  
And so I think to leave it.

Thus Father Abbey left his spouse,  
As rich as church or college mouse,  
Which is sufficient invitation,  
To serve the college in his station.

### DOCTOR BYLES'S CAT.

BY JOSEPH GREEN. 1733.

*The Poet's Lamentation for the Loss of his Cat, which he used to call his Muse (Mews.)*

*Felis quondam delictum erat cujusdam Adolescentis.—Æsop.*

OPPRESS'd with grief, in heavy strains I mourn  
The partner of my studies from me torn.  
How shall I sing? What numbers shall I choose,  
For in my fav'rite cat I've lost my muse.



No more I feel my mind with raptures fir'd,  
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspir'd;

No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,  
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill;  
Yet shall my verse deplore her cruel fate,  
And celebrate the virtues of my cat.  
In acts obscene she never took delight;  
No caterwauls disturb'd our sleep by night.  
Chaste as a virgin, free from every stain,  
And neighboring cats mew'd for her love in vain.

She never thirsted for the chicken's blood;  
Her teeth she only used to chew her food;  
Harmless as satires which her master writes,  
A foe to scratching, and unused to bites,  
She in the study was my constant mate;  
There we together many evenings sate.  
Whene'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,  
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail,  
And as I stroked, improv'd my dying song,  
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:  
Her paws and mews so evenly kept time,  
She purr'd in metre and she mew'd in rhyme.  
But when my dulness has too stubborn prov'd,  
Nor could by Puss's music be remov'd,  
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,  
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.

Ofttimes, when lost amidst poetic heat,  
She, leaping on my knee, has took her seat;  
There saw the throes that rock'd my lab'ring brain,  
And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.

Then, friends, indulge my grief and let me mourn,  
My cat is gone, ah! never to return!  
Now in my study, all the tedious night,  
Alone I sit, and unassisted write;  
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain),  
And view the num'rous labors of my brain;  
Those quires of words array'd in pompous rhyme,  
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,  
Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,  
Are doom'd a victim to the teeth of rats.

### THE JESTS OF MATHER BYLES,

A celebrated Boston Divine. Born, 1706. Died, 1783.

THE *ana* which have been preserved, show that Dr. Mather Byles's reputation as a wit was well deserved.

There was a slough opposite his house, in which, on a certain wet day, a chaise containing two of the town council stuck fast. Dr. Byles came to his

"Gentlemen, I have often complained to you of this nuisance, without any attention being paid to it, and I am very glad to see you *stirring in this matter* now."

In the year 1780 a very dark day occurred, which was long remembered as "the dark day." A lady neighbor sent her son to the doctor to know if he

could tell her the cause of the obscurity. "My dear," was the answer to the messenger, "give my compliments to your mother, and tell her that I am as much in the dark as she is."

One day a ship arrived at Boston with three hundred street lamps. The same day, the doctor happened to receive a call from a lady whose conversational powers were not of the kind to render a long interview desirable. He availed himself of the newly-arrived cargo to despatch his visitor. "Have you heard the news?" said he, with emphasis. "Oh,

no! What news?" "Why three hundred *new lights* have come over in the ship this morning from London, and the selectmen have wisely ordered them to be put in irons immediately. The visitor forthwith decamped in search of the particulars of this invasion of religious liberty.

When brought before his judges, at the time of his trial, they requested him to sit down and warm himself. "Gentlemen," was the reply, "when I came among you, I expected persecution, but I could not think you would have offered me the fire so suddenly."

### COLONEL PUTNAM'S INDIAN STORY.

Extract from John Adams' Diary.

Nov. 10, 1772.—Sunday. Heard Mr. Cutler, of Ipswich Hamlet; dined at Dr. Putnam's with Colonel Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor and Colonel —, and a Mrs. Scollay.

Colonel Putnam told a story of an Indian upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern, in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening, at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it. "How is this, land-

lord?" says he; "last fall you asked but two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three." "Oh!" says the landlord, "it costs me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hog-head of rum over winter as a horse." "Ah!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay: *Maybe he drink as much water.*" This was *sheer wit, pure satire, and true humor*. Humor, wit, and satire, in one very short repartee.

### THE ORIGINAL SONG OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

ANONYMOUS. CIRCA, 1775.

This version, copied from the "Historical Collections of N. Hampshire," varies in the last six verses from other editions.



#### The Yankee's Return from Camp.

FATHER and I went down to camp,  
Along with Captain Tooding,  
And there we see the men and boys,  
As thick as hasty pudding.  
Yankee Doodle, keep it up;  
Yankee Doodle dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,  
As rich as Squire David,  
And what they wasted every day,  
I wish it could be saved.

The lasses they eat every day,  
Would keep a house a winter;  
They have as much that I'll be bound  
They eat it when they've a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,  
Large as a log of maple,  
Upon a deuced little cart,  
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off  
It takes a horn of powder,  
And makes a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself  
As Siah's underpinning;  
And father went as nigh again,  
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,  
I thought he would have cock'd it,  
It scared me so, I shrink'd it off,  
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,  
He kind of clapt his hand on't,  
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron  
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin-shell  
As big as mother's bason,  
And every time they touch'd it off,  
They scamper'd like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,  
The heads were made of leather,

They knock'd upon't with little clubs,  
And call'd the folks together.

There was Captain Washington,  
Upon a slapping stallion,  
A giving orders to his men—  
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,  
They look'd so tarnal fina,  
I wanted pockily to get,  
To give to my Jemima.

And then they'd fife away like fun,  
And play on cornstalk fiddles;  
And some had ribbons red as blood,  
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,  
And fire right in our faces;  
It scar'd me almost half to death,  
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change  
Some pancakes and some onions,  
For 'lasses-cakes to carry home  
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,  
They kept up such a smother;  
So I took my hat off, made a bow,  
And scampered home to mother.

### THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.\*

FRANCIS HOPKINSON. 1776.

GALLANTS attend, and hear a friend,  
Trill forth harmonious ditty,  
Strange things I'll tell which late befell  
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,  
Just when the sun was rising,  
A soldier stood on a log of wood,  
And saw a thing surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,  
The truth can't be denied, sir,  
He spied a score of kegs or more  
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,  
This strange appearance viewing,  
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,  
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,  
Packed up like pickled herring;  
And they're come down t' attack the town,  
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,  
And scared almost to death, sir,  
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,  
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,  
Most frantic scenes were acted;  
And some ran here and others there,  
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,  
But said the earth had quaked;  
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,  
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,  
Lay all this time a snoring,  
Nor dream'd of harm, as he lay warm,  
In bed with Mrs. L——g.

Now in a fright he starts upright,  
Awaked by such a clatter;  
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,  
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied  
Sir Erskine at command, sir,  
Upon one foot he had one boot,  
And the other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,  
"The rebels—more's the pity,  
Without a boat are all afloat,  
And ranged before the city.

\* This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river, during the ebb tide.



"The motley crew, in vessels new,  
With Satan for their guide, sir,  
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,  
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,—  
These kegs must all be routed,  
Or surely we despised shall be,  
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,  
All ranged in dread array, sir,  
With stomach stout to see it out,  
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,  
The small arms make a rattle ;  
Since wars began I'm sure no man  
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,  
With rebel trees surrounded ;  
The distant woods, the hills and floods,  
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,  
Attack'd from every quarter ;  
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,  
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,  
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,  
Could not oppose their powerful foes,  
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might  
Display'd amazing courage ;  
And when the sun was fairly down,  
Retir'd to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,  
Or more, upon my word, sir,  
It is most true, would be too few,  
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,  
Against these wicked kegs, sir,  
That years to come, if they get home,  
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

## THE FROGS OF WINDHAM.

BY DOCTOR SAMUEL PETERS. 1781.

[This extract embodies one of the "many curious and interesting anecdotes" in the Doctor's General History of Connecticut, which work Dwight calls "a mass of folly and falsehood." But the story of the Windham Frogs has other chronicles—see the metrical version of this fearful legend which forms the next article.]

WINDHAM resembles Rumford, and stands on Willimantic River. Its meeting-house is elegant, and has a steeple, bell, and clock. Its court-house is scarcely to be looked upon as an ornament. The township forms four parishes, and is ten miles square. Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There

are about thirty different voices among them ; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whip-poor-wills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenaders are not disturbed by them at their proper stations ; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding



the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Willimantic River. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours, in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened; some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake, and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with more shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolu-

tion enough to venture back to their wives and children; when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Hilderken, Dier, Pete*. This last they thought meant treaty; and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water. Such an incursion was never known before nor since; and yet the people of Windham have been ridiculed for their timidity on this occasion. I verily believe an army under the Duke of Marlborough would, under like circumstances, have acted no better than they did.



### *The Frogs of Windham;*

AN OLD COLONY TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY ARION.

[Those verses are from MacCarthy's National Songs, and are credited to the Providence Gazette,—no date given.]

WHEN these free states were colonies  
Unto the mother nation;  
And, in Connecticut, the good  
Old Blue Laws were in fashion,

A circumstance which there occur'd,  
(And much the mind surprises  
Upon reflection,) then gave rise  
To many strange surmises.

You all have seen, as I presume,  
Or had a chance to see,  
Those strange amphibious quadrupeds,  
Call'd bull-frogs commonly.

Well, in Connecticut, 'tis said,  
By those who make pretensions  
To truth, those creatures often grow  
To marvellous dimensions.

One night in July, '58,  
They left their home behind 'em,  
Which was an oak and chestnut swamp,  
About five miles from Windham.

The cause was this :—the summer's sun  
Had dried their pond away there  
So shallow, that to save their souls  
The bull-frogs could not stay there.

So, in a regiment they hopp'd,  
With many a curious antic,  
Along the road which led unto  
The river Willimantic.

Soon they in sight of Windham came;  
All in high perspiration,  
And held their course straight t'wards the same,  
With loud vociferation.

You know such kind of creatures are  
By nature quite voracious;  
Thus they, impell'd by hunger, were  
Remarkably loquacious.

Up flew the windows, one and all,  
And then with ears erected  
From every casement, gaping rows  
Of night-capp'd heads projected.

The children cried, the women scream'd,  
"O Lord, have mercy on us!  
The French have come to burn us out!  
And now are close upon us."

A few, upon the first alarm,  
Then arm'd themselves to go forth  
Against the foe, with guns and belts,  
Shot, powder-horns, and so forth.

Soon, all were running here and there,  
In mighty consternation;  
Resolving of the town to make  
A quick evacuation.

Away they went across the lots,  
Hats, caps, and wigs were scatter'd;  
And heads were broke, and shoes were lost;  
Shins bruise'd, and noses batter'd.

Thus having gain'd a mile or two,  
These men of steady habits,  
All snug behind an old stone wall  
Lay, like a nest of rabbits.

And in this state, for half an hour,  
With jaws an inch asunder,  
They thought upon their goods at home,  
Exposed to lawless plunder.

They thought upon their hapless wives,  
Their meeting-house and cattle;  
And then resolv'd to sally forth  
And give the Frenchmen battle.

Among the property which they  
Had brought with them to save it,  
Were found two trumpets and a drum,  
Just as good luck would have it.

Fifteen or twenty Jews-harps then  
Were found in good condition,  
And all the longest winded men  
Were put in requisition.

Straightway, in long and loud alarm,  
Said instruments were clang—ed,  
And the good old one hundredth psalm  
From nose and Jews-harp twang—ed.

Such as were arm'd, in order ranged,  
The music in the centre—  
Declar'd they would not run away,  
But on the French would venture.

There might have been among them all,  
Say twenty guns or over—  
How many pitchforks, scythes, and flails,  
I never could discover.

The rest agreed to close the rear,  
After some intercession,  
And altogether made a queer  
And curious procession.

Some were persuaded that they saw  
The band of French marauders;  
And not a few declar'd they heard  
The officers give orders.

These words could be distinguish'd then,  
"Dyer," "Elderkin," and "Tete,"  
And when they heard the last, they thought  
The French desired a treaty.

So three good sober-minded men  
Were chosen straight to carry  
Terms to the French, as Ministers  
Plenipotentiary.

Those, moving on, with conscious fear,  
Did for a hearing call,  
And begged a moment's leave to speak  
With the French general.

The advancing foe an answer made,  
But (it was quite provoking)  
Not one of them could understand  
The language it was spoke in.

So there they stood in piteous plight,  
'Twas ludicrous to see;  
Until the bull-frogs came in sight,  
Which sham'd them mightily.

Then all went home, right glad to save  
Their property from pillage;  
And all agreed to shame the men  
Who first alarm'd the village.

Some were well pleas'd, and some were mad,  
Some turn'd it off in laughter;  
And some would never speak a word  
About the thing thereafter.

Some vow'd, if Satan came at last,  
They did not mean to flee him;  
But if a frog they ever pass'd,  
Pretended not to see him.

\* \* \* \* \*

God save the State of Rhode Island  
And Providence plantations;  
May we have ever at command  
"Good clothing, pay, and rations,"

One good old rule, avoiding strife,  
I've follow'd since my youth—  
To always live an upright life,  
And tell the downright truth.

## THE LIBERTY POLE.

BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

From "M'Fingal," the humorous Epic of the Revolution. 1782.

Now warm with ministerial ire,  
 Fierce sallied forth our loyal 'Squire,  
 And on his striding steps attends  
 His desperate clan of Tory friends.  
 When sudden met his wrathful eye  
 A pole ascending through the sky,  
 Which numerous throngs of Whiggish race  
 Were raising in the market-place.  
 Not higher school-boys' kites aspire,  
 Or royal masts or country spire;  
 Like spears at Brobdignagian tilting,  
 Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton,  
 And on its top, the flag unfurl'd,  
 Wav'd triumph o'er the gazing world,  
 Inscrub'd with inconsistent types  
 Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*.  
 Beneath, the crowd without delay  
 The dedication rites essay,  
 And gladly pay, in ancient fashion,  
 The ceremonies of libation;  
 While briskly to each patriot lip,  
 Walks eager round the inspiring flip:  
 Delicious draught! whose powers inherit  
 The quintessence of public spirit;  
 Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind  
 To noble politics refin'd;  
 Or rous'd to martial controversy,  
 As from transforming cups of Circe;  
 Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,  
 That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor,  
 At hand for new supplies in store,  
 The tavern opes its friendly door,  
 Whence to and fro the waiters run,  
 Like bucket men at fires in town.  
 Then with thrice shouts that tore the sky,  
 'Tis consecrate to Liberty.  
 To guard it from the attacks of Tories,  
 A grand Committee call'd of four is;  
 Who foremost on the patriot spot,  
 Had brought the flip and paid the shot.

By this M'FINGAL with his train  
 Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,  
 And full with loyalty possess'd,  
 Pour'd forth the zeal, that fir'd his breast.

"What mad-brain'd rebel gave commission,  
 To raise this May-pole of sedition?  
 Like Babel, rear'd by bawling throngs,  
 With like confusion too of tongues.  
 To point at heaven and summon down  
 The thunders of the British crown?  
 Say, will this paltry pole secure  
 Your forfeit heads from Gage's power?  
 Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,  
 Is this to stand your ark of safety?  
 Or driven by Scottish laird and laddie,  
 Think you to rest beneath its shadow?  
 When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,  
 And balls rush hissing through the sky,  
 Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,  
 Save, like the Jewish pole in Edom;  
 Or like the brazen snake of Moses,  
 Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?  
 "Ye dupes to every factious rogue  
 And tavern-prating demagogue,

Whose tongue but rings with sound more full,  
 On th' empty drum-head of his skull;  
 Behold you not, what noisy fools  
 Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?  
 For Liberty in your own by-sense,  
 Is but for crimes a patent license,  
 To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,  
 And throw the world in common stock;  
 Reduce all grievances and ills  
 To Magna Charta of your wills;  
 Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,  
 Fram'd to the model of your conscience;  
 Cry justice down, as out of fashion,  
 And fix its scale of depreciation;  
 Defy all creditors to trouble ye,  
 And keep new years of Jewish jubilee;  
 Drive judges out,\* like Aaron's calves,  
 By jurisdiction of white staves,  
 And make the bar, and bench, and steeple  
 Submit t'our Sovereign Lord, the People;  
 By plunder rise to power and glory,  
 And brand all property, as Tory;  
 Expose all wares to lawful seizures  
 By mobbers or monopolizers;  
 Break heads and windows and the peace,  
 For your own interest and increase;  
 Dispute and pray, and fight and groan  
 For public good, and mean your own;  
 Prevent the law by fierce attacks  
 From quitting scores upon your backs;  
 Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,  
 And seize the stocks, your ancient foe,  
 And turn them to convenient engines  
 To wreak your patriotic vengeance;  
 While all, your rights who understand,  
 Confess them in their owner's hand;  
 And when by clamors and confusions,  
 Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,  
 Cry "Liberty," with powerful yearning,  
 As he does "Fire!" whose house is burning;  
 Though he already has much more  
 Than he can find occasion for.  
 While every clown that tills the plains,  
 Though bankrupt in estate and ruins,  
 By this new light transform'd to traitor,  
 Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,  
 Starts as haranguing chief of Whigs,  
 And drags you by the ears, like pigs.  
 All bluster, arm'd with factious license,  
 New-born at once to politicians,  
 Each leather-apron'd dunce, grown wise,  
 Presents his forward face t' advise,  
 And tatter'd legislators meet,  
 From every workshop through the street.  
 His goose the tailor finds new use in,  
 To patch and turn the Constitution;  
 The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate  
 To iron bind the wheels of state;

\* On the commencement of the war, the courts of justice were every where shut up. In some instances, the Judges were forced to retire, by the people, who assembled in multitudes, armed with white staves.

The quack forbears his patient's souse,  
To purge the Council and the House;  
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,  
To cast assemblymen and proxies.  
From dunghills deep of blackest hue,  
Your dirt-bred patriots spring to view,  
To wealth and power and honors rise,  
Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies,  
And fluttering round in high parade,  
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rise, then, my friends, in terror rise,  
And sweep this scandal from the skies.  
You'll see their Dagon, though well-jointed,  
Will shrink before the Lord's anointed;  
And like old Jericho's proud wall,  
Before our ramshorns prostrate fall."

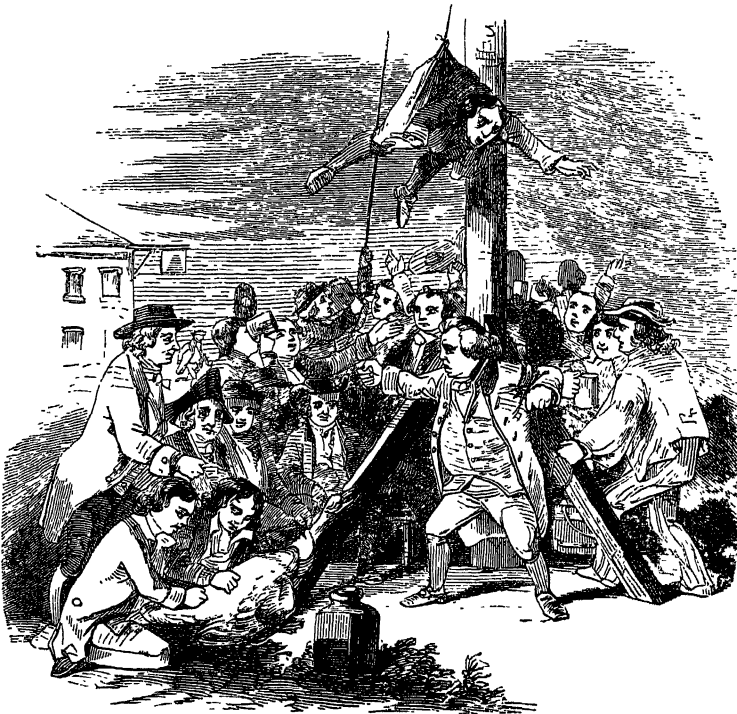
This said, our 'Squire, yet undismay'd,  
Call'd forth the constable to aid,  
And bade him read, in nearer station,  
The Riot-Act and Proclamation.  
He swift, advancing to the ring,  
Began, "Our Sovereign Lord the King"—  
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears,  
And clubs and stones assail his ears.  
To fly was vain; to fight was idle;  
By foes encompass'd in the middle,  
His hope, in stratagems, he found,  
And fell right craftily to ground;  
Then crept to seek a hiding-place,  
'Twas all he could, beneath a brace;  
When soon the conqu'ring crew espied him,  
And where he lurk'd they caught and tied him.

At once with resolution fatal,  
Both Whigs and Tories rush'd to battle.  
Instead of weapons, either band  
Seiz'd on such arms as came to hand.  
And fam'd as Ovid paints th' adventures  
Of wrangling Lapithæ and Centaurs,  
Who, at their feast, by Bacchus led,  
Threw bottles at each other's head;  
And these arms falling in their scuffles,  
Attack'd with andirons, tongs and shovels:  
So clubs and billets, staves, and stones,  
Met fierce, encountering every scone,  
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains  
Each void receptacle for brains;  
Their clamours rend the skies around,  
The hills rebellow to the sound;  
And many a groan increas'd the din  
From batter'd nose and broken shin.  
M'FINGAL, rising at the word,  
Drew forth his old militia-sword;  
Thrice cried "King George," as erst in distress  
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;  
And brandishing the blade in air,  
Struck terror through th' opposing war.  
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion, shrunk behind,  
With whirling steel around address'd,  
Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd,  
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,  
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march),  
And like a meteor rushing through,  
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.  
Around the Whigs, of clubs and stones  
Discharged whole volleys, in platoons,  
That o'er in whistling fury fly;  
But not a foe dares venture nigh.  
And now perhaps with glory crown'd,  
Our 'Squire has fell'd the pole to ground,

Had not some pow'r, a Whig at heart,  
Descended down and took their part;  
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,  
'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries),  
Who at the nick of time alarming,  
Assum'd the solemn form of Chairman,  
Address'd a Whig, in every scene  
The stoutest wrestler on the green,  
And pointed where the spade was found,  
Late used to set their pole in ground.  
And urg'd with equal arms and might  
To dare our 'Squire to single fight.  
The Whig, thus arm'd, untaught to yield,  
Advanc'd tremendous to the field:  
Nor did M'FINGAL shun the foe,  
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;  
While all the party gaz'd suspended  
To see the deadly combat ended;  
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd  
The sword against the brandish'd spade,  
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,  
The sword flew up and kicked the beam.  
Our 'Squire, on tip-toe rising fair,  
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,  
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,  
Descended on his foe in vengeance.  
But ah! in danger, with dishonour,  
The sword perfidious fails its owner;  
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,  
By huge trainband's encircled round;  
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,  
Had won the day at many a trial,  
Of stones and clubs had brav'd th' alarms,  
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.  
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,  
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,  
Now met it, from his arm of might,  
Descending with steep force to smite;  
The blade snap'd short, and from his hand,  
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.  
Swift turn'd M'FINGAL at the view,  
And call'd to aid the attendant crew,  
In vain; the Tories all had run,  
When scarce the fight had well begun;  
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd  
Far in th' horizon t'wards the west.  
Amaz'd he view'd the shameful sight,  
And saw no refuge but in flight:  
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,  
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;  
For not a trifling prize at stake,  
No less than great M'FINGAL's back.  
With legs and arms he work'd his course,  
Like rider that outgoes his horse,  
And labor'd hard to get away, as  
Old Satan struggling on through chaos;  
Till, looking back, he spied in rear  
The spade-arm'd chief advanc'd too near;  
Then stopt and seiz'd a stone that lay  
An ancient landmark near the way;  
Nor shall we, as old bards have done,  
Affirm it weigh'd a hundred ton;  
But such a stone, as at a shift  
A madman might suffice to lift,  
Since men, to credit their enigmas,  
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,  
And giants exil'd with their cronies  
To Brobdignags and Patagonias.  
But while our hero turn'd him round,  
And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,  
The fatal spade discharg'd a blow  
Tremendous on his rear below;

His bent knees fail'd, and void of strength  
 Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.  
 Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,  
 Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,  
 Or mountain sunk with all his pines,  
 Or flow'r the plough to dust consigns,  
 And more things else—but all men know 'em,  
 If slightly vers'd in epic poem.  
 At once the crew, at this dread crisis,  
 Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises;  
 And with loud shouts and joyful soul,  
 Conduct him prisoner to the pole,  
 Where, now the mob, in lucky hour,  
 Had got their en'mies in their power  
 They first proceed, by grave command,  
 To take the constable in hand.  
 Then from the pole's sublimest top  
 The active crew let down a rope,

And looking forth in prospect wide,  
 His Tory errors clearly spied,  
 And from his elevated station,  
 With bawling voice began addressing:  
 "Good gentlemen and friends and kin.  
 For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!  
 I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,  
 The King, the Devil, and all their works:  
 And will, set me but once at ease,  
 Turn Whig or Christian, what you please:  
 And always mind your rules so justly,  
 Should I live long as old Methus'lah,  
 I'll never join the British rage,  
 Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;  
 Nor lift my gun in future fights,  
 Nor take away your charter rights;  
 Nor overcome your new-rai'd levies,  
 Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;



At once its other end in haste bind,  
 And make it fast upon his waistband;  
 Till, like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,  
 He hung self-balance'd on his centre.\*  
 Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,  
 They swung him like a keg of ale,  
 Till to the pinnacle in height,  
 He vaulted, like balloon or kite,  
 As Socrates of old at first did,  
 To aid philosophy, get hoisted,  
 And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,  
 Swung in a basket in mid air:  
 Our culprit thus, in purer sky,  
 With like advantage rais'd his eye,

Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,  
 Though rais'd more thick than hatchel teeth:  
 But leave King George and all his elves  
 To do their conquering work themselves."

This said, they lower'd him down in state,  
 Spread at all points, like falling cat;  
 But took a vote first on the question,  
 That they'd accept his full confession,  
 And to their fellowship and favour,  
 Restore him on his good behaviour.  
 Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,  
 But stood, heroic as a mule.

"You'll find it all in vain," quoth he,  
 "To play your rebel tricks on me,  
 All punishments the world can render,  
 Serve only to provoke th' offender;

\* And earth self-balanced on her centre hung."—*Milton*.

The will gains strength from treatment horrid,  
As hides grow harder when they're curried.  
No man e'er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law;  
Or held in method orthodox  
His love of justice, in the stocks;  
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears  
At once his loyalty and ears,  
And can you think my faith will alter,  
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?  
I'll stand the worst; for recompense  
I trust King George and Providence.  
And when with conquest gain'd I come,  
Array'd in law and terror home,  
You'll rue this inauspicious morn,  
And curse the day when ye were born,  
In Job's high style of imprecations,  
With all his plagues, without his patience."

Meanwhile, beside the pole, the guard  
A Bench of Justice had prepared; \*  
Where, sitting round in awful sort,  
The grand committee held their court;  
While all the crew, in silent awe,  
Wait from their lips the lore of law.  
Few moments, with deliberation,  
They hold the solemn consultation;  
When soon in judgment all agree,  
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree:

"That 'Squire M'FINGAL, having grown,  
The vilest Tory in the town,  
And now in full examination,  
Convicted by his own confession,  
Finding no token of repentance,  
This Court proceeds to render sentence:  
That first the mob a slip-knot, single,  
Tie round the neck of said M'FINGAL,  
And in due form do tar him next,  
And feather, as the law directs;  
Then round the town attendant ride him,  
In cart, with Constable beside him,  
And having held him up to shame,  
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck  
With halter'd noose M'FINGAL's neck,  
While he in peril of his soul  
Stood tied half hanging to the pole;  
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,  
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar.  
With less profusion once was spread  
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,  
That down his beard and vestments ran,  
And cover'd all his outward man.  
As when (so Claudian sings) the Gods  
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,  
The stout Enceladus in malice  
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;  
And while he held them o'er his head,  
The river, from their fountains fed,  
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,  
And wore its channels in his hide:  
So from the high-rais'd urn the torrents  
Spread down his side their various currents;  
His flowing wig, as next the brim,  
First met and drank the sable stream;  
Adown his visage stern and grave  
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;

With arms depending as he stood,  
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;  
From nose and chin's remotest end,  
The tarry icicles descend;  
Till all o'erspread, with colours gay,  
He glitter'd to the western ray,  
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,  
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.  
And now the feather-bag display'd,  
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,  
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,  
And down, upon the tar, adhesive:  
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,  
Such plumage round his visage wears;  
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers  
Such superfluity of feathers.  
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,  
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;  
Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,  
To rank among the race of man,  
Or prove his claim to human nature,  
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the fatal cart, in state,  
They raised our grand duumvirate.  
And as at Rome a like committee,  
Who found an owl within their city,  
With solemn rites and grave processions,  
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;  
And lest infection might take place,  
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,  
All Rome attends him through the street,  
In triumph to his country-seat;  
With like devotion all the choir  
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;  
In front the martial music comes,  
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,  
With jingling sound of carriage-bells,  
And treble creak of rusted wheels.  
Behind the crowd, in lengthen'd row,  
With proud procession, clos'd the show,  
And at fit periods every throat  
Combin'd in universal shout;  
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,  
Or bawl'd "Confusion to the Tories!"  
Not louder storm the welkin braves  
From clamours of conflicting waves;  
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise  
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;  
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,  
On passing votes to regulate trade.\*

Thus having borne them round the town,  
Last at the poll they set them down;  
And to the tavern take their way,  
To end in mirth the festal day.

And now the mob, dispers'd and gone,  
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.  
The Constable with rueful face  
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;  
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,  
Stuck 'Squire M'FINGAL 'gainst the pole,  
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,  
Like barnacle on vessel's side;  
But though his body lack'd physician,  
His spirit was in worse condition.  
He found his fears of whips and ropes  
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.

\* An imitation of legal forms was universally practised by mobs in New England, in the trial and condemnation of rics. This marks a curious trait of national character.

\* Such votes were frequently passed at town-meetings, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper-money.

As men in jail without mainprize  
View every thing with other eyes,  
And all goes wrong in church and state,  
Seen through perspective of the grate:  
So now M'FINGAL's second-sight  
Beheld all things in gloomiest light;  
His visual nerves, well purg'd with tar,  
Saw all the coming scenes of war.  
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,  
He found he could hold in no longer,  
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,  
His wig from pitchy durance broke,  
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,  
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd.  
"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain  
We strive 'gainst wind and tide, and rain!  
Behold my doom! this feathery omen  
Portends what dismal times are coming.  
Now future scenes, before my eyes,  
And second-sighted forms arise.

I hear a voice that calls away,  
And cries, 'The Whigs will win the day!'  
My beck'ning Genius gives command,  
And bids me fly the fatal land;  
Where changing name and constitution,  
Rebellion turns to Revolution,  
Where Loyalty, oppress'd in tears,  
Stands trembling for its neck and ears,  
"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,  
To muster at our usual meeting;  
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em  
Of all things future that concern 'em,  
And scenes disclose on which, my friend,  
Their conduct and their lives depend.  
There I—but first 'tis of more use,  
From this vile pole to set me loose;  
Then go with cautious steps and steady,  
While I steer home and make all ready."

## PAPER; A POEM.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. 1794.

SOME wit of old,—such wits of old there were,—  
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,  
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,  
Call'd clear blank paper every infant mind;  
Then still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,  
Fair virtue put a seal or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;  
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.  
I (can you pardon my presumption), I—  
No wit, no genius—yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,  
The wants of fashion, elegance and use.  
Men are as various; and if right I scan,  
Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop,—half powder and half lace,—  
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;  
He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,  
And lock from vulgar hands in th' *escritoire*.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,  
Are *copy paper* of inferior worth:  
Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,  
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,  
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,  
Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose  
To wrap up wares, which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys  
Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys.

Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout.  
He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought  
Deems this side always right, and *that* stark naught;  
He foams with censure; with applause he raves,—  
A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves,  
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,  
While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,  
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,  
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,—  
What's he? What? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are our poets, take them as they fall,  
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?  
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;  
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet;  
She's fair *white paper*, an unsullied sheet;  
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,  
May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;  
'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing,  
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are  
his own,  
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone;  
True genuine *royal paper* is his breast;  
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

## INDIAN DEVILS.

A clergyman in Massachusetts, more than a century ago, addressed a letter to the General Court on some subject of interest which was then under discussion. The clerk read the letter, in which there seemed to be this very remarkable sentence: "I address you not as magistrates, but as *Indian devils*." The clerk hesitated, and looked carefully, and said,

"Yes, he addresses you as *Indian devils*." The wrath of the honourable body was aroused; they passed a vote of censure, and wrote to the reverend gentleman for an explanation, from which it appeared that he did not address them as magistrates, but as individuals.

## THE FORESTERS.

AN AMERICAN TALE. BY DR. JEREMY BELKNAP. 1792.

[Bryant assigns to this writer the high merit of being the first to make American history attractive. The following chapters form the commencement of the work, and present a fair specimen of the Doctor's humor.]

DEAR SIR,

To perform the promise which I made to you before I began my journey, I will give you such an account of this, once forest, but now cultivated and pleasant country, as I can collect from my conversation with its inhabitants, and from the perusal of their old family papers, which they have kindly permitted me to look into for my entertainment. By these means I have acquainted myself with the story of their first planting, consequent improvements, and present state; the recital of which will occupy the hours which I shall be able to spare from business, company, and sleep, during my residence among them.

In reading the character of *John Bull*, which was committed to paper some years ago by one who knew him well, you must have observed, that though "he was in the main an honest, plain-dealing fellow, yet he was choleric and inconstant, and very apt to quarrel with his best friends." This observation you will find fully verified in the course of the narrative;

as far as I can find, the best pretence that John had to call the land his; for he had no legal title to it. It was then a very woody country, in some parts rocky and hilly, in other parts level; well watered with brooks and ponds, and the whole of it bordered on a large lake, in which were plenty of fish, some of which were often served up at John's table, on fast days.

The stories told by one and another of these adventurers, had made a deep impression on the mind of *Walter Pipeweed*,\* one of John's domestics, a fellow of a roving and projecting disposition, and who had learned the art of surveying. Walter having frequently listened to their chat, began to think within himself, "If these fellows make so many pence by their excursions to this wild spot, what might not I gain by sitting down upon it? There is plenty of game and fish at hand, for a present supply; plenty of nuts and acorns to fatten pigs, and with some small labour I may be able to raise corn and feed poultry, which will fetch me a



and as the opinions and manners of superiors have a very great influence in forming the character of inferiors, you need not be surprised if you find a family likeness prevailing among the persons whose history I am about to recite, most of whom were formerly residents in Mr. Bull's house, or apprentices in his shop.

There was among the appendages to John's estate, a pretty large tract of land, which had been neglected by his ancestors, and which he never cared much about, excepting that now and then some of his family went thither a hunting, and brought home venison and furs. Indeed this was,

good price at market. I can carry biscuit enough in my pockets to keep me alive till my first crop comes in, and my dog can live upon the offals of the game that I shall kill. Besides, who knows what treasures the land itself may contain—perhaps some rich mines!—then I am made for this world—I shall be as rich as *Lord Strat*!†

Full of this dream, Walter applied to his master one day, for a lease of part of *the forest*, as it was called. Bull at first laughed at the proposal, and put him off; but Walter followed it up so close, and

\* Virginia.

† Spain.



told what advantages might be gained by settling there, and promised, if he should succeed, to turn all his trade into his master's hand, and give him the refusal of whatever he might bring to market, and withal shewed him some drafts, which he had made with chalk, from the reports of the huntsmen, that Bull began to think of the matter in good earnest, and consulted his lawyer upon the subject, who, after due consideration of the premises, and stroking his band, advised him as follows—"Why yes, Mr. Bull, I don't see why you ought not to look about you as well as your neighbors. You know that old *Lord Peter*\* lays claim to the whole country, and has assumed to parcel it out among his devotees. He has given all the western part of it, where this forest lies, to *Lord Strut*, and he has a large manor adjoining to your forest, which, they say, yields him a fine rent, and who knows but this may bring you in as much or more? Then there is *Lewis*,† the cudgel player, and *Nicholas Frog*,‡ the draper, who have perhaps (I say *perhaps*, Mr. Bull, because there may be a little doubt on both sides, and in that case, you know, sir, it would not become gentlemen of our cloth to speak positively), as good a claim as your Honor to this land; but then it is a maxim, you know, that possession is eleven points of the law, and if you once get your foot upon it, they cannot oust you without a process; and your Honor knows that your purse is as long as theirs, and you are as able to stand a suit with them as they are with you. I therefore advise you to humor your man Walter, and give him a lease, and a pretty large one—you may find more advantages in it than you are aware of—but lease it, lease it at any rate." Upon this he was ordered to make out a lease; and Walter being thus invested with as good authority as could be obtained, filled his pockets with bread and cheese, took his gun, powder-flask, and shot of various kinds, with a parcel of fishing lines and hooks, his surveying instruments, and a bag of corn on his shoulders, and off he trotted to his new paradise.

It was some time before he could fix upon a spot to his liking, and he at first met with some opposition from the bears and wolves, and was greatly exposed to the weather, before he could build him a hut; once or twice the savage animals had almost devoured him, but being made of good stuff, he stood his ground, cleared a little spot, put his seed into the earth, and lived as well as such adventurers can expect, poorly enough at first, but supported, as all new planters are, by the hope of better times. After a while he began to thrive, and his master, Bull, recommended a *wife*,§ whom he married, and by whom he had a number of children. Having found a new sort of grain in the forest, and a certain plant of a narcotic quality, he cultivated both, and having procured a number of *black cattle*,|| he went on pretty gaily in the planting way, and brought his narcotic weed into great repute, by sending a present of a quantity of it to his old master, who grew excessively fond of it, and kept calling for more, till he got the whole trade of it into his own hands, and sold it out of his own warehouse to *Lewis*, *Frog*, and all the other tradesmen around him. In return, he supplied Walter with cloths and stuffs for his family, and utensils for his husbandry; and as a reward for being the first, who

had courage to make a settlement in his forest, he dignified his plantation with the name of the *ancient dominion*. Beside this mark of respect, and in token of his high esteem of him as a customer, as well as for certain other reasons, he made it a practice, every year, to present him with a waggon-load of *Ordure*,\* the sweepings of his back-yard, the scrapings of his dog-kennel, and contents of his own water-closet. This was a mark of politeness which John valued himself much upon. "It may seem odd," said he one day to a friend, "that I make such a kind of compliment as this to my good customer; but if you consider it aright, you will find it a piece of refined policy; for by this means I get rid of a deal of trash and rubbish that is necessarily made in such a family as mine; I get a cursed stink removed from under my nose, and my good friend has the advantage of it upon his farm, to manure his grounds, and make them produce more plentifully that precious weed in which we all so much delight." Walter was often seen, on the arrival of Bull's waggon, to clap his handkerchief to his nose; but as he knew his old master was an odd sort of a fellow, and it was his interest to keep in with him, he generally turned off the compliment with a laugh, saying, good-naturedly enough, "Let him laugh that wins," without explaining his meaning, though it might admit of a *double entendre*; then calling some of his servants, he ordered them to shovel out the dung, and make his black cattle mix theirs with it. When spread over the land, the air took out most of the scent, and the salts were of some advantage to the soil.

After Walter Pipeweed had got his affairs into tolerable order, he was visited in his retirement by *Cecilus Peterson*,† another of Bull's apprentices, who had taken a fancy to the same kind of life, from a disgust of some things that had happened in the family. He had not been long with Walter before he found it would not do for him to remain there. Peterson was supposed to be a natural son of old *Lord Peter*, after whom he was nick-named. He had the same affected airs, and a tincture of the high-flying notions of his reputed father. These made him rather disgusting to Walter, who had learned his manners of Mr. Bull's mother, when she was in her sober senses, and between her and Lord Peter there had been a long variance. When Peterson perceived that his company was not desired, he had so much good sense as to leave Walter's plantation, and, paddling across a creek, seated himself on a point of land that ran out into the lake. Of this he obtained a lease of his old master, and went to work in the same manner as Walter had done, who, liking his company best at a distance, was willing to supply him with bread and meat till he could scramble for himself. Here he took to husbandry, raising corn and the narcotic weed, and buying up *black cattle*, and after a while turned his produce into his old master's warehouse, and received from him the annual compliment of a waggon-load of dung, excepting that when there had not been so much as usual made, he and Walter were to share a load between them.

To ingratiate himself still farther with his old master, he accepted of a girl out of his family for a

\* Convicts.

† Lord Baltimore, who first settled Maryland, was a Papist; his successors abjured Popery, and conformed to the Church of England.

\* The Pope. † France. ‡ Holland.

§ The charter of Virginia. || Negro slaves.

wife (for John was always fond of his tenants marrying for fear of their doing worse), he took as little notice as possible of his reputed father, and dropping or disowning his nickname of Peterson, he assumed that of *Marygold*,\* which old Madam Bull understood as a compliment to one of her daughters. He also made his court to the old lady by kneeling down and kissing the golden fringe of her embroidered petticoat, as was the fashion of that day. This ceremony, though a trifle in itself, helped much to recommend him to Mr. Bull, who was a very dutiful son, and took his mother's advice in most parts of his business. In short, Cecilus was too much of a politician to suppose that filial affection ought to stand in the way of a man's interest, and in this he judged as many other men would have done in the same circumstances.

About the time in which these first attempts were making, and the fame of them had raised much jealousy among some, and much expectation among others, there happened a sad quarrel in *John Bull's* family. His mother, poor woman, had been seized with hysteric fits, which caused her at times to be delirious and full of all sorts of whims. She had taken it into her head that every one of the family must hold knife and fork and spoon exactly alike; that they must all wash their hands and face precisely in the same manner; that they must sit, stand, walk, kneel, bow, spit, blow their noses, and perform every other animal function by the exact rule of *uniformity*, which she had drawn up with her own hand, and from which they were not allowed to vary one hair's breadth. If any one of the family complained of a lame ankle or stiff knee, or had the crick in his neck, or happened to cut his finger, or was any other way so disabled as not to perform his duty to a tittle, she was so far from making the least allowance, that she would frown, and scold, and rave like a bedlamite; and John was such an obedient son to his mother, that he would lend her his hand to box their ears, or his foot to kick their backsides, for not complying with her humors. This way of proceeding raised an uproar in the family; for though most of them complied, either through affection for the old lady, or through fear, or some other motive, yet others looked sour and grumbled; some would openly find fault and attempt to remonstrate, but they were answered with a kick or a thump, or a cat-o'-nine-tails, or shut up in a dark garret till they promised a compliance. Such was the logic of the family in those days!

Among the number of the disaffected, was *Peregrine Pickle*,† a pretty clever sort of a fellow about his business, but a great lover of sourcroust, and of a humor that would not bear contradiction. However, as he knew it would be fruitless to enter into a dourright quarrel, and yet could not live there in peace; he had so much prudence as to quit the house, which he did by getting out of the window in the night. Not liking to be out of employment, he went to the house of *Nicholas Frog*,‡ his master's old friend and rival, told him the story of his sufferings, and got leave to employ himself in one of his workshops till the storm should be over. After he had been here a while, he thought Nick's family were as much too loose in their manners as Bull's were too strict; and having heard a rumor of the Forest, to which Nick had some kind of claim, he packed up his little all, and hired one of

Nick's servants, who had been there a hunting, to pilot him to that part of the Forest to which Nick laid claim. But Frog had laid an anchor to windward of him; for as Pickle had said nothing to him about a lease, he supposed that when Peregrine had got into the Forest, he would take a lease of his old master, Bull, which would strengthen his title, and weaken his own; he therefore bribed the pilot to show Peregrine to a barren part of the Forest, instead of that fertile place\* to which he had already sent his surveyors, and of which he was contriving to get possession. Accordingly, the Pilot having conducted Pickle to a sandy point which runs into the lake,† it being the dusk of the evening,‡ bade him good night, and walked off. Peregrine, who was fatigued with his march, laid down and went to sleep, but waking in the morning, saw himself alone in a very dreary situation, where he could get nothing to live upon but clams, and a few acorns which the squirrels had left. In this piteous plight, the poor fellow folded his arms, and walking along the sandy beach, fell into such a soliloquy as this: "So much for travelling! Abused by Bull, cheated by Frog, what am I at last come to? Here I am alone, no creature but bears, and wolves, and such vermin around me! Nothing in the shape of a human being that I know of, nearer than Pipeweed's plantation, and with him I cannot agree; he is so devoted to old Dame Bull, that he and I cannot live together any more than I could with the old woman. But why should I despair? That is unmanly; there is at least a *possibility* of my living here, and if I am disappointed in my worldly prospects, it is but right, for I professed not to have any. My wish was to have my own way without disturbance or contradiction, and surely I can here enjoy my liberty. I have nobody here to curse me, or kick me, or cheat me. If I have only clams to eat, I can cook them my own way, and say as long a grace over them as I please. I can sit, or stand, or kneel, or use any other posture at my devotions, without any cross old woman to growl at me, or any hectoring bully to cuff me for it. So that if I have lost in one way I have gained in another. I had better, therefore, reconcile myself to my situation, and make the best of a bad market. But company is good! Apropos! I will write to some of my fellow-apprentices; I know they were as discontented as myself in old Bull's family, though they did not care to speak their minds as plainly as I did. I'll tell them how much happiness I enjoy here in my solitude. I'll point out to them the charms of liberty, and coax them to follow me into the wilderness; and by and by, when we get all together, we shall make a brave hand of it." Full of this resolution, he sat down on a wind-fallen tree, and pulling out his inkhorn and paper, wrote a letter to *John Codline*, *Humphrey Ploughshare*, and *Roger Carrier*, three of his fellow-apprentices, informing them of the extreme happiness he enjoyed in having liberty to eat his scanty meals in his own way, and to lay his swelled ankles and stiff knee in whatever posture was most easy to him; conjuring them, by their former friendship, to come to join him in carrying on the good work so happily begun, etc. etc. As soon as he had finished the letter (which had deeply engaged his attention), a huntsman happened to come along in quest of game.

\* Maryland.

† Puritan.

‡ Holland.

\* Hudson's River.

† Cape Cod.

‡ The month of December.

This was a lucky circumstance indeed, for Peregrine had not once thought of a conveyance for his letter; it proved also favorable to him in another view, for the huntsman taking pity on his forlorn situation, spared him some powder and shot, and a few biscuit which he happened to have in his pocket; so, taking charge of the letter, he delivered it as it was directed.

This letter arrived in good season, for old Madam had grown much worse since Pickle had left the family; her vapors had increased, and her longings and aversions were much stronger. She had a strange lurch for embroidered petticoats and high waving plumes; her Christmas pies must have double the quantity of spice that was usual; the servants must make three bows where they formerly made but one, and they must never come into her presence without having curled and powdered their hair in the pink of the mode, for she had an aversion to every thing plain, and a strong relish for every thing gaudy. Besides, she had an high-mettled chaplain\* who was constantly at her elbow, and said prayers night and morning in a brocaded cope with a gilded mitre on his head; and he exacted so many bows and scrapes of every one in the family, that it would have puzzled a French dancing-master to have kept pace with him. Nor would he perform the service at all, unless a verger stood by him all the while with a yard-wand in his hand; and if any servant or apprentice missed one bow or scrape, or made it at the wrong time, or dared to look off his book, or said Amen in the wrong place, rap went the stick over his head and ears and knuckles. It was in vain to appeal from the chaplain or the old dame to their master, for he was so obedient a son that he suffered them to govern him as they pleased; nay, though broad hints were

As soon as the letter of Peregrine Pickle arrived, the apprentices, to whom it was directed, held a consultation what they should do. They were heartily tired of the conduct of the chaplain; they lamented the old lady's ill health, and wished for a cure; but there was at present no hope of it, and they concluded that it was best to follow Pickle's advice, and retire with him into the Forest. Though they were infected with the spirit of adventure, yet they were a set of wary fellows, and knew they could not with safety venture thither unless they had a lease of the land. Happily, however, for them, Bull had a little while before that put the affairs of the Forest into the hands of a gentleman of the law,\* with orders to see that the matter was properly managed, so as to yield him some certain profit. To this sage they applied, and for the proper fees, which they clubbed for between them, they obtained a lease, under hand and seal; where, in, for "sundry causes him thereunto moving, the said Bull did grant and convey unto John Codline and his associates, so many acres of his Forest, bounded so and so, and which they were to have, hold, and enjoy for ever and ever, yielding and paying so and so, and so forth." When this grand point was gained by the assistance of the lawyer and his clerks, who knew how to manage business, the adventurers sold all their superfluities to the pawnbrokers, and got together what things they supposed they should want, and leaving behind them a note on the compter,† to tell their master where they were bound, and what were their designs; they set off all together and got safe into a part of the Forest adjoining to Pickle, who, hearing of their arrival, took his oaken staff in his hand, and hobbled along as fast as his lame legs could carry him to see them, and a joyful meeting indeed they had.



given that the chaplain was an emissary of Lord Peter, and was taking advantage of the old lady's hysterics to bring the whole family into his interest, John gave no heed to any of these insinuations.

Having laid their heads together, it was agreed that Codline should send for a girl whom he had

\* The Council of Plymouth in Devonshire.

† Letter written on board the Arabella, after the embarkation of the Massachusetts settlers.

\* Archbishop Laud.

courted,\* and marry her and that he should be considered as the lord of the manor, that Pickle should have a lease of that part which he had pitched upon, and that Ploughshare and Carrier should for the present be considered as members of Codline's family. John had taken a great fancy to fishing, and thought he could wholly or chiefly subsist by it; but Humphrey had a mind for a farm; so after a while they parted in friendship. Humphrey, with a pack on his back and a spade in his hand, travelled across the Forest till he found a wide meadow, with a large brook† running through it, which he supposed to be within John's grant, and intended still to consider himself as a distant member of the family. But as it fell out otherwise, he was obliged to get a new lease, to which Mr. Frog made some objections, but they were over-ruled; and soon after another old fellow-servant, Theophilus Wheat-ear, came and sat down by him. They being so much alike in their views and dispositions, agreed to live together as intimates, though in two families, which they did till Wheat-ear's death, when Ploughshare became his sole heir, and the estate has ever since been his. This Humphrey was always a very industrious, frugal, saving husband; and his wife,

though a formal, strait-laced sort of a body, yet always minded her spinning and knitting, and took excellent care of her dairy. She always clothed her children in homespun garments, and scarcely ever spent a farthing for outlandish trinkets. The family and all its concerns were under very exact regulations: not one of them was suffered to peep out of doors after the sun was set. It was never allowed to brew on Saturday, lest the beer should break the fourth commandment by working on Sunday; and once, it is said, the stallion was impounded a whole week for holding *crim. con.* with the mare while the old gentleman was at his devotions. Bating these peculiarities (and every body has some) Humphrey was a very good sort of a man, a kind neighbour, very thriving, and made a respectable figure. Though he lived a retired life, and did not much follow the fashions, yet he raised a good estate and brought up a large family. His children and grandchildren have penetrated the interior parts of the country, and seated themselves on the best soil, which they know how to distinguish at first sight, and to cultivate to the greatest advantage. Wherever you find them, you find good husbandmen.

## THE HASTY PUDDING.

BY JOEL BARLOW. 1798.

### PREFACE.

A SIMPLICITY in diet, whether it be considered with reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. In recommending so important an object to the rational part of mankind, I wish it were in my power to do it in such a manner as would be likely to gain their attention. I am sensible that it is one of those subjects in which example has infinitely more power than the most convincing arguments or the highest charms of poetry. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," though possessing these two advantages in a greater degree than any other work of the kind, has not prevented villages in England from being deserted. The apparent interest of the rich individuals, who form the taste as well as the laws in that country, has been against him; and with that interest it has been vain to contend.

The vicious habits which, in this little piece, I endeavor to combat, seem to me not so difficult to cure. No class of people has any interest in supporting them, unless it be the interest which certain families may feel in vying with each other in sumptuous entertainments. There may, indeed, be some instances of depraved appetites which no arguments will conquer; but these must be rare. There are very few persons but what would always prefer a plain dish for themselves, and would prefer it, likewise, for their guests, if there were no risk of reputation in the case. This difficulty can only be removed by example; and the example should proceed from those whose situation enables them to take the lead in forming the manners of a nation. Persons of this description in America, I should hope, are neither above nor below the influence of truth and reason, when conveyed in language suited to the subject.

Whether the manner I have chosen to address my arguments to them be such as to promise any success, is what I cannot decide; but I certainly had hopes of doing some good, or I should not have taken the pains of putting so many

rhymes together. The example of domestic virtues has doubtless a great effect. I only wish to rank SIMPLICITY OF DIET among the Virtues. In that case, I should hope it will be cherished and more esteemed by others than it is at present.

JOEL BARLOW.

CHAMBERRY, SAVOY, January, 1798.

### The Hasty Pudding.

#### CANTO I.

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,  
To clamp the day and hide me from the skies;  
Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurl'd,  
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,  
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,  
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,  
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire  
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.  
Despise it not, ye hards to terror steel'd,  
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;  
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing  
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;  
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,  
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.  
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,  
My morning incense, and my evening meal—  
The sweets of *Hasty Pudding*. Come, dear bowl,  
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.  
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,  
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,  
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,  
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.  
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song  
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,  
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,  
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,  
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name  
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;

\* The Massachusetts charter. † Connecticut River.

But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,  
 All bards should catch it, and all realms revere !  
 Assist me first with pious toil to trace  
 Through wrecks of time thy lineage and thy race ;  
 Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore  
 (Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore),  
 First gave thee to the world ; her works of fame  
 Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.  
 Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,  
 First learn'd with stones to crack the well-dried  
 maize,



Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,  
 In boiling water stir the yellow flour :  
 The yellow flour, bestrew'd and stirr'd with haste,  
 Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,  
 Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,  
 Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim ;  
 The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,  
 And the whole mass its true consistence takes.  
 Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,  
 Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,  
 To her, to them I'd consecrate my lays,  
 And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.  
 If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,  
 I here ascribe her one great virtue more.  
 Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone  
 The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,  
 But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,  
 Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.

Dear *Hasty Pudding*, what unpromised joy,  
 Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy !  
 Doom'd o'er the world through devious paths to  
 roam,  
 Each clime my country, and each house my home,  
 My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end :  
 I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.  
 For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,  
 How long in vain I wander'd up and down,  
 Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,  
 Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.

London is lost in smoke and steep'd in tea ;  
 No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee ;  
 The uncouth word, a libel on the town,  
 Would call a proclamation from the crown.  
 For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,  
 Chill'd in their fogs, exclude the generous maize :  
 A grain whose rich, luxuriant growth requires  
 Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.  
 But here, though distant from our native shore,  
 With mutual glee, we meet and laugh once more.  
 The same ! I know thee by that yellow face,  
 That strong complexion of true Indian race,  
 Which time can never change, nor soil impair,  
 Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air ;  
 For endless years, through every mild domain,  
 Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to  
 reign.

But man, more fickle, the bold license claims,  
 In different realms to give thee different names.  
 Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant  
*Polanta* call ; the French, of course, *Polante*.  
 E'en in thy native regions, how I blush  
 To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush* !  
 On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn  
 Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawm*.  
 All spurious appellations, void of truth ;  
 I've better known thee from my earliest youth ;  
 Thy name is *Hasty Pudding* ! thus our sires  
 Were wont to greet thee fuming, from their fires ;  
 And while they argued in thy just defence  
 With logic clear, they thus explained the sense :  
 " In *haste* the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,  
 Receives and cooks the ready powder'd maize ;  
 In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*  
 With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.  
 No carving to be done, no knife to grate  
 The tender ear and wound the stony plate ;  
 But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,  
 And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,  
 By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,  
 Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."  
 Such is thy name, significant and clear,  
 A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,  
 But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste  
 Preserve my pure, hereditary taste.

There are who strive to stamp with disrepute  
 The luscious food, because it feeds the brute ;  
 In tropes of high-strain'd wit, while gaudy prigs  
 Compare thy nursing man to pamper'd pigs ;  
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest  
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.  
 What though the generous cow gives me to quaff  
 The milk nutritious ; am I then a calf ?  
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,  
 Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine ?  
 Sure the sweet song I fashion to thy praise,  
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.

My song, resounding in its grateful glee,  
 No merit claims ; I praise myself in thee.  
 My father loved thee through his length of days !  
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize ;  
 From thee what health, what vigor he possess'd,  
 Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest ;  
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,  
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.  
 Delicious grain ! whatever form it take,  
 To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,  
 In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,  
 But most, my *Hasty Pudding*, most in thee.

Let the green succotash with thee contend ;  
 Let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend ;

Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,  
 And a long slice of bacon grace their side;  
 Not all the plate, how famed so'er it be,  
 Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.  
 Some talk of *Hoe-Cake*, fair Virginia's pride!  
 Rich *Johnny-Cake* this mouth hath often tried;  
 Both please me well, their virtues much the same,  
 Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,  
 Except in dear New England, where the last }  
 Receives a dish of pumpkin in the paste,  
 To give it sweetness and improve the taste. }  
 But place them all before me, smoking hot,  
 The big, round dumpling, rolling from the pot;  
 The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,  
 With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;  
 The *Charlotte* brown, within whose crusty sides  
 A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;  
 The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,  
 And all of Indian that the bakepan knows—  
 You tempt me not; my favorite greets my eyes,  
 To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

## CANTO II.

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,  
 To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,  
 To make mankind to social virtue sour,  
 Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;  
 For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,  
 Commanding sweat to steam from every cook;  
 Children no more their antic gambols tried,  
 And friends of physic wonder'd why they died.  
 Not so the Yankee: his abundant feast,  
 With simples furnish'd and with plainness dress'd,  
 A numerous offspring gathers round the board,  
 And cheers alike the servant and the lord;  
 Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,  
 And health attends them from the short repast.  
 While the full pail rewards the milk-maid's toil,  
 The mother sees the morning caldron boil;  
 To stir the pudding next demands their care;  
 To spread the table and the bowls prepare:  
 To feed the children as their portions cool,  
 And comb their heads, and send them off to school.  
 Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,  
 • For Nature scorns not all the aids of art.  
 E'en *Hasty Pudding*, purest of all food,  
 May still be bad, indifferent, or good,  
 As sage experience the short process guides,  
 Or want of skill, or want of care presides.  
 Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,  
 To rear the child and long sustain the man;  
 To shield the morals while it mends the size,  
 And all the powers of every food supplies—  
 Attend the lesson that the muse shall bring;  
 Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.  
 But since, O man! thy life and health demand  
 Not food alone, but labor from thy hand,  
 First, in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,  
 Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;  
 She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,  
 And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.  
 When now the ox, obedient to thy call,  
 Repays the loan that fill'd the winter stall,  
 Pursue his traces o'er the furrow'd plain,  
 And plant in measured hills the golden grain.  
 But when the tender germ begins to shoot,  
 And the green spire declares the sprouting root,  
 Then guard your nursing from each greedy foe,  
 The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.  
 A little ashes sprinkled round the spire,  
 Soon steep'd in rain, will bid the worm retire;

The feather'd robber, with his hungry maw,  
 Swift flies the field before your man of straw;  
 A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring,  
 When met to burn the pope or hang the king.  
 Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,  
 Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe;  
 The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,  
 To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.  
 Slow springs the blade, while check'd by chilling rains,  
 Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;  
 But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,  
 Then start the juices, then the roots expand;  
 Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,  
 The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;  
 The bushy branches all the ridges fill,  
 Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.  
 Here cease to vex them; all your cares are done;  
 Leave the last labors to the parent sun;  
 Beneath his genial smiles, the well-dress'd field,  
 When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.  
 Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,  
 And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;  
 The suckling ears the silken fringes bend,  
 And, pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;  
 The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,  
 O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;  
 High as a hop-field waves the silent grove.  
 A safe retreat for little thefts of love,  
 When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,  
 To meet her swain beneath the new-form'd shade  
 His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,  
 And the green spoils her ready basket fill;  
 Small compensation for the twofold bliss,  
 The promised wedding, and the present kiss.  
 Slight depredations these; but now the moon  
 Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;  
 And while by night he bears his prize away,  
 The bolder squirrel labors through the day.  
 Both thieves alike, but provident of time,  
 A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.  
 Then let them steal the little stores they can,  
 And fill their granaries from the toils of man;  
 We've one advantage where they take no part—  
 With all their wiles, they ne'er have found the art  
 To boil the *Hasty Pudding*; here we shine  
 Superior far to tenants of the pine;  
 This envied boon to man shall still belong,  
 Unshared by them in substance or in song.  
 At last the closing season browns the plain,  
 And ripe October gathers in the grain;  
 Deep-loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill;  
 The sack distended marches to the mill;  
 The laboring mill beneath the burden groans,  
 And showers the future pudding from the stones;  
 Till the glad housewife greets the powder'd gold,  
 And the new crop exterminates the old.

## CANTO III.

The days grow short; but though the fallen sun  
 To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done;  
 Night's pleasant shades his various tasks prolong,  
 And yield new subjects to my various song.  
 For now, the corn-house fill'd, the harvest home,  
 The invited neighbors to the *husking* come;  
 A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,  
 Unite their charms to chase the hours away.  
 Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,  
 The lamp suspended from the cheerful foe,  
 Brown, corn-fed nymphs, and strong, hard-handed  
 beaux,  
 Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,

Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;  
 The dry husks rustle, and the corn-cobs crack;  
 The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,  
 And the sweet cider trips in silence round.  
 The laws of husking every wight can tell,  
 And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:  
 For each red ear a general kiss he gains,  
 With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;  
 But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,  
 Red as her lips and taper as her waist,  
 She walks the round and culls one favor'd beau,  
 Who leaps the luscious tribute to bestow.  
 Various the sports, as are the wits and brains  
 Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains;  
 Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,  
 And he that gets the last ear wins the day.  
 Meanwhile, the housewife urges all her care,  
 The well-earn'd feast to hasten and prepare.  
 The sifted meal already waits her hand,  
 The milk is strain'd, the bowls in order stand,  
 The fire flames high; and as a pool (that takes  
 The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)  
 Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,  
 So the vex'd caldron rages, roars, and boils.  
 First with clean salt she seasons well the food,  
 Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.  
 Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;  
 To stir it well demands a stronger hand;



The husband takes his turn: and round and round  
 The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown'd;  
 When to the board the thronging huskers pour,  
 And take their seats as at the corn before.  
 I leave them to their feast. There still belong  
 More copious matters to my faithful song.

For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,  
 Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate  
 Some with molasses line the luscious treat,  
 And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.  
 A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;  
 A great resource in those bleak wintry days,  
 When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,  
 And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.  
 Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,  
 Great source of health, the only source of joy;  
 Mother of Egypt's god—but sure, for me,  
 Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.  
 How oft thy teats these pious hands have press'd!  
 How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!  
 How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!  
 And roar'd, like thee, to find thy children slain!  
 Ye, swains who know her various worth to prize,  
 Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies!  
 Potatoes, pumpkins should her sadness cheer,  
 Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;  
 When spring returns, she'll well acquit the loan,  
 And nurse at once your infants and her own.  
 Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose;  
 To this in future I confine my muse,  
 Till she in haste some further hints unfold,  
 Well for the young, nor useless to the old.  
 First in your bowl the milk abundant take,  
 Then drop with care along the silver lake  
 Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide  
 Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;  
 But when their growing mass no more can sink,  
 When the soft island looms above the brink,  
 Then check your hand; you've got the portion due:  
 So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.  
 There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear  
 The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.  
 The deep-bow'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop  
 In ample draughts the thin, diluted soup,  
 Performs not well in those substantial things,  
 Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;  
 Where the strong labial muscles must embrace  
 The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.  
 With ease to enter and discharge the freight,  
 A bowl less concave, but still more dilate,  
 Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,  
 A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes.  
 Experienced feeders can alone impart  
 A rule so much above the lore of art.  
 These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,  
 With just precision could the point decide,  
 Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines  
 In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;  
 Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,  
 Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,  
 Which in two equal portions shall divide  
 The distance from the centre to the side.  
 Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin:  
 Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin  
 Suspend your ready napkin; or like me,  
 Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;  
 Just in the zenith your wise head project;  
 Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,  
 Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall—  
 The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all!

AN ATTEMPT AT LARCENY.—When the late Judge Howell, of Rhode Island, was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *vacuum caput* (empty-head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up,

and repeated the words, and, well knowing the author, addressed the court as follows: "May it please the court, I ask your honor's protection, (holding up his hat,) for," said he, "I find that brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

## HOW TO RECEIVE A CHALLENGE.

FROM "MODERN CHIVALRY." BY H. H. BRACKENRIDGE. 1796.

OUR worthy knight, and his aspiring bog-trotter, had now been some days, perhaps weeks, in a large village, not necessary to be named; but which, not more than a score of years ago, had been on the frontier. It is not necessary to speak of the reason for this delay; perhaps it was a part of the plan of observation adopted; perhaps something of a personal nature was the cause. Certain it is, that while here, the captain heard a good deal said about a certain Miss Vapor, who was the belle of the place. Her father had made a fortune by the purchase of public securities. A garrison having been at this place, and troops quartered here, he had been employed as an issuing commissary. When the commissioners sat to adjust unliquidated claims, he had a good deal in his power, by vouching for the accounts of the butcher and baker, and wood-cutter and water-drawer, and wagoner, and others of all occupations whatsoever, whose claims were purchased by himself in the mean time; and when the certificates issued in their names, they were to his use. The butcher and baker, no doubt, long before, had been paid out of the flesh killed, or bread baked; because it is a good maxim, and a scriptural expression, "Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn." But the public has a broad back, and a little vouching, by a person interested, is not greatly felt. These certificates, though at first of little value, and issued by the commissioners with the liberality of those who give what is of little worth, yet, by the funding acts of the government having become in value equal to gold and silver, the commissary had a great estate thrown upon him; so that, from low beginnings, he had become a man of fortune and consequence. His family, and especially the eldest daughter, shared the advantage; for she had become the object of almost all wooers. The captain, though an old bachelor, as we have said, had not wholly lost the idea of matrimony. Happening to be in a circle, one evening, where Miss Vapor was, he took a liking to her in all respects save one, which was, that she seemed, on her part, to have taken a liking to a certain Mr. Jacko, who was there present. The captain behaved as if he did not observe the preference; but the following day, waiting on the young lady at her father's house, he drew her into conversation, and began to reason with her in the following manner:

"Miss Vapor," said he, "you are a young lady of great beauty, great sense, and fortune still greater than either."

This was a sad blunder in a man of gallantry, but the lady not being of the greatest sensibility of nerve, did not perceive it.

"On my part," said he, "I am a man of years, but a man of some reflection; and it would be much more advisable in you to trust my experience, and the mellowness of my disposition in a state of matrimony, than the vanity and petulance of this young fop Jacko, for whom you show a partiality."

The color coming into the young lady's face at this expression, she withdrew and left him by himself. The captain, struck with the rudeness, withdrew also; and after a few, but very long strides, found himself seated in his lodgings.

The next morning, shortly after he had got out of



bed, and had just come down stairs, and was buttoning the knees of his breeches, a light airy-looking young man, with much bowing and civility, entered the hall of the public-house, inquiring "if this was not Captain Farrago, to whom he had the honor to address himself," delivered him a paper. On the perusal, it was found to be a challenge from Major Jacko.

The fact was, that Miss Vapor, in order the more to recommend herself to her suitor, had informed him of the language of the captain. The young man, though he had no great stomach for the matter, yet, according to the custom of these times, could do no less than challenge. The bearer was what is called his second.

The captain, having read the paper, and pausing a while, said, "Mr. Second, for that I take to be your style and character, is it consistent with reason or common sense, to be the aider or abettor of another man's folly; perhaps the prompter? For it is no uncommon thing with persons to inflame the passions of their friends, rather than allay them. This young woman, for I shall not call her lady, from vanity, or ill nature, or both, has become a tale-bearer to her lover, who, I will venture to say, thanks her but little for it; as she has thereby rendered it necessary for him to take this step. You, in the mean time, are not blameless, as it became you to have declined the office, and thereby furnished an excuse to your friend for not complying with the custom. For it would have been a sufficient apology with the lady to have said, although he was disposed to fight, yet he could get no one to be his armor-bearer or assistant. It could have been put upon the footing, that all had such regard for his life, that no one would countenance him in risking it. You would have saved him, by this

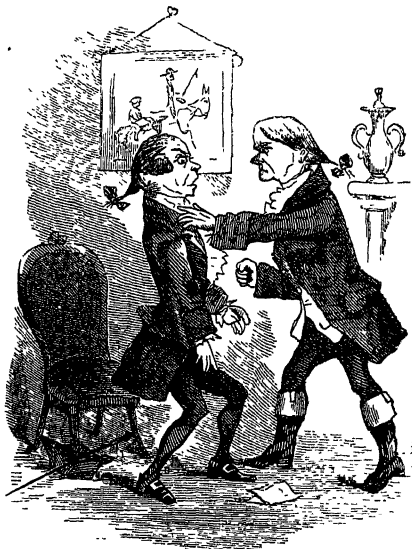


means, all that uneasiness which he feels at present, lest I should accept this challenge. I am not so unacquainted with human nature, as not to know how disagreeable it must be to think of having a pistol-ball lodged in the groin or the left breast; or, to make the best of it, the pan of the knee broke, or the nose cut off, or some wound less than mortal given; disagreeable, especially to a man in the bloom of life, and on the point of marriage with a woman to whose person or fortune he has no exception. I would venture to say, therefore, there will be no great difficulty in appeasing this Orlando Furioso, that has sent me the challenge. Did you know the state of his mind, you would find it to be his wish at this moment, that I would ease his fears, and make some apology. A very slight one would suffice. I dare say, his resentment against Mrs Vapor is not slight, and that he would renounce her person and fortune both, to get quit of the duel. But the opinion of the world is against him, and he must fight. Do you think he has any great gratitude to you for your services on this occasion? He had much rather you had, in the freedom of friendship, given him a kick, when he made application to you; and told him, that it did not become him to quarrel about a woman, who had, probably, consulted her own vanity, in giving him the information. In that case, he would have been more pleased with you a month hence, than he is at present. I do not know that he has an overstock of sense; nevertheless, he cannot be just such a fool, as not to consider that you, yourself, may have pretensions to this belle, and be disposed to have him out of the way before you. He must be a fool, indeed, if he does not reflect, that you had much rather see us fight than not; from the very same principle that we take delight in seeing a cock-match, or a horse-race. The spectacle is new, and produces a brisk current of thought through the mind, which is a constituent of pleasure; the absence of all movement giving none at all.

"What do you suppose I must think of you, Mr. Second; I, who have read books, and thought a little on the subject, have made up my mind in these matters, and account the squires that bring challenges from knights, as people of but very small desert? Thinking men have condemned the duel, and laws have prohibited it; but these miscreants still keep it up, by being the conductors of the fluid. My indignation, therefore, falls on such, and I have long ago fixed on the mode of treating them. It is this: a stout athletic man calls upon me with a challenge in his hand; I knock him down, if I can, without saying a word. If the natural arm be not sufficient for this purpose, I avail myself of any stone, wooden, or iron instrument that I cast my eye upon, not just to take away his life, if I can help it; but to hit the line as exactly as possible, between actual homicide and a very bad wound. For, in this case, I should conceive, a battery would be justifiable, or at least excusable, and the fine not great; the bearing a challenge being a breach of the peace, in the first instance. This would be my conduct with a stout athletic man, whom I might think it dangerous to encounter with fair warning, and on equal terms. But in the present case, where—(here the second began to show signs of fear, raising himself, and inclining backwards, opening his eyes wider, and casting a look towards the door)—where," continued the captain, "I have to do with a person of your slender make, I do not adopt that surprise, or use an artificial weapon; but

with these fists, which have been used to agricultural employments, I shall very deliberately impress a blow."

The second rising to his feet began to recede a little. "Be under no apprehensions," said the captain, "I will use no unfair method of biting, or gouging, or worse practice, common in what is called rough-and-tumble. Nay, as you appear to be a young man of delicate constitution, I shall only choke a little. You will give me leave to take you by the throat in as easy a manner as possible."



In the mean time the second had been withdrawing towards the door, and the captain, with outstretched arms, in a sideway direction, proceeded to intercept him. In an instant he was seized by the neck, and the exclamation of murder, which he made at the first grasp, began to die away in hoarse guttural murmurs of one nearly strangled, and laboring for breath. The captain, meaning that he should be more alarmed than hurt, dismissed him with a salutation of his foot on the seat of honor, by way of *clausde ostium*, as he went out. "You may be," said he, "a gentleman in the opinion of the world; but you are a low person in mine; and so it shall be done to every one who shall come upon such an errand."

Having thus dismissed the secondary man, he called in his servant Teague, and accosted him as follows: "Teague," said he, "you have heretofore discovered an ambition to be employed in some way that would advance your reputation. There is now a case fallen out, to which you are fully competent. It is not a matter that requires the head to contrive, but the hand to execute. The greatest fool is as fit for it as a wise man. It is indeed your greatest blockheads that chiefly undertake it. The knowledge of law, physic, or divinity, is out of the question. Literature and political understanding is useless. Nothing more is necessary than a little resolution of the heart. Yet it is an undertaking which is of much estimation with the rabble, and has a great many on its side to approve and praise it. The females of the world, especially, admire

the act, and call it valor. I know you wish to stand well with the ladies. Here is an opportunity of advancing your credit. I have had what is called a challenge sent to me this morning. It is from a certain Jacko, who is a suitor to a Miss Vapor, and has taken offence at an expression of mine respecting him. I wish you to accept the challenge, and fight him for me."

At this proposition, Teague looked wild, and made apology, that he was not much used to boxing or cudgelling, except, when he had a quarrel, or at a fair at home. "Boxing!" said the captain, "you are to fight what is called a duel. You are to encounter him with pistols, and put a bullet through him if you can. It is true, he will have the chance of putting one through you; but in that consists the honor; for where there is no danger there is no glory. You will provide yourself a second. There is an hostler here at the public-house, that is a brave fellow, and will answer the purpose. Being furnished with a second, you will provide yourself with a pair of pistols, powder, and ball of course. In the mean time your adversary, notified of your intentions, will do the like. Thus equipped, you will advance to the place agreed upon. The ground will be measured out; ten, seven, or five steps; back to back, and coming round to your place, fire. Or taking your ground, stand still and fire; or it may be, advance and fire as you meet, at what distance you think proper. The rules in this respect are not fixed, but as the parties can agree, or the seconds point out. When you come to fire, be sure you keep a steady hand, and take good aim. Remember that the pistol-barrel being short, the powder is apt to throw the bullet up. Your sight, therefore, ought to be about the waistband of his breeches, so that you have the whole length of his body, and his head in the bargain, to come and go upon. It is true, he, in the mean time, will take the same advantage of you. He may hit you about the groin, or the belly. I have known some shot in the thigh, or the leg. The throat also, and the head, are in themselves vulnerable. It is no uncommon thing to have an arm broke, or a splinter struck off the nose, or an eye shot out; but as in that case the ball mostly passes through the brain, and the man being dead at any rate, the loss of sight is not felt."

As the captain spoke, Teague seemed to feel in himself every wound which was described; the ball hitting him, now in one part, and now in another. At the last words, it seemed to pass through his head, and he was half dead, in imagination. Making a shift to express himself, he gave the captain to understand, that he could by no means undertake the office. "What!" said the captain; "you, whom nothing would serve, some time ago, but to be a legislator, or philosopher, or preacher, in order to gain fame, will now decline a business for which you are qualified! This requires no knowledge of finances, no reading of natural history, or any study of the fathers. You have nothing more to do than keep a steady hand and a good eye."

"In the early practice of this exercise, I mean the combat of the duel, it was customary to exact an oath of the combatants, before they entered the lists, that they had no enchantments, or power of witchcraft, about them. Whether you should think it necessary to put him to his *voir dire* on this point, I shall not say; but I am persuaded, that on your part, you have too much honor to make use of spells, or undue means, to take away his life or save

your own. You will leave all to the chance of fair shooting. One thing you will observe, and which is allowable in this matter; you will take care not to present yourself with a full breast, but angularly, and your head turned round over the left shoulder, like a weather-cock. For thus a smaller surface being presented to an adversary, he will be less likely to hit you. You must throw your legs into lines parallel, and keep them one directly behind the other. Thus you will stand like a sail hauled close to the wind. Keep a good countenance, a sharp eye, and a sour look; and if you feel any thing like a colic, or a palpitation of the heart, make no noise about it. If the ball should take you in the gills, or the gizzard, fall down as decently as you can, and die like a man of honor."

It was of no use to urge the matter; the Irishman was but the more opposed to the proposition, and utterly refused to be *after* fighting in any such manner. The captain, finding this to be the case, dismissed him to clean his boots and spurs, and rub down his horse in the stable.

On reflection, it seemed advisable to the captain to write an answer to the card which Colonel or Major Jacko, or whatever his title may have been, had sent him this morning. It was as follows:

"SIR,—I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is, lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh may be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate, it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt."

"It would seem to me a strange thing to shoot at a man that would stand still to be shot at; inasmuch as I have been heretofore used to shoot at things flying, or running, or jumping. Were you on a tree now, like a squirrel, endeavoring to hide yourself in the branches, or like a raccoon, that after much eyeing and spying, I observe at length in the crotch of a tall oak, with boughs and leaves intervening, so that I could just get a sight of his hinder parts, I should think it pleasurable enough to take a shot at you. But as it is, there is no skill or judgment requisite either to discover or take you down."

"As to myself, I do not much like to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

JOHN FARRAGO,  
Late Captain, Penn. Militia.  
MAJOR VALENTINE JACKO, U. S. Army."

The captain was a good man, but unacquainted with the world. His ideas were drawn chiefly from

what may be called the old school; the Greek and Roman notions of things. The combat of the duel was to them unknown; though it seems strange, that a people who were famous for almost all arts and sciences, should have remained ignorant of its use. I do not conceive how, as a people, they could exist without it: but so it was, they actually were without the knowledge of it. For we do not find any trace of this custom in the poets or historians of all antiquity.

I do not know at what period, precisely, the custom was introduced, or to whom it was owing; but omitting this disquisition, we content ourselves with observing, that it has produced as great an improvement in manners, as the discovery of the loadstone and mariner's compass has in navigation. Not that I mean to descant at full length on the valuable effects of it; but simply to observe, that it is a greater aid to government than the alliance of the church and state itself. If Dr. Warburton had had leisure, I could wish he had written a treatise upon it. Some affect to ridicule it, as carrying to a greater length small differences, than the aggravations may justify. As for instance, a man is angry enough with you to give you a slap in the face; but the custom says, he must shoot you through the head. I think the smaller the aggravation, the nicer the sense of honor. The heaviest mind will resent a gross affront; but to kill a man where there is no affront at all, shows a great sensibility. It is immaterial whether there is or is not an injury, provided the world thinks there is; for it is the opinion of mankind we are to consult. It is a duty which we owe them, to provide for their amusement. *Nos nascimur nobis ipsis*; we are not born for ourselves, but for others. *Decorum pro patria mori*; it is a becoming thing to die for one's country; and shall it not also be accounted honorable to throw one's life away for the entertainment of a few particular neighbors and acquaintances? It is true the tears that will be shed upon your grave will not make the grass grow; but you will have the consolation, when you leave the world, to have fallen in the bed of honor.

It is certainly a very noble institution, that of the duel: and it has been carried to very great perfection in some respects. Nevertheless, I would submit it to the public, whether still farther improvements might not be made in the laws and regulations of it. For instance, could it not be reduced nearer to an equality of chances, by proportioning the calibre, or bore of the pistol; the length of the barrel also, to the size of the duellist who holds it; or by fixing the ratio of distance in proportion to the bulk of combatants? To explain myself: When I am to fight a man of small size, I ought to have a longer pistol than my adversary, because my mark is smaller; or I ought to be permitted to come nearer to him. For it is altogether unfair that men of unequal bulk should fire at equal distances, and with equal calibres. The smaller size multiplied by the larger space, or larger pistol, would equal the larger size multiplied by the smaller space, or smaller pistol. If this amendment of the duel laws should be approved by men of honor, let it be added to the code.

Not long after what has been related in the last chapter, being at a certain place, he was accosted by a stranger in the following manner:

"Captain," said he, "I have heard of a young man in your service who talks Irish. Now, sir, my

business is that of an Indian treaty maker, and am on my way with a party of kings and half-kings, to the commissioners, to hold a treaty. My king of the Kickapoos, who was a Welsh blacksmith, took sick by the way, and is dead: I have heard of this lad of yours, and could wish to have him a while to supply his place. The treaty will not last longer than a couple of weeks; and as the government will probably allow three or four thousand dollars for the treaty, it will be in our power to make it worth your while to spare him for that time."

"Your king of the Kickapoos," said the captain, "what does that mean?"—Said the stranger, "it is just this: You have heard of the Indian nations to the westward, that occasionally make war upon the frontier settlements. It has been a policy of government to treat with these, and distribute goods. Commissioners are appointed for that purpose. Now you are not to suppose that it is an easy matter to catch a real chief, and bring him from the woods; or if at some expense one was brought, the goods would go to his use; whereas it is much more profitable to hire substitutes, and make chiefs of our own. And as some unknown gibberish is necessary, to pass for an Indian language, we generally make use of Welsh, or Low Dutch, or Irish; or pick up an ingenious fellow here and there, who can imitate a language by sounds of his own in his mouth and throat. But we prefer one who can speak a real tongue, and give more for him. We cannot afford you a great deal at this time for the use of your man; because it is not a general treaty, where twenty or thirty thousand dollars are appropriated for the purpose of holding it; but an occasional, or what we call a running treaty, by way of brightening the chain, and holding fast friendship. The commissioners will doubtless be glad to see us, and procure from government an allowance for the treaty. For the more treaties, the more use for commissioners. The business must be kept up, and treaties made, if there are none of themselves. My Piankasha, and Choctaw chiefs, are very good fellows; the one of them a Scotch peddler that talks the Erse; the other has been some time in Canada, and has a little broken Indian, I know not of what language; but has been of great service in assisting to teach the rest some Indian customs and manners. I have had the whole of them for a fortnight past under my tuition, teaching them war songs and dances, and to make responses at the treaty. If your man is tractable, I can make him a Kickapoo in about nine days. A breech-clout and leggins that I took off the blacksmith that died, I have ready to put on him. He must have part of his head shaved, and painted, with feathers on his crown; but the paint will rub off, and the hair grow in a short time, so that he can go about with you again."

"It is a very strange affair," said the captain. "Is it possible that such deception can be practised in a new country? It astonishes me that the government does not detect such imposition."

"The government," said the Indian treaty man, "is at a great distance. It knows no more of Indians than a cow does of Greek. The legislature hears of wars and rumors of wars, and supports the executive in forming treaties. How is it possible for men who live remote from the scene of action, to have adequate ideas of the nature of Indians, or the transactions that are carried on in their behalf? Do you think the one-half of those savages that

come to treat, are real representatives of the nation? Many of them are not savages at all; but weavers and peddlers, as I have told you, picked up to make kings and chiefs. I speak of those particularly that come trading down to inland towns or the metropolis. I would not communicate these mysteries of our trade, were it not that I confide in your good sense, and have occasion for your servant."

"It is a mystery of iniquity," said the captain. "Do you suppose that I would countenance such a fraud upon the public?"—"I do not know," said the other; "it is a very common thing for men to speculate, nowadays. If you will not, another will. A hundred dollars might as well be in your pocket as another man's. I will give you that for the use of your servant for a week or two, and say no more about it."

"It is an idea new to me entirely," said the captain, "that Indian princes, whom I have seen escorted down as such, were no more than trumpery, disguised as you mention. That such should be introduced to polite assemblies, and have the honor to salute the fair ladies with a kiss, the greatest beauties thinking themselves honored by having the salutation of a sovereign."—"It is so," said the other; "I had a bricklayer once whom I passed for a Chippewa; and who has dined with clubs, and sat next the president. He was blind of an eye, and was called Blind Sam by the traders. I had given it out that he was a great warrior, and had lost his eye by an arrow in war with a rival nation. These things are now reduced to a system; and it is so well known to those who are engaged in the traffic, that we think nothing of it."

"How the devil," said the captain, "do you get speeches made, and interpret them so as to pass for truth?"—"That is an easy matter," said the other; "Indian speeches are nearly all alike. You have only to talk of burying hatchets under large trees, kindling fires, brightening chains; with a demand, at the latter end, of rum to get drunk on."

"I much doubt," said the captain, "whether treaties that are carried on in earnest are of any great use."—"Of none at all," said the other; "especially as the practice of giving goods prevails; because this is an inducement to a fresh war. This being the case, it can be no harm to make a farce of the whole matter; or rather a profit of it, by such means as I propose to you, and have pursued myself."

"After all," said the captain, "I cannot but consider it as a kind of contraband and illicit traffic; and I must be excused from having any hand in it. I shall not betray your secret, but I shall not favor it. It would ill become me, whose object in riding about in this manner, is to impart just ideas on all subjects, to share in such ill-gotten gain."

The Indian treaty-man, finding it in vain to say more, withdrew.

The captain, apprehending that he might not yet drop his designs upon the Irishman, but be tampering with him out of doors, should he come across him, sent for Teague. For he well knew that, should the Indian treaty-man get the first word of him, the idea of making him a king would turn his head, and it would be impossible to prevent his going with him.

Teague coming in, said the captain to him, "Teague, I have discovered in you, for some time past, a great spirit of ambition, which is, doubtless,

commendable in a young person; and I have checked it only in cases where there was real danger or apparent mischief. There is now an opportunity of advancing yourself, not so much in the way of honor as profit. But profit brings honor, and is, indeed, the most substantial support of it. There has been a man here with me, that carries on a trade with the Indians, and tells me that red-headed scalps are in great demand with them. If you could spare yours, he would give a good price for it. I do not well know what use they make of this article, but so it is, the traders find their account in it. Probably they dress it with the hairy side out, and make tobacco-pouches for the chiefs, when they meet in council. It saves dying; and besides, the natural red hair of a man may, in their estimation, be superior to any color they can give by art. The taking off the scalp will not give much pain, it is so dexterously done by them with a crooked knife they have for that purpose. The mode of taking off the scalp is this: You lie down on your face; a warrior puts his feet upon your shoulders, collects your hair in his left hand, and drawing a circle with the knife in his right, makes the incision, and with a sudden pull, separates it from the head, giving, in the mean time, what is called the scalp-yell. The thing is done in such an instant, that the pain is scarcely felt. He offered me a hundred dollars, if I would have it taken off for his use; giving me directions, in the mean time, how to stretch it and dry it on a hoop. I told him, No! it was a perquisite of your own, and you might dispose of it as you thought proper. If you choose to dispose of it, I had no objections; but the bargain should be of your own making, and the price such as should please yourself. I have sent for you to give you a hint of this chapman, that you may have a knowledge of his wish to possess the property, and ask accordingly. It is probable you may bring him up to a half Johannes more by holding out a little. But I do not think it would be advisable to lose the bargain. A hundred dollars for a little hairy flesh is a great deal. You will trot a long time before you make that with me. He will be with you probably to propose the purchase. You will know him when you see him: he is a tall-looking man, with leggins on, and has several Indians with him going to a treaty. He talked to me something of making you a king of the Kickapoos, after the scalp is off; but I would not count on that so much; because words are but wind, and promises are easily broken. I would advise you to make sure of the money in the first place, and take chance for the rest."

I have seen among the prints of Hogarth, some such expression of countenance as that of Teague at this instant; who, as soon as he could speak, but with a double brogue on his tongue, began to intimate his disinclination to the traffic. The hair of his scalp itself, in the mean time, had risen in opposition to it.—"Dear master, will you throw me into ridicule, and de blessed salvation of my life, and all dat I have in de world, to be trown like a dog to the savages, and have my flesh torn off my head to give to dese wild bastes to make a napsack to carry deir parates and tings in, for an hundred dollars or de like? It shall never be said that de hair of de O'Regans made mackeseens for a wild Indian to trat upon. I would sooner throw up my own head, hair and all, in de fire, dan give it to dese pable to smoke wid out of deir long pipes."

"If this be your determination," said the captain, "it will behoove you to keep yourself somewhat close; and while we remain at this public-house, avoid any conversation with the chapman or his agents, should they come to tamper with you. For it is not improbable, while they are keeping you in talk, proposing to make you a Kickapoo chief and the like, they may snatch the scalp off your head, and you not be the wiser for it."

Teague thought the caution good, and resolving to abide by it, retired to the kitchen. The maid, at this time, happening to want a log of wood, requested Teague to cut it for her. Taking the axe, accordingly, and going out, he was busy chopping, with his head down; while, in the mean time, the Indian treaty man had returned with one in Indian dress, who was the chief of the Killinoos, or at least passed for such; and whom he brought as having some recruiting talents, and might prevail with Teague to elope and join the company.

"I suppose," said the Indian treaty man, "you are the waiter of the captain who lodges here at present." Teague, hearing a man speak, and lifting up his head, saw the leggins on the one and the Indian dress on the other; and with a kind of involuntary effort threw the axe directly from him at the Killinoo. It missed him, but about an inch,

and fell behind. Teague, in the mean time, raising a shout of desperation, was fixed on the spot, and his locomotive faculties suspended; so that he could neither retreat nor advance; but stood still, like one enchained or enchanted for the moment. The king of the Killinoos, in the mean time, drew his tomahawk, and prepared for battle.

The captain, who was reading at a front window, hearing the shout, looked about and saw what was going on at the woodpile. "Stop, villain," said he to the king of the Killinoos, "you are not to take that scalp yet, however much you may value it. He will not take a hundred dollars for it, nor five hundred, though you make him king of the Kickapoos or any thing else. It is no trifling matter to have the ears slit in tatters, and the nose run through with a bodkin, and a goose-quill stuck across; so that you may go about your business—you will get no king of the Kickapoos here."

Under cover of this address of the captain, Teague had retired to the kitchen, and ensconced himself behind the rampart of the maid. The Indian treaty man and the Killinoo chief, finding the measure hopeless, withdrew, and turned their attention, it is to be supposed, to some other quarter to find a king of the Kickapoos, while the captain, after paying his score, set out on his travels.

## THE COUNTRY PRINTER.

BY PHILIP FRENEAU. CIRCA, 1796.

### I.

BESIDE a stream, that never yet ran dry,  
There stands a town, not high advanc'd in fame;  
Tho' few its buildings rais'd to please the eye,  
Still this proud title it may fairly claim;  
A tavern (its first requisite) is there,  
A mill, a blacksmith's shop, a place of prayer.

Nay, more—a little market-house is seen,  
And iron hooks where beef was never hung,  
Nor pork, nor bacon, poultry fat or lean,  
Pig's head, or sausage link, or bullock's tongue:  
Look when you will, you see the vacant bench,  
No butcher seated there, no country wench.

Great aims were his, who first contriv'd this town;  
A market he would have—but, humbled now,  
Sighing, we see its fabric mould'ring down,  
That only serves, at night, to pen the cow;  
And hence, by way of jest, it may be said  
That beef is there, tho' never beef that's dead.

Abreast the inn—a tree before the door,  
A Printing Office lifts its humble head,  
Where busy TYPE old journals doth explore  
For news that is thro' all the village read  
Who year from year (so cruel is his lot)  
Is author, pressman, devil—and what not.

Fame says, he is an odd and curious wight,  
Fond to distraction of his native place;  
In sense not very dull nor very bright,  
Yet shows some marks of humor in his face;  
One who can pen an anecdote complete,  
Or plague the parson with the mackled sheet.

Three times a week, by nimble geldings drawn,  
A stage arrives; but scarcely deigns to stop,  
Unless the driver, far in liquor gone,  
Has made some business for the blacksmith-shop;  
Then comes this printer's harvest-time of news,  
Welcome alike from Christians, Turks, or Jews.

Each passenger he eyes with curious glance,  
And, if his phiz be mark'd of courteous kind,  
To conversation, straight, he makes advance,  
Hoping, from thence, some paragraph to find,  
Some odd adventure, something new and rare,  
To set the town a-gape, and make it stare.

### II.

All is not truth ('tis said) that travellers tell—  
So much the better for this man of news;  
For hence the country round, who know him well,  
Will, if he prints some lies, his lies excuse,  
Earthquakes and battles, shipwrecks, myriads slain,  
If false or true, alike to him are gain.

But if this motley tribe say nothing new,  
Then many a lazy, longing look is cast,  
To watch the weary postboy travelling through,  
On horse's rump his budget buckled fast,  
With letters, safe in leathern prison pent,  
And wet, from press, full many a packet sent.

Not Argus, with his fifty pair of eyes,  
Look'd sharper for his prey than honest TYPE  
Explores each package, of alluring size,  
Prepar'd to seize them with a nimble gripe,  
Did not the postboy watch his goods, and swear  
That village Type shall only have his share.

Ask you what matter fills his various page?

A mere farrago 'tis of mingled things;  
Whate'er is done on madam Terra's stage,  
He to the knowledge of his townsmen brings;  
One while, he tells of monarchs run away;  
And now, of witches drown'd in Buzzard's bay.

Some miracles he makes, and some he steals;  
Half nature's works are giants in his eyes;  
Much, very much, in wonderment he deals,—  
New Hampshire apples grown to pumpkin size,  
Pumpkins almost as large as country inns,  
And ladies, bearing each,—three lovely twins.

He, births and deaths, with cold indifference views;  
A paragraph from him is all they claim:  
And here the rural 'Squire, amongst the news,  
Sees the fair record of some lordling's fame;  
All that was good minutely brought to light,  
All that was ill,—conceal'd from vulgar sight.

### III.

#### THE OFFICE.

Source of the wisdom of the country round,  
Again I turn to that poor lonely shed,  
Where many an author all his fame has found,  
And wretched proofs by candle-light are read,  
Inverted letters, left the page to grace,  
Colons derang'd, and commas out of place.

Beneath this roof the muses chose their home,—  
Sad was their choice, less bookish ladies say,  
Since from the blessed hour they deign'd to come,  
One single cobweb was not brush'd away;  
Fate early had pronounc'd this building's doom,  
Ne'er to be vex'd with boonder, brush, or broom.

Here, full in view, the ink-bespangled press  
Gives to the world its children, with a groan:  
Some born to live a month—a day—some less;  
Some, why they live at all, not clearly known.  
All that are born must die! TYPE well knows that,  
The almanack's his longest living брат.

Here lie the types, in curious order rang'd,  
Ready alike t' imprint your prose or verse;  
Ready to speak (their order only chang'd)  
Creek-Indian lingo, Dutch, or Highland Erse;  
These types have printed Erskine's *Gospel Treat*,  
Tom Durfey's songs, and Bunyan's works, complete.

But faded are their charms, their beauty fled!  
No more their work your nicer eyes admire;  
Hence, from this press no courtly stuff is read,  
But almanacks and ballads for the 'Squire,  
Dull paragraphs, in homely language dress'd,  
The peddler's bill, and sermons by request.

Here, doom'd the fortune of the press to try,  
From year to year poor TYPE his trade pursues,  
With anxious care and circumspective eye,  
He dresses out his little sheet of news;  
Now laughing at the world, now looking grave,  
At once the muse's midwife—and her slave.

In by-past years, perplex'd with vast designs,  
In cities fair he strove to gain a seat;  
But, wandering to a wood of many pines,  
In solitude he found his best retreat,  
When, sick of towns, and, sorrowful at heart,  
He to those deserts brought his fav'rite art.

### IV.

Thou, who art plac'd in some more favor'd spot,  
Where spires ascend, and ships from ev'ry clime  
Discharge their freights—despise not thou the lot  
Of humble TYPE, who here has pass'd his prime;  
At ease and press has labor'd many a day,  
But now, in years, is verging to decay.



He, in his time, the patriot of his town,  
With press and pen attack'd the royal side;  
Did what he could to pull their Lion down,  
Clipp'd at his beard, and twitch'd his sacred hide,  
Mimick'd his roarings, trod upon his toes,  
Pelted young whelps, and tweak'd the old one's nose.

Rous'd by his page, at church or court-house read,  
From depths of woods the willing rustics ran,  
Now by a priest, and now some deacon led  
With clubs and spits to guard the rights of man;  
Lads from the spade, the pickaxe, or the plough,  
Marching afar, to fight Burgoyne or Howe.

Where are they now?—the village asks with grief,  
What were their toils, their conquests, or their gains?  
Perhaps they, near some state-house, beg relief,  
Perhaps they sleep on Saratoga's plains;  
Doom'd not to live, their country to reproach,  
For seven years' pay transferred to mammon's coach.

Ye guardians of your country and her laws!  
Since to the pen and press so much we owe,  
Still bid them favor freedom's sacred cause,  
From this pure source, let streams unsullied flow;  
Hence, a new order grows on reason's plan,  
And turns the fierce barbarian into—man.

Child of the earth, of rude materials fram'd,  
Man, always found a tyrant or a slave,  
Fond to be honor'd, valued, rich, or fam'd,  
Roves o'er the earth, and subjugates the wave:  
Despots and kings this restless race may share,—  
But knowledge only makes them worth your care!

## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

*An Ode, composed for the Fourth of July, calculated for the Meridian of some Country Towns in Massachusetts, and Rye, in New Hampshire.*

BY ROYAL TYLER. 1801.

SQUEAK the fife and beat the drum,  
Independence day is come!!  
Let the roasting pig be bled,  
Quick twist off the cockerel's head.  
Quickly rub the pewter platter,  
Heap the nutcakes fried in batter,  
Set the cups and beaker glass,  
The pumpkin and the apple sauce.  
Send the keg to shop for brandy,  
Maple sugar we have handy;  
*Independent* staggering Dick,  
A noggin wine of *swinging* thick.  
Sal, put on your russet skirt,  
Jotham, get your *boughten* shirt;  
To-day we dance to tiddle diddle,  
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;  
Sambo, take a dram of whisky,  
And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.  
Moll, come leave your witched tricks,  
And let us have a reel of six;  
Father and mother shall make two,  
Sall, Moll, and I stand all a row,  
Sambo, play and dance with quality,  
This is the day of blest Equality.  
Father and mother are but men,  
And Sambo is a *citizen*.  
Come, foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,  
And mother, you dance up to him.

Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,  
And father, you cross o'er to Sambo.  
—Thus we dance, and thus we play,  
On glorious *Independence Day*.  
Rub more rosin on your bow,  
And let us have another go.  
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,  
Here's Ensign Sneak and uncle Deacon,  
Aunt Thiah, and their Bets behind her,  
On blundering mare, than beetle blinder.  
And there's the Squire, too, with his lady—  
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.  
Moll, bring the Squire our great arm chair,  
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.  
Jotham, get the great case bottle,  
Your teeth can pull its corn-cob stopple.  
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind;  
Squire, drink until your blind;  
Come, here's the French—and Guillotine,  
And here's good Squire Gallatin,  
And here's each noisy Jacobin.  
Here's friend Madison so hearty,  
And here's confusion to the treaty.  
Come, one more swig to southern Demos  
Who represent our brother negroes.  
Thus we drink and dance away,  
This glorious Independence Day!



RANDOLPH'S WIT.—Once, after the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, had been speaking in Congress, several members rose in succession and attacked him. His reply was as witty as it was prompt.

"Sir," said he to the Speaker, "I am in the condition of old Lear—

"the little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart,  
See — they bark at me."

## DEIFICATIONS, OR MODERN LOVE DITTIES.

BY ISAAC STORY (PETER QUINCE). 1801.

## Sammy to Susan.

YOUNG Tom is a sly, wicked dog;  
He dresses so gay and so prim;  
Has set all the girls so agog,  
That efags, I'm a booby to him.

He so bustles about at a dance,  
So towzels and teazes the misses,  
That, dang me, 'f I get any chance,  
To come in for my share of the kisses.

But then, why the deuce should I care,  
Since Susan her Sammy admires;  
Will comb ev'ry morning his hair,  
And help him to kindle the fires.

My Susan's a fine topping jade,  
As you ever saw cap'ring along;  
She can dance a good jig, it is said,  
And sing you a fine pretty song.

She is tall, and as straight as a pole;  
As red and as white as a rose;  
Her breath is so sweet—by my soul,  
That I like to be tickling her nose.

Od, zounds, if she'd only but say,  
That the parson shall make us but one;  
We'd so kiss, snuggle up and close lay,  
That Time like a racer would run.

SAMMY.

## The Retort Courteous, or Susan to Sammy.

SWEET Sammy—O! that I could tell  
How my heart bob'd up to my chin,  
When father your verses did spell,  
While I carded for mother to spin.

They made us so funny and gay,  
We tangl'd a skein of good yarn;  
The dog, he got up at the tray,  
And car'd off a bone to the barn.

I wonder, now, what makes you think  
Young Tom sets the lasses agog;  
He's freckl'd and lean as a mink,  
And snores too as loud as a hog.

Let him brag of his new leather breeches,  
And cue, as long as a cane,  
I'd rather have you without riches,  
Than bundle with Tommy again.

My love is as sweet as a cake;  
As strong as New England or Gin;  
His flesh is as smooth as a snake,  
His eyes are as bright as new tin.

His teeth are as sharp as a knife;  
His hair is as black as a hat;  
He can whistle and play on the fife,  
And spring as sprigh as a cat.

If his love aint as cold as a stone,  
He will marry his Susan to-morrow,  
And not leave her so often alone,  
To mope over ashes in sorrow. SUSAN.

## ANACREONTIC TO A PIG'S TAIL.

BY ISAAC STORY (PETER QUINCE). 1801.



LITTLE tail of little pig,  
Once as merry as a grig;  
Twisting up, and curling down,  
When he grunted thro' the town;

Tho' by nature, well design'd,  
Low to wave in form behind,  
Strong to guard each needful port,  
And to dabble in the dirt.

Thee, I hail—so sweet and fair,  
Tip of gristle, root of hair,  
Courting either stump or log,  
When attack'd by spiteful dog;  
Gradual less'ning as a cone,  
With thy curling joints of bone;  
Joints all grateful to the knife,  
In the hour of deadly strife;  
Knife of little roguish boy,  
Who thee seizes for a toy—  
When the butcher sad or grinning,  
Round thy suburbs falls to cleaning,  
With his water smoking hot,  
Lately boiling in a pot;  
Pot which often did contain  
Dinner costly, dinner plain;  
Dinner from the land and water,  
Turtle soup and bullock's quarter;  
Lobster red as setting sun,  
Duck destroy'd by faithful gun;



Side of sheep, joint of ram,  
Breast of veal, leg of lamb,  
Or a bit of oxen tripe;  
Or a partridge, or a snipe;  
Or a goose, or a widgeon;  
Or a turkey, or a pigeon.

But of all it did contain  
What invokes the muse's strain;  
A delicious sav'y soup,  
As was ever taken up;  
Form'd of pettitoes and tail  
Of animal that's known to squeal.  
Happy thrice, and thrice again,  
Happiest he of happy men;

Who, with tail of little pig,  
Thus can run a rhyming rig;  
As of Delia, or of Anna  
On the gentle banks of Banna,  
Bardlings write and maidens sing,  
Till with songs old cellars ring;  
Till each hillock, nole and alley  
Grows as vocal as the valley;  
And in inspiration's trance  
Oysters, clams, and muscles dance.  
Happy thrice, and thrice again,  
Happiest he of happy men;  
Who with tail of little pig,  
Thus can run a rhyming rig.

### JACK AND GILL, A MOCK CRITICISM.

BY JOSEPH DENNIE. 1801.

AMONG critical writers, it is a common remark, that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those much more deserving of applause. This circumstance renders it necessary that some person of sufficient sagacity to discover and to describe what is beautiful, and so impartial as to disregard vulgar prejudices, should guide the public taste, and raise merit from obscurity. Without arrogating to myself these qualities, I shall endeavor to introduce to the nation a work, which, though of considerable elegance, has been strangely overlooked by the generality of the world. The performance to which I allude, has never enjoyed that celebrity to which it is entitled, but it has of late fallen into disrepute, chiefly from the simplicity of its style, which in this age of luxurious refinement, is deemed only a secondary beauty, and from its being the favorite of the young, who can relish, without being able to illustrate, its excellence. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work, thus highly praised, is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymers were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem; and more particularly as these verses contain more beauties than we often find in a poem of four thousand, all objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness, and its uncommon metre, seemed to degrade it into a ballad, but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed with the candor, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to analyze and display its various excellences.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful:

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that we should avoid beginning "ab ovo," but go into

the business at once. Here our author is very happy: for instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear; and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace, (once of the quorum,) together with a catalogue of uncles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honorable to the genius of the poet, that he does not in his opening call upon the muse. This is an error into which Homer and almost all the epic writers after him have fallen; since by thus stating their case to the muse, and desiring her to come to their assistance, they necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no surer sign of inspiration than for a muse to come unasked. The choice, too, of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have contributed to the splendor of the poem to have endowed the heroes with long and sounding titles, which, by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These adventitious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who by giving us plain Jack and Gill has disdained to rely on extrinsic support. In the very choice of appellations he is, however, judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity, but he would not so well harmonize with his neighbor, to whom in the course of the work, it will appear he must necessarily be joined. I know it may be said, that the contraction of names savors too much of familiarity, and the lovers of proverbs may tell us that too much familiarity breeds contempt; the learned, too, may observe, that Prince Henry somewhere exclaims "Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bones;" and that the association of the two ideas detracts much from the respectability of the former. Disregarding these cavils, I cannot but remark that the lovers of abrupt openings, as in the Bard, must not deny their praise to the vivacity, with which Jack breaks in upon us.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

Jack and Gill  
Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description

concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, sandiness, etc., all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of a high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle which no critic, with whom I am acquainted, has ever mentioned. It is this, that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting of mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea comprehending person, rising ground, trees, etc., etc., is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a wagon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves, they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy, arising from a variation in the manuscripts; some of which have it *a* hill, and others *the* hill, for as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading. It has, indeed, been suggested that the hill here mentioned was Parnassus, and that the two persons are two poets, who, having overloaded Pegasus, the poor jaded creature was obliged to stop at the foot of the hill, whilst they ascended for water to recruit him. This interpretation, it is true, derives some countenance from the consideration that Jack and Gill were in reality, as will appear in the course of the poem, going to draw water, and that there was such a place as Hippocrene, that is a *horsepond*, at the top of the hill; but, on the whole, I think the text, as I have adopted it, to be the better reading.

Having ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill  
Went up a hill  
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labors, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to—fill their bucket. Here, too, is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management

of it also he has shown much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which as it would have encumbered the opening, was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument; they must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil, it exhibits an amiable assumption of the whole labor. The only objection to this opinion is an old adage, "*Bonus dux bonum facit militem*," which has been translated "*A good Jack makes a good Gill*," thereby intimating a superiority in the former. If such was the case, it seems the poet wished to show his hero in retirement, and convince the world, that, however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labor. It has also been objected, (for every Homer has his Zoilus,) that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the *Iliad*, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious *Æneas*. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants, which they raised by their labors. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his *Argonautics* a set of rascals, undertaking to steal a sheep skin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the *Odyssey* delight us by her diligence in the same situation? and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus?—Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not, however, appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by too immediate a disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the wayfarers of this life are

daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labors. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down  
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the *crown* has much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the 513th page of his "Cur-sory Remarks" on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is known to have lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we were anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.\*

In the midst of our afflictions, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which, on this occasion, is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding, at the same time, that minuteness of detail, which is so common among pathetic poets, and which, by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakspeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowds of people, and other circumstances, which drive away every thing like feeling; when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods

and chattels of him the said Jaffier: but in the poem before us, the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the skull which received the hurt, whether it was the occipitis, or which of the ossa bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed, with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly "echoes to the sense,"

Jack fell down  
And broke his crown,  
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*, a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of this subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incidents, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral, too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the *instability* of all things!

MOREAU'S MISTAKE.—When Gen. Moreau, who forsook the colors of Napoleon, and was afterwards killed, fighting against his former commander, in Germany, was in the city of Boston, he was much courted and sought after as a lion of the first quality. On one oc-

\* There is something so tenderly querimonious in the silent grief and devotion of Gill, something which so reminds us of the soft complaint of the hapless sister of Dido, that it must delight every classical reader.

Comitemne sororem

Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses;

Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisses.

casion he was invited to Cambridge to attend the commencement exercises. In the course of the day, a musical society of undergraduates sang a then very popular ode, the chorus of which was "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow." Moreau, who was imperfectly acquainted with our language, fancied they were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the burden, which he interpreted, "To Moreau, to Moreau, to Moreau," he rose and bowed gracefully to the singers' gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart. We can easily imagine the amusement of the spectators who were in the secret, and the mortification of the Frenchman when he discovered his mistake.

## EULOGY ON LAUGHING.

*Delivered at an Exhibition by a Young Lady.*

BY JONATHAN MITCHEL SEWALL. 1801.

LIKE merry Momus, while the gods were quaffing,  
I come—to give an Eulogy on Laughing!  
True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,  
Asserts that laughing 's vastly ungentle!  
The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,  
And robs each pretty feature of the graces!  
But yet this paragon of perfect taste,  
On other topics was not over-chaste;  
He like the Pharisees in this appears,  
They ruin'd widows, but they made long pray'rs.  
Tithe, anise, mint, they zealously affected:  
But the law's weightier matters they neglected;  
And while an insect strains their squeamish caul,  
Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all!

Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute  
Man's risibles distinguish him from brute;  
While instinct, reason, both in common own,  
To laugh is man's prerogative alone!

Hail, rosy laughter, thou deserv'st the bays!  
Come, with thy dimples, animate these lays,  
Whilst universal peals attest thy praise.  
Daughter of Joy! thro' thee we health attain,  
When Esculapian recipes are vain.

Let sentimentalists ring in our ears  
The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—  
Heraclitus may whine—and oh! and ah!—  
I like an honest, hearty, ha, hah, hah!  
It makes the wheels of nature gliblier play:  
Dull care suppresses; smooths life's thorny way;  
Propels the dancing current thro' each vein;  
Braces the nerves; corroborates the brain;  
Shakes ev'ry muscle, and throws off the spleen.

Old Homer makes yon tenants of the skies,  
His gods, love laughing as they did their eyes!  
It kept them in good humor, hush'd their squabbles,  
As froward children are appeas'd by baubles;  
Ev'n Jove the thund'rer dearly lov'd a laugh,  
When, of fine nectar, he had ta'en a quaff!  
It helps digestion when the feast runs high,  
And dissipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.

But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,  
It is not ev'ry kind of laugh I love;  
For many laughs e'en candor must condemn!  
Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm;  
The loud horse-laugh (improperly so styl'd),  
The idiot simper, like the slumb'ring child,  
Th' affected laugh, to show a dimpled chin,  
The sneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,  
Are despicable all, as Strephon's smile,  
To show his ivory legions, rank and file.

The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquir'd,  
By nature prompted, and true wit inspired,  
Such as Quin felt, and Falstaff knew before,  
When humor set the table on a roar;  
Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace!  
The rest—is all contortion and grimace.

But you exclaim, "Your Eulogy 's too dry;  
Leave dissertation and exemplify!

Prove, by experiment, your maxims true;  
And, what you praise so highly, make us do."

In truth I hop'd this was already done,  
And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won!  
Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,  
Who to a crowded audience told his tale,  
And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself  
To grace the story, as he thought, poor elf!  
But not a single soul his suffrage gave—  
While each long phiz was serious as the grave!

Laugh! laugh! cries Hodge, laugh loud! (*no halting*.)

I thought you all, ere this, would die with laughing!  
This did the feat; for, tickled at the whim,  
A burst of laughter, like the electric beam,  
Shook all the audience—but it was at *him*!  
Like Hodge should ev'ry stratagem and wile  
Thro' my long story, not excite a smile,  
I'll bear it with becoming modesty;  
But should my feeble efforts move your glee,  
Laugh, if you fairly can—but not at *ME*!

## TABITHA TOWZER.

BY THOMAS G. FESSENDEN. 1806.

Miss Tabitha Towzer is fair,  
No guineapig ever was neater;  
Like a hakmatac slender and spare,  
And sweet as a musk-squash or sweeter.

Miss Tabitha Towzer is sleek,  
When dress'd in her pretty new tucker,  
Like an otter that paddles the creek,  
In quest of a mud-pout or sucker.

Her forehead is smooth as a tray,  
Ah! smoother than that on my soul,  
And turned, as a body may say,  
Like a delicate neat wooden bowl.

To what shall I liken her hair,  
As straight as a carpenter's line,  
For similes sure must be rare,  
When we speak of a nymph so divine.

Not the head of a Nazarite seer,  
That never was shaven or shorn,  
Nought equals the locks of my dear,  
But the silk of an ear of green corn.

My dear has a beautiful nose,  
With a sled-runner crook in the middle,  
Which one would be led to suppose  
Was meant for the head of a fiddle.

Miss Tabby has two pretty eyes,  
Glass buttons show never so bright;  
Their love-lighted lustre outvies  
The lightning-bug's twinkle by night.

And oft with a magical glance,  
She makes in my bosom a pother,  
When leering politely askance,  
She shuts one and winks with the other.

The lips of my charmer are sweet,  
As a hogshhead of maple molasses;  
And the ruby-red tint of her cheek  
The gill of a salmon surpasses.

No teeth like hers ever were seen,  
Nor ever described in a novel;  
Of a beautiful kind of pea-green,  
And shaped like a wooden-shod shovel.

Her fine little ears you would judge,  
Were wings of a bat in perfection;  
A dollar I never should grudge  
To put them in Peale's grand collection.

Description must fail in her chin;  
At least till our language is richer;  
Much fairer than ladle of tin,  
Or beautiful brown earthen pitcher.

So pretty a neck, I'll be bound,  
Never join'd head and body together,  
Like nice crook'd-neck'd squash on the ground,  
Long whiten'd by winter-like weather.

Should I set forth the rest of her charms,  
I might, by some phrase that's improper,  
Give modesty's bosom alarms,  
Which I wouldn't do for a copper.

Should I mention her gait or her air,  
You might think I intended to banter;  
She moves with more grace you would swear,  
Than a founder'd horse forc'd to a canter.

She sang with a beautiful voice,  
Which ravish'd you out of your senses;  
A pig will make just such a noise  
When his hind leg stuck fast in the fence is.



### THE PAINT KING.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON. 1813.

FAIR Ellen was long the delight of the young,  
No damsel could with her compare;  
Her charms were the theme of the heart and the  
tongue,  
And bards without number in ecstasies sung,  
The beauties of Ellen the fair.

Yet cold was the maid; and though legions advanc'd,  
All drill'd by Ovidean art,  
And languish'd, and ogled, protested and danc'd,  
Like shadows they came, and like shadows they  
glanc'd  
From the hard polish'd ice of her heart.

Yet still did the heart of fair Ellen implore  
A something that could not be found;  
Like a sailor she seem'd on a desolate shore,  
With nor house, nor a tree, nor a sound but the roar  
Of breakers high dashing around.

From object to object still, still would she veer,  
Though nothing, alas, could she find;  
Like the moon, without atmosphere, brilliant and  
clear,  
Yet doom'd, like the moon, with no being to cheer  
The bright barren waste of her mind.

But rather than sit like a statue so still,  
When the rain made her mansion a pound,  
Up and down would she go, like the sails of a mill,  
And pat every stair, like a woodpecker's bill,  
From the tiles of the roof to the ground.

One morn, as the maid from her casement inclin'd,  
Pass'd a youth, with a frame in his hand.  
The casement she clos'd—not the eye of her mind;  
For, do all she could, no, she could not be blind;  
Still before her she saw the youth stand.

"Ah, what can he do," said the languishing maid,  
"Ah, what with that frame can he do?"  
And she knelt to the Goddess of Secrets and pray'd,  
When the youth pass'd again, and again he display'd  
The frame and the picture to view.

"Oh, beautiful picture!" the fair Ellen cried,  
"I must see thee again or I die."  
Then under her white chin her bonnet she tied,  
And after the youth and the picture she hied,  
When the youth, looking back, met her eye.

"Fair damsel," said he (and he chuckled the while,)  
"This picture I see you admire:  
Then take it, I pray you, perhaps 'twill beguile  
Some moments of sorrow; (nay, pardon my smile,)  
Or, at least, keep you home by the fire."

Then Ellen the gift, with delight and surprise,  
From the cunning young stripling receiv'd,  
But she knew not the poison that enter'd her eyes,  
When sparkling with rapture they gaz'd on her  
prize—  
Thus, alas, are fair maidens deceiv'd!

'Twas a youth o'er the form of a statue inclin'd,  
And the sculptor he seem'd of the stone;  
Yet he languish'd as tho' for its beauty he pin'd,  
And gaz'd as the eyes of the statue so blind  
Reflected the beams of his own.

'Twas the tale of the sculptor Pygmalion of old;  
Fair Ellen remember'd and sigh'd;  
"Ah, could'st thou but lift from that marble so  
cold,  
Thine eyes too imploring, thy arms should unfold,  
And press me this day as thy bride."

She said: when, behold, from the canvas arose  
The youth, and he stepp'd from the frame:  
With a furious transport his arms did enclose  
The love-plighted Ellen: and clasping, he froze  
The blood of the maid with his flame!

"Oh, mercy!" cried Ellen, and swoon'd in his arms,  
But the PAINT-KING, he scoff'd at her pain.  
"Prithee, love," said the monster, "what mean these  
alarms?"

She hears not, she sees not the terrible charms,  
That work her to horror again.

She opens her lids, but no longer her eyes  
Behold the fair youth she would woo;  
Now appears the PAINT-KING in his natural guise;  
His face, like a palette of villainous dies,  
Black and white, red, and yellow, and blue.

On the skull of a Titan, that Heaven defied,  
Sat the fiend, like the grim Giant Gog,  
While aloft to his mouth a huge pipe he applied,  
Twice as big as the Eddystone Lighthouse, descried  
As it looms through an easterly fog.



She turn'd and beheld on each shoulder a wing,  
"Oh, heaven!" cried she, "who art thou?"  
From the roof to the ground did his fierce answer  
ring,  
As frowning, he thunder'd "I am the PAINT-KING!  
And mine, lovely maid, thou art now!"

Then high from the ground did the grim monster lift  
The loud-screaming maid like a blast;  
And he sped through the air like a meteor swift,  
While the clouds, wand'ring by him, did fearfully  
drift  
To the right and the left as he pass'd.

Now suddenly sloping his hurricane flight,  
With an eddy whirl he descends;  
The air all below him becomes black as night,  
And the ground where he treads, as if mov'd with  
affright,  
Like the surge of the Caspian bends.

"I am here!" said the Fiend, and he thundering  
knock'd

At the gates of a mountainous cave;  
The gates open flew, as by magic unlock'd,  
While the peaks of the mount, reeling to and fro,  
rock'd  
Like an island of ice on the wave.

And anon, as he puff'd the vast volumes, were seen,  
In horrid festoons on the wall,  
Legs and arms, heads and bodies emerging between,  
Like the drawing-room grim of the Scotch Sawney  
Bean,  
By the Devil dress'd out for a ball.

"Ah me!" cried the Damsel, and fell at his feet,  
"Must I hang on these walls to be dried?"  
"Oh, no!" said the fiend, while he sprung from his  
seat,  
"A far nobler fortune thy person shall meet;  
Into paint will I grind thee, my bride!"

Then, seizing the maid by her dark auburn hair,  
An oil jug he plung'd her within.  
Seven days, seven nights, with the shrieks of de-  
spair,  
Did Ellen in torment convulse the dun air,  
All covered with oil to the chin.

On the morn of the eighth on a huge sable stone  
Then Ellen, all reeking, he laid;  
With a rock for his muller he crush'd every bone,  
But, though ground to jelly, still, still did she  
groan;  
For life had forsook not the maid.

Now reaching his palette, with masterly care  
 Each tint on its surface he spread;  
 The blue of her eyes, and the brown of her hair,  
 And the pearl and the white of her forehead so fair,  
 And her lips' and her cheeks' rosy red.

Then stamping his foot, did the monster exclaim,  
 "Now I brave, cruel Fairy, thy scorn!"  
 When lo! from a chasm wide-yawning there came  
 A light tiny chariot of rose-color'd flame,  
 By a team of ten glow-worms upborne.

Enthron'd in the midst on an emerald bright,  
 Fair Geraldine sat without peer;  
 Her robe was a gleam of the first blush of light,  
 And her mantle the fleece of a noon-cloud white,  
 And a beam of the moon was her spear.

In an accent that stole on the still charmed air  
 Like the first gentle language of Eve,  
 Thus spake from her chariot the Fairy so fair:  
 "I come at thy call, but, oh Paint-King, beware,  
 Beware if again you deceive."

"'Tis true," said the monster, "thou queen of my  
 heart,  
 Thy portrait I oft have essay'd;  
 Yet ne'er to the canvas could I with my art  
 The least of thy wonderful beauties impart;  
 And my failure with scorn you repaid.

"Now I swear by the light of the Comet-King's  
 tail!"  
 And he tower'd with pride as he spoke,  
 "If again with these magical colors I fail,  
 The crater of Etna shall hence be my jail,  
 And my food shall be sulphur and smoke.

"But if I succeed, then, oh, fair Geraldine!  
 Thy promise with justice I claim,  
 And thou, queen of Fairies, shalt ever be mine,  
 The bride of my bed; and thy portrait divine  
 Shall fill all the earth with my fame."

He spake; when, behold the fair Geraldine's form  
 On the canvas enchantingly glow'd;  
 His touches—they flew like the leaves in a storm;  
 And the pure pearly white and the carnation warm  
 Contending in harmony flow'd.

And now did the portrait a twin-sister seem  
 To the figure of Geraldine fair:  
 With the same sweet expression did faithfully teem  
 Each muscle, each feature; in short not a gleam  
 Was lost of her beautiful hair.

'Twas the Fairy herself! but, alas, her blue eyes  
 Still a pupil did ruefully lack;  
 And who shall describe the terrific surprise  
 That seiz'd the PAINT-KING when, behold, he  
 descries  
 Not a speck on his palette of black!

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he shook like a  
 leaf;  
 When, casting his eyes to the ground,  
 He saw the lost pupils of Ellen with grief  
 In the jaws of a mouse, and the sly little thief  
 Whisk away from his sight with a bound.

"I am lost!" said the Fiend, and he fell like a  
 stone;  
 Then, rising, the Fairy in ire  
 With the touch of her finger she loosen'd her zone,  
 (While the limbs on the wall gave a terrible groan,)  
 And she swelled to a column of fire.

Her spear now a thunder-bolt flash'd in the air,  
 And sulphur the vault fill'd around:  
 She smote the grim monster; and now by the hair  
 High-lifting, she hurl'd him in speechless despair  
 Down the depths of the chasm profound.

Then over the picture thrice waving her spear,  
 "Come forth!" said the good Geraldine;  
 When, behold, from the canvas descending, appear  
 Fair Ellen, in person more lovely than o'er,  
 With grace more than ever divine!

## LUNAR STANZAS.

BY HENRY COGSWELL KNIGHT. 1815.

NIGHT saw the crew, like peddlers with their packs,  
 Altho' it were too dear to pay for eggs;  
 Walk crank along, with coffin on their backs,  
 While in their arms they bow their weary legs.

And yet 'twas strange, and scarce can one suppose,  
 That a brown buzzard-fly should steal, and wear  
 His white jean breeches, and black woollen hose,  
 But thence that flies have souls is very clear.

But, holy Father! what shall save the soul,  
 When cobblers ask three dollars for their shoes?  
 When cooks their biscuits with a shot-tower roll,  
 And farmers rake their hay-cocks with their hoes?

Yet 'twere profuse, to see for pendant light,  
 A tea-pot dangle in a lady's ear:

And 'twere indelicate, although she might,  
 Swallow two whales, and yet the moon shine clear.

But what to me are woven clouds? or what,  
 If dames from spiders learn to warp their looms?  
 If coal-black ghosts turn soldiers for the state,  
 With wooden eyes, and lightning-rods for plumes?

Oh! too, too shocking! barbarous, savage taste!  
 To eat one's mother, ere itself was born!  
 And gripe the tall town-steeple by the waste,  
 And scoop it out to be his drinking horn.

No more! no more! I'm sick, and dead, and gone;  
 Box'd in a coffin: stifled six feet deep;  
 Thorns, fat and fearless, prick my skin and bone,  
 And revel o'er me, like a soulless sheep.

BETTER WALK THAN RIDE.

BY HENRY C. KNIGHT. 1815.

*Spabined Sapphicks.*

Lo! how much grander for a human being,  
When he would journey, never to demean him—  
—Self with a horse or carriage, but to leg it  
Free from all cumbrance.

Sure, 'tis a folly, humble degradation,  
For a strong biped, muscular, and nervous,  
Tied to a horse-tail, in a creaking coach to  
Drag on dependent.

"But it is quicker—it is less fatiguing;"  
True, these are reasons, when the knees are gouty,  
Or, one would flee that bashful man the sheriff,  
Or, from the small pox.

And, let a doctor, or a country parson,  
Stride like dividers, spurring like a Sambo,  
When one is qualmish with the pangs of nature,  
Or, with a neck broke.

But for a tourist, sketching what his eyes see;  
But for a scholar, musing as he mopes on;  
Just as well, better, pleasanter and safer,  
For them to foot it.

That we have two legs, evident to all 'tis,  
Who are not maimed: and if any doubt it,  
Let him his own count, and if he deny it,  
Best learn to cipher.

Well then, these legs were given us to walk with;  
Nothing more true is to a man of science;  
For all the joints are fitted to this purpose,  
Supple, and firm too.

Then never tell me more of fleetest horses,  
Chariots and tandems—rather boots or shoes on.  
Take up your staff, and free and philosophic,  
Ride on your own feet.

Cease now, Miss Musey, spitting out your sapphicks:  
Go, for I hate ye preaching 'bout your plodding;  
Give me a coach, and dappled pair of geldings—  
You may ride shank's mare.

ESSAY ON POSTURES.

BY DOCTOR SAMUEL GILMAN. 1817.

"*Sedeant spectentque.*"—VIRG.

"In most strange postures we have seen him set himself."—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. ERROR.—Among the many ingredients which go to form the complete scholar, all must allow *posture* to be quite pre-eminent. He would deserve a sneer for his pretensions, who affected the literary character whilst at the same time he was ignorant of the rare and difficult accomplishment of sitting with his feet against the wall at a higher level than his head, or leaning in due contemplative style upon his elbow. But the subject has unfortunately never been reduced to a science. How is it, sir, that the motions of the stars, for centuries to come, have been nicely adjusted to the fraction of a second,—that metals, and alkalies, and gases, have been classed and systematized,—that the operations of the mind have been analyzed and developed,—that anatomy, even anatomy, that kindred department, has left almost no region of its own unexplored,—whilst the far more domestic, human, useful, and every-day business of postures has remained unnoticed and forgotten? To remove this scandal to science is the object of the few humble pages following. The author will be satisfied if he but excite attention to the subject, and will gladly leave the consummation of his attempt to greater adepts in attitude than himself.

Posture, sir, in its most general sense, may be defined, a modification of the body and limbs, for the purpose either of ease or show. It may be divided into standing, kneeling, lying down, and sitting. The first belongs chiefly to the arts of dancing-masters and drill-sergeants; the second, to love and devotion; the third, to ladies of fashion and delicate valetudinarians; it is the fourth and last only which now claims our attention, and that,

principally, so far as it respects the sedentary class of people, called scholars. We shall enumerate the several varieties of sitting postures, describing them as exactly as possible, and dwelling on the peculiar advantages which they possess with the quiet votaries of literature.

First. The most universal, easy, and gentleman-like is denominated the *cross-kneed* posture. All ranks, classes, and ages of males, together with some individuals of the other sex, cultivate this attitude with very happy success. It is no uncommon thing to see as many as sixteen or seventeen in a company, who, throughout an entire evening, most patiently and heroically persevere in this inoffensive mode of arranging the nether limbs. The child of three years of age adopts it among the first imitative accomplishments which excite the joy and admiration of his parents. The aspiring school-boy, by piling one knee upon another, adds a year to his existence, and bodies forth the dignity of the future man. The youth who is just entering the world, who has a letter of introduction to Mr. — of Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, would be put to infinite embarrassment if the privilege of crossing his knees were denied him. But without going through every age for the illustration of this division of our subject, I proceed to observe, that the cross-kneed posture is not to be adopted by all persons, at all times, and on all occasions. It is much too nice and trim for every-day use. I know many a respectable farmer who will never sit in this fashion except in his best suit, on a Sunday, or at a board of selectmen, or at the examination of a district school, or



when visiting an acquaintance in town. What, sit cross-kneed and erect in a plain frock and trousers, and on a common working-day! Why, sir, it would be as preposterous and uncommon, as to read the Bible on a Monday, or to fix one's thoughts and eyes during the offering up of prayers on a Sabbath.

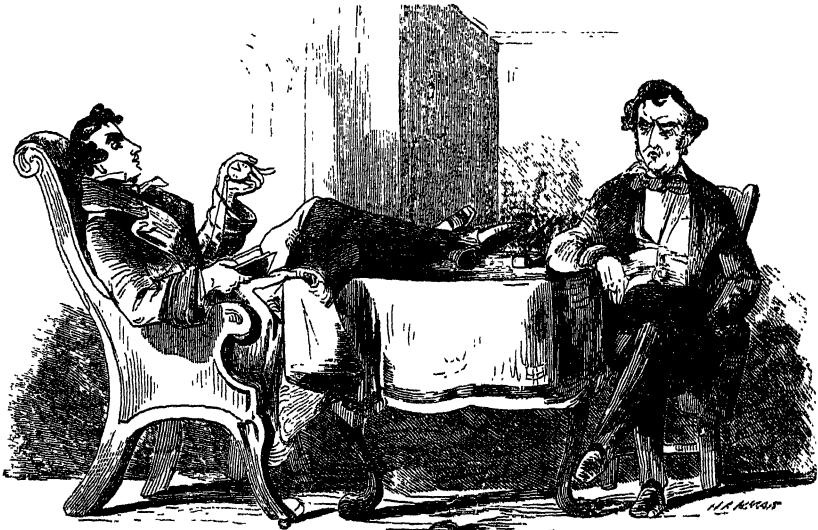
But this part of our subject is susceptible of a few subdivisions. Of cross-kneed postures there are five kinds:—1. The *natural*, which consists in throwing one knee over the other, and thinking no more about it. This is by far the best, and ought to be recommended universally to your readers. 2. The *broad-calfed*, which is effected by turning the upper knee out in such a manner, as to present as large a face of the inner calf as possible. This was very much in fashion nineteen years ago, but has since that time gradually subsided, and is practised, I believe, at present, only by those who love the fashions of their youth, and a few country gentlemen in nankeen pantaloons. 3. The *long-legged*, so called, because this posture requires the foot of the upper leg to reach quite down to the floor. It was attempted to be brought into fashion about ten years ago, but it could not succeed, in consequence of the shortness of the limbs of some gentlemen in high ton at that time. It is nevertheless a graceful and elegant posture, and may be practised by your readers, for variety's sake, and with considerable ease, if they will but remember to draw the foot of the under leg in an oblique, retrograde direction, giving the upper an opportunity to descend and meet the floor. I have seen it employed with much execution at tea-parties and morning calls, but it is too much of a *dress* thing to be used on common occasions. 4. The *awkward*. This consists in bringing the upper leg round, and locking it behind the other. Persons of absent habits, or of indifferent breeding, use this posture in company. In private, it is employed when a man gets a little nervous, and is besides almost always assumed unconsciously, when one is engaged in a deep mathematical investigation. Hence, great mathematicians, with some splendid exceptions, are rarely exempt from

the habit of sitting in this mode. Lastly. The *bow-sprit* posture. This your fashionable, juvenile readers will recognize to be the one which is at present universally in vogue. It consists in extending out the leg as far and as high as the muscle can bear. Two or three years since, our boot-manufacturers—(shoemakers is a word quite out of date)—very kindly assisted this posture by stiffening the instep of the boot, so that the style in question could be properly preserved without much painful tension.

I am strongly inclined to believe, that the bow-sprit posture was adopted in this country out of compliment to our gallant seamen. It is at present used by about one half of the gentlemen you meet; but so far as my observation extends, appears (probably in consequence of the peace) to be somewhat on the decline.

I would remark, by the way, that the cross-kneed posture is now almost out of use with the other sex. There was indeed an attempt, about five or six years since, to get up the fashion among ladies of adopting this posture, and at the same time of bending over the upper foot, so as to make it form a crescent. She whose foot could describe the most complete curve was envied and admired by all her competitors. But alas! Mr. Editor, there are but few persons whose feet are sufficiently flexible to enable them to shine in this accomplishment. And so it was dropped. Out of a company of twenty-five ladies whom a friend of mine reconnoitred the other evening at a tea-party, twenty-one sat with their feet parallel and together; two, a matron, somewhat advanced, and a maiden lady, whose old associations of gentility induced them so to sit, were found in the cross-kneed predicament; and the remaining two, being the youngest of the whole company, had drawn their feet under their chairs, and crossed them there.

But we have too long deferred the more immediate object of this essay, which is to show the connection between posture and literature. At what times, and on what occasions, shall the cross-kneed posture be adopted by the decorous and conscientious scholar? In the first place, let him be



sure immediately to assume it on the entrance of a stranger into his study. It is almost as great a mark of ill-breeding to use any other mode of sitting on such an occasion, as it would be to hold your book still open in your hand. I own, that no posture in which you can sit conveys quite so barbarous a hint to your poor visitant as the holding of your book open, which I regret to say, is sometimes unthinkingly indulged in by scholars, who would be sorry not to be thought gentlemen. But, sir, let me repeat it, the cross-kneed is the posture in which to receive a visitor with whom you are not on terms of considerable intimacy. It gives you time to collect your ideas; it tacitly informs your visitor that he is of consequence enough in your eyes for you to think about the position of your limbs; it thereby conciliates his good feelings, and induces him civilly to present before your face a similar example. When you are thus both seated according to due form and manner, you may interchange thoughts with much facility and effect. But be sure not to abandon the cross-kneed posture till the end of the first half-hour. After that period, you may venture your feet out, and lean back in your chair. By the end of the second half-hour, you may put your feet over the fire-place, and if your visitor stay two hours, and be somewhat tedious and unprofitable, contrive by all means to get a table between you, and thrust your feet up into his face. Time is valuable, inasmuch that the saving of it is one of those few instances where the end sanctifies the means. It often is not enough to pull out your watch,—not enough to sit ten minutes without saying a word to your companion, or even looking at him,—not enough to glance every two minutes at your study-table; no, sir, the only method often which is efficacious is the attitude I have just mentioned, which may be called the assault-and-battery posture, and which exhibits a new and fair illustration of the importance of our subject to the man of letters.

In the second place, let the votary of literature adopt the cross-kneed style in general company. The great advantage of it there is, that it saves him from a thousand ungraceful attitudes, and strange crookednesses, which savor too decidedly of the study, and into which he will be apt almost inevitably to slide, if he ventures beyond the sheltering precincts of the cross-knee. It has too long been the reproach of the scholar, that he behaves like nobody else. For mercy's sake, then, Mr. Editor, since *everybody else* behaves so very well, let us act like them. Let us not bring a reproach upon our profession, and render a life of letters unpopular, by our manner of sitting. A few sacrifices of this nature will cost us no very tremendous effort, and may be of incalculable service to the cause of literature and science.

In the third place, the style in question is to be assumed amidst all kinds of plain reading, where but little attention and study are required. Indeed, so appropriate is it on these occasions, that scholars might very pardonably denominate it the *belles-lettres* posture. How delicious, Mr. Editor, when you have brought the Edinburgh or the Quarterly, and for my own part, let me add, too, the North American, from the bookseller's, all new

and fresh as is the month of May,

to take your ivory knife in the right hand, your Review in the left, your cigar, if you please, in your

mouth, and at a window, on which the rays of the setting sun are richly, softly falling, and a western breeze is luxuriously blowing, to sit—how? Unworthy he of all these invaluable blessings, who takes any other posture at first than the true *belles-lettres*-cross-kneed. Or, when, in the society of friends, you read aloud the adventures of Conrad, Roderick, or Robert Bruce, or in imagination range through old Scotland with the author of the *Antiquary*, or visit England, France, Italy, and Greece with modern travellers,—whilst you gracefully hold the book with a wide-spread hand, your thumb and little finger pressing on the leaves to prevent them from closing, your middle finger propping the back, and the other two faithfully employed each to support a separate cover of the book,—do not fail to complete the elegant scene by adjusting one knee above the other in the manner worthy of your employment. Take, generally, this posture, moreover, when you read history,—when you snatch up the *Spectator* or *Mirror* to save the odds and ends of your precious time,—when you are reading letters from persons with whom you are not intimately acquainted, (posture not being to be thought of in perusing the epistles of your much valued friends,) and on all occasions, in short, when your mind only goes out to gather ideas, copiously, easily, freely. So much for this posture, sir, on which I would gladly write pages and pages more, if some other classes did not press upon me with strong claims for consideration.

Secondly. Next to the cross-kneed, that which is most appropriate to secluded, literary characters is the *parieto-pedal* posture. This consists, as will be seen at once from the etymology of the term, in fixing the feet against the wall. This posture was instituted for the relief of literary limbs. However valuable, indispensable, and gentlemanlike may be the cross-kneed, it would be fatiguing and unhealthy always to conform the body strictly to its rules. For this reason, allow the feet of your readers occasionally to make the delicious and grateful transition from the floor to the wall; with this strict proviso, to be transgressed on no condition whatever, that they never shall so sit in the presence of a being of the gentler sex. And here let me expatiate, *parieto-pedal* posture, in thy praise! At this very moment, while I am assuming thee in languid luxury, holding in my hand a Horace, which is prevented from closing only by my forefinger, unconsciously placed on *Otium Divos*,—here, as, in a direction parallel to the horizon, I station my feet against the wainscot, and, leaning back my chair, fall sweetly and quietly into a rocking, which is more gentle than the cradle-vibrations of half-sleeping infancy,—here let me ponder on all thy excellency. I feel thy influence extending through my frame. I am brought into a new world; the objects around me assume sidelong positions; the trains of my ideas are quickened; the blood rushes back, and warms my heart; a literary enthusiasm comes over me; my faculty of application grows more intense; and whatever be the book which I next reach from the table, I find my interest in its contents redoubled, my power of overcoming its difficulties increased, and altogether my capacity of gaining knowledge incalculably enlarged and extended. Mild, and easy, and lovely posture! Let the votary of decorum stigmatize thee as awkward and half indecent; let the physician reproach thee as unnatural and unwholesome; let indigestion,

with bleeding at the nose, and personal deformity, shake their hideous fists of threatening out of the mists of the future;—still will I lounge with thee; still shall every room where I reside bear marks of thee, whether they be deep indentations in the floor, occasioned by my backward-swinging chair, or blacker and more triumphant insignia impressed by my shoes upon the wall. Be thou my shelter from the spleen of vexatious housewives, and the harassing formality of ceremony; soothe my full-fed afternoons; inspire my dyspeptical dreams, and let my last fatal apoplexy be with thee.

Thirdly. We come now to the favorite posture of all severe and laborious students! It is simple, picturesque, characteristic. Place your elbow on the table, prop one of your temples with your knuckles, and, if it be excusable to introduce features into this subject, (though I have another treatise partly finished, upon literary tricks,) let a slight knitting of the brow take place between your eyes, and you are at once—I will unhesitatingly hazard the assertion—in that position in which Aristotle discovered the categories; in which Pythagoras investigated the properties of the right-angled triangle, and Locke defined infinity; in which Newton balanced the world, Copernicus, like another Joshua, made the sun stand still, and La Place deduced the great motions of our system; in which Bacon sat, while turning the whole course of science, as a pilot turns the course of a ship; in which Stewart was seated, when he detected the error of the French philosophers, and proved that there must be something besides the power of sensation, which is able to compare one sensation with another; in which Bentham unfolded the true principles of legislation, and Berkeley devised the theory of acquired vision; in which Eichhorn made his researches into Genesis, and Paley his into the Epistles;—a posture, in short, in which the greatest energies of intellect have ever been put forth, and by the efficacy of which alone, assure your young readers, they can hope for eminence, or look for almost indefinite advances towards the future perfectibility of our race. Its name is the *delving*.

Fourthly. Now, Mr. Editor, let your *elbow* remain precisely where it was in the last posture; but instead of knitting your brow, and fixing your eyes on the table, let your head turn round, till your open hand is upon the *sinciput*; let your forehead be smooth, as the sleeping surface of a lake; let your eyes be rolling on vacancy, and, *presto!* you are fixed at once in the *genuine attitude poetical*. It is this posture alone which Shakspeare had in his mind, nay, in which Shakspeare must have sat, when he described the fine frenzy of the poet, whose eye glances from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. It was this posture in which the most interesting portrait of Pope was executed, that has descended to our times. So sat he, I will hazard every poet in my library, when he penned this line,

And look through Nature up to Nature's God.

So sat Milton, when he described

Those thoughts that wander through eternity.

In this posture must Goldsmith,

where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
Have sat him down a pensive hour to spend,  
And, placed on high above the storm's career,  
Looked downward, where a hundred realms appear, etc.

It could be only while thus leaning and thus look-

ing, that Chaucer used to scatter through his poems innumerable refreshing descriptions of those vernal seasons,

When that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie  
Had whirled up the sterrie sky aloft,  
And in the Bole\* was entred certainly,  
When shouris sote † of rain descended soft,  
Causing the ground, felc ‡ times and oft,  
Up for to give many an wholesome air,  
And every plaine was yclothed faire, etc.

What other attitude could our contemporary Campbell have taken, when he leaped in imagination up to those glorious heights on our side of the Atlantic,

Where at evening Alleghany views,  
Through ridges burning in her western beam,  
Lake after lake interminably gleam?

In what other posture could the chaste Tasso have placed himself, when he addressed to the Muse of Christianity that invocation, of which you will excuse the following imperfect version?

O Muse! not thou, whose meaner brows desire  
The fading growth of laurelled Helicon,  
But thou, that chant'st amid the blessed choir,  
Which pours sweet music round the heavenly throne!  
Breathe thou into my breast celestial fire;  
O smile, and not thy votary disown,  
If truth with flowers I weave, and deck my song  
With other graces than to thee belong.

Byron must have sat in this posture, in some cold midnight, when he dreamt his dream of darkness; and Southey must have persisted in the same attitude through a whole vernal season, when he wrote his *Thalaba*.

So sat Homer and Scott in the conception of their battles.

So sat Virgil and Leigh Hunt in the imagination of their sceneries.

Wordsworth must have arranged his corporeity in the very quintessence of the poetical posture, when he sketched the following outline of his *Recluse*:

For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink  
Deep; and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds  
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.

So sat his neighbor Wilson, when he described the stream, half-veiled in snowy vapor, which flowed

*With sound like silence, motion like repose*

or the duteous daughter in the sick chamber of her mother,—she whose feet

*Fell soft as snow on snow.*

So sat Thomson when he wrote this line:

Ten thousand wonders rolling in my thought;—

and Lucan when he wrote these:

. . . . niger inficit horror  
Terga maris: longo per multa volumina tracta  
Æstuat unda minax: flatusque incerta futuri,  
Turbida testantur conceptos aequora ventos.

So sat Akenside, when his mind

Darted her swiftness up the long career  
Of devious comets, . . . .  
. . . . and looked back on all the stars.

So David sat (I would reverently suppose) in his hours of inspiration, when "contemplating man, the sun, moon, and stars." To say nothing of innumerable others.

Fifthly. The *metaphysical posture*. Place both

\* Bull.

† Sweet

‡ Many.

elbows on the table, let the insides of the two wrists be joined together, keeping the palms just far enough asunder to admit the chin between them, while the tips of the little fingers come up and touch the outside corners of the eyes. This posture, sir, from its fixedness, gives you at once an idea of *solidity*. The mutual contact of two of the most tender and sensible parts of the human body, the tip of the finger and the eye, will assist you in making experiments on sensation; and as your whole head is fastened, as it were, into a socket, your eyes must look straight forward, and your train of reflection will be thus more continuous and undisturbed. Keep precisely so for several days together, and you will at length arrive triumphantly at the important and philosophical conclusion, that mind is matter.

Innumerable other attitudes crowd upon my recollection, the formal discussion of which, after just hinting at a few of the most prominent, I must waive, and leave them to be treated by writers of freer leisure, and more enlarged views of posturology. For instance, there is the *dishabille* posture, formed by lying at full length on your chair, crossing your feet upon the floor, and locking your hands upon the top of your head,—very common and very becoming. In conversation, there is the *positive* posture, when you lean your cheek upon one finger; the *sentimental*, when you lean it upon two fingers; the *thoughtless*, when you lean it upon three, thrusting at the same time your little finger into your mouth; and lastly, the *attentive*, when you lean your cheek outright upon your whole hand, bend forward, and stare the speaker in the face. There is the *sheepish* posture, formed by placing your legs and feet parallel and together, laying both hands upon your knees, and contemplating no earthly thing save your own pantaloons. This is to be assumed when you are overwhelmed with a joke, which you cannot for the life of you answer, or when you are attacked with an argument which you have not the ingenuity to repel. There is the *clerical* posture, formed by laying the ankle of your left

leg on the knee of your right, and so forming a triangle. Then there is the *lay* posture, made by throwing the legs wide asunder, and twirling the watch-chain. There is the *musical* posture, where you bring one foot round behind the other, and rest the toe most delicately and aerially on the floor. This was used by one of the small band from Bonaparte's court who lately charmed our metropolis with the violoncello and guitar. Why is it not as appropriate to the flute as to the guitar? There is the *monologue* posture, when, in default of a companion, you take another chair, place your feet in it, and hold high converse with yourself. But, Mr. Editor, by far the most independent, lordly, and scholarly style is, to command as many chairs for your own accommodation as can possibly come within reach. I had a chum, whilst I was in college, who put in requisition every chair but one in the room. He had one for each of his feet, one for each of his arms, and the last for his own more immediate self. As our whole number of that article of furniture was but half a dozen, I was often perplexed, at the entrance of a friend, to know how I should economize for the convenience of all seven,—I beg pardon, I should have said, all three of us. After some confused apologies, I used to offer the visitor my own, and betake myself to the window-seat, quite willing, I assure you, to undergo such embarrassments, for the reputation of living with one of the best posture-masters within the walls. Ah, sir, that was the glory of sitting! I cannot describe the silent admiration with which I used to gaze upon the sprawling *nonchalance*, the irresistible ennui, the inimitable lounge, with which my roommate could hit the thing off after an enormous dinner. I ought here to observe, that the state of mind peculiarly adapted to the posture now under consideration is that of perfect *vacuity*, and that, if I write much longer, I shall probably prepare your readers to assume it. I conclude therefore by wishing them all, whatever may be their favorite mode of sitting,

The gayest, happiest attitude of things.

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## EXTRACTS FROM THE CROAKER POEMS.

[The quaint and delicate humor of these celebrated productions is almost lost to the readers of the present age, from the local and consequently evanescent nature of the allusions to persons and things peculiar to New York in the early part of the present century.]

### Ode to Impudence.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. 1818-19.

THE man who wears a brazen face,  
Quite à son aise his glass may quaff;  
And whether in or out of place,  
May twirl his stick and laugh.  
Useless to him the broad doubloon,  
Red note, or dollar of the mill;  
Though all his gold be in the moon,  
His brass is current money still.

Thus, when my cash was at low water,  
At Niblo's I sat down to dine;  
And, after a tremendous slaughter  
Among the wild-fowl and the wine,

The bill before mine eye was placed—  
When slightly turning round my head,  
"Charge it!" cried I—the man, amazed!  
Stared—made his congee—and obeyed.

Oh! bear me to some forest thick,  
Where wampum'd Choctaws prow! alone!  
Where ne'er was heard the name of *tick*,  
And *bankrupt* laws are quite unknown:  
Or to some shop, by bucks abhor'd,  
When to the longing pauper's sorrow,  
The curs'd inscription decks the board,  
Of "*pay to-day and trust to-morrow.*"

Or plunge me in the dungeon tower;  
With bolts and turnkeys blast mine eyes;  
While call'd from death by marshal's power,  
The ghosts of murder'd debts arise!

The easy dupes I'll wheedle still,  
With looks of brass and words of honey;  
And having scored a decent bill,  
Pay off my impudence for money.

### *Domestic Happiness.*

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"BESIDE the nuptial curtain bright,"  
The bard of Eden sings;  
"Young Love his constant lamp will light,  
And wave his purple wings."  
But rain-drops from the clouds of care  
May bid that lamp be dim,  
And the boy Love will pout and swear,  
'Tis then no place for him.

So mused the lovely Mrs. Dash;  
'Tis wrong to mention names;  
When for her surly husband's cash  
She urged in vain her claims.

"I want a little money, dear,  
For Vandervoort and Flandin,  
Their bill, which now has run a year,  
To-morrow mean to hand in."

"More?" cried the husband, half asleep,  
"You'll drive me to despair;"  
The lady was too proud to weep,  
And too polite to swear.  
She bit her lip for very spite,  
He felt a storm was brewing,  
And dream'd of nothing else all night,  
But brokers, banks, and ruin.

He thought her pretty once, but dreams  
Have sure a wondrous power,  
For to his eye the lady seems  
Quite alter'd since that hour;  
And Love, who on their bridal eve,  
Had promised long to stay;  
Forgot his promise, took French leave,  
And bore his lamp away.

### *Abstract of the Surgeon-General's Report.*

BY J. R. DRAKE.

Grog—I'll define it in a minute—  
Take gin, rum, whiskey, or peach brandy,  
Put but a little water in it,  
And that is grog—now understand me:

I mean to say, that should the spirit  
Be left out by some careless dog—  
It is—I wish the world may hear it!  
It is plain water, and not grog.

Having precisely fix'd what grog is,  
(My reasoning, sir, that question settles!)  
We next must ascertain what prog is—  
Now prog, in vulgar phrase is victuals:  
This will embrace all kinds of food,  
Which on the smoking board can charm ye,  
And by digestion furnish blood;  
A thing essential in an army!

### *To Edward Simpson, Esq.,*

ON WITNESSING THE TRAGEDY OF "BRUTUS"

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

I HAVE been every night, whether empty or crowded,  
And taken my seat in box No. 3;  
In a sort of poetical Scotch-mist I'm shrouded  
As the far-famed Invisible Girl used to be.

As a critic profess'd, 'tis my province to flout  
you,  
And hiss as they did at poor Charley's Machcath;  
But all is so right and so proper about you,  
That I'm forced to be civil in spite of my teeth.

In your dresses and scenery classic and clever!  
Such invention! such blending of old things and  
new!  
Let Kemble's proud laurels be wither'd for ever,  
Wear the wreath, my dear Simpson, 'tis fairly  
your due.

How *apropos* now, was that street-scene in Brutus,  
Where the sign "Coffee-house" in plain English  
was writ!  
By the way, "Billy Niblo's" would much better  
suit us,  
And box, pit, and gallery roar at the wit.

How sparkled the eyes of the raptur'd beholders,  
To see Kilner, a Roman, in robes "a-la-grecque,"  
How graceful they flowed o'er his neatly turn'd  
shoulders!  
How completely they set off his Johnny Bull  
neck!

BRIEF AND PITHY CORRESPONDENCE.—Many years  
since we saw a brief and pithy correspondence,  
officially published, as having taken place between  
J. K. Paulding, while secretary of the navy, and an  
agent of the department in the State of Alabama.  
We give its substance from memory.

Dear Sir: Please inform this department, by re-  
turn of mail, how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

Respectfully,  
J. K. PAULDING, *Secretary, etc.*

REPLY.

Hon J. K. PAULDING. *Mobile, ————*

Dear Sir: In reply to your letter, just at hand, I

have the honor to say that the Tombigbee River  
don't run up at all.

I have the honor to be, etc.

Our word for it, Paulding has never written a  
tale or invented a fable, whose wit has so much dis-  
turbed the reader, as the truthful reply of his clerk.  
A long letter might have so mystified the Tombig-  
bee, that, like the Niger, no traces of its source  
could ever be developed. Indeed, it is said, a "soft  
answer turneth away wrath;" but an answer can be  
soft and short too.





## A FRAGMENT.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

\* \* \* \* \*

His shop is a grocer's—a snug, genteel place,  
Near the corner of Oak Street and Pearl;  
He can dress, dance, and bow to the ladies with  
grace,  
And ties his cravat with a curl.

He's asked to all parties—north, south, east and  
west,  
That take place between Chatham and Cherry,  
And when he's been absent full oft has the "best  
Society" ceased to be merry.

And nothing has darkened a sky so serene,  
Nor disordered his beauship's Elysium,  
Till this season among our *élite* there has been  
What is called by the clergy "a schism."

'Tis all about eating and drinking—one set  
Gives sponge-cake, a few "kisses" or so,  
And is cooled after dancing with classic sherbet,  
"Sublimed" (see Lord Byron) "with snow."

Another insists upon punch and *perdre*,  
Lobster-salad, champagne, and, by way  
Of a novelty only, those pearls of our sea,  
Stewed oysters from Lynn-Haven Bay.

Miss Flounce, the young milliner, blue-eyed and  
bright,  
In the front parlor over her shop,  
"Entertains," as the phrase is, a party to-night,  
Upon peanuts and ginger pop.

And Miss Fleece, who's a hosier, and not quite as  
young,  
But is wealthier far than Miss Flounce,  
She "entertains" also, to-night, with cold tongue,  
Smoked herring, and cherry-bounce.

In praise of cold water the Theban bard spoke,  
He of Teos sang sweetly of wine;  
Miss Flounce is a Pindar in cashmere and cloak,  
Miss Fleece an Anacreon divine.

The Montagues carry the day in Swamp Place,  
In Pike Street the Capulets reign;  
A *limonadière* is the badge of one race,  
Of the other a flask of champagne.

Now as each the same evening her *soirée* an-  
nounces,  
What better, he asks, can be done,  
Than drink water from eight until ten with the  
Flounces,  
And then wine with the Fleeces till one!

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE STOUT GENTLEMAN; A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE.

FROM "BRACEBRIDGE HALL." BY WASHINGTON IRVING. 1822.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—*Hamlet*.

It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the window in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw, that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near

the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers' room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of, at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler



for a pattern card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion nowadays to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armor of wayworn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good-for-nothing books,

that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the common-place names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter,—patter,—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops on a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed ostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, ostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoiseshell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the almanac I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, "expect—much—rain—about—this—time!"

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a



bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar : "The Stout Gentleman in No. 13 wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as "the gentleman in No. 13," it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but "The Stout Gentleman!"—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world;" accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps," thought I, "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament!"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were overdone, the ham was too salt:—the Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating, one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe, that she was a brisk, coquettish woman, a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal: with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig, or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The

landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The color of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-color; or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation or amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking overhead. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread, and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is, doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighboring bedroom. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humored face, went down stairs in a violent hurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chamber-maids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. "She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she wouldn't!"

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm; the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high, windy clamor for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs, I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool."—I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with, swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt-liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touse the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect:—I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the travellers' room, and that I might at length get a view of his person, but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratic in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be, "God save the King." 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be? My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I, at my wit's end; "it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!"

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and versed in all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggy. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travel-

lers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their over-turns, and their breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk overhead, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber-candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered; the room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bedchamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until, getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! Look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a cham-





bermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, "Here it is! Here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the cur-

tains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman!



### JOHN BULL.

FROM "THE SKETCH BOOK." BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

An old song, made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,  
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate,  
With an old study all'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.  
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,  
And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks.  
Like an old courtier, etc.

OLD SONG.

THERE is no species of humor in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and, in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the peculiar humor of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them has contributed to fix it upon the nation; and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau idéal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavor to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bullism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly homebred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric old blade,

but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance—he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and nicknacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence—for John is always more generous than wise.

Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature-shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humorists, that are continually throwing out new portraits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain downright matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humor more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon companion, if you allow him to have his humor, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be every body's champion. He is continually volunteering his services to settle his neighbor's affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel-play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins inconspicuously to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow,

without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good humor, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing matches, horse races, cock fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance, he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish; and, in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill, without violent altercation. He is in fact the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beef-steak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshhead of ale, and treat all his neighbors on the next.

His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humor his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Every thing that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house-servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a house-breaker.

His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, gray with age, and of a most venerable, though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate

mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults: wings built in time of peace; and outhouses, lodges, and offices, run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel, a reverend pile, that must have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services, may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is staunch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbors, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong papists.

To do the duties of the chapel he maintains, at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their Bibles, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually, and without grumbling.

The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich, though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of massy, gorgeous old plate. The vast fireplaces, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting halls, all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and time-worn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled; and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house—that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests—that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now—that as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences, and would not be comfortable without them—that as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation—that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes; but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superflu-

ous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honorable family, to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependants; and so, partly from pride, and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

The consequence is, that, like many other venerable family establishments, his manor is incumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and, with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and outhouse is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most mouldering tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop-hole, the gray pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence—a worthy example of grateful recollection, which, if some of his neighbors were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vain-glory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gipsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dove-cote; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weather-cock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad day-



light. In short, John has such a reverence for every thing that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

All these whims and habits have concurred woefully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters, and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighborhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This, too, has been increased by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honor of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up, in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses—is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn. When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out of doors; give the broken-down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place—nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half-pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racketing, roystering life; and is ready at a wink or nod, to out sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

These family dissensions, as usual, have got

abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighborhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money lenders. He is certainly an open-handed old-gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long while; but, for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy-face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles, and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

Instead of strutting about as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate; and with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarterstaff.

Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humors and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks himself, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbors represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savors of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak, rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered com-

fortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future. That he may cease to distress his

mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbors, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income—if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order—if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honorable, and a merry old age.

## JUNGFRAU SPAIGER'S APOSTROPHE TO HER CAT.

BY ANTHONY BLEECKER. 182-.

A late London paper mentions that the celebrated Manheim Telescope, the master-piece of the famous Spalger, a Hungarian optician, was recently destroyed in a singular manner. A servant of the Observatory having taken out the glasses to clean them, put them in again without observing that a cat had crept into the tube. At night, the animal being alarmed at the strong powers of the Lunar rays, endeavored to escape: but the effort threw down the instrument, which, falling to the ground, from the top of a tower, was broken to pieces. The writer, presuming that the cat was killed by the fall, imagines the daughter of the astronomer as breaking forth in the following lament.

WHAT whisker'd ghost, at this mild moonlight hour,  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder tower?  
'Tis Puss, my darling Puss; all bleeding! pale!  
Gash'd are her ears, and scotch'd her lengthy tail.  
Oh, tell thy tale, and I will lend an ear—  
Then sweep to my revenge, Grimalkin, dear.  
Oh say, did boys, or other cruel hounds,  
Conspire thy death, and give those ghastly wounds?



Oh, tell me, Puss, 'tis what I dread the most,  
Did some Kilkenny cat make thee a ghost?  
Can'st thou not speak? Ah then I'll seek the cause;  
What see I here? the bloody prints of paws;  
And oh, chaste stars! what broken limbs appear,  
Here lie thy legs; the Telescope's lie here.  
The Telescope o'turned;—too plain I see  
The cause, the cause of thy cat-astrophe.

Was it for this, my sire on topmost tower,  
Gazed at the stars till midnight's dewy hour,  
Outwatch'd the Bear, and saw Orion rise,  
While Hesper lent her light to other skies?

Was it for this he gave such strict command,  
To clean the glasses with a careful hand,  
And then to search the tube with nicest care,  
To see nor cat, nor kit, were nestling there?  
Lest, like old Sidrophel, star-gazing wight,  
Who wisely made a comet of a kite,  
My cat, perhaps, 'twixt Mercury and Mars,  
Had help'd to swell the cat-alogue of stars.

O! say what led thee to that giddy height,  
Thou queen of cats! that witching time of night?  
Was it cat-optrics fired thy feline heart?  
And didst thou dare to act the sage's part?  
And peeping at the moon, while stretch'd at ease,  
Discover, with delight, 'twas all green cheese?  
Or did'st thou wish to take a near survey  
Of that delicious stream, the milky-way?  
And while the dog-star in the welkin raves,  
To take a leap, and lap its cream-clad waves?

Ah me! what terrors through thy frame were spread,  
When Luna's rays refracted on thy head,  
And fill'd thy gooseberry eyes with beams so thick,  
No wonder thou becam'st a lunatic;  
Lost all reflection: scarce retain'd a hope,  
Immured in a reflecting telescope.  
The concave mirror first thy fury bore,  
The convex lens but vexed thee the more:  
Then all thy rage was to a focus brought;  
To tilt the tube was now thy only thought.

Flounce—bounce:—it tumbles from the turret wall,  
Breaking itself, but breaking not thy fall!  
Oh direful fall!—But why indulge this wo?  
Can cat-aracts of tears avail thee now?  
No; thou art bound to Hecate's wizard shore,  
Where Whittington's famed cat has gone before;  
And to appease thy ghost my task shall be,  
To consecrate a cat-acomb to thee.

Embalm'd, dear shade, with true Egyptian care,  
Across the Atlantic wave thy corpse I'll bear,  
And where old Catskill props the western sky,  
The fur-clad relics of my cat shall lie.

There shall thy favorite herbs and plants be found,  
 The cat-mint there shall shed its sweets around;  
 The savory mushroom from the sod shall start,  
 And to the breeze its catsup sweets impart.  
 While the tall cat-tail, on the reedy shore,  
 Shall hang his head, and thy sad fate deplore.

One warbler of the grove will ne'er forget  
 To pay to thee his grateful, tuneful debt;  
 The cat-bird, perch'd on the catalpa tree,  
 Shall squall that note he learnt, poor puss, from thee.  
 While from the mount, the valley, and the plain,  
 The weeping pole-cat shall repeat the strain.

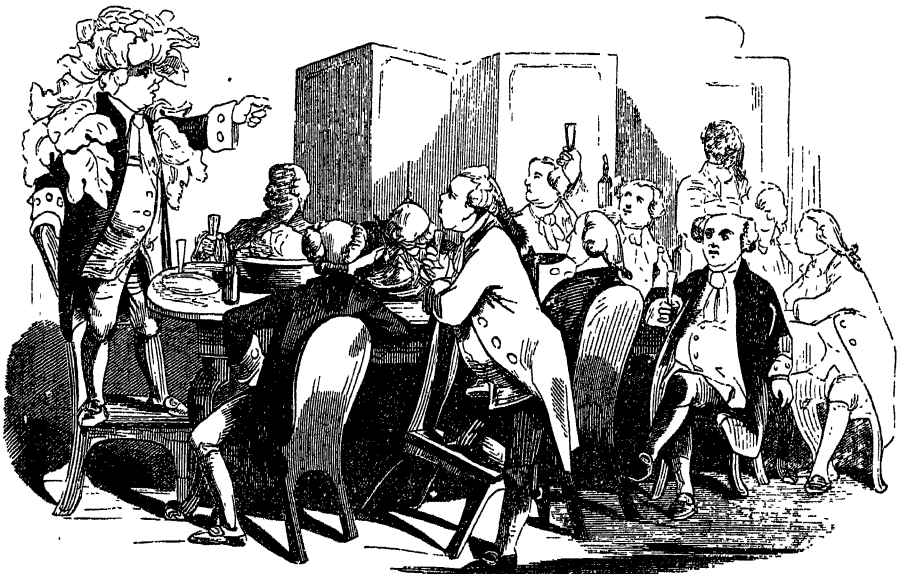
### THE KROUT CLUB.

BY DOCTOR SAMUEL LATHAM MITCHILL. 1822.

[The Doctor was President or Grand Krout of a social gathering of descendants from the original settlers of New York City. On his inauguration, he delivered the following address, arrayed in the insignia of his office—crowned with a cabbage, and cloaked with its leaves.]

THIS association owes its origin to our venerable and festive ancestry. The cabbage is its emblem, and a good symbol it is. The Bourbons displayed their exalted lily, and the Bonapartes their humble violet. The pine tree gave character to the money coined before the revolution, in Massachusetts, and the white rose and red rose distinguished the parties of York and Lancaster as they formerly existed in England. The Scotch are proud of their thistle, the Irish of their shamrocks, and the Welch of their leeks. The virtues of the cabbage surpass all these, and are worthy of the highest eulogium. The plant belongs to the natural family of antiscorbutics. It is capable of purifying the blood, and of rectifying the humors. Whether eaten raw, or boiled, or after preparation in our excellent way of Sour Krout, the article is worthy of particular commendation. The sherris-sack celebrated by Falstaff is, notwithstanding its extraordinary virtues, far inferior to Krout. I recommend to all *scurvy fellows*, wherever they may be, a course of this sovereign remedy to make them sound and whole. Great exertions are made by gardeners and farmers to cultivate the precious vegetable in large quantity and of good quality.

Their industry is stimulated by the premium of patriotic societies. They do well in granting such premiums. Its nutritious and succulent leaves increases the cow's measure of milk, which when mingled with eggs, gives us custards; with isinglass regales us with blanc-mange; and when converted into butter, ministers to our taste and luxury in an hundred ways. Best member in the family of *Brassica*! salubrious is the employment and sweet the reward of rearing thee, of tending thee, and preparing thee for the mouth and the stomach! Moral, and sober, and industrious are the persons who are devoted to thee! Thou impartest strength to the muscles, sensibility to the nerves, and integrity to the brain. The social principle is safe in thy keeping. Thy constitution is such that ardent and intoxicating drink cannot be prepared from thee. Thou sustainest without exhausting, and invigoratest without depression. Thy votaries here present give evidence in their looks and conduct, how admirably thou conducest to innocent recreation and to festive joy. Thy name has been abused, as if to *cabbage* were to pilfer or steal. I repel with indignation this attempt to sully thy fame.



## CAPTAIN COPP AND HIS NIECE.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. 1824.

*A Scene from the Comedy of Charles the Second.*

COPP. What, Mary, my little blossom, what heer? what cheer? Keep close, my little heart—why do you stir out of port? Here be cruisers broad.

MARY. Who are those people, uncle, that make such a noise?

COPP. Two hearty blades—mad roysterers—oons how they drink. I was obliged to part company, old cruiser as I am, or they would soon have had me on my beam ends.

MARY. Are they sailors, uncle?

COPP. To be sure they are: who else would flog about money as they do, and treat a whole bar-room? The tallest in particular is a very devil. Hollo, Captain Copp, cries he every minute, another bottle to treat my brother tars.

MARY. By their swaggering about so, they must be very rich.

COPP. Pho, child, 'tisn't the deepest laden ships that make the most rolling.

MARY. But they spend their money so freely.

COPP. A sure sign that it's running out. The longest cable must come to an end. He that pays out fastest, will soonest be brought up with a round turn.

MARY. To what ship do they belong?

COPP. That's more than I can say. Suppose they're a couple of man-of-war's-men just paid off, who think they've a Spanish mine in their pocket—*(shout of laughter from within)*. Ah, the jolly tars! I was just the same at their age.

MARY. I should like to have a look at them.

COPP. Avast there—what, trust thee in the way of two such rovers? No, no, I recollect too well what it was to get on shore after a long voyage. The first glimpse of a petticoat—whew! up boarding pikes and grappling irons!—*(Recollecting himself)*. Ahem—no, no, child, mustn't venture in these latitudes.

MARY. Ah, my good uncle, you are always so careful of me.

COPP. And why not? What else have I in the whole world to care for, or to care for me? Thou art all that's left to me out of the family fleet—a poor slight little pinnace. I've seen the rest, one after another, go down; it shall go hard but I'll convoy thee safe into port.

MARY. I fear I give you a great deal of trouble, my dear uncle.

COPP. Thou'rt the very best lass in the whole kingdom, and I love thee as I loved my poor brother; that's because you're his very image. To be sure, you haven't his jolly nose, and your little mouth is but a fool to his. But then, there are his eyes, and his smile, and the good humored cut of his face—*(sighing)* poor Philip! What! I'm going again, like the other night—*(wiping his eyes)*. Psha! let's change the subject, because, d'ye see, sensibility and all that, it does me no good—none—so let's talk of something else. What makes thee so silent of late, my girl? I've not heard a song from thee these three days!

MARY. It's three days since I've seen my music-master.



COPP. Well, and can't you sing without him?

MARY. Without him I can't sing well.

COPP. And what's become of him?

MARY *(pettishly)*. I can't tell, its very tiresome. If he did not mean to come again, he might have said so.

COPP. Oddsfish, neglect thee—neglect his duty!—I'll break him on the spot. Thou shalt have another master, my girl.

MARY *(eagerly)*. Oh no, on no account; I dare say he is not well, some accident has happened. Besides, there is no other teacher in town equal to him, he sings with such feeling.

COPP. Ah! girl, if I had my old messmate, Jack Ratlin, here, he'd teach thee to sing. He had a voice—faith it would make all the bottles dance, and glasses jingle on the table!—Talk of feeling! Why, when Jack would sit of an evening on the capstan when on watch, and sing about sweethearts and wives, and jolly tars, and true lovers' knots, and the roaring seas, and all that; smite my timbers, but it was enough to melt the heart of a grampus. Poor Jack, he taught me the only song I ever knew; it's a main good one though—

*(SINGS A STAVE.)*

In the time of the Rump,  
As old Admiral Trump,  
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel;  
And his crew of Tenbreeches,  
Those Dutch sons of—

MARY *(putting her hand on his mouth)*. Oh, uncle, uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song.

COPP. Rough? that's the beauty of it. It rouses one up, pipes all hands to quarters like a boat-swain's call. Go in, Mary, but go in at the other

door; don't go near the bar; go up to your own room, my dear, and your music-master will come to you presently, never fear. [Exit MARY.

VOICE WITHIN. Hollo—house! waiter! Captain Copp! another bottle, my hearty fellow.

COPP. There they go again! I can't stand it any longer. I am an old cruiser, and can't hear an engagement without longing to be in the midst of

it. Avast, though (*stopping short*), these lads are spending too much money. Have a care, friend Copp, don't sink the sailor in the publican; don't let a free-hearted tar ruin himself in thy house—no, no, faith. If they want more wine they shall have it; but they shall drink as messmates, not as guests. So have at you, boys; it's my turn to treat now. [Exit COPP.

### THE ROBBER.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD. 1825.

Two large bags containing newspapers, were stolen from the boot behind the Southern Mail Coach, yesterday morning about one o'clock, between New Brunswick and Bridgetown. The straps securing the bags in the boot were cut, and nothing else injured or removed therefrom. The letter mails are always carried in the front boot of the coach, under the driver's feet, and therefore cannot be so easily approached.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE moon hangs lightly on yon western hill;  
And now it gives a parting look, like one  
Who sadly leaves the guilty. You and I  
Must watch, when all is dark, and steal along  
By these lone trees, and wait for plunder.—Hush!  
I hear the coming of some luckless wheel,  
Bearing, we know not what—perhaps the wealth,  
Torn from the needy, to be hoarded up  
By those who only *count* it; and perhaps  
The spendthrift's losses, or the gambler's gains,  
The thriving merchant's rich remittances,  
Or the small trifle some poor serving girl  
Sends to her poorer parents. But come on—  
Be cautious.—There—'tis done; and now away,  
With breath drawn in, and noiseless step, to seek  
The darkness that befits so dark a deed.  
Now strike your light. Ye powers that look upon us!  
What have we here? Whigs, Sentinels, Gazettes,  
Herald, and Posts, and Couriers—Mercuries,  
Recorders, Advertisers, and Intelligencers—  
Advocates, and Auroras.—There, what's that!  
That's—a Price Current.

I do venerate  
The man, who rolls the smooth and silky sheet  
Upon the well cut copper. I respect  
The worthier names of those who *sign* bank bills;  
And though no literary man, I love  
To read their short and pithy sentences.  
But I hate types and printers—and the gang  
Of editors and scribblers. Their remarks,  
Essays, songs, paragraphs and prophecies,

I utterly detest. And *these* particularly,  
Are just the meanest and most rascally,  
'Stale and unprofitable' publications  
I ever read in my life.



### THE TWO COMETS.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD. 1825.

There were two visible at the time this was written; and for the verses, they were, on other accounts, strictly *occasional*.

THERE once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities,  
For their wild singularities called Gods and Goddesses—

But one in particular beat 'em all hollow,  
Whose name, style, and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius—his hand he could turn  
To any thing, every thing genius can learn;  
Bright, sensible, graceful, *cute*, spirited, *handy*,  
Well bred, well behaved,—a celestial Dandy!

An eloquent God, though he didn't *say* much;  
But he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin and Dutch;

A doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,  
And of horses in harness an excellent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the sun,  
And he drove up the east every morning, *but one*;  
When young Phaëton begged of his daddy at five,  
To say with Aurora a day, and *he'd* drive.



So good-natured Phœbus gave Phaey the seat,  
With his mittens, change, way bill, and stage horn  
complete;  
To the breeze of the morning he shook his bright  
locks,  
Blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the  
box.  
The crack of his whip, like the *breaking* of day,  
Warmed the wax in the ears of the leaders, and  
they,

With a snort, like the fog of the morning, cleared out  
For the west, as young Phaey meant to get there  
about  
Two hours before sunset.

He looks at his "*turnip*,"  
And to make the delay of the old line concern up,  
He gave 'em the reins; and from Aries to Cancer,  
The style of his drive on the road seemed to answer;  
But at Leo, the ears of the near wheel horse pricked,  
And at Virgo the heels of the off leader kicked;  
Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,  
And the traces snapped short, like the strings of a  
fiddle.

One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,  
And set it to buzz, like a top, round the pole;  
While the other whizzed back, with its linchpin and  
hub,

Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub;  
And, whether in earnest, or whether in fun,  
He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaeton's coach was a blue one,  
And Jupiter ordered Apollo a new one;  
But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Wo!"  
Letting horses, and harness, and every thing go  
At their terrified pleasure abroad; and the muse  
Says, they cut to this day just what capers they  
choose;

That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine  
forth;

That their manes stream along in the lights of the  
north;

That the wheels, which are missing, are comets,  
that run

As fast as they did when they carried the sun;  
And still pushing forward, though never arriving,  
Think the west is before them, and Phaeton driving.

## AN AFTER DINNER ECOLOGUE.

BY MICAH P. FLINT. 1826.

## PETTYFOG.

THE plates removed, three full decanters stand,  
With rival wines, each from a foreign land;  
And taper glasses wait at each right hand.  
Meanwhile, my friends, two fine accomplished beaux,  
Alternate song with mutual fires propose.

## DANDICULE.

Let Pettyfog decide; for he has read,  
What lawyers, judges, and reporters said;  
And all law's winding labyrinths he knows;  
When law have these; when equity have those;  
And when the frightened client will agree,  
To prop his cause by paying double fee.  
And still, to give our wits a keener edge,  
The victor bard shall win a forfeit pledge.  
Be mine this massy watch, and chain of gold,  
By Paxton made, and scarcely six months old;  
With curious art contrived the time to tell,  
In silver sounds, from tinkling, tiny bell;  
And still so true, that by it Cleanwatch found,  
The lazy earth too slow in turning round.

## PUSHWELL.

Though my keen wit needs not a whetted edge,  
I meet the challenge, and accept the pledge.  
Be mine this quizzing glass, by Clelia worn,  
And from her breast by this rash right hand torn;

When late I strove, to snatch a forfeit kiss;  
While she, with covering hands, still barred my  
bliss;

Till, struggling free, she fled, and left me this.

Its power, to aid the curious gazer's eye,  
And bring one's nearest neighbor still more nigh;

With easy, graceful, astronomic stare,

To lend a charm to e'en the fairest fair;

Its golden chasing, set around with pearl,

And wrought with her own cipher's turning curl;

Its massy chain, which, but the other day,

An ample pawn for thirty guineas lay;

All these in this their mingling worth combine;

And make, at least, an answering pledge to thine.

## DANDICULE.

Modern bards, like bards of old,  
Still confess the power of gold;  
Still 'tis Hymen's brightest charm;  
Still it points the warrior's arm.  
Still the senseless, and the sage,  
Men of every clime and age,  
Blushing maids and hoydens bold,  
Yield alike the palm to Gold.

## PUSHWELL.

Gold, 'tis true, was once the rage,  
But, 'twas in a golden age.

Brass is all the fashion now;  
 For 'twill shine on any brow.  
 Brass will hide the silly red,  
 O'er the conscious forehead spread;  
 Brass will every stain disguise.  
 'Tis by brass that great men rise;  
 And each dull, conceited ass  
 Seeks, nor needs a better pass,  
 Than a sturdy front of brass.

## DANDICULE.

See, at Miser Griptight's gate,  
 How the coach-borne gentles wait.  
 See, as you will see to-morrow,  
 When you go yourself to borrow,  
 How they'll bow and fawn and cringe;  
 Till on rusty creaking hinge,  
 Opens again the iron chest,  
 Where his hoarded treasures rest.  
 See their eyes, like gamblers, glower,  
 Till the prize is in their power;  
 Then their proud, majestic gait,  
 Fearless look, and brow elate:  
 And own, that honor, place and fame,  
 And all the homage great ones claim,  
 Like their vote, is bought, and sold,  
 With old Miser Griptight's Gold.

## PUSHWELL.

Hear the brainless demagogue,  
 From a stump or rotten log,  
 On the next election day,  
 Like another jackass bray.  
 See the gaping, idiot crowd,  
 (While the numskull, bawling loud,  
 Up and down the gamut goes,  
 Like a man with stopt-up nose,)  
 Thickly clustering round him hang,  
 Charmed by his nasal twang,  
 As, 'tis said in days of yore,  
 Wiser brutes did once before;  
 When with the trees they ran to admire  
 The music of the Orphean Lyre.  
 See him next, profoundly great,  
 Seated at the helm of state;  
 Where his empty, brazen air,  
 Goes for genius, thought, and care.  
 Hear him, lauded to the skies,  
 As the great, the good, the wise.  
 And own that nothing can surpass  
 The innate strength of native brass.

## DANDICULE.

See the poor, industrious man,  
 Who, though under fortune's ban,  
 Still preserves a stainless mind.  
 See him, shunned of all his kind,  
 Just as though they feared to catch  
 Want contagious, of the wretch.  
 While the man of wealth and crime  
 Hears their flattery's cuckoo chime.  
 Though his hand, unshrinking, tore  
 The poor orphan's little store.  
 Though, to swell his useless heaps,  
 Many a houseless widow weeps.  
 See all this; and you must own,  
 That, to reach Distinction's throne,  
 Golden keys the path unbar;  
 That her easiest, swiftest car  
 Up and down the world is rolled,  
 On little truckle wheels of Gold.

## PUSHWELL.

See, how modest merit lies,  
 All unmarked by common eyes;  
 Like the rich gem of the mine,  
 Thrown before the stupid swine.  
 See the mind, whose giant grasp  
 Might the weal of empires clasp  
 Strive to rise by worth, in vain;  
 While some fool, with shallow brain,  
 Mounts the car, and takes the rein.  
 See all this, and then confess,  
 That, in this age of brazenness,  
 Worth itself, ere it can pass,  
 Must be plated o'er with brass.

## DANDICULE.

See Miss Dumbey, come from school;  
 Just a little simpering fool;  
 Who knows not what to say or do,  
 Or if the sky be red or blue;  
 Yet, whose negroes and plantation,  
 Stand instead of animation.  
 See the young men, making at her;  
 See them bowing; hear them flatter;  
 Praise her eyes, her ears, her nose,  
 Knuckles, fingers, thumbs, and toes.  
 Sighing at each several feature.  
 Oh! the little heavenly creature.  
 See the little ninny caught  
 See her worthless husband bought.  
 See all this, and own at once,  
 That wits, and sages, fop, and dunce,  
 Like market pigs are bought, and sold,  
 For a paltry sum of gold.



## PUSHWELL.

See Miss Brazen, who can't bear,  
 Covered breasts, and shading hair.  
 See her, with unshrinking glance,  
 Staring round her in the dance;  
 Though, for comfort, and for ease,  
 And to catch the cooling breeze,

She has doffed her useless dress,  
Like poor Truth, to nakedness.  
See her favors proudly sported:  
See her sought, caressed, and courted;  
Just because she will, and can  
Stare down any mortal man.  
See all this, and learn, what bait  
Surest catches small and great.  
See all this; and vanquished, own  
That 'tis brass, and brass alone.

## DANDICULE.

Gold has made me what I am.  
All the rest is but a flam.  
The same voters, who support me;  
The same friends, who puff, and court me;  
Do, what they had never done,  
Had I been a poor man's son.  
But my good old father, knowing  
How the time and tides were going,  
Gathered up, and left me clear,  
Forty thousand every year.  
And now, though my ideas flow,  
As I confess, somewhat too slow,  
No one calls me dull, or heavy.  
Still I lead the brightest bery;  
Still am called through all the city,  
Easy, learned, and brave and witty,  
Which is just as good to me,  
As though it were reality.  
Cease then; cease thy impious song.  
Own that thou wert in the wrong,  
Thus to brave a power divine.  
And, for penance at her shrine,  
Still with pious care attend,  
Some rich, strapping better half,  
Making thee a golden calf.

## PUSHWELL.

But for brass, what had I been?  
And what a thousand other men?  
Plain, honest fools, condemned to toil,  
And earn our living from the soil.  
But, thanks to my old mother's care,  
I never earned a mouthful there.  
Warned by a strange, mysterious dream,  
She sought a certain western stream,  
Whose waters, like the Stygian wave,  
Confer a charm on all who lave;  
A brazen charm, from which Truth's lance,  
And Shame's keen arrows harmless glance.  
There, where mothers souse their billies,  
As the Greek one did Achilles,  
Mine soused me, all, but the heel;  
The only place, where I can feel  
One lingering spot of diffidence;  
And I have been at some expense,  
With brass heeled boots stout, firm, and stable,  
Still to be invulnerable.  
Cease then; cease thy song to wage,  
'Gainst the genius of the age.  
And oh! thou brazen deity,  
Still propitious be to me.  
I ask thee not for worth, or sense.  
Grant me only impudence,  
Grant me that unfailing pass,  
A shame-proof mail of sturdy brass.

## PETTIFOG.

Enough; enough. I know not which to praise.  
You sing as much alike as two blue jays.  
And Phœbus' self, were he to judge the strain,  
Would find e'en his discrimination vain.  
Let each take back his pledge, and, like twin-  
brother,  
Present a pewter medal to the other.

## THE RESULTS OF PHRENOLOGY.

FROM "THE MERRY TALES OF THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM." BY JAMES K. PAULDING. 1826.

THE lecture with which Dr. Gallgotha commenced his course in Paris, was the same that frightened the sovereign princess and her court into fits; but I will do the ladies of Paris the justice to say that they stood the display of our phrenological specimens, like heroines; whether it be that the French women are naturally bolder than the German, or that a certain fashionable philosopher had in some degree prepared them for scientific horrors, by his exhibition of fossil remains. The thing took amazingly—there was something new in the idea of looking at the back of the head, instead of the face, to ascertain the peculiarities of human character, and novelty is indispensable to the existence of people who have exhausted all other pleasures. There were indeed some ladies belonging to the coteries of the old lecturers, who affected to laugh at the doctor's theory, but even they were effectually silenced by a discovery of my master, that the organ of tune was developed in the head of the famous composer Rossini, to such a degree that it had actually monopolized nearly the whole of his cerebellum. There was no resisting this proof, not only that Rossini was a great composer of tunes, but likewise that the doctor's science was infallible. The fiddler and the doctor accordingly were the

two greatest men in Paris. The rage for cerebral developments became intense, and thenceforward every lady of the least pretensions to fashion or science procured a skull, marked and mapped conformably with the principles of the sublime science, which she placed on her toilet, in order that she might dress and study at the same time. Two or three of the most zealous female devotees actually fell in love with the doctor, being deeply smitten with his cerebral development. The fashionable gentlemen, whose sole business is to make love, began to grow jealous of Varus and his legions, and one or two ludicrous anecdotes occurred which set all Paris tittering. I will relate them, although I cannot vouch for their truth any farther than to say that every body believed them.

A young nobleman was deeply enamored of a beautiful lady of high rank, and particularly jealous of one of his rivals who wore powder in his hair. He had been absent some weeks on military duty, and returning to town one evening, proceeded directly to the house of his mistress intending to surprise her with a visit. Finding a servant at the door, he inquired for the lady, and was told that she was so deeply engaged that she could see nobody. The jealousy of the lover was alarmed, and pushing





the servant aside, he proceeded silently towards the lady's boudoir, the door of which he found shut. Pausing a moment, he heard as he imagined two voices within exchanging words of most particular endearment, and something in the pause that sounded like kissing. Human nature could stand it no longer. He peeped through the key-hole, where he saw a sight that drove him to madness. The lady was sitting by the light of a fire which was fast going out, caressing and fondling a figure, the whiteness of whose head too well indicated his detestable powdered rival. From time to time he heard the words amativeness, adhesiveness, hope, secretiveness, and elopement, or something that sounded very like it. The thing was perfectly plain—they were exchanging professions of love and planning an elopement. The sight and the conviction was no longer to be borne. He burst open the door furiously, and being in full uniform as an officer of the guards, drew his sword, and making a desperate blow at the powdered head, it flew off the shoulders and rolled upon the floor. The lady shrieked and sunk from her seat; and the jealous lover hearing a noise in the outward apartments, and supposing he had done the gentleman's business pretty effectually, bethought himself that it was high time to take care of himself. He accordingly made the best of his way out of the house, towards the gate St. Honoré, through which he hurried into the country, nor stopped till he had safely lodged himself within his castle of Normandy.

From thence he wrote a letter filled with the most cutting reproaches—charging his mistress with falsehood, cruelty, deceit, and all sorts of villainy, and vowing on the cross of his sword, never to see her more. The lady laughed two full hours on the receipt of this defiance. When she had done laughing, as she really had a regard for her admirer, she sat down and wrote him the following reply:

“Good Monsieur Jealousy—

“You are welcome to call me what you will, except it be old or ugly. However, I forgive you, and so does the formidable rival whose head you so

dexterously severed from his body, and who I give you my honor is not the least the worse for the accident. I solemnly assure you, you may come back to Paris without the least danger of being prosecuted by the family of Monsieur M—, or being received by me with ill humor, for I shall laugh at you terribly. Your Friend, N. N.”

This epistle puzzled the lover not a little, and caused him fifty sensations in a minute. First he would return to Paris, and then he would not—then he resolved never to see his mistress again—and next to mount his horse, return immediately, look her stone dead, and then set out on his travels to the interior of Africa. This last resolution carried the day, and he forthwith returned to Paris in as great a hurry as he had left it. When the lady saw him, she was as good as her word—she laughed herself out of breath, and the more he reproached her, the louder she laughed. However, as anger and laughter can't last for ever, a truce took place in good time, and the lady addressed her lover as follows:

“Cease thy reproaches, my good friend, and hear me. I am determined to give you the most convincing proof in the world of my truth and attachment, by delivering your rival into your hands, to be dealt with as you think proper. Know that he is now concealed in this very room.”

“Is he?” replied the other in a rage—“then by heaven, he has not long to live—I shall take care to cut off his head so effectually this time that the most expert surgeon in Paris shall not put it on again—where is the lurking caitiff? But I need not ask—I see his infernal powdered head peeping from under the sofa—come out, villain, and receive the reward of thy insolence in rivalling me.”

So saying, he seized the treacherous powdered head, and to his astonishment drew it forth without any body to it. He stood aghast—and the lady threw herself on the sofa, and laughed ten times louder than before.

“What in the name of woman,” cried he at last, “is the meaning of all this mummery?”

"It means that I am innocent—and that your worship is—jealous of the skull, or what is worse, the plaster counterfeit of the skull of your great-grandmother, the immortal author of the Grand Cyrus. I was but admiring the beautiful indication of the amative organ, from which it plainly appears impossible that any other person could have written such prodigiously long developments of the tender passion."

"But why did you kiss the filthy representation of mortality?"

"You were mistaken," answered the lady—"as the room was rather dark, I placed my face close to it in order the better to see and admire its beautiful cerebral development."

"Its what?" replied the lover impatiently.

"Its phrenological indications."

"And what in the name of heaven are these?" cried the lover, in some alarm for the intellects of his fair mistress. The lady then proceeded to explain to him the revolution in science which had taken place during his absence; and a reconciliation being the consequence, that night took him to the doctor's lecture that he might no longer be an age behind the rest of the world. The story got abroad—indeed the lady could not resist telling it herself to a friend, with strict injunctions of secrecy—and all Paris became still more devoted to the sublime science for having afforded such an excellent subject for a joke.

The other story relates to a young nobleman whose situation near the king, and orthodox ultraism, made him a very distinguished person in the beau-monde. But he was distinguished only in a certain way; that is, he was a sort of butt, on whose shoulders every ridiculous incident was regularly fathered, whether it owed its paternity to him or not. As Pasquin stands sponsor for all the wise sayings of Rome, so M. the Viscount came in for all the foolish actions of Paris. He was, as it were, residuary legatee to all the posthumous follies of his ancestors, as well as the living absurdities of his noble contemporaries. He was one of those people who fancy themselves most eminently qualified for that for which they are most peculiarly un-

fit, and whom folly and vanity combined, are perpetually stimulating to act in direct opposition to nature or destiny. He was contemptible in his person—yet he set up for a beau and Adonis—he was still more contemptible in mind—yet he never rested till he had bought the title of Mæcenas and a savaan, of an industrious manufacturer of ultra doggerel rhymes, whom he had got into the National Institute. He was, moreover, born for a valet, or at best, a pastry cook—yet he aspired to the lofty chivalry and inflexible honor of a feudal baron; and he became a soldier, only, as it would seem, because he was the greatest coward in all Paris. It was well known that he gave five hundred francs to a noted bully to let him beat him at a public coffee house, and afterwards allowed his brother, a tall grenadier, a pension not to kill him for it.

The Viscount had likewise been absent some months at a small town, in one of the northern departments, whither he had gone to suppress an insurrection, began by two or three fish-women, stimulated, as was shrewdly suspected, by an old gardener, who had, as was confidently asserted, been one of Napoleon's trumpeters. On his return, he for the first time heard of the sublime science and its progress among the beau-monde. The Viscount hated all innovations in science, or indeed any thing else. He aspired to be a second Joshua, and to make the sun of intellect at least stand still, if he could not make it go backwards, as he had good hopes of doing. Without waiting to hear any of the particulars of our exhibition, he hastened, armed and in uniform as he was, to the hotel where the doctor was at that moment just commencing a lecture.

The valiant Viscount advanced with great intrepidity close to the table, and leaning gracefully on his sword, listened in silence to discover whether there was any thing that smacked of democracy or heterodoxy. At the proper moment I put my hand into our Golgotha, and leisurely drew forth the famed skull of Varus, who I have always considered the most fortunate man of all antiquity, in having been surprised and slain in the now more me-



morale than ever forest of Teutoburgium. As we scientific gentlemen have a hawk's eye for a new comer, one of whom is worth a host of old faces at a lecture, I took care in bringing the cerebral development forth, to thrust it directly towards the face of the viscount with the teeth foremost. The viscount fell back, fainted, and lay insensible for some minutes. But the moment he revived, he started upon his legs in a frenzy of terror, and began to lay about him with his good sword so valiantly that nobody dared to come near him. First he attacked the doctor and myself, whom he charged with the massacre of the eleven thousand virgins, and the introduction of infidel skulls into France, which was tantamount to preaching infidelity. The innocent cerebellum of poor Varus, next felt the effects of his terror-inspired valor. He hacked it until the cerebral development was entirely destroyed, and then proceeded in like manner to make an example of the contents of the bag, which he shivered without mercy, with his invincible sword. In short, before he fairly came to his senses, the worthy gentleman had demolished almost every thing in the room—put out the lights, and frightened every soul from the lecture. The solitude and darkness which succeeded, brought him gradually to his recollection, when finding himself thus left alone with the ruins of so many pagan skulls, he gave a great shriek, scampered out of the room, and did not stop until he had sheltered himself in the very centre of a corporal and his guard, belonging to his regiment, who all swore they would stand by him to the last drop of their blood.

This adventure was fatal to my master, Dr. Gallgotha. In the first place, it deprived him of nearly the whole of his phrenological specimens, and without these he was like a workman despoiled of his tools. Besides, the viscount had the very next morning demanded an audience of the king, in which he denounced the doctor, as tainted very strongly with liberalism, and its invariable concomitants of sacrilege and impiety. Now I will venture to affirm, that the good doctor was not only perfectly ignorant of the very meaning of the word liberal, but that he was equally innocent of the other two charges. The truth is, all his organs of faith, morality, and politics, were swallowed up, or elbowed out of the cerebellum, by the prodigious expansion of the organ of ideality or invention. However this may be, the king was more afraid of the three abominations of liberalism, than of plague, pestilence, and famine. He consulted the Jesuits, who forthwith decided upon taking the poor doctor and all his works into custody. The valiant viscount, who always volunteered in all cases of liberalism and impiety, undertook the task, aided by a guard of soldiers armed in proof, for he did not know but the doctor might have another bag full of pericraniums. Advancing with great caution, they surrounded the house, while the captain of the guard, with three stout resolute fellows, entered for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, and especially of ascertaining that there were no skulls to frighten the viscount. That gallant soldier, having

settled the latter point to his satisfaction, charged bayonet, in the rear of his guards, and rushing up stairs in spite of Varus and his legions, detected the doctor in the very act of committing to memory a new lecture he had just composed for the purpose of demonstrating that there was a certain organ of the cerebellum, the enlarged development of which always entailed upon its possessor the absolute necessity of committing murder. The doctor and I were clapped up in prison, and his lecture carried to court to undergo a strict examination by the king's confessor and the Jesuits.

It was some time before these expert mousers of radicalism and infidelity could make any thing of the doctor's lecture, or discover any offence to church or state. At length, they came to that part where, in summing up the subject, he laid down the doctrine of the actual necessity certain persons labored under of committing murder, and that the rule applied as well to kings as to their subjects.

"He inculcates the doctrine of equality," cried one—"he denies the divine right of kings."

"He is a republican," cried a second.

"He is a traitor," cried a third.

A little farther on, they found the following assertion:—"I deny that the three legions of Varus formed one body."

"Behold!" said the confessor, "he denies the trinity—he maintains that three is not one—enough, let us burn the book and hang the doctor."

Some of the more moderate counsellors, however, as I afterwards learned, petitioned for a mitigation of the sentence, which was finally commuted into perpetual banishment. We were sent for to hear our doom, and the viscount, who always liked a good-natured errand, was the bearer of the message. As we followed him into the palace, which we all entered uncovered, the doctor observed to me that the viscount had a most formidable development of the organ of self-esteem. The confessor lectured the doctor upon his vile infidelity, his liberalism, and disaffection to church and state, all which came as naturally together as so many chemical affinities. The doctor demanded the proof, and was referred to the passages I have just repeated.

It was in vain that he referred in turn to the other members of the sentences thus garbled, to prove that he was neither alluding to religion nor politics in his lecture.

"No matter," said a cunning Jesuit, who could convert a wink of the eye into treason, and a nod of the head into blasphemy—"no matter—a proposition may be both treasonable and heterodoxical in itself, although it has no immediate application to either politics or religion. The assertion that three does not make one, is complete in itself, and requires no reference either to what precedes, or what follows. In two months you must be out of France."

And thus were we banished from the paradise of lecturers, only because Doctor Gallgotha had wickedly and impiously asserted that the physical organs of kings were the same with those of cobblers, and that three legions, separately encamped, did not make one body.

FINN'S BENEFIT.—The celebrated comedian, Finn, issued the following *morceau* the day previous to one of his benefits, at Tremont Theatre, in the city of Boston:

"Like a *grate* full of coals, I burn  
A great, full house to see;  
And, if I prove not *grateful* too,  
A *great* fool I shall be."

## THE PRINTER'S "HOUR OF PEACE."

A Parody.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN, THE BOSTON BARD. 1826.

Know ye the Printer's hour of peace!  
 Know ye an hour more fraught with joy,  
 Than ever felt the maid of Greece,  
 When kissed by Venus' amorous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy case,  
 His nimble fingers kiss the types;  
 Nor is it when, with lengthened face,  
 The sturdy devil's tail he gripes.

'Tis not when news, of dreadful note,  
 His columns all with minion fill;  
 'Tis not when brother printers quote  
 The effusions of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,  
 His glimmering fire he hovers near,  
 And, heedless of the coming dun,  
 Grows merry o'er a pint of beer.

'Tis not when in Miss Fancy's glass  
 Long advertisements meet his eye,  
 And seem to whisper as they pass,  
 "We'll grace your columns by and by."

Nor is it when with numerous names  
 His lengthened roll of vellum swells,  
 As if 'twere touched by conjurer's wand,  
 Or grew by fairies' magic spells.

No, reader, no; the Printer's hour,  
 His hour of real, sweet repose,  
 Is not when by some magic power  
 His list of patrons daily grows.

But, ah, 'tis when stern winter, drear,  
 Comes robed in snow, and rain, and vapor,  
 He hears in whispers kind and dear,  
 "We've come to pay you for the paper."

## FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN, THE BOSTON BARD.

First of May, clear the way!  
 Baskets, barrows, trundles;  
 Take good care, mind the ware!  
 Betty, where's the bundles?  
 Pots and kettles, broken victuals,  
 Feather beds, plaster heads,  
 Looking-glasses, torn mattresses,  
 Spoons and ladles, babies—cradles,  
 Cups and saucers, salts and castors.  
 Hurry, scurry—grave and gay,  
 All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start, mind the cart!  
 Shovels, bedclothes, bedding:  
 On we go, soft and slow,  
 Like a beggar's wedding!  
 Jointed stools, domestic tools,  
 Chairs unbacked, tables cracked,

Gridiron black, spit and jack,  
 Trammels, hooks, musty books,  
 Old potatoes, ventilators.  
 Hurry, scurry, grave or gay,  
 On we trudge the first of May.

Now we've got, to the spot,  
 Bellows, bureau, settee;  
 Rope untie, mind your eye,  
 Pray be careful, Betty;  
 Lord! what's there? Broken ware;  
 Decanters dash'd, China smash'd,  
 Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled,  
 Sideboard scratch'd, cups unmatch'd,  
 Empty casks, broken flasks.  
 Hurry, scurry—grave or gay,  
 Devil take the first of May.

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL.—The following anecdote of Mr. Webster is told by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, as an illustration of the uncertainty of worldly fame, and the folly of making it the controlling object of life:—"A few years since, but before the great Northern Railroad passed through his farm, he was on his way to the old homestead. He took the stage at Concord, New Hampshire, and had for a companion a very old man. After some conversation, he ascertained that the old man was from the neighboring town of Salisbury, and asked him if he ever knew Captain Webster. 'Surely I did,' said the old man; 'and the

captain was a brave and good man, sir; and nobly did he fight for us, with General Stark, at Bennington.' 'Did he leave any children?' said Mr. Webster. 'O, yes; there was Ezekiel, and, I think, Daniel.' 'And what has become of them,' asked Mr. Webster. 'Why, Ezekiel—and he was a powerful man, sir—I have heard him plead in court often; yes, sir, he was a powerful man, and fell dead while pleading at Concord.' 'Well,' said Mr. Webster, 'and what became of Daniel?' 'Daniel, Daniel,' repeated the old man, thoughtfully; 'why Daniel, I believe, is a lawyer about Boston somewhere.'"

## OLD GRIMES.

BY ALBERT G. GREENE. 1827.



OLD Grimes is dead—that good old man—  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He wore a single-breasted coat  
That buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,  
His feelings all were true;  
His hair was some inclined to gray,  
He wore it in a queue.

When'er was heard the voice of pain,  
His breast with pity burned;  
The large round head upon his cane  
From ivory was turned.

Thus ever prompt at pity's call,  
He knew no base design;  
His eyes were dark, and rather small,  
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,  
In friendship he was true;  
His coat had pocket holes behind,  
His pantaloons were blue.

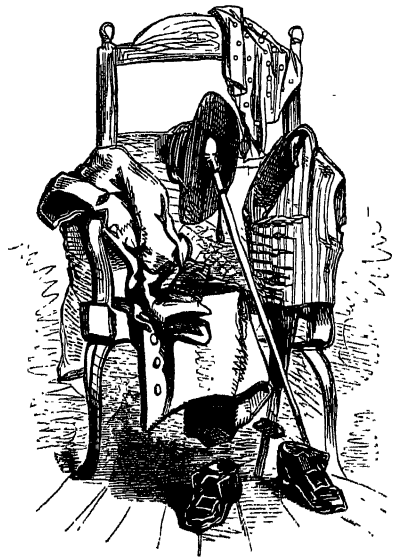
But poor old Grimes is now at rest,  
Nor fears misfortune's frown;  
He had a double-breasted vest,  
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,  
And pay it its desert;  
He had no malice in his mind,  
No ruffle on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse;  
Was sociable and gay;  
He wore not rights and lefts for shoes,  
But changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
He never brought to view;  
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,  
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,  
His peaceful moments ran;  
And every body said he was  
A fine old gentleman.



A SHARP WITTED SHAVER.—A grand melo-dramatic spectacle was being rehearsed in the Park Theatre a few years since, in which a magnificent car, drawn by horses, was to make its appearance on the stage through a trap-door. Mr. Manager S. supervised in person the rehearsal. The period arrived when the horses should appear dragging the gilded car—the stage was detained—the actors im-

patient—the manager wrathful, demanding in a loud voice of the man whose business it was to see all right below, in the regions of mystery and enchantment, why he delayed the car. "Somebody has cut the traces, sir." "Cut the traces?" asked the manager. "Why, nobody's had access there to-day but yourself." "They wasn't cut with *ares*, sir; they vas cut with a knife!"

## THE OLD CLOCK.

BY JAMES NACK. 1826.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day,  
Stopped at a tavern on their way;  
Supped, frolicked, late retired to rest,  
And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will,  
Sent for the landlord and the bill;  
Will looked it over; "Very right—  
But hold! what wonder meets my sight?  
Tom! the surprise is quite a shock!"—  
"What wonder? where?"—"The clock! the  
clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amaze  
Stared at the clock with stupid gaze,  
And for a moment neither spoke;  
At last the landlord silence broke:

"You mean the clock that's ticking there?  
I see no wonder, I declare;  
Though may be, if the truth were told,  
'Tis rather ugly—somewhat old;  
Yet time it keeps to half a minute,  
But, if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will,  
"The clock at Jersey near the mill,  
The very image of this present,  
With which I won the wager pleasant?"  
Will ended with a knowing wink—  
Tom scratched his head, and tried to think.  
"Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,"  
The landlord said, with grin admiring,  
"What wager was it?"

"You remember  
It happened, Tom, in last December,  
In sport I bet a Jersey Blue  
That it was more than he could do,

To make his finger go and come  
In keeping with the pendulum,  
Repeating, till one hour should close,  
Still '*here she goes—and there she goes*'—  
He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!"  
Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet,  
And fifty dollars be the bet."  
"Agreed, but we will play some trick  
To make you of the bargain sick!"  
"I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait;  
Begin, the clock is striking eight."  
He seats himself, and left and right  
His finger wags with all his might,  
And hoarse his voice, and hoarser grows,  
With "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!  
The landlord wagged his finger steady,  
While his left hand, as well as able,  
Conveyed a purse upon the table.  
"Tom, with the money let's be off!"  
This made the landlord only scoff;  
He heard them running down the stair,  
But was not tempted from his chair;  
Thought he, "the fools! I'll bite them yet!  
So poor a trick shan't win the bet."  
And loud and loud the chorus rose  
Of "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"  
While right and left his finger swung,  
In keeping to his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see  
Her daughter; "where is Mrs. B—?"  
When will she come, as you suppose?  
Son!"  
"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"



"Here!—where?"—the lady in surprise  
His finger followed with her eyes;  
"Son, why that steady gaze and sad?  
Those words—that motion—are you mad?  
But here's your wife—perhaps she knows  
And"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

His wife surveyed him with alarm,  
And rushed to him and seized his arm;  
He shook her off, and to and fro  
His fingers persevered to go.  
While curled his very nose with ire,  
That *she* against him should conspire,  
And with more furious tone arose  
The "*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl!"  
Run down and bring the little girl;  
She is his darling, and who knows  
But"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus?  
Good Lord! what will become of us?  
Run for a Doctor—run—run—run—  
For Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun,  
And Doctor Black, and Doctor White,  
And Doctor Grey, with all your might."

The doctors came, and looked and wondered,  
And shook their heads, and paused and pondered,

Till one proposed he should be bled,  
"No—leached you mean," the other said—  
"Clap on a blister" roared another,  
"No—cup him"—"no—trepan him, brother!"  
A sixth would recommend a purge,  
The next would an emetic urge,  
The eighth, just come from a dissection,  
His verdict gave for an injection;  
The last produced a box of pills,  
A certain cure for earthly ills;  
"I had a patient yesternight,"  
Quoth he, "and wretched was her plight,  
And as the only means to save her,  
Three dozen patent pills I gave her,  
And by to-morrow, I suppose  
That"—

"*Here she goes—and there she goes!*"

"You all are fools," the lady said,  
"The way is, just to shave his head,  
Run, bid the barber come anon!"—  
"Thanks, mother," thought her clever son,  
"*You* help the knaves that would have bit me,  
But all creation shan't out-wit me!"  
Thus to himself, while to and fro  
His finger perseveres to go,  
And from his lips no accent flows  
But "*here she goes—and there she goes!*"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what  
A queerish customer I've got;  
But we must do our best to save him—  
So hold him, gemmen, while I shave him!"  
But here the doctors interpose—  
"A woman never"—

"*There she goes!*"

"A woman is no judge of physis,  
Not even when her baby *is* sick.  
He must be bled"—"no—no—a blister"—  
"A purge you mean"—"I say a clyster"—  
"No—cup him"—"leech him"—"pills! pills!  
pills!"

And all the house the uproar fills.

What means that smile? what means that  
shiver?

The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver,  
And triumph brightens up his face—  
His finger yet shall win the race!  
The clock is on the stroke of nine—  
And up he starts—"Tis mine! 'tis mine!"  
"What do you mean?"

"I mean the fifty!  
I never spent an hour so thrifty;  
But you, who tried to make me lose,  
Go, burst with envy, if you choose!  
But how is this! where are they?"

"Who?"  
"The gentlemen—I mean the two  
Came yesterday—are they below?"  
"They galloped off an hour ago."  
"Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed!  
For, hang the knaves, I'm mad indeed!"

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

BY JAMES N. BARKER. 1827.

SHE was, indeed, a pretty little creature,  
So meek, so modest: what a pity, madam,  
That one, so young and innocent, should fall  
A prey to the rav'nous wolf.

—The wolf, indeed!

You've left the nursery to but little purpose,  
If you believe a wolf could ever speak,  
Though in the time of Æsop or before.  
—Was't not a wolf then? I have read the story  
A hundred times; and heard it told; nay, told it  
Myself to my younger sisters, when we've shrank  
Together in the sheets, from very terror,  
And, with protecting arms each round the other,  
E'en sobb'd ourselves to sleep. But I remember  
I saw the story acted on the stage,  
Last winter in the city, I and my school-mates,

With our most kind preceptress, Mrs. Bazely.  
And so it was a robber, not a wolf,  
That met poor little Red Riding Hood i' the wood?  
—Nor wolf nor robber, child: this nursery tale  
Contains a hidden moral.

—Hidden: nay,  
I'm not so young, but I can spell it out,  
And thus it is: Children, when sent on errands,  
Must never stop by the way to talk with wolves.  
—Tut! wolves again; wilt listen to me, child?  
—Say on, dear grandma.

—Thus then, dear, my daughter:  
In this young person, culling wild flowers,  
You see the peril that attends the maiden  
Who, in her walk through life, yields to temptation,  
And quits the onward path to stray aside,



Allur'd by gaudy weeds.

—Nay, none but children  
Jould gather butter-cups and May-weed, mother.  
But violets, dear violets—methinks  
could live ever on a bank of violets,  
Or die most happy there.

—You die, indeed,  
At your years, die!

—Then sleep, ma'am, if you please,  
As you did yesterday, in that sweet spot  
Down by the fountain; where you seated you  
To read the last new novel—what d'ye call't—  
The Prairie, was it not?

—It was, my love;  
And there, as I remember, your kind arm  
Willow'd my aged head; 'twas irksome, sure,  
To your young limbs and spirit.

—No, believe me.  
To keep the insects from disturbing you  
Was sweet employment, or to fan your cheek  
When the breeze lull'd.

—You're a dear child!

—And then,  
To gaze on such a scene! the grassy bank,  
So gently sloping to the rivulet,  
All purple with my own dear violet,  
And sprinkled o'er with springflowers of each tint.  
There was that pale and humble little blossom,  
Looking so like its namesake Innocence:  
The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone:  
With its fair sisters, call'd by country people  
Fair maids of the spring. The lowly cinquefoil too,  
And statelier marigold. The violet sorrel  
Blushing so rosy red in bashfulness.  
And her companion of the season, dress'd  
In varied pink. The partridge evergreen,  
Fragrant its fragrant waxwork on each stem,  
And studding the green sod with scarlet berries.  
—Did you see all those flowers? I mark'd them not.  
—O many more, whose names I have not learn'd.  
And then to see the light blue butterfly  
Roaming about, like an enchanted thing,  
From flower to flower, and the bright honey-bee—  
And there too was the fountain, overhung  
With bush and tree, draped by the graceful vine,  
Where the white blossoms of the dogwood, met  
The crimson red-bud, and the sweet birds sang  
Their madrigals; while the fresh springing waters,  
Just stirring the green fern that bathed within them,  
Apt joyful o'er their fairy mound of rock,

And fell in music—then pass'd prattling on,  
Between the flowery banks that bent to kiss them.  
I dreamed not of these sights or sounds.

—Then just  
Beyond the brook there lay a narrow strip,  
Like a rich riband, of enamell'd meadow,  
Girt by a pretty precipice, whose top  
Was crowned with rose-bay. Half way down there  
stood,  
Sylph-like, the light fantastic columbine,  
As ready to leap down unto her lover  
Harlequin Bartsia, in his painted vest  
Of green and crimson.

—Tut! enough, enough,  
Your madcap fancy runs too riot, girl.  
We must shut up your books of botany.  
And give you graver studies.

—Will you shut  
The book of nature, too?—for it is that  
I love and study. Do not take me back  
To the cold, heartless city, with its forms  
And dull routine? its artificial manners  
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures  
And mirthless masquing. Yet a little longer  
O let me hold communion here with nature.  
—Well, well, we'll see. But we neglect our lectures  
Upon this picture.

—Poor Red Riding Hood!  
We had forgotten her; yet mark, dear madam,  
How patiently the poor thing waits our leisure.  
And now the hidden moral.

—Thus it is:  
Mere children read such stories literally;  
But the more elderly and wise deduce  
A moral from the fiction. In a word,  
The wolf that you must guard against is—LOVE.  
—I thought love was an infant; "toujours enfant."  
—The world and love were young together, child,  
And innocent—alas! time changes all things.  
—True, I remember, love is now a man.  
And the song says, "a very saucy one."  
But how a wolf?

—In ravenous appetite,  
Unpitying and unsparing, passion is oft  
A beast of prey. As the wolf to the lamb  
Is he to innocence.

—I shall remember,  
For now I see the moral. Trust me, madam,  
Should I e'er meet this wolf-love in my way,  
Be he a boy or man I'll take good heed,  
And hold no converse with him.

—You'll do wisely.  
—Nor e'er in field or forest, plain or pathway,  
Shall he from me know whither I am going,  
Or whisper that he'll meet me.

—That's my child.  
—Nor, in my grandam's cottage, nor elsewhere,  
Will I e'er lift the latch for him myself,  
Or bid him pull the bobbin.

—Well, my dear,  
You've learn'd your lesson.

—Yet one thing, my mother,  
Somewhat perplexes me.

—Say what, my love?

I will explain:  
—This wolf, the story goes,  
Deceived poor grandam first, and ate her up:  
What is the moral here? Have all your grandmas  
Been first devour'd by love?

—Let us go in;  
The air grows cool—you are a forward chit.



## THE GIRL WITH THE GUN, AND THE MAN'S FRIGHT.

FROM "EUTOPIA." A NOVEL. (ANON.) 1828.

PERHAPS the reader might wish to know what became of Mr. Van Vacuum? Let it be remembered, that this unfortunate foreigner was not legally bound to engage in the battle; that he was impressed into the service; and that he could not, therefore, be expected to have much stomach for the business. In point of fact, he declined fighting altogether. It may be, that, having adopted Ovid's comparison of Love and War, he carried the parallelism throughout, and since, in the former, as his master says—*cedendo abibis victor*—so in the latter he took it for granted, that the way to conquer, was to run. Run he did, at all events; and a soliloquy, which he uttered, after the battle was ended, will best let the reader into his state of feeling on the subject. He had secreted himself among some rocks, which bordered the Round Pond mentioned by Sergeant Rigmarole; and when, through an opening in the woods, he saw the Mingoes fairly vanish over the summit of Back-bone Ridge, he ventured forth:—

"Good bye to you, my Knights of the Copper Countenance!" said he, as the last Mingo disappeared from view. "I'm glad there was no need of my assistance to make you scamper over the hills. I shall live to fight another day—but not with you, or the like of you, if my will be done. I have no opinion of fighting at chance-medley in the woods—of playing at this kind of hide-and-go-seek with a parcel of savages. But, now, these Americans like the sport. They care no more for the yell of an Indian than I do for the *peep* of a chicken. I looked into the rascals' faces as we were making our way in the woods; and though I thought my whole substance would run in perspiration through the pores of my skin, I could not see that one of them was in the slightest degree affected by their situation. The fact is, they are savages themselves; and I shall so write them down in my book. They, I shall remark, with oracular gravity, They who fight like savages must themselves be savages. He who has no other tactics than that of dodging behind trees and bushes, though a white man at the surface, must be an Indian at the bottom—and so forth, and so forth. Then they are as simple as savages. An Englishman can bamboozle them as he pleases. I'll bet now, I shall make this whole town believe I have this day fought most heroically. And I wish I could but have an interview with Mary Blaxton. I think I could persuade her charmingly."

With this Mr. Van Vacuum commenced a slow and musing walk, in a homeward direction, upon the shore of Round Pond. This beautiful mirror of waters was about one mile in circuit. Its shore was of rock; but disjointed and irregular, sometimes approaching near the water's edge, then receding to a considerable distance—here rising perpendicularly to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and there sloping off with a gentle declivity. The ground was covered with an undergrowth principally of honeysuckle and whortleberry; amidst which stood up the loftier and more lusty oaks and hickories.

Mr. Van Vacuum muttered as he went; but his

words, it should seem, contained only the *disjecta membra* of his thoughts:—

"Good!—It would work—as Hotspur says, an excellent plot—it would bring her to terms—Ovid exactly—could I only meet—"

Both tongue and feet of the soliloquist were here arrested. He was turning the point of a rock, when his eye encountered an object, that brought the prospect of accomplishing his present purposes much nearer than he had anticipated. It was Mary Blaxton herself. The reader has already been informed that she left her mother's house soon after hearing the news of Captain Homebred's fate. Round Pond was one of her favorite resorts; and she was now sitting where she had often sat before—on a sort of natural seat in the rocks; the ground descending from her feet in a gentle declivity to the edge of the water. She was reclining a little to the right; her head resting upon her right hand, and her right elbow being supported by a rock. Between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand she was unconsciously rolling the sprig of some bush, which she had as unconsciously plucked on the way. Her head was concealed from view by a large bonnet, which had been prescribed by her mother as a shield against the sun. From the direction of this article, it was evident, that Mary was intently gazing into the bosom of the pond; though the probability is, that her thoughts were employed upon a far different subject.

After recovering from the first shock at meeting this sight, Mr. Van Vacuum advanced cautiously towards the contemplative maiden; and, to such a distance in front of her face did her bonnet project, that he was enabled to approach within a dozen steps of her before she became sensible that any person was near. He rushed briskly into her presence; and, presenting his musket in due form, said—

"We soldiers always present arms in the presence of our commanders—and you know, Miss Mary, I am always your humble servant to command."

"Then," said Mary, who, from a state of deep, tragic feeling, felt her spirits fast rising into comedy at this manœuvre of the martial pedagogue—

"Then, my obedient servant to command—shoulder arms!"

"At your service," returned the new recruit, obsequiously performing that part of the manual exercise.

"Very well—now recover arms!" continued Mary, who, from the proximity of her mother's house to the green, where all military parades took place, had learned all the ordinary words of command. Mr. Van Vacuum obeyed orders.

"To the right-about face!" added Mary. To the right-about Mr. Van accordingly wheeled.

"You are dismissed," said Mary.

"Well, but," answered the soldier, awkwardly turning round, and evincing in look, gesture, and voice, that he had been brought to a pass, which he had not anticipated; "will my royal mistress, Mary, Queen of Hearts, thus thrust from her presence, a dutiful subject, that had just returned from the field of battle?"

"True," returned Mary, assuming the princely air. "Intelligence hath reached our royal ear, that you have rendered signal service to the state; that you have taught my subjects generalship—that you formed yourself into a body of reserve, and took your post most prudently beyond the reach of Indian rifles; and that, so effectually did you keep the secret of your movements, that no person even knew the position you had taken in such a masterly manner. All this we learn from our trusty and right worthy cousin, Lord Ore Rigmarole."

"He lies!" exclaimed Mr. Van Vacuum. "I'll say it in his teeth: it is a lie—a falsehood—an untruth. How could he tell? Were we not all scattered about—one fighting here, and another fighting there?—one dodging behind this bush, and another dodging behind that bush?—one taking aim from this tree, and another taking aim from that tree? How could we watch each other? How could they see me, or I see them? Was it not all smoke? No—it is a vile slander: they envy me: I was foremost of them all: ah! had you seen me, Mary——"

"How—Mary!" interrupted the Queen of Hearts. "A subject to a sovereign thus! How dare you be so familiar, sir, to call me *Mary*?"

"Pshaw, Miss Blaxton, will you always joke? are you never to be serious for a moment?"

"Rebel! avaunt and quit my sight," added Mary, tragically waving her hand.

"I will not budge an inch," quoth the dutiful subject: "I will be heard. You wrong me every way:—abuse me—scoff at me—play tricks upon me. Yes, your cruelty drove me into the thickest of the fight. Existence was nothing without you, and I wished to be rid of it. I faced death in every direction, but the very King of Terrors seemed to be afraid of me."

"No doubt of it," said Mary. "I should have been had I been he."

"You are pleased to be facetious, Miss Blaxton. I can only say a man's life is in his own power"—and here the brave man dropped his head in mysterious cogitation; strode a few paces one way, and strode the same back; then opened the pan of his musket, and went on—"and there are weapons that can take it. Life—what is it! a respiration! a puff of empty air: 'tis here—'tis gone!"

The performer now took another turn upon the beach, after which he drew the ramrod of his musket, let it into the barrel, and with his fingers measured the depth of the cartridge—occasionally casting a glance at Mary, who was indeed regarding him very closely, not, however, with that look of alarm, which the heroic schoolmaster had hoped to see, but with a mixed expression of humor, indignation, and pity. Having finished his manœuvres, he advanced somewhat nearer to Mary, and repeated—

"I say, Miss Blaxton, a man's life is in his own power."

"No doubt of it," answered Mary.

"I say further, Miss Blaxton, that Ebenezer Van Vacuum's life is in his own power."

"And will continue to be, no doubt," said Mary.

"But there is doubt, Miss Blaxton, and very serious doubt, too; for I am prepared to put it out of my power at this moment."

"And in what way do you propose to put it out of your power?" asked Mary Blaxton.

"By blowing out those brains which have caused

me so much hopeless misery," answered the Ovidian.

"Horrid! horrid! I hope not, Mr. Van Vacuum—I hope not."

"You know it is in your power to prevent it, Miss Blaxton: if you choose to sit by and see the thing take place, when it is in your power to prevent it, be it so."

"But Mr. Van Vacuum, how will you go about it? Who will pull the trigger for you?"

"That will I," promptly answered the suicide: who, thinking that the impression which he seemed to have made upon Mary's mind, was fading away, assumed more decision of tone, and threw himself into a fearful bustle. "I shall touch the trigger with my toe, Miss Blaxton, as you shall see presently. There are ways enough, I can assure you."

And here the speaker cocked his gun, and placed the breech upon the ground; but seemed to experience considerable difficulty in finding a good rest for it. Mary sprang up and forward, exclaiming—

"Surely, Mr. Van Vacuum, you are not in earnest! Surely you do not mean to blow your brains out indeed! Hold! for mercy's sake, hold! O good Mr. Van Vacuum give me your gun!—do! I beseech you—I'll promise—O do let me have it, (her hands were now upon the fatal weapon)—let me have it, and I'll—I'll—I'll—I will, depend upon it!"

"Will what, my dear Mary," said Mr. V. in a whining, subdued voice, as he suffered the gun to be taken from his hand—"Will what? my dear Mary."



"Blow out your brains myself," exclaimed Mary, bringing up the musket to suit the action to the word, and putting on the fiercest look of which she was mistress.

This unexpected turn of affairs seemed very considerably to discompose the brains that were to be blown out. Mr. Van Vacuum's first movement was to rise on his toes, and shrug up the shoulder nearest the muzzle of the musket; his second, to change sides, and lift up one of his legs after the other, ejaculating the while—

"Why, Miss Mary—why, Miss Blaxton—why, Miss Mary Blaxton!"

"Nay," said Mary, "no turning nor twisting, nor whining: take your fate like a man: you said you were tired of your life, and wanted to get rid of it: so stand firm. I thought you Englishmen had more pluck; but your great Dr. Johnson gives a bad account of you all. He says an army of women would outdo you. Who knows, he asks, whether Brad-dock's men were not defeated at Monongahela by squaws? And he proposes to raise a corps of female soldiers, and dismiss the men."

During this speech Mr. Van Vacuum was stealing a march upon her; which observing, she exclaimed with renewed emphasis, "Stop!" But Mr. Van Vacuum leaped into the air and ran.

Mary threw down the musket, resumed her seat in the rocks, and endeavored to account in some way for the part she had acted in this interview. She found it difficult, however, to analyze her feelings; and more than once she was ready to take to herself the name of Lady Crackbrain, given to her by her mother.

## THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

BY HENRY PICKERING. CIRCA, 1828.

BUT neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening, without thee is sweet!

Muse, that upon the top of Pindus sitt'st,  
And with the enchanting accents of thy lyre  
Dost soothe the immortals, while thy influence sweet  
Earth's favor'd bards confess, be present now;  
Breathe through my soul, inspire thyself the song,  
And upward bear me in the adventurous flight;  
Lo the resistless theme—THE BUCKWHEAT CAKE.

Let others boastful sing the golden ear  
Whose farinaceous treasures, by nice art  
And sleight of hand, with store of milk and eggs,  
Form'd into pancakes of an ample round,  
Might please an epicure—and homebred bards  
Delight to celebrate the tassell'd maize  
Worn in the bosom of the Indian maid,  
Who taught to make the hoe-cake (dainty fair,  
When butter'd well!) I envy not their joys.  
How easier of digestion, and, beyond  
Compare, more pure, more delicate, the cake  
All other cakes above, queen of the whole,  
And triumph of the culinary art—  
The Buckwheat Cake! my passion when a boy,  
And still the object of intensest love—  
Love undivided, knowing no decline,  
Immutable. My benison on thee,  
Thou glorious Plant! that thus with gladness  
crown'dst

Life's spring time, and beneath bright Summer's eye,  
Lur'dst me so oft to revel with the bee,  
Among thy snow-white flowers: nay, that e'en yet  
Propitious, amidst visions of the past  
Which seem to make my day-dreams now of joy,  
Giv'st me to triumph o'er the ills of time.  
Thou, when the sun "pours down his sultry wrath,"  
Scorching the earth and withering every flower,  
Unlook'st, beneficent, thy fragrant cells,  
And lavishest thy perfume on the air;  
But when brown Autumn sweeps along the glebe,  
Gathering the hoar-frost in her rustling train,  
Thou captivat'st my heart! for thou dost then  
Wear a rich purple tint, the sign most sure  
That nature hath perform'd her kindly task,  
Leaving the husbandman to sum his wealth,  
And thank the bounteous Gods. O, now be wise,  
Ye swains, and use the scythe most gently; else  
The grain, plump and well-ripen'd, breaks the tie,

Which slightly binds it to the parent stalk,  
And falls in rattling showers upon the ground,  
Mocking your futile toil; or, mingled straight  
With earth, lies buried deep, with all the hopes  
Of disappointed man! Soon as the scythe  
Hath done its work, let the rake follow slow,  
With caution gathering up into a swarth  
The lusty corn; which the prompt teamster next,  
Or to the barn-floor clean transports, or heaps  
Remorseless on the ground, there to be thresh'd—  
Dull work, and most unmusical the flail!  
And yet, if ponderous rollers smooth the soil,  
The earth affords a substitute not mean  
For the more polish'd plank; and they who boast  
The texture of their meal—the sober race  
That claim a peaceful founder for their state—  
(Title worth all the kingdoms of the world!)  
Do most affect the practice. But a point,  
So subtle, others may debate; enough  
For me, if, when envelop'd in a cloud  
Of steam, hot from the griddle, I perceive,  
On tasting, no rude mixture in the cake,  
Gravel, or sandy particle, to the ear  
Even painful, and most fearful in effect:  
For should the jaws in sudden contact meet,  
The while, within a luscious morsel hid,  
Some pebble comes between, lo! as the gates  
Of hell, they "grate harsh thunder;" and the man  
Aghast, writhing with pain, the table spurns,  
And looks with loathing on the rich repast.

But now, his garners full, and the sharp air  
And fancy keener still, the appetite  
Inspiring to the mill, perch'd near some crag  
Down which the foamy torrent rushes loud,  
The farmer bears his grist. And here I must  
To a discovery rare, in time advert:  
For the pure substance dense which is conceal'd  
Within the husk, and which, by process quick  
As simple, is transform'd to meal, should first  
Be clean divested of its sombre coat:  
The which effected, 'tween the whizzing stones  
Descends the kernel, beauteous, and reduced  
To dust impalpable, comes drifting out  
In a white cloud. Let not the secret, thus  
Divulg'd, be lost on you, ye delicate!  
Unless, in sooth, convine'd ye should prefer  
A sprinkling of the bran; for 'tis by some  
Alleg'd that this a higher zest confers.  
Who shall decide? Epicurean skill  
I boast not, nor exactest taste; but if

I am to be the umpire, then I say,  
As did the Baratarian king, of sleep—  
My blessing on the man who first the art  
Divine invented! Ay, let the pure flour  
Be like the driven snow, bright to the eye,  
And unadulterate. So jovial sons  
Of Bacchus, with electric joy, behold  
“The dancing ruby;” then, impatient toss  
The clear unsullied draught. But is there aught  
In the inebriate cup, to be compar’d  
To the attractive object of my love,  
The Buckwheat Cake? Let those who list, still  
quaff

The madd’ning juice, and, in their height of  
bliss,

Believe that such she of the laughing eye  
And lip of rose, celestial Hebe, deals  
Among the Gods; but O, ye powers divine!  
If e’er ye listen to a mortal’s prayer,  
Still give me my ambrosia. This confers  
No “pains arthritic,” racking every joint,  
But leaves the body healthful, and the mind  
Serene and imperturb’d.—A nicer art  
Than all, remains yet to be taught; but dare  
I venture on the theme? Ye Momus tribes,  
Who laugh even wisdom into scorn—and ye,  
Authoritative dames, who wave on high



Your sceptre-spit, away!  
and let the nymph  
Whose smiles betoken  
pleasure in the task,  
(If task it be,) bring  
forth the polish’d jar;

Or, wanting such, one of an humbler sort,  
Earthen, but smooth within; although nor gold,  
Nor silver vase, like those once used, in times  
Remote, by the meek children of the Sun,  
(Ere tyrant Spain had steep’d their land in gore,)  
Were of too costly fabric. But, at once,  
Obedient to the precepts of the muse,

Pour in the tepid stream, warm but not hot,  
And pure as water from Castalian spring.  
Yet interdicts she not the balmy tide  
Which flows from the full udder, if prefer’d;  
This, in the baking, o’er the luscious cake,  
Diffuses a warm golden hue—but that  
Frugality commends and taste approves;  
Though if the quantity of milk infus’d  
Be not redundant, none can take offence.  
Let salt the liquid mass impregnate next,  
And then into the deep, capacious urn,  
Adroitly sift the inestimable dust,  
Stirring meanwhile, with paddle firmly held,  
The thickening fluid. Sage discretion here  
Can best determine the consistence fit,  
Nor thin, nor yet too thick. Last, add the barm—  
The living spirit which throughout the whole  
Shall quickly circulate, and airy, light,  
Bear upward by degrees the body dull.

Be prudent now, nor let the appetite  
Too keen, urge forward the last act of all.  
Time, it is true, may move with languid wing,  
And the impatient soul demand the cake  
Delicious; yet would I advise to bear  
A transient ill, and wait the award of Fate.  
The sluggish mass must be indulg’d, till, wak’d  
By the ethereal spirit, it shall mount  
From its dark cell, and court the upper air;  
For, bak’d too soon, the cake, compact and hard,  
To the dissolving butter entrance free  
Denies, while disappointment and disgust  
Prey on the heart. Much less do thou neglect  
The auspicious moment! Thee, nor business  
then

Most urgent claim, nor love the while engross:  
For, ever to the skies aspiring still,  
The fluid vivified anon ascends,  
Disdains all bound, and o’er the vase’s side  
Flows awful! till, too late admonish’d, thou  
The miserable waste shall frantic see,  
And in the acid draff within, perceive  
Thy hopes all frustrate. Thus Vesuvius, in  
Some angry hour, ’mid flames and blackening  
smoke,

From his infuriate crater pours profuse  
The fiery lava—deluging the plains,  
And burying in its course cities, and towns,  
And fairest works of art! But, to arrest  
Catastrophe so dire, the griddle smooth,—  
Like steely buckler of the heroic age,  
Elliptical, or round—and for not less  
Illustrious use designed—made ready quick.  
Rubb’d o’er the surface hot, a little sand  
Will not be useless; this each particle  
Adhesive of the previous batch removes,  
And renders easy the important work,  
To gracefully reverse the half-bak’d cake.  
With like intent the porker’s salted rind,  
Mov’d to and fro, must lubricate the whole:  
And this perform’d, let the white batter stream  
Upon the disk opaque, till silver’d o’er  
Like Cynthia’s it enchants the thoughtful soul.  
Impatient of restraint, the liquid spreads,  
And, as it spreads, a thousand globules rise,  
Glistening, but like the bubble joy, soon burst,  
And disappear. Ah! seize the occasion fair,  
Nor hesitate too long the cake to turn;  
Which, of a truth, unsightly else must look,  
And to the experienc’d nicer palate, prove



The liquid amber which,  
untir'd, the bee  
From many a bloom distills  
for thankless man.  
For man, who, when her  
services are o'er,  
The little glad purveyor of  
his board  
Remorseless kills. But to  
the glorious feast!  
Ye Gods! from your Olympian  
heights descend, .

Distasteful. See! 'tis done: and now, O now  
The precious treat! spongy, and soft, and brown;  
Exhaling, as it comes, a vapor bland;  
While, all emboss'd with flowers (to be dissolv'd,  
Anon, as with the breath of the warm South,)   
Upon the alluring board the butter gleams—  
Not rancid, fit for appetite alone  
Of coarsest gust, but delicate and pure,  
And golden like the morn. Yet one thing more;—

And share with me what ye, yourselves, shall cwn  
Far dearer than ambrosia. That, indeed,  
May haply give a zest to social mirth,  
And, with the alternate cup, exhilarate  
The sons of heaven; but my nepenthe rare,  
Not only cheers the heart, but from the breast  
(Care, grief, and every nameless ill dispels—  
Yielding a foretaste of immortal joy!

### THE QUILTING.

BY ANNE BACHE. 1829.

The day is set, the ladies met,  
And at the frame are seated;  
In order plac'd, they work in haste,  
To get the quilt completed.  
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,  
And animate their labors,  
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,  
Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on—"  
"I'm very glad you like it."  
"I'm told that Miss Micomicon  
Don't speak to Mr. Micat."  
"I saw Miss Bell the other day,  
Young Green's new gig adorning:—"  
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"  
"She went to town this morning."

"'Tis time to roll"—"my needle's broke"—  
"So Martin's stock is selling;—"  
"Louisa's wedding-gown's bespoke—"  
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."

"That match will never come about—"  
"Now don't fly in a passion; "  
"Hair-puffs, they say, are going out—"  
"Yes, curls are all in fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—  
The beaux are all collecting;  
The table's cleared, the music heard,—  
His partner each selecting.  
The merry band in order stand,  
The dance begins with vigor;  
And rapid feet the measure beat,  
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the moments by,  
Old Time himself seems dancing,  
Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy  
The steps of morn advancing.  
Then closely stow'd, to each abode,  
The carriages go tilting;  
And many a dream has for its theme,  
The pleasures of the Quilting.

## A MONODY

*Made on the late Mr. Samuel Patch, by an Admirer of the Bathos.*

BY ROBERT C. SANDS. 1830.

By water shall he die, and take his end.—SHAKSPEARE.

TOLL for Sam Patch! Sam Patch, who jumps no more,  
This or the world to come. Sam Patch is dead!  
The vulgar pathway to the unknown shore  
Of dark futurity, he would not tread.  
No friends stood sorrowing round his dying bed;  
Nor with decorous woe, sedately stepp'd  
Behind his corpse, and tears by retail shed;—  
The mighty river, as it onward swept,  
In one great wholesale sob, his body drowned and kept.

Toll for Sam Patch! he scorned the common way  
That leads to fame, up heights of rough ascent,  
And having heard Pope and Longinus say,  
That some great men had risen by falls, he went  
And jumped, where wild Passaic's waves had rent  
The antique rocks;—the air free passage gave,—  
And graciously the liquid element  
Uphore him, like some sea-god on its wave;  
And all the people said that Sam was very brave.

Fame, the clear spirit that doth to heaven upraise,  
Led Sam to dive into what Byron calls  
The hell of waters. For the sake of praise,  
He wooed the bathos down great water-falls;  
The dizzy precipice, which the eye appals  
Of travellers for pleasure, Samuel found  
Pleasant, as are to women lighted halls,  
Crammed full of fools and fiddles; to the sound  
Of the eternal roar, he timed his desperate bound.

Sam was a fool. But the large world of such,  
Has thousands—better taught, alike absurd,  
And less sublime. Of fame he soon got much,  
Where distant cataracts spout, of him men heard.  
Alas for Sam! Had he aright preferred  
The kindly element, to which he gave  
Himself so fearlessly, we had not heard  
That it was now his winding-sheet and grave,  
Nor sung, 'twixt tears and smiles, our requiem for  
the brave.

He soon got drunk, with rum and with renown,  
As many others in high places do;—  
Whose fall is like Sam's last—for down and down,  
By one mad impulse driven, they flounder through  
The gulf that keeps the future from our view,  
And then are found not. May they rest in peace!  
We heave the sigh to human frailty due—  
And shall not Sam have his? The muse shall cease  
To keep the heroic roll, which she began in Greece—

With demigods, who went to the Black Sea  
For wool (and if the best accounts be straight,  
Came back, in negro phraseology,  
With the same wool each upon his pate),  
In which she chronicled the deathless fate  
Of him who jumped into the perilous ditch  
Left by Rome's street commissioners, in a state  
Which made it dangerous, and by jumping which  
He made himself renowned, and the contractors  
rich—

I say, the muse shall quite forget to sound  
The chord whose music is undying, if  
She do not strike it when Sam Patch is drowned.  
Leander dived for love. Leucadia's cliff  
The Lesbian Sappho leapt from in a miff,  
To punish Phaon; Icarus went dead,  
Because the wax did not continue stiff;  
And, had he minded what his father said,  
He had not given a name unto his watery bed.



And Helle's case was all an accident  
As every body knows. Why sing of these?  
Nor would I rank with Sam that man who went  
Down into Aetna's womb—Empedocles,  
I think he called himself. Themselves to please,  
Or else unwillingly, they made their springs;  
For glory in the abstract, Sam made his,  
To prove to all men, commons, lords, and kings,  
That "some things may be done, as well as other  
things."

I will not be fatigued, by citing more  
Who jump'd of old, by hazard or design,  
Nor plague the weary ghosts of boyish lore,  
Vulcan, Apollo, Phaeton—in fine  
All Tooke's Pantheon. Yet they grew divine  
By their long tumbles; and if we can match  
Their hierarchy, shall we not entwine  
One wreath? Who ever came "up to the scratch,"  
And for so little, jumped so bravely as Sam  
Patch?

To long conclusions many men have jumped  
 In logic, and the safer course they took;  
 By any other, they would have been stumped,  
 Unable to argue, or to quote a book,  
 And quite dumb-founded, which they cannot  
 brook;  
 They break no bones, and suffer no contusion,  
 Hiding their woful fall, by hook and crook,  
 In slang and gibberish, sputtering and confusion;  
 But that was not the way Sam came to *his* conclusion.

He jumped in person. Death or Victory  
 Was his device, "and there was no mistake,"  
 Except his last; and then he did but die,  
 A blunder which the wisest men will make.  
 Aloft, where mighty floods the mountains break,  
 To stand, the target of ten thousand eyes,  
 And down into the coil and water-quake,  
 To leap, like Maia's offspring, from the skies—  
 For this all vulgar flights he ventured to despise.

And while Niagara prolongs its thunder,  
 Though still the rock primæval disappears,  
 And nations change their bounds—the theme of  
 wonder  
 Shall Sam go down the cataract of long years;  
 And if there be sublimity in tears,  
 Those shall be precious which the adventurer shed  
 When his frail star gave way, and waked his fears,  
 Lest, by the ungenerous crowd it might be said,  
 That he was all a hoax, or that his pluck had fled.

Who would compare the maudlin Alexander,  
 Blubbing, because he had no job in hand,  
 Acting the hypocrite, or else the gander,  
 With Sam, whose grief we all can understand?  
 His crying was not womanish, nor plann'd  
 For exhibition; but his heart o'erswelled  
 With its own agony, when he the grand  
 Natural arrangements for a jump beheld,  
 And measuring the cascade, found not his courage  
 quelled.

His last great failure set the final seal  
 Unto the record Time shall never tear,  
 While bravery has its honor,—while men feel  
 The holy natural sympathies which are  
 First, last, and mightiest in the bosom. Where  
 The tortured tides of Genesee descend,  
 He came—his only intimate a bear,—  
 (We know not that he had another friend),  
 The martyr of renown, his wayward course to end.

The fiend that from the infernal rivers stole  
 Hell-draughts for man, too much tormented him,  
 With nerves unstrung, but steadfast in his soul,  
 He stood upon the salient current's brim;  
 His head was giddy, and his sight was dim;  
 And then he knew this leap would be his last,—  
 Saw air, and earth, and water, wildly swim,  
 With eyes of many multitudes, dense and vast,  
 That stared in mockery; none a look of kindness  
 cast.

Beat down, in the huge amphitheatre,  
 "I see before me the gladiator lie,"  
 And tier on tier, the myriads waiting there  
 The bow of grace, without one pitying eye—  
 He was a slave—a captive hired to die;—  
*Sam* was born free as *Cæsar*; and he might  
 The hopeless issue have refused to try;  
 No! with true leap, but soon with faltering flight,—  
 "Deep in the roaring gulf, he plunged to endless  
 night."

But, ere he leapt, he begged of those who made  
 Money by his dread venture, that if he  
 Should perish, such collection should be paid  
 As might be picked up from the "company"  
*To his Mother*. This, his last request, shall be,—  
 Tho' she who bore him ne'er his fate should know,—  
 An iris, glittering o'er his memory—  
 When all the streams have worn their barriers low,  
 And, by the sea drunk up, for ever cease to flow.

On him who chooses to jump down cataracts,  
 Why should the sternest moralist be severe?  
 Judge not the dead by prejudice—but facts,  
 Such as in strictest evidence appear.  
 Else were the laurels of all ages sere.  
 Give to the brave, who have pass'd the final goal,—  
 The gates that ope not back,—the generous tear;  
 And let the muse's clerk upon her scroll,  
 In coarse, but honest verse, make up the judgment  
 roll.

*Therefore it is considered*, that Sam Patch  
 Shall never be forgot in prose or rhyme;  
 His name shall be a portion in the batch  
 Of the heroic dough, which baking Time  
 Kneads for consuming ages—and the chime  
 Of Fame's old bells, long as they truly ring,  
 Shall tell of him; he dived for the sublime,  
 And found it. Thou, who, with the eagle's wing,  
 Being a goose, would'st fly,—dream not of such a  
 thing!

## THE CLUB OF THE HUMBUGS.

FROM "RETROSPECTIONS OF THE STAGE," BY JOHN BERNARD. 1830.

I KNOW not in what particular place or on what  
 occasion I was honored with an introduction to  
 Lord Barrymore, but we were thrown together in  
 various convivial societies; and his Lordship was  
 pleased to express so much satisfaction in my com-  
 pany, that I became a frequent guest at his table.

His Lordship was the most eminent compound  
 of contrarieties, the most singular mixture of genius  
 and folly,—of personal endowment and moral ob-  
 liquity, which it has been my lot in life to encounter.  
 Alternating between the gentleman and the black-  
 guard,—the refined wit, and the most vulgar bully,

he was equally well known in St. Giles and St.  
 James's, and well merited the appellation he re-  
 ceived in noble quarters, of the "Modern Duke of  
 Buckingham," who was "every thing by turns, and  
 nothing long."

His Lordship could fence, dance, drive or drink,  
 box or bet, with any man in the kingdom. He  
 could discourse slang as trippingly as French; relish  
 porter after port; and compliment her ladyship at  
 a ball with as much ease and brilliance, as he could  
 bespatter "a blood" in a cider cellar. Had he  
 lived some centuries previous, there is no doubt he

would have been a prime favorite with Prince Hal, and the "maddest wag" of Sir John Falstaff's acquaintance.

To keep around him a choice collection of convivial and eccentric spirits, his Lordship instituted the "Blue-Bottle Club," or, as it was more commonly termed, "The Humbugs," which numbered Hanger, Morris, Arabin, Taylor, Carey, Hewardine, and many others, and was held at a tavern under the Piazzas.

The name of "Humbugs" was given it on account of the manner in which every new member was initiated. The system was to introduce two candidates at a time, and to set them quarrelling as soon as they were seated. It did not signify in how trivial a point the difference originated: the members, expert in roguery, would, by taking opposite sides, aggravate the matter till it assumed the aspect of insult; and the disputants were urged from arguments to proceed to epithets, and from epithets to blows; when the noble supervisor of this farce interfered, took the strangers by the hand, and told them "they were both humbugged," and had become members.

My reader can infer the spirit of a Club possessing this for one of its regulations. The most whimsical effects I ever witnessed were produced by Charles Incledon's introduction, who had the honor of being proposed alone.

Barrymore was extremely pleased with Incledon's conversation as well as singing, and had long wanted to enroll him among the members. The "Son of Song" expected therefore an unusual degree of attention when he came. He was then extremely popular in the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," for which the first call was unanimous; but he had not finished the first line, before a member exclaimed, "Oh! Charles, Charles! come, it's too bad to fool us in this way!" Incledon stared, and asked what his friend meant. The person beside him joined in the inquiry: others however interposed, and begged Incledon to proceed:—

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd—

"Incledon, Incledon," cried a dozen voices, "recollect, you are singing to gentlemen, not the Covent Garden gallery."

Incledon looked round in the utmost bewilderment: the manner of the members was so judicious that he could not suspect the motive; they were all good comedians at table—not a face betrayed a double meaning; whilst a roar of voices round him whelmed those of the malcontents.—"It's a d—d shame—Ungentlemanly interruption—Order, order!" etc. etc. At their request, Incledon was persuaded to proceed again.

All in the Downs the fleet lay moor'd—

"Stuff, stuff—(hiss)—Incledon, Incledon, you're drunk!"—"Who says I'm drunk?" shouted Incledon. Twenty voices espoused his cause, and twenty swelled the chorus of reprehension; whilst the cries of "Order, order!" tended only to increase the confusion." "I'll give any man twenty pounds," said Incledon, "who'll say I'm drunk, or give me the lie."—"You're drunk—you lie." In another instant Incledon had quitted his seat, stripped his coat, and was offering to fight any man in the room for the value of his Benefit. Lord Barrymore had now his cue to interfere,—and sufficient cause, for Incledon

was wrought up to the fury of a foaming bull, and nothing under broken bones and bloody noses appeared likely to satisfy him.



The instant, however, that his Lordship said "he was humbugged," the Club, which before presented a state of universal irritation, burst into a roar of deafening laughter; the rule was then explained at large, and every member came up to shake hands with him.

"Why, Incledon," said Barrymore, "didn't you know we were called the Humbugs?"—"Humbugs," he replied, with a returning smile—"yes, (using his favorite substitute for sanguinary) — Humbugs."

This amicable result, however, did not always ensue. Major Hanger one evening brought two friends to be "humbugged," who were both natives of the "Sister Isle." The members succeeded in setting them at variance, as usual; but the Hibernians, having been drinking pretty freely before they came, were in that critical condition when a slight thing will put a man in the best humor in the world,—or the worst. The convivial feeling being therefore changed to the pugnatory—when the members explained that they had been humbugged all this while; their indignation was excited in a ten-fold degree towards the Club for the liberty it had taken. Vengeance was denounced on the whole assembly, and a riot à la Donnybrook commenced, which involved every thing animated and tangible in the room. Tables were upset, bottles flew about in every direction, and "such method" had the strangers in their madness, that in less than five minutes the apartment was completely cleared. On the servants running up, they found Lord Barrymore and one of the Hibernians stripped to their shirts, to dispute their respective prowess,—the floor covered with a mass of plates, fruits, and glasses, and Dicky Suett in one corner of the room entrenched under a table, ejaculating his everlasting Oh, la!



## ODE TO MY CIGAR.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE. 1830.

YES, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner passed?  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
"They're sweeter while they last."

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odor of whose virtues lives  
When he has passed away.

When in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,

I trace how mighty realms thus rose,  
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around,  
And then like thee to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly rolled,  
And Time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is passed;  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?  
A little moving heap;  
That soon like thee to fate must bow  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky.

## CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY JOHN NEAL. 1831.

WHAT *are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose, and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows, and there another party mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly as to attract every body's attention, while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it as it deserves to be answered: *What are children?*

To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation, perhaps,—“Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;” or, “Men are but children of a larger growth,” or, peradventure, “The child is father of the man.” And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having “plucked out the heart of the mystery,” and uttered without knowing it a string of glorious truths. \* \* \*

Among the children who are now playing *together*, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air, happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters. Among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing but-

terflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer, and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and of another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search, you would go forth among the little creatures as among the types of another and a loftier language, the mystery whereof had been just revealed to you, a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the Future was written ages and ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors with their

garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golden harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger flying a kite with his future customers; there a physician playing at marbles with his; here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood; there a Cromwell, or a Caesar, a Napoleon, or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin, higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the "old Parr" of another generation, sitting apart in the sunshine and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." \* \* \*

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet "of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops! They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine may dry up for ever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! God! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

What would be our feelings to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer, or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold, asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Gallico, or a Bentham, a Napoleon, or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums! Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to subtract his playfellow's gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenborg, and Madame de Staël? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or "puss in the corner" with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakspeare, Sappho, Jeremy Taylor, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of people no better than we are. But if they could have appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while they were playing together! What a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would have tingled!

Now to me, there is no study half so delightful

as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest, and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery—a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular; and perhaps—though I would not go too far—*perhaps* about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind, as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes. And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world, the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow-storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where drums are beating and colors flying, in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves and rejoicing before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fire-works and the smell of gunpowder, and where that is they are, to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live any where in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of green or a dry place in it; and steal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or knock-up-and-catch.

Let us try the experiment. There! I have opened the windows, I have drawn the blinds, and hark! already there is the sound of little voices afar off, like "sweet bells jangling." Nearer and nearer come they, and now we catch a glimpse of bright faces peeping round the corners, and there, by that empty enclosure, a general mustering and swarming, as of bees about a newly-discovered flower-garden. But the voices we now hear proceed from two little fellows who have withdrawn from the rest. One carries a large basket, and his eyes are directed to my window; he doesn't half like the blinds being drawn. The other follows him with a tattered book under his arm, rapping the posts, one after the other, as he goes along. He is clearly on bad terms with himself. And now we can see their faces. Both are grave, and one rather pale, and trying to look ferocious. And hark! now we are able to distinguish their words. "Well, I ain't skeered o' you," says the foremost and the larger boy. "Nor I ain't skeered o' you," retorts the other; "but you needn't say you meant to lick me." And so I thought. Another, less acquainted with children, might not be able to see the connec-



tion; but I could—it was worthy of Aristotle himself or John Locke. “I *didn't* say I meant to lick ye,” rejoined the first; “I said I *could* lick ye, and so I can.” To which the other replies, glancing first at my window and then all up and down street, “I should like to see you try it.” Whereupon the larger boy begins to move away, half-backwards, half-sideways, muttering just loud enough to be heard, “Ah, you want to fight now, jest 'cause you're close by your own house.” And here the dialogue finished, and the babies moved on, shaking their little heads at each other, and muttering all the way up street. Men are but children of a larger growth! Children but empires in miniature. \* \* \*

“Ah, ah, hurra! hurra! here's a fellow's birthday!” cried a boy in my hearing once. A number had got together to play ball, but one of

them having found a birthday, and not only the birthday, but the very boy to whom it belonged, they all gathered about him, as if they had never witnessed a conjunction of the sort before. The very fellows for a committee of inquiry!—into the affairs of a national bank, if you please.

Never shall I forget another incident which occurred in my presence, between two other boys. One was trying to jump over a wheelbarrow. Another was going by; he stopped, and after considering a moment, spoke. “I'll tell you what you can't do,” said he. “Well, what is it?” “You can't jump down your own throat.” “Well, you can't.” “*Can't I though!*” The simplicity of “Well, you can't,” and the roguishness of “*Can't I though!*” tickled me prodigiously. They reminded me of a sparring I had seen elsewhere—I should not like to say where—having a great respect for the temples of justice and the halls of legislation. \* \* \*

I saw three children throwing sticks at a cow. She grew tired of her share in the game at last, and holding down her head and shaking it, demanded a new deal. They cut and run. After getting to a place of comparative security, they stopped, and holding by the top of a board fence, began to reconnoitre. Meanwhile, another troop of children hove in sight, and arming themselves with brickbats, began to approach the same cow. Whereupon, two of the others called out from the fence, “You, Joe! you'd better mind! that's our cow!” The plea was admitted without a demurrer; and the cow was left to be tormented by the legal owners. Hadn't these boys the law on their side? \* \* \*

But children have other characters. At times they are creatures to be afraid of. Every case I give, is a fact within my own observation. There are children, and I have had to do with them, whose very eyes were terrible; children, who, after years of watchful and anxious discipline, were as indomitable as the young of the wild beast, dropped in the wilderness, crafty and treacherous and cruel. And others I have known who, if they live, *must* have dominion over the multitude, being evidently of them that, from the foundations of the world, have been always thundering at the gates of power.

## THE YANKEE PEDDLER.

FROM “THE DOWN-EASTER.” BY JOHN NEAL. 1831.

ONE of the boxes had pitched over upon a black fellow below, who cleared himself with a spring and a howl, and began leaping about the deck with his foot in his hand, his enormous mouth as wide open as it would stretch, and the tears running down his cheeks—

“There now!” and away bounced the Yankee to his relief; catching him up in his arms as if he had been a child, scolding him heartily all the time; and laying him out over the bales of goods, without appearing to see the strange faces that gathered about him, or to care a fig for their profound astonishment, he began pulling and hauling the leg about, now this way, now that, and wrenching the foot first one way and then another, as if he would twist it off, while the sufferer lay grinding his teeth, and uttering an occasional boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!

“Boo-hoo!—boo-hoo!”—cried the Yankee, who

had now satisfied himself as to the state of the case. “What's the use o' boo-hoin, I tell ye! \* \* what are ye afraid on? Got the stuff'll cure ye, if ye'd jammed your leg off—take the bruise right out by the roots—look here!” whipping out a large box, with a lead-color'd pigment, blue pill or opodeldoc perhaps, or perhaps the scrapings of a carriage-wheel. “That's the stuff for corns, I tell ye! capital, too, for razor-straps!” addressing himself now to one, and now to another of the bystanders, and either by accident or design, so as to hit rather hard here and there, and raise a good-natured laugh at the expense of a little somebody with pinched feet, and a cross-looking old woman with a beard. “Clear grit as ever you see! gut sech a thing as a jackknife about ye, marm?”—to the latter, who stood stooping over the box with a most inquisitive air, eyeing him through her golden-bowed spectacles,



and occasionally touching the contents of the box, and then smelling her fingers in a way that he didn't appear to relish—with a red-haired girl in very tight shoes on one arm, and a sleepy-looking coxcomb with mustachios, on the other—"clear grit, I tell ye!—take a notch out of a broad-axe!—whoa! (to the nigger,) who-a! there, there!—best furnitoor-polish ever you come across, marm. There, there, stiddy—stiddy! don't kick!"—plastering the foot all over with his furniture polish, and wrapping it up with a bandage of loose oakum—"ah, hah! begin to feel nicely already, don't it, mister?"

"O, yessa, massa," groaned the poor negro; "him peel berry moodch nicealy; tankee massa—berry mudch—boo-hoo!—gorrigh!"

"Told ye so! slickest stuff ever you see, aint it, mister?" snatching up a rag of tarred canvas and a bunch of spunyarn, that somebody held near—"good for the lock-jaw—tried it on myself; nobody talks faster an' I do now, do they, marm? fuss-chop too, for yeller-fever, and moths, and lip-salve, and bedbugs—try a leetle on't mister (to the youth in mustachios) or maybe you'd like a box of yer own—some call it a new sort o' tooth-paste with more varter in't than nineteen sea-hosses; only a quarter dollar a box at retail, or two dollars a dozen boxes in all, and take your pay in 'most any thing, marm (to the red-haired girl); boxes worth half the money, and more too, marm—take 'em back at double price, if you aint satisfied, if I ever come across you agin—sell ye the privilege right out for any o' the States,

so't your son there could make his fortin' by sellin' it for bear's grease; don't kick, I tell 'ye! (to the nigger)—sartin cure for the itch—help yourself, mister—why, if you'll believe me, but I know you wunt,—I've seen it cure a whole neighborhood so privately, they didn't know it themselves—chincough—striped fever and back-bitin' to boot, only by rubbin' it over the minister's wig—mortal fine stuff for the hair!—turns it all manner o' colors—there (letting the limb go, and lifting the poor man up, with a bandage on it about as big as a moderate-sized pillow)—see there! enough's enough, I tell ye—boo-hoo—boo-ho! If yer don't stop your blartin' and boo-hooin, you'll take cold inside, and that'll take all the varter out o' the grease—and then arter that's done, I defy yer to stop—I call it grease; but it's no more grease than you air (to a very fat man who had been laughing at all the others in succession—it was their turn now), an' what's more (to the nigger) your foot 'll turn all the colors of a peacock's tail." \* \* \*

Here the poor negro began to hobble off, saying, as he moved away—"Tanka, massa, tanka berry mush."

"I say, tho', mister," cried the Yankee, calling after him, "might ask what's to pay; or buy a box o' the hair-powder—that's the least you can do."

"Why, lor a bressa, massa; massa, so good, he neber tink o' takin' notin' o' poor nigger, hey?"

"Try me."

## ANNE; OR, THE GRACES.

From "The American Museum."

INSTRUCTED to hold up her head,  
With *grace* to sing, with *grace* to tread—  
With *grace* to talk on love affairs—  
With *grace* at church to say her prayers—  
With *grace* her parents to confute—  
With *grace* on morals to dispute—  
At last fell Anne (such oft the case is)  
A sacrifice to all the *Graces*.

## TO A BAD FIDDLER.

From "The American Museum."

MAY ye never play in tune,  
In the morning, night, or noon;  
May ye ne'er at noon or night,  
Know the wrong end from the right; .  
May the strings be ever breaking,  
Pegs, I charge ye, ne'er unscrew;  
May your head be always aching,  
Till your fiddle's broke in two."

## THE FROG CATCHER.

BY HENRY J. FINN. 1831.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!"—MACBETH.

If you want to catch a *ginu-wine* Yankee, you must take a trip up to the State of Vermont. There they shoot up like weeds, generally ranging from six to seven feet in stature. The bait at which they snap is a "great bargain," and a tinman's cart is the only show-box in which they are willing to be exhibited. Mathews, who took his Yankee from Kentucky, made as great a bull as the old Frenchman, that hired an Irish servant to teach him the English pronunciation.

Once upon a time, there lived in a town in Vermont, a little whipper-snapper of a fellow, named Timothy Drew. Timmy was not more than five feet one, in his thick-soled boots. When standing by the side of his tall neighbors, he appeared like a dwarf, among giants. Tall people are too apt to look down on those of less dimensions. Thus did the long-legged Yankees hector poor Timmy for not being a greater man. But what our hero wanted in bulk, he made up in spirit. This is generally the case with small men. As for Timmy, he was "all pluck and gristle!" No steel trap was smarter!

How such a little one grew on the Green Mountains, was always a mystery. Whether he was actually raised there, is indeed uncertain. Some say he was of Canadian descent, and was brought to the States by a Vermont peddler, who took him in barter for wooden cucumber seeds. But Timmy was above following the cart. He disliked trade, as too precarious a calling, and preferred a mechanic art. Though small, Timmy always knew which side of his bread had butter on it. Let it not be supposed that Timothy Drew always put up with coarse gibes at his size. On necessary occasions he was "chock full of fight." To be sure, he could not strike higher than the abdomen of his associates; but his blows were so rapid that he beat out the daylight of a ten-footer before one could say "Jack Robinson." A threat from Timmy was enough. How many belligerents have been quelled by this expressive admonition:—"If you say that 'ere again, I'll knock you into the middle of next week!" This occurred in Timmy's younger days. Age cooled his transports, and taught him to endure. He thought it beneath the dignity of an old man to quarrel with idle striplings.

Timmy Drew was a natural shoemaker. No man could hammer out a piece of sole-leather with such expedition. He used his knee for a lap-stone, and by dint of thumping, it became as hard and stiff as an iron hinge. Timmy's shop was situated near the foot of a pleasant valley on the edge of a pond, above which thousands of water lilies lifted their snowy heads. In the spring, it was a fashionable watering-place for bull-frogs, who gathered there from all parts, to spend the warm season. Many of these were of extraordinary size, and they drew near his shop, raised their heads, and swelled out their throats like bladders, until the welkin rung with their music. Timmy, engaged at his work, beat time for them with his hammer, and the hours passed away as pleasantly as the day is long.

Timmy Drew was not one of those shoemakers that eternally stick to their bench like a ball of

wax. It was always his rule to carry his work to the dwellings of his customers, to make sure of the fit. On his way home, he usually stopped at the tavern to inquire the news, and take a drop of something to drink. Here it was that the wags fastened upon him with their jokes, and often made him feel as uncomfortable as a short-tailed horse in fly-time. Still Timmy loved to sit in the bar, and talk with the company, which generally consisted of jolly peddlers, recruiting from the fatigues of the last cruise. With such society much was to be learned, and Timmy listened with intense curiosity to their long-spun tales of the wonderful and wild. There is no person that can describe an incredible fact with greater plausibility than a Yankee peddler. His difficult profession teaches him to preserve an iron gravity in expatiating on his wares, which in few cases can be said to recommend themselves. Thus, narratives, sufficient to embarrass the speech of any other relater, carry with them conviction, when soberly received from such a respectable source.

These peddlers took great delight in imposing on the credulity of Timmy Drew. Some of the stories stuffed into his ears were astonishing. One man had been to the South, and gave a marvellous account of the alligators. He had seen one scampering into the water with a full grown negro in his mouth. Another told a story of a great Canadian Giant that weighed 1250 lbs. in his stockings. Another had seen in Boston the Living Skeleton, with ribs as bare as a gridiron. A fourth had been to New York, and described the great Anaconda, which made nothing of mouthing a live goat for its breakfast. A fifth enlarged on the size of the Shark, "which swallowed Mr. Joseph Blaney, as exhibited by his son." The wonderful leaps of Sam Patch lost nothing in their recital here; and the mysterious Sea Serpent, not more than one hundred yards long in Boston, was drawn out to double that length in being trailed up to Vermont behind a tinman's cart. One peddler told what great smokers the people were in the city of New Orleans. Said he, "The very mosquitoes flit about the streets in the night with cigars in their mouths!" "Yes," replied another, "and *what* mosquitoes they are! By the living hoky! I have seen them flying around as big as a goose, with a brick-bat under their wings, to sharpen their stings on!"

It would be impossible to repeat all the jokes played off on the poor shoemaker. The standing jest, however, was on his diminutive stature, which never was more conspicuous than in their company, for most of them were as tall as bean poles. On this subject, Timmy once gave them a memorable retort. Half a dozen of the party were sitting by the fire, when our hero entered the room. He sat down, but they affected to overlook him. This goaded Timmy, and he preserved a moody silence. Presently one of them spoke.

"I wonder what has become of little Timmy Drew? I hav'n't seen that are fellow for a week. By gosh! the frogs must have chawed him up?"

"If he was sitting here before your eyes, you

wouldn't see him." said another, "he's so darnation small."

Timmy began to grow uneasy.

"I snaggers," said another, "no more you wouldn't; for he isn't knee high to a toad. I called t'other day at his shop to get my new boots; but I couldn't see nobody in the place. Then I heard something scratching in a corner like a rat. I went to take up a boot, and I heard Timmy sing out, 'Halloo!' "Where the dickins are you?" said I. 'Here,' said Timmy, 'in this ere boot;' and, I snaggers, there he was, sure enough, in the bottom of the boot, rasping off a peg!"

A general roar of laughter brought Timmy on his legs. His dander was raised. "You boast of your bulk," said he, straining up to his full height, and looking contemptuously around; "why, I am like a four-penny bit among *six cents*—worth the whole of ye!"

I shall now describe a melancholy joke, which they played off on the unfortunate shoemaker;—I say melancholy, for so it proved to him.

A fashionable tailor in a neighboring village came out with a flaming advertisement, which was pasted up in the bar-room of the tavern, and excited general attention. He purported to have for sale a splendid assortment of coats, pantaloons, and waist-coats, of all colors and fashions; also a great variety of trimmings, such as tape, thread, buckram, *frogs*, button moulds, and all the endless small articles that make up a tailor's stock.

The next time Timmy made his appearance, they pointed out to him the advertisement. They especially called his attention to the article of "*frogs*," and reminded him of the great quantity to be caught in Lily Pond. "Why, Timmy," said they, "if you would give up shoemaking and take to frog-catching, you would make your tarnal fortune!"

"Yes, Timmy," said another, "you might bag a thousand in a half a day, and folks say they will bring a dollar a hundred."

"*Two* for a cent a-piece, they brought in New York, when I was there last," said a cross-eyed fellow, tipping the wink.

"There's frogs enough in Lily Pond," said Timmy; "but it's darnation hard work to catch 'em. I swaggers! I chased one nearly half a day before I took him—he jumped like a grasshopper. I wanted him for bait. They're plaguy slippery fellows."

"Never mind, Timmy, take a fish net, and scoop 'em up. You must have 'em alive, and fresh. A lot at this time would fetch a great price."

"I'll tell you what, Timmy," said one of them, taking him aside, "I'll go you shares. Say nothing about it to nobody. To-morrow night, I'll come and help you catch 'em, and we'll divide the gain." Timmy was in raptures.

As Timmy walked home that night, one of those lucky thoughts came into his head, which are always the offspring of solitude and reflection. Thought he, "These ere frogs in a manner belong to me, since my shop stands nearest the pond. Why should I make two bites at a cherry, and divide profits with Joe Gawky? By gravy! I'll get up early to-morrow morning, catch the frogs, and be off with them to the tailor's before sunrise, and so keep all the money myself."

Timmy was awake with the lark. Never before was there such a stir amongst the frogs of Lily Pond. But they were taken by surprise. With

infinite difficulty, he filled his bag, and departed on his journey.

Mr. Buckram, the tailor, was an elderly gentleman, very nervous and very peevish. He was extremely nice in his dress, and prided himself on keeping his shop as neat as wax-work. In his manner he was grave and abrupt, and in countenance severe. I can see him now, handling his shears with all the solemnity of a magistrate, with spectacles on nose, and prodigious ruffles puffing from his bosom.

He was thus engaged, one pleasant spring morning, when a short stubbed fellow, with a bag on his shoulder, entered the shop. The old gentleman was absorbed in his employment, and did not notice his visitor. But his inattention was ascribed by Timmy to deafness, and he approached and applied his mouth to the tailor's ear, exclaiming,—“I say, mister, do you want any frogs to day?”

The old gentleman dropped his shears, and sprang back in astonishment and alarm. “Do you want any frogs this morning?” shouted Timmy, at the top of his voice.

“No!” said the tailor, eyeing him over his spectacles, as if doubting whether he was a fool or madman.

“I have got a fine lot here,” rejoined Timmy, shaking his bag. “They are jest from the pond, and as lively as kittens.”

“Don't bellow in my ears,” said the old man pettishly, “I am not deaf. Tell me what you want, and begone!”

“I want to sell you these ere frogs, old gentleman. You shall have them at a bargain. Only one dollar a hundred. I won't take a cent less. Do you want them?”

The old man now got a glance at the frogs, and was sensible it was an attempt at imposition. He trembled with passion. “No!” exclaimed he, “get out of my shop, you rascal!”

“I say you do want 'em,” said Timmy, bristling up. “I *know* you want 'em; but you're playing offish like, to beat down the price. I won't take a mill less. Will you have them, or not, old man?”

“Scoundrel!” shouted the enraged tailor, “get out of my shop this minute!”

Puzzled, mortified, and angry, Timmy slowly turned on his heel and withdrew. “He won't buy them,” thought he, “for what they are worth, and as for taking *nothing* for them, I won't. And yet, I don't want to lug them back again; but if I ever plague myself by catching frogs again, may I be buttered! Curse the old curmudgeon! I'll try him once more.” And he again entered the shop.

“I say, Mr. Buckram, are you willing to give me any thing for these ere frogs?” The old man was now goaded past endurance. Stamping with rage, he seized his great shears to beat out the speaker's brains.

“Well, then,” said Timmy, bitterly, “take 'em among ye for nothing,” at the same time emptying the contents of his bag on the floor, and marching out.

Imagine the scene that followed! One hundred live bull-frogs emptied upon the floor of a tailor's shop! It was a subject for the pencil of Cruikshank. Some jumped this way and some that way, and some under the bench and some upon it, some into the fire-place and some behind the door. Every nook and corner of the shop was occupied in an instant. Such a spectacle was never seen before. The old



man was nearly distracted. He rent his hair, and stamped in a paroxysm of rage. Then seizing a broom, he made vain endeavors to sweep them out at the door. But they were as contrary as hogs, and when he swept one way, they jumped another. He tried to catch them with his hands, but they were as slippery as eels, and passed through his fingers. It was enough to exhaust the patience of Job. The neighbors, seeing Mr. Buckram sweeping frogs out of his shop, gathered round in amazement, to inquire if they were about to be beset with the plagues of Egypt. But Old Buckram was in such a passion that he could not answer a word, and they were afraid to venture within the reach of his broom. It is astonishing what talk the incident made in the village. Not even the far-famed frogs of Windham excited more.

Thus were the golden visions of the frog catcher resolved into thin air. How many speculators have been equally disappointed!

After this affair, Timothy Drew could never endure the sight of a bull-frog. Whether he discovered the joke that had been played upon him, is uncertain. He was unwilling to converse on the subject. His irritability when it was mentioned only provoked inquiry. People were continually vexing him with questions. "Well, Timmy, how goes the frog market?" "How do you sell frogs?" Even the children would call after him, as he passed, "There goes the frog catcher!" Some mischievous person went so far as to disfigure his sign, so that it read:

SHOES MENDED,  
AND FROGS CAUGHT,  
BY T. DREW.

In fine, Timmy was kept in a continual fever, and the sound of a frog grew hateful to his ears; so that when they tuned up, he would frequently rush out of his shop and pelt them with stones. He could not sleep in his bed. Their dismal croak tormented him through the watches of the night. To

his distempered fancy, they often repeated his name in their doleful concerts, thus:

*Solo.* Timmy Drew-o-o-o—  
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—  
*Chorus.* Boo-o-boo-o—  
Boo-o-boo-o.

One night he was awakened from a sound sleep, by a tremendous bellowing close under his windows. It seemed as if all the bulls of Bashan were clearing out their throats for a general roar. He listened with amazement, and distinguished the following sounds:

Boo-o-o-o-o—  
Timmy Drew-o-o-o—  
I can make a shoe-o-o-o—  
As well as you-o-o-o—  
And better too,o-o-o—  
And better, too,o-o-o—  
Boo-o-o-o—

Timmy was certain no common frogs could pipe at this rate. He sprang out of bed, hurried on his clothes, and rushed out of the house. "I'll teach the rascally boys to come here and shout in this manner," said he. But no boys could be seen. It was a clear bright night, all was solitary and still, except a discontented muttering of the sleepless frogs in their uncomfortable bed. Timmy, after throwing a few stones into the bushes, retired, concluding it was all a dream. For a time the stillness continued, when again the terrible concert swelled on the evening breeze for a while, and then gradually sunk away in the distance, thus:

I can make a shoe-o-o-o—  
As well as you-o-o-o—  
And better too-o-o-o—  
Boo-o-o-o-o—  
Bo-o-o—  
Bo-o—

At last their mysterious concerts became very frequent, and the poor shoemaker was nearly deprived of sleep. In vain did he attempt to discover the authors of the annoyances. They could not be found; so that he naturally began to think it was indeed made by the frogs, and that he was to be haunted in this manner all his remaining days. This melancholy idea became seated in his mind, and made him miserable. "Ah!" he said to him-

self, "that was an unlucky day when I disturbed such a frog's nest for that old rascal of a tailor. But it can't be helped."

The next time Timmy Drew stopped at the tavern, he found the people in earnest consultation.

"There he comes," said one, as soon as the shoemaker entered.

"Have you heard the news?" all inquired in a breath.

"No," said Timmy, with a groan.

"Joe Gawky has seen such a *critter* in the pond! A monstrous great frog, as big as an ox, with eyes as large as a horse's! I never heard of no such thing in my born days!"

"Nor I," said Sam Greening.

"Nor I," said Josh Whiting.

"Nor I," said Tom Bizbee.

"I have heard say of such a critter in Ohio," said Eb Crawly. "Frogs have been seed there, as big as a sucking pig; but not in these ere parts."

"Mrs. Timmins," said Sam Greening, "feels quite melancholy about it. She guesses as how it's a sign of some terrible thing that's going to happen."

"I was fishing for pickerel," said Joe Gawky, who, by the by, was a tall spindle-shanked fellow, with a white head, and who stooped in his chest like a crook-necked squash.—"I was after pickerel, and had on a frog's hind leg for bait. There was a tarnation great pickerel just springing at the line, when out sailed this great he-devil from under the bank. By the living hoky! he was as large as a small sized man! Such a straddle-bug I never seed! I up lines, and cleared out like a white-head!"

Timmy examined the faces of the company, and saw that they all credited the story. He began to feel alarmed.

"That are must be the *critter* I heard t'other night in the pond," said Josh Whiting. "I swanny! he roared louder than a bull."

This extraordinary narrative made a great impression on Timothy Drew. He foresaw something terrible was going to happen. In vain was he questioned touching his knowledge of the monster. He would not say a word.

After this introduction the conversation naturally

took a supernatural turn. Every one had some mysterious tale to relate; and thus the evening wore away. Ghosts, witches, and hobgoblins formed prolific themes of discussion. Some told of strange sounds which had been heard in the depths of the forests at midnight; and others of the shapeless monsters which seamen had beheld in the wilderness of the deep. By degrees the company fell off, one by one, until Timothy Drew found himself alone. He was startled at the discovery, and felt the necessity of departing; yet some invisible power seemed to dissuade him from the step. A presentiment of some coming evil hung like an incubus upon his imagination, and nearly deprived him of strength.

At length, he tore himself away. His course lay over a solitary road, darkened by overshadowing trees. A sepulchral stillness pervaded the scene, which was disturbed only by his echoing footsteps. Onward he glided with stealthy paces, not daring to look behind, yet dreading to proceed. At last he reached the summit of a hill, at the foot of which arose his humble dwelling. The boding cry of the frogs was now faintly heard at a distance. He had nearly reached the door of his shop, when a sudden rustle of the leaves by the side of the pond, brought his heart into his mouth. At this moment, the moon partly emerged from a cloud, and disclosed an object before him that fixed him to the spot. An unearthly monster, in the shape of a mammoth bull-frog, sat glaring upon him with eyes like burning coals. With a single leap, it was by his side, and he felt one of his ankles in its cold rude grasp. Terror gave him strength. With an Herculean effort he disengaged his limb from the monster's clutches, rushed up the hill, and in an instant was gone.

"By the living hoky!" said Joe Gawky, slowly rising from the ground, and arranging his dress, "who'd have guessed this ere old pumpkin-head, with a candle in it, would have set that are fellow's stiff knee agoing at that rate! I couldn't see him travel off, for dust."

It is hardly necessary to add that Varmount never seed no more of the Frog Catcher.

## THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY. 1832.

ONE of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast-beef and plum-pudding. Now I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. Besides, no man fond of such stuff, does, ever did, or ever can set down to a meal without running into excess. Then come custard, ice-cream, fruit, almonds, raisins, wine. You rise with a distended stomach, and heavy head, and stagger away with brutish apathy. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit—sweet, harmless things of nature. No lamb bleeds for me. No stately ox is slain that I may feast. Old mother earth supplies my slender appetites. The deep, deep spring, clear as crystal—the innocent vegetables—ethereal food. Thus I am light as

air. I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from every body in another thing. I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance, and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they touch not him. There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him



into contact with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance. Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens, that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life; or rather, he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties. They play the very devil with him.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know, that it is no affair of his. If a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth— But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. He was a sad dog—a Don Juan—a sort of Giovanni in London—and he bade fair to be a Giovanni in — But that was his business.

Oh, the sweet women! It is almost incredulous. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him; to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon him, and of which you caught a few stray ones, though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them all. His soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" said I.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who sailed yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I love her."

"And *she*?"

He rose and opened an escrutoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored envelope. It *did* look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline such light hair?" asked I. "I never knew—I always thought—I was observing only yesterday that—surely, surely you have made some mistake—see, what is that written in the bottom of the paper? 'Julia!'"

Fred hastily looked again in the little pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-colored envelope—another and another.

I smiled—so did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"That a man can love only once. I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I *always* love *some one*. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not *love*! Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred. "I seldom *cease* to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them, as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here, when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulders with a pleasing ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden

yonder? It is the great principle—should the object of my early love *die*, must I be ever thereafter *dead* to the most exquisite of human passions? Death is only absence. I know twelve pretty women. They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? Can I be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Eliza. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Frederick felt a hand upon his shoulder. He looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

"The d—!" said he.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Certain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B. did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result.

Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself! It is pleasant enough, but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek crimsoned with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress, "twelve! he loves twelve, he says."

"A whole jury," said I.

"It is monstrous!" said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers!" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I, taking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or *one*," said I, drawing her toward me, and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister, and I always loved her.

The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniforms at the tailors'.

"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Fred to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!" Tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol, and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said. "Perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.; at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed: "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand—"

"I shall strangle to death."



"Patience!"

"Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends."

I held Fred still with the grasp of a giant.

"That I love you I cannot deny. *A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men. She is warmed by their noble characters, as she is when she stands in the sunshine. It is the great principle.*"

"Loveliest of thy sex," said her companion.

Fred burst forth, levelling both pistols at the Colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with sawdust seldom do.

The Colonel uttered a scream, and fled.

"Madam," said Fred, swelling with indignation, "have you any more of these affectionate friends?"

"Only eight, my dear husband. Why, what puts you in such a rage?"

"Perfidious wretch!"

"Hear me," said Mrs. B., solemnly. "When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you. From you I expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties to-

wards each other. Love must exist on both sides—or on neither. Whatever may be the opinion of a heartless world, a 'man of soul' and of virtue makes his wife!"

"I am not to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now, for ever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers, with their *chapeaux* off, were heard giggling and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred soon discovered the truth, and I read him his moral.

Husbands, all, remember that wives have equal anguish and shame with yourselves, in receiving a *share* of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in extorting it. The slightest dereliction, even though only the carelessness of a moment, on the part of a wife, stamps her for ever with ignominy and pain; while the absurd customs of society allow to a man a greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting, and deceiving her whose happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs "the man of soul" will never take advantage.

## THE MOSQUITO.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. CIRCA, 1832.

FAIR insect! that with threadlike legs spread out,  
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,  
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,  
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,  
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,  
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need?

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,  
Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint;  
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,  
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint.  
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,  
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,  
Has not the honor of so proud a birth—  
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,  
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;  
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,  
The ocean-nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,  
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong,  
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,  
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along;  
The south-wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,  
And danced and shone beneath the billow bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence  
 Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,  
 And as its grateful odors met thy sense,  
 They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.  
 Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight  
 Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinion fluttered in Broadway—  
 Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed  
 By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray  
 Shone through the snowy vails like stars through  
 mist;  
 And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,  
 Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent  
 skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!  
 What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?  
 Thou wailest when I talk of beauty's light,  
 As if it brought the memory of pain.  
 Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,  
 And pour thy tale of sorrow in mine ear.

What say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee sick?  
 And China Bloom at best is sorry food?  
 And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,  
 Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?  
 Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—  
 But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at—not to touch;  
 To worship—not approach—that radiant white;  
 And well might sudden vengeance light on such  
 As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.  
 Thou shouldst have gazed at distance, and admired—  
 Murmur'd thy admiration and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town—but why come here  
 To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?  
 Alas! the little blood I have is dear,  
 And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.  
 Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,  
 Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood  
 Enrich'd by gen'rous wine and costly meat;  
 On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,  
 Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet.  
 Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,  
 The oyster breeds and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,  
 To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now  
 The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose  
 Shall tempt thee, as thou fittest round the  
 brow;  
 And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,  
 No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

### MAJOR EGERTON.

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. 1833.

It was longer ago than I commonly care to tell, without special necessity, that, having finished my professional studies, I spent my first fashionable winter in New York. The gay and polite society of the city, which every day's necessity is now dividing up into smaller and more independent circles, was then one very large one, wherein whoever was introduced, circulated freely throughout the whole. I of course went every where; and every where did I meet with Major Egerton. He was a young British officer, of high connections. Not one of your Lord Mortimers or Marquises de Crillon, who have so often taken in our title-loving republicans of fashion; but a real officer of the ——— regiment, a major at the age of twenty-six, and the nephew of a distinguished English general; in proof of which he had brought the best letters to the "best good men," in our chief cities. He was quite the fashion, and he deserved to be so. Most people thought him handsome; tall and well made, and young and accomplished he certainly was; of easy and graceful manners, ready and bold address, and fluent rattling conversation. He danced to the admiration of the ladies; and that, at a time when our belles were accustomed to the incredible performances of so many Parisian partners, was no mean feat for an Englishman. He was overflowing with anecdotes of the great and the gay of London; and listening dinner tables and drawing-rooms hung upon his lips, while he discoursed about the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Dudley and Ward, the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Louisa Mildmay, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Nelson, Kemble, and the Countess of Derby.

Still, I know not why, I liked not the man. There was something singularly disagreeable in the

tone, or rather the croak, of his voice. His ready and polite laugh never came from the heart—and his smile, when by a sudden draw of his lip he showed his white teeth, contrasting with his black brow and hollow cheek, had a covert ferocity in it which almost made me shudder.

One evening, at the theatre—it was when Fennel and Cooper were contending for the palm in *Othello* and *Iago*—we were crowded together in a corner of the stage-box.

"Mr. Herbert," said he suddenly to me, "you do not seem to know that you and I are quite old acquaintances."

"I don't understand you, Major ———"

"Some six or seven years ago, you, then a lad, accompanied your father to the west on his mission as a commissioner to make an Indian treaty."

"Yes."

"Did you remember among the Tuscoraras the Black Wild Cat, a youth of white blood, the adopted son of Good Peter, the great Indian orator? I mean the one who, after giving you a lesson on the bow and arrow, surprised a reverend divine of your party, by reading in his Greek Testament, and then mortified him by correcting his pronunciation of Latin, which, like other American scholars, he pronounced in a way intolerable to the ears of one who has had longs and shorts flogged into him at an English school."

"Certainly I remember him; and it is a mystery which has often puzzled me ever since."

"Then you have now the solution of it. I am the Black Wild Cat."

"You?—how!"

"After leaving Harrow I accompanied my uncle

to Canada. There, a boyish frolic induced me to join an Indian party, who were returning home from Montreal. Good Peter (a great man by the way, very like our Erskine) took a fancy to me, and I spent my time pleasantly enough. It is certainly a delicious life that of savages, as we call them. But my uncle coaxed me back. I am not sure that I was not a fool for accepting his offer, but I could not resist the temptation of the red coat and an epaulette. The old man has pushed me on as fast as money and interest could promote me. The rest I can do for myself: and if Pitt will leave off his little expeditions to pick up colonies, and give us a fair chance on the continent, the major at six and twenty will be a general, and a peer at thirty."

Here the rising of the curtain interrupted us. Business called me to Albany the next day, and before my return, Major Egerton had sailed for England.

I did not, however, forget him; and I often related, as one of the odd vicissitudes of life, the contrast between the young Black Wild Cat, as I first saw him in a Tuscarora wigwam, and the elegant major, glittering in scarlet and gold, when I met him again in the British Consul's ball-room.

A year or two after this, I went to England; and not long after my arrival, spent a week at Bath. All who are at all learned in English dramatic history, know that the Bath company is commonly good, the Bath audience fashionable and critical, and that there many of the stars of the theatrical firmament have first risen. Whilst I was there, a first appearance was announced. Mr. Monfort, of whom report spoke favorably, was to make his *debut* as Romeo. I went with the crowd to see it. Romeo entered, and thunders of applause welcomed the handsome and graceful lover.

Could I believe my eyes? Can this be Major Egerton? Yes—he smiles—that wicked and heartless smile cannot be mistaken; and his voice—that tuneless grating voice.—It is he. What can it mean? Is it a joke or a frolic, or some strange caprice of fortune?

That grating voice which betrayed him to me ruined him with the house. It had sudden and most ludicrous breaks from a high coarse croak, down at once into a shrill shriek; so that, in spite of grace and figure, and a tolerable conception of his author, he was fairly laughed down. I did my best to sustain him, but I was almost alone in the good-natured attempt.

Two days after, turning short round the transept of the Abbey church, I came full upon Major Egerton, who was standing alone, with a listless and melancholy air.

"Major," said I—then correcting myself—"Mr. Monfort"—with an offer of my hand. He met me boldly—"Herbert," said he, "I see you know my misfortunes." "Not at all—I saw you in Romeo, but wherefore you were Romeo I could not guess."

"Sheer necessity—a run of ill luck and other misfortunes to which young soldiers are exposed, threw me out of favor with my uncle the old general, and into the King's Bench. At last I sold my commission, and resolved on a new profession. I had trusted to succeed on the stage; I knew that this husky throat of mine made the attempt hazardous, yet Gifford and his brother wags had laughed at, 'the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat,' and if art and taste had overcome his defects, why might they not mine also? But it is all over now."

"Then you do not mean to pursue the profession?" "No—the manager talks of twelve and sixpence a week, and ordered me to study Bardolph for Cooke's Falstaff on Monday. I must seek my fortune elsewhere. If nothing better offers, I'll to my old trade, and enlist as a soldier. In the meanwhile, lend me a guinea for old acquaintance sake."

I did so, and saw no more of him at Bath. I soon after left England for the continent. At Dover, before the quarters of some general officer, I saw the *ci-devant* Major Egerton on duty as a sentinel—a private soldier. I did not speak to him, nor did he seem to observe me; but I was sure of my man.

The studies and the amusements of Paris, during the winter, and the excitement of travel for the rest of the year, soon put my unlucky major out of my head; except that now and then, when I fell into a narrative mood, I would tell his story to some of my young countrymen, generally ending it with a Johnsonian morality; "that nothing could supply the want of prudence, and that continued irregularity will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and talent contemptible."

In those days, it was not easy to get a comfortable passage from France to the United States, so that I was obliged to return home by the way of England. I therefore crossed from Holland to Harwich. Not far from the road up to London, was the country-seat of a wealthy gentleman, who had married a pretty American cousin of mine. I gladly seized the opportunity of paying Sophia a visit, and as willingly accepted her husband's invitation to spend a day or two with them. The next day was Sunday.

"You will go with us to church," said Sophia; "your passion for Gothic churches and old monuments will be gratified there. We have an old carved pulpit, said to be without its match in England."

"Yes, cousin; but what shall we find *in* the pulpit to-day?"

"Oh, our rector, I suppose. He is not quite such a preacher as your Dr. Mason, yet they say he is very agreeable in society; though I know little about him, for my husband holds him in perfect detestation."

So we went to the village church. As I followed Sophia up the aisle, the "Dearly beloved brethren," grated on my ear in that voice which I can never forget. I looked up in amazement. In the reading-desk, duly attired in surplice and band, stood Major Egerton!

I could not allow my cousin to enter the pew, without asking her, in a hurried whisper: "Who is the clergyman?" "Mr. Egerton, the rector," she replied, as coldly as if there was nothing strange in the matter. I was lost in wonder, and stood during the whole service leaning over the high oak pew, gazing at the rector in all the fidgety impatience of curiosity. He rattled through the service, psalms, lessons, litany, and all, in little more than half an hour, and then preached a sermon of twelve minutes, which I believe was a paper of the Rambler, with a scriptural text substituted for the classical motto. To do Egerton justice, there was nothing of levity or affectation in his manner; but it was as rapid, cold, and mechanical as possible.

As soon as it was over, without thinking of my friends, or any one else, I bustled through the retiring congregation, and met the rector alone at the

foot of his pulpit stairs. He had observed me before, and now greeted me with a laugh. "So," said he, "Herbert, you see circumstances have altered with me since you saw me at Dover, a poor private in the 49th."

"They have, indeed; but what does it mean?"

"Nothing more than that a rich and noble cousin was ashamed of having a relation and a godson who bore his name, and had borne a commission in his Majesty's service, now known to be a private of foot. He paid my debts, took me out of the ranks, and was about to ship me off for Sierra Leone, as clerk of the courts there, when this living, which is in his gift, became vacant. I had Greek and Latin enough left out of my old Harrow stock for any ordinary parson; and the living is not bad. So having no particular fancy to spend my days 'all among the Hottentots a capering on shore,' I begged the living, and got myself japped."

"Japped!" said I.

"Yes, got my red coat dyed black, you know. The Bishop of London was squeamish about me, though I don't see why; but his Lordship of — had no such silly scruples, and I have been these two months rector of Biffington cum Norton."

On Monday I went up to London, and soon after returned home. On my second visit to Europe some years after, I became very intimate with a party of young Cantabs, some of them rich, and all of them well educated, who were suffering under that uneasiness at home, and desire of locomotion abroad, which infects idle Englishmen of all ages; a malady of which, by the way, we have inherited a full share with our English blood. Shut out from the common tour of Europe by the domination of Napoleon, my Cambridge friends had planned a grand tour to Russia, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and thence perhaps to Persia and India. I was easily persuaded to be of the party.

This, of course, is not the place to relate my travels, nor, indeed, is it necessary that I should ever do it. My companions have long ago anticipated me in sundry well-printed London quartos, with splendid engravings; wherein I have the honor to be perpetuated by the burin of Heath and other great artists, now, perched half way up a pyramid, then jolting on the bare back of a hard-trotting camel, and sometimes sitting cross-legged on the floor between two well-bearded Turks, at a Pasha's dinner-table, eating roast lamb and rice with my fingers. Meanwhile, in the letter-press I go down to posterity as the author's "intelligent friend," his "amusing friend," and even his "enterprising friend." Thus, upon the whole, without the risk or trouble of authorship, I have gained a very cheap and agreeable literary immortality; except, however, that when any disaster occurs in the tour, I am somehow made to bear a much larger portion of it than I can recollect to have ever actually fallen to my share. On all such occasions I am made to figure as "our unfortunate friend."

It was not till we had again turned our faces towards civilized Europe, after having traversed in all directions the frozen North and the gorgeous East, and gazed on many a "forest and field and flood, temple, and tower," renowned in song or in story, that we reached the land of Egypt.

We had consumed a full year in our tour more than we had calculated on, and were all of us in a feverish anxiety to return home. We therefore, *una voce*, gave up the thoughts of penetrating to

the sources of the Nile, and of eating live beef-steaks with Bruce's Abyssinian friends.

But the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and the other wonders of antiquity thereunto appurtenant, we could not return without seeing, though they must be seen in haste. And we did see them.

It was after having seen all the sights, and explored the great Pyramid in the usual way within, and clambered to its top without, whilst my fatigued companions were resting in the shade with our guard, that I, who am proof against any fatigue of this sort, and a little vain too of being so, strolled forward towards the Sphinx, which, as every body knows, rears its ugly colossal head out of the sand at some distance in front of what is called the second Pyramid. I was sitting near it, making a sketch, after my fashion, of the relative position of the four great Pyramids, when I was startled by the sudden appearance of a gay troop of Mameluke horse, whose approach had been hidden from my sight by the ruins of the small pyramid on my left, and who now suddenly darted by me in gallant style. To my surprise, the leader of the troop, who, from the dazzling splendor of his equipments, seemed to be a chief of rank, in passing looked me full in the face, and then rapidly wheeling twice round me, sprang from his horse. In the meanwhile his party, to whom he gave some brief command, went on at a slow walk, and halted in the shade of a neighboring ruin.



The stranger stood silently before me, tall and stately, in that gorgeous amplitude and splendor of dress which Eastern warriors love. His wide scarlet trowsers marked him as a Mameluke. A rich cashmere shawl, such as an English duchess might have envied, was fancifully wreathed, turban-like, round his helm, and fell over his shoulders. This, as well as his clasped and silver-mounted pistols and jewel-hilted dagger in his belt, and his crooked cimeter in its crimson velvet sheath, with gold bosses and hilt, marked the rank and wealth of the wearer. So, too, did his slender limbed, small-headed, bright-eyed iron-gray Arabian, with black

legs, mane, and tail, and sprinkled all over with little stars of white, who had a moment before passed me with the swiftness of an arrow's flight, and who now stood behind his master, with the reins loose on his neck, gentle and docile as a paniel.

Supposing that this might be some Turk whom I had known at Alexandria or Cairo, I looked him full in the face, but could not recollect having seen him before. He appeared young, except that his coal-black whiskers and beard were here and there grizzled by a grayish hair. The scar of a deep sabre-cut across the forehead and left cheek, showed him no holiday soldier. There was nothing in his manner to excite alarm, and besides, my friends, with a very strong guard of horse, were within hearing.

After mutually gazing on each other for some moments, the customary *salaam* of oriental salutation was on my lips, when I was startled by his grasping my hand with a genuine English shake, and calling me by name, in a well-known voice. Then, too, the thickly-mustachioed upper lip drew back, and showed me the well-remembered tiger-like smile.

"Egerton—can it be?—Major?" said I.

"No—Hussein—Hussein Al Rus."

"Then this is not the Reverend Rector of —"

I proceeded, perplexed and confused, though certain as to my man.

"Yes—but that was six long years ago. An awkward circumstance occurred which made it expedient for me to leave England; as I had no fancy to gain posthumous renown, like Dr. Dodd, by preaching my own funeral sermon and being hung in my canonicals."

"But now is it that you are in Egypt; and that, it seems, in honor and affluence?"

"Yes. It goes well enough with me here. Accident brought me to Egypt. The Pasha wanted men who knew European tactics, and I found a place in his service. Another accident, of which I bear the mark (passing his hand across his forehead), placed me about his person. *Au reste*, I made my own way, and have a very pretty command, which I would not care to exchange for any regiment in his Majesty's service."

"But the language?"

"Oh—I have a great facility in catching languages by the ear. I believe I owe it to my Tuscarora education. *Appropos*—How is Good Peter? Is the old man alive?" I was about to tell him what I knew about Good Peter, when he again interrupted me. "But for yourself—what are you doing here? Have you money-making Yankees caught the English folly of digging up mummies, measuring pyramids, and buying stone-coffins? sarcophagi of Alexander and Ptolemy, as the fools call them."

"As respects myself," I answered, "it seems so."

"Then I may serve you. You once did me a favor; perhaps I can repay it now."

"I have no favors to ask, but that of your company, and the information you can give me. I am with an English party, under the protection of the British consulate at Cairo, and have no projects independent of my friends."

"Ah!—is it so—then you need nothing from me. John Bull is in power here just now, and is your best protector. I am sorry that the company you are in may prevent my seeing much of you. But

we'll meet somewhere again. Good by," said he, leaping on his Arabian. In a few minutes he was at the head of his troop, and in a few more, out of sight.

"Fare thee well," muttered I to myself, following him with my eyes till he was out of their reach; "better thus than as I saw thee last—better a Mohammedan renegade than a profligate priest. But why Hussein? Zimri should be your name. You are the very Zimri of Dryden's glorious satire."

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;  
A man so virtuous as he seemed to be,  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

Thus musing and quoting I rejoined my friends; whom, by the way, I did not let into the whole history of the Mameluke, as he had reposed some degree of confidence in me. I satisfied them with some general account of meeting a Turk whom I had seen before in England.

We returned to Cairo, and soon left Egypt. Six months after, I landed once more in New York. Years rolled on, all pregnant with great events to the world, and with smaller ones of equal interest to myself. I did not talk any more about Egerton; for his transformations had now become so multiplied, that they began to sound too like a traveller's story to be told by as modest a man as I am. Besides, there was then no need of telling any old stories; for those were the glorious and stirring days of Napoleon, when

Events of wonder swelled each gale,  
And each day brought a varying tale.

Meantime my natural instinct for travel—for it is certainly an instinct—Dr. Gall himself once pointed me out in his own lecture-room as wholly deficient in the organ of *inhabilitiveness*, and equally conspicuous for my capacity for *localities*. This instinct, though long restrained, was as ardent as ever; and when my old friend Commodore — invited me to accompany him in his Mediterranean cruise, to try a new seventy-four, and parade our naval force before Turks and Christians, I could not refuse him.

Once more then I gazed on the towers and minarets of Constantinople. Once more, that fair scene—but all that is in Dr. Clarke and the other travellers, and I hate telling thrice-told tales.

Whilst at Constantinople, or rather in its suburbs, with a party of American officers, after having satisfied our curiosity as far as we could, on the shore of European Turkey, my friends were anxious to take a look at the Asiatic coast, where the true Turk was to be seen in more unadulterated purity. So, among other excursions, we went to Scutari. It is an old Turkish town, full of mosques and monasteries of Dervishes; and the great lion of the place is the exhibition of the *Mehvelevah*, or Dancing Dervishes, one of the very few religious ceremonies of the Mohammedans which an infidel is allowed to witness.

It is a strange thing that there is so little variety among men in this large world. Nature is inexhaustible in her changes, but man is always alike. Here are we all, east, west, north, and south, and have been these two thousand years, telling and hearing the same stories, laughing at the same jokes, and playing the fool all over in the same dull way. That the business of life and its science and its passions, should be uniform, is a matter of course. People must of necessity, till their fields and learn their mathematics, must make money, make war,

make shoes, and make love, pretty much as the rest of the world do. But their fancies and their follies, one would think, might be dissimilar, irregular, wild, capricious, and original. Nevertheless, the nonsense of the world smacks every where of wearisome sameness; and wherever the traveller roams, the only real variety he finds in man is that of coat, gown, cloak, or pelisse—hat, cap, helm, or turban—the sitting cross-legged or on a chair—the eating dinner with a fork or the fingers.

This nonsense of the dancing and howling Dervishes at Scutari, is very much the same nonsense that many of my readers must have seen at Lebanon and Niskayuna among our Shakers. It is a kind of dancing by way of religious exercises, at first heavy, and then becoming more and more violent. The chief difference is, that the Turks, when once excited, have more violence in whirling round and round on their tip-toes, with shouting and howling, than I have ever seen in our placid and well-fed Shaker monks. The Turks have, besides, the music of flutes and tambour, and the psalter of patriarchal days, which they accompany with a maniac guttural howling of *Ullah-hoo, Ullah-hoo*. Those who pretend to special sanctity, add some sleight-of-hand tricks, such as seeming to drive daggers into their flesh, and taking hot irons into their mouths.

Altogether it is a very tedious and very disgusting spectacle.

The emir or abbot of the Mohammedan monastery was old and feeble, and the chief duty of leading the dance and setting the howl, devolved upon a kind of aid-de-camp, to whom great respect was evidently paid. He had the ordering of the whole ceremony, and the arranging of spectators, and was in fact, as one of my naval companions called him, the Beau Nash of the Dervishes' ball-room.

He was a stout, dirty Turk, with bushy gray locks and beard, dressed in the old costume of his fraternity; his brow, overshadowed by the cap which they wear instead of the graceful turban of the East, and his cheek swelled up with that tumor and scar, which is left by the peculiar distemper of some Syrian cities, and is called, in Turkey, the Aleppo tumor. I remarked, too, that his eyes, before he was excited by the dance, had that dreamy vacancy, and his skin that ghastly pale glossiness, which indicate the habitual opium-taker.

This fellow eyed our party frequently and closely, and, as I thought, seemed to meditate some plan for laying us under special contribution.

When the dance was over, and the rabble, who formed the mass of the congregation, had gone off, our guide proceeded to show us the monastery, which I thought curious only because it differed less than I had expected from the convents of Europe. Just as we were going off, an underling howler pulled me by the coat, and pointed to a cell with many gesticulations, and some words which I could not understand. Our guide told me that I was specially honored, for I was invited to converse separately with the Dervish Yussuf the Wise, a most holy man, and, as he said, commonly called the Wise, because he was thought to be out of his senses.

I entered, and found my dirty, dancing, howling, swelled-faced, gray-bearded Beau Nash of the morning's service, stretched on a carpet, evidently overcome with fatigue, and solacing himself with a little box of *Mash-Allah*, a kind of opium lozenge.

Scarcely were we alone, than he rose with an air of dignity, and startled me by addressing me in English.



"Time has laid his hand gently upon you, Francis Herbert. You are stouter—and I see gray hairs straggling through your brown curls—otherwise you are unchanged since I left you in America twenty-five years ago. I am old. I am old before my time. Prisons and battles and the plague have borne me down. But the hand of God is with me. He is great, Mohammed is his prophet. Mohammed Resoul Allah!"

"What—Egerton!—Hussein!—when—how—why left you Egypt?"

"It was so written in the eternal counsels of him who fashions all things to his will. It was foreordained—even as all things are foreordained—that I should escape from the tyrant and become a prophet, and a holy one. In that predestination is thy fate mysteriously linked to mine."

His eye kindled, his form dilated, and he burst into the horrible howl of his order—*Ullah-hoo*.

Was this fanaticism? Was this lunacy? Was it the temporary intoxication of opium? or was this wretched man masking under wild enthusiasm some deep plot of ambition or fraud?

I know not. I was glad to leave the cell. I left it wondering, sorrowing, disgusted, and have never since seen him.

Yet frequently in crowds, or in the hurry of commercial cities, I have met faces that seemed familiar to me, though I knew them not, and I have often fancied some of them to be his.

Sometimes, too, I dream of this fearful Proteus, and meet him in new shapes.

It was but last week that I supped in company with an intelligent English officer, who had accompanied Lord Amherst in his mission to Peking, and went to bed with my head full of China and its customs. I dreamt that our government had sent out Dr. Mitchell as ambassador to the Celestial empire, and that I accompanied my learned friend. The

moment we arrived at Canton, a fat old mandarin, with a blue button in his cap and a gilt dragon on his breast, came on board our frigate, flourished his hands twenty times, and thumped his forehead as

often on the deck, and then jumping up, burst into a laugh, and asked me if I did not recollect the Black Wild Cat, alias the Reverend Major, Rector, Romeo, Bardolph, Hussein, Yussuf Egerton.

## STEAM.

BY WILLIAM COX. 1833.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

Modern philosophy anon,  
Will, at the rate she's rushing on,  
Yoke lightning to her railroad car,  
And, posting like a shooting star,  
Swift as a solar radiation,  
Ride the grand circuit of creation.—ANON.

I HAVE a bilious friend, who is a great admirer and imitator of Lord Byron; that is, he affects misanthropy, masticates tobacco, has his shirts made without collars, calls himself a miserable man, and writes poetry with a glass of gin-and-water before him. His gin, though far from first-rate, is better than his poetry; the latter, indeed, being worse than that of many authors of the present day, and scarcely fit for an album; however, he does not think so, and makes a great quantity. At his lodgings, a few evenings ago, among other morbid productions, he read me one entitled "Steam," written in very blank verse, and evidently modelled after the noble poet's "Darkness," in which he takes a bird's-eye view of the world two or three centuries hence, describes things in general, and comes to a conclusion with, "Steam was the universe!" Whether it was the fumes arising from this piece of solemn bombast, or whether I had unconsciously imbibed more hollands than my temperate habits allow of, I cannot say, but I certainly retired to bed, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme." There was no "dreamless sleep" for me that night, and Queen Mab drove full gallop through every nook and cranny of my brain. Strange and fantastical visions floated before me, till at length came one with all the force and clearness of reality.

I thought I stood upon a gentle swell of ground, and looked down upon the scene beneath me. It was a pleasant sight, and yet a stranger might have passed it by unheeded; but to me it was as the green spot in the desert, for there I recognized the haunt of my boyhood. There was the wild common on which I had so often scampered "frae mornin' sun till dine," skirted by the old wood, through which the burn stole tinkling to the neighboring river. There was the little ivy-covered church with its modest spire and immovable weathercock, and clustering around lay the village that I knew contained so many kind and loving hearts. All looked just as it did on the summer morning when I left it, and went a wandering over this weary world. To me, the very trees possessed an individuality; the branches of the old oak (there was but one) seemed to nod familiarly towards me, the music of the rippling water fell pleasantly on my ear, and the passing breeze murmured of "home, sweet home." The balmy air was laden with the hum of unseen insects, and filled with the fragrance of a thousand common herbs and flowers; and to my eyes the place looked prettier and pleasanter than any they have since rested on. As I gazed, the "womanish moisture" made dim my sight, and I

felt that yearning of the heart which every man who has a soul feels—let him go where he will, or reason how he will—on once more beholding the spot where the only pure, unsullied part of his existence passed away. Suddenly, the scene changed. The quiet, smiling village vanished, and a busy, crowded city occupied its place. The wood was gone, the brook dried up, and the common cut to pieces, and covered with a kind of iron gangways. I looked upon the surrounding country, if country it could be called, where vegetable nature had ceased to exist. The neat, trim gardens, the verdant lawns and swelling uplands, the sweet-scented meadows and waving corn-fields, were all swept away, and fruit, and flowers, and herbage, appeared to be things uncared for and unknown. Houses and factories, and turnpikes and railroads, were scattered all around; and along the latter, as if propelled by some unseen infernal power, monstrous machines flew with inconceivable swiftness. People were crowding and jostling each other on all sides. I mingled with them, but they were not like those I had formerly known—they walked, talked, and transacted business of all kinds with astonishing celerity. Every thing was done in a hurry; they ate, drank, and slept in a hurry; they danced, sung, and made love in a hurry; they married, died, and were buried in a hurry, and resurrection-men had them out of their graves before they well knew they were in them. Whatever was done, was done upon the high-pressure principle. No person stopped to speak to another in the street; but as they moved rapidly on their way, the men talked faster than women do now, and the women talked twice as fast as ever. Many were bald; and on asking the reason, I was given to understand that they had been great travellers, and that the rapidity of modern conveyances literally scalped those who journeyed much in them, sweeping whiskers, eyebrows, eyelashes,—in fact, every thing in any way movable, from their faces. Animal life appeared to be extinct; carts and carriages came rattling down the highways, horseless and driverless, and wheelbarrows trundled along without any visible agency. Nature was out of fashion, and the world seemed to get along tolerably well without her.

At the foot of the street, my attention was attracted by a house they were building, of prodigious dimensions, being not less than seventeen stories high. On the top of it, several men were at work, when, dreadful to relate, the foot of one of them slipped, and he was precipitated to the earth with a fearful crash. Judge of my horror and indigna-





tion on observing the crowd pass unheedingly by, scarcely deigning to cast a look on their fellow-creature, who doubtless lay weltering in his blood; and the rest of the workmen pursued their several avocations without a moment's pause in consequence of the accident. On approaching the spot, I heard several in passing murmur the most incomprehensible observations. "Only a steam man," said one. "Won't cost much," said another. "His boiler overcharged, I suppose," cried a third; "the way in which all these accidents happen!" And true enough, there lay a man of tin and sheet iron, weltering in hot water. The superintendent of the concern, who was not a steam man, but made of the present materials, gave it as his opinion that the springs were damaged, and the steam-vessels a little ruptured, but not much harm done; and straightway sent the corpse to the blacksmith's (who was a flesh-and-blood man) to be repaired. Here was then at once a new version of the old Greek fable, and modern Prometheuses were actually as "plentiful as blackberries." In fact, I found upon inquiry, that society was now divided into two great classes, living and "locomotive" men, the latter being much the better and honester people of the two; and a fashionable political economist of the name of Malthus, a lineal descendant of an ancient, and it appears, rather inconsistent system-monger, had just published an elaborate pamphlet, showing the manifold advantages of propagating those no-provender-consuming individuals in preference to any other. So that it appeared, that any industrious mechanic might in three months have a full-grown family about him, with the full and comfortable assurance that, as the man says in *Chrononhotonthologos*, "they were all his own and none of his neighbor's."

These things astonished, but they also perplexed and wearied me. My spirit grew sick, and I longed for the world again, and its quiet and peaceable modes of enjoyment. I had no fellowship with the two new races of beings around me, and nature and her charms were no more. All things seemed forced, unnatural, unreal—indeed, little better than barefaced impositions. I sought the banks of my

native river; it alone remained unchanged. The noble stream flowed gently and tranquilly as of yore, but even here impertinent man had been at work, and pernicious railroads had been formed to its very verge. I incautiously crossed one of them, trusting to my preconceived notions of time and space, the abhorred engine being about three-quarters of a mile from me; but scarcely had I stepped over, when it flew whizzing past the spot I had just quitted, and catching me in its eddy, spun me round like a top under the lash. It was laden with passengers, and went with headlong fury straight toward the river. Its fate seemed inevitable—another instant, and it would be immersed in the waves; when lo! it suddenly sunk into the bosom of the earth, and in three seconds was ascending a perpendicular hill on the opposite bank of the river. I was petrified, and gazed around with an air of helpless bewilderment, when a gentleman, who was doubtless astonished at my astonishment, shouted in passing, "What's the fellow staring at?" and another asked, "If I had never seen a tunnel before?"

Like Lear, "my wits began to turn." I wished for some place where I might hide myself from all around, and turned instinctively to the spot where the village ale-house used to stand. But where, alas! was the neat thatched cottage that was wont so often to

Impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Gone! and in its place stood a huge fabric, labelled "Grand Union Railroad Hotel." But here also it was steam, steam, nothing but steam! The rooms were heated by steam, the beds were made and aired by steam, and instead of a pretty, red-lipped, rosy-cheeked chambermaid, there was an accursed machine-man smoothing down the pillows and bolsters with mathematical precision; the victuals were cooked by steam, yea, even the meat roasted by steam. Instead of the clean-swept hearth

With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel sweet,  
there was a patent steam-stove, and the place was

altogether hotter than any decent man would ever expect to have any thing to do with. Books and papers lay scattered on the table. I took up one of the former; it was filled with strange new phrases, all more or less relating to steam, of which I knew nothing, but as far as I could make out the English of the several items, they ran somewhat thus:

"*Another Shocking Catastrophe.*—As the warranted-safe locomotive smoke-consuming, fuel-providing steam carriage, Lightning, was this morning proceeding at its usual three-quarter speed of one hundred and twenty-seven miles an hour, at the junction of the Hannington and Slipsby railroads it unfortunately came in contact with the steam-carriage Snail, going at about one-hundred and five miles per hour. Of course, both vehicles with their passengers were instantaneously reduced to an impalpable powder. The friends of the deceased have the consolation of knowing that no blame can possibly attach to the intelligent proprietors of the Lightning, it having been clearly ascertained that those of the Snail started their carriage full two seconds before the time agreed on, in order to obviate, in some degree, the delay to which passengers were unavoidably subjected by the clumsy construction and tedious pace of their vehicle."

"*Melancholy Accident.*—As a beautiful and accomplished young lady of the name of Jimps, passenger in the Swift-as-thought locomotive, was endeavoring to catch a flying glimpse of the new Steam University, her breathing apparatus unfortunately slipped from her mouth, and she was a corpse in three-quarters of a second. A young gentleman who had been tenderly attached to her for several days, in the agony of his feelings withdrew his air-tube and called for help; he of course shared a similar fate. Too much praise cannot be given to the rest of the passengers, who, with inimitable presence of mind, prudently held their breathing-bladders to their mouths during the whole of this trying scene," etc., etc.

A Liverpool paper stated that "the stock for the grand Liverpool and Dublin tunnel under the Irish Channel, is nearly filled up." And a Glasgow one advocated the necessity of a floating wooden railroad between Scotland and the Isle of Man, in order to do away with the tiresome steamboat navigation. I took up a volume of poems, but the similes and metaphors were all steam; all their ideas of strength, and power, and swiftness, referred to steam only, and a sluggish man was compared to

a greyhound. I looked into a modern dictionary for some light on these subjects, but got none, except finding hundreds of curious definitions, such as these:

"*Horse*, s. an animal of which but little is now known. Old writers affirm that there were at one time several thousands in this country."

"*Tree*, s. vegetable production; once plentiful in these parts, and still to be found in remote districts."

"*Tranquillity*, s. obsolete; an unnatural state of existence, to which the ancients were very partial. The word is to be met with in several old authors," etc.

In despair, I threw down the book and rushed out of the house. It was mid-day, but a large theatre was open, and the people were pouring in. I entered with the rest, and found that whatever changes had taken place, money was still money. They were playing *Hamlet* by steam, and this was better than any other purpose to which I had seen it applied. The automata really got along wonderfully well, their speaking faculties being arranged upon the barrel-organ principle, greatly improved, and they roared, and bellowed, and strutted, and swung their arms to and fro as sensibly as many admired actors. Unfortunately in the grave-scene, owing to some mechanical misconstruction, Hamlet exploded, and in doing so, entirely demolished one of the grave-diggers, carried away a great part of Laertes, and so injured the rest of the dramatis personæ, that they went off one after the other like so many crackers, filling the house with heated vapor. I made my escape; but on reaching the street, things were ten times worse than ever. It was the hour for stopping and starting the several carriages, and no language can describe the state of the atmosphere. Steam was generating and evaporating on all sides—the bright sun was obscured—the people looked parboiled, and the neighboring fisherman's lobsters changed color on the instant; even the steam inhabitants appeared uncomfortably hot. I could scarcely breathe—there was a blowing, a roaring, a hissing, a fizzing, a whizzing going on all around—fires were blazing, water was bubbling, boilers were bursting—when lo! I suddenly awoke, and found myself in a state of profuse perspiration. I started up, ran to the window, and saw several milkmen and bakers' carts, with horses in them, trotting merrily along. I was a thankful man. I put on my clothes, and while doing so, made up my mind to read no manuscript poems, and eschew gin and water for the time to come.

## A REVERIE ABOUT OYSTERS.

BY WILLIAM COX. 1833.

MAN has been styled a speaking animal, a laughing animal, a bargaining animal, and a drunken animal, in contradistinction to all other animals, who neither speak, nor laugh, nor bargain, nor get drunk; but a cooking animal seems after all to be his most characteristic and distinguishing appellation. In the important art of cooking victuals he shines pre-eminent; here he taxes all his faculties, racks his invention, and gives unbounded range to his imagination. Nature has given to every other animal a peculiar taste, and furnished three or four

kinds of food to suit that taste; but this sense in man accommodates itself to an innumerable quantity of materials. He has made copious selections from all things that dwell upon the face of the globe—from the birds of the air, from the fish of the sea, from the inhabitants of lake and river, yea, from the bowels of the earth has he extracted substances to minister to his palate, and the whole mineral and vegetable world has been ransacked with indefatigable industry for its gratification. Thousands of his species pass their lives in dreary

mines, to send forth the simple but indispensable salt with which he seasons his viands; while others fit out frail vessels, and amid storm and tempest, traverse the wilderness of waters for certain spices that add piquancy to a favorite dish! But after he has collected all the products of the world together, that is only the commencement—the preliminary mustering of his forces. What are all these materials collectively, to the innumerable, the inconceivable quantity of dishes which he manufactures from them by skilful combinations or incongruous mixtures?—Twelve figures can be set down in thousands of different ways, and no two alike; then out of those millions of primitive substances, what countless quintillions of dishes can he not compound! whilst every day new secrets are brought to light and added to the limitless list of gastronomic discoveries.

The ancients knew something as regarded these matters; but still they seemed to have studied expense and vanity more than real gratification. There are few that have not heard of the extravagances of a Heliogabalus; his brains of flamingos, his tongues of nightingales, and his heads of ostriches, six hundred of which were served up in a single dish, and for which single dish the deserts of Arabia must have been scoured and desolated—but there is no ingenuity in this, nothing remarkable, save its monstrous folly. At a later period, the art took a more complex form. In 1577, the abominous cardinal, Ascanius Colonna, gave an entertainment to the prince of Nassau, when the following unique *olla podrida* was produced, which was looked upon as one of the greatest achievements of the times, and was so admired and lauded by all who partook of it, that a certain holy father present at the feast, composed a Latin ode upon it, and handed the receipt down to an ungrateful posterity, who refuse to avail themselves of this *chef d'œuvre* in the annals of cookery. The ingredients were, "ten pounds of beef, three pounds of a pig, six wood-pigeons, one pound of truffles, six thrushes, one capon, three pounds of turnips, six handfuls of green fennel-seed, two pounds of sausages composed of curious materials, one pound of pepper, six onions, twelve larks, three lobsters, seven lampreys, four choice cardoons (a vegetable resembling celery), two heads of Bologna cabbage, three pounds of tallow, spices, salt, sugar, and other seasonings." How stomachs were constructed in those days it is not stated.

The United States possess an advantage over all the nations of the earth in two things highly conducive to human happiness—oysters and peaches. Men may disagree about forms of government, or the fine arts, or the relative merits of poets, painters, and actors; and whether they are right or wrong, may be perfectly sincere and well-meaning in their opinions; but whoever denies the complete supremacy of the oysters and peaches of that part of the world, must be given over as incurably infected with prejudice and perverseness. The peaches of England are nothing, and the oysters, generally speaking, no more to be compared to ours, than a crab-apple to a pippin; though there ought to be an especial reservation made in favor of what is called the "Colchester native," the flavor of which must dwell in the grateful remembrance of all who have had the good fortune to taste them; they are uncommonly sweet, but small—a very choice oyster for ladies; but when taken into a tolerably capa-

cious mouth, do not touch the palate at every point—there is still something wanting, and you do not experience that unalloyed gratification, that fulness of delight which is the necessary consequence of swallowing a large, fresh, fat, York bay oyster. So extremely grateful are the latter to all who truly appreciate their estimable qualities, that every additional one only creates a keener desire for its successor,

As if increase of appetite had grown,  
By what it fed on,

until the stomach signifies its incapacity to receive a farther supply of the luscious and delectable food.



Man is naturally a self-opinionated contrary animal, and feels a natural inclination to disagree with his species on all earthly questions; but still he divides into parties, and subdivides into factions, and it is possible to find half a dozen people who have the same views in politics, religion, and literature; but perhaps no two were ever formed since the creation with exactly the same tenets respecting the stomach. They may hold on together for some time, and confess that they both like boiled salmon or roast ducks; but let them speak upon the subject of eating for a quarter of an hour, and a hundred minute but important differences of taste discover themselves. Indeed, two men alike in this respect would be a much greater rarity than the two Dromios. There are few points on which there is a more unanimous opinion entertained than on oysters. All agree as to their virtues in the first instance; but whether they are best, raw, or stewed, or fried, or broiled, or pickled, is the subject of endless cavillings and interminable harangues. The longest dispute I ever listened to, was whether it was best to devour these creatures with black pepper or red; and such was the earnestness of the disputants, that the man employed in opening them, making a mistake, kept helping the red pepper advocate with black, and

the black pepper zealot with red; and to the infinite amusement of the lookers-on, neither found out the difference until they were told, when both instantly declared they thought the oysters had a very peculiar taste! just as newspapers or politicians will nowadays commence a fiery dispute concerning democratic and aristocratic parties, or the powers of the general and local governments, until they unconsciously change sides in the course of the argument, without being anything the wiser; and just so trivial and undistinguishable are half the disputes into which we poor brainless bipeds plunge with such uncontrollable fury, to the infinite amusement of all calm and dispassionate spectators. But it will not do to go on grounding general reflections on an oyster. It was made for better things than to be a theme from which to extract a questionable moral. I would if I could be eloquent in thy praise, thou best and gravest of fish—thou most nutritious and digestible of moluscous substances—thou stanchest friend and steadiest supporter of Afric's trampled sons, for whom thou daily effectest more than Wilberforce can ever hope to compass. Much do I regret that the insatiable appetites of the citizens are robbing their bay of its greatest boast; like the boy who killed the goose for the golden eggs, they are not content with the yearly produce of thy fruitful beds, but they leave them oysterless, seize on both interest and principal, and expect a miracle to provide for the future. It is easy to foresee the ruinous consequences of such atrocious conduct—but it is not in common prose that thy merits and sufferings should be commemorated. I will take my harp, and sweep its softest strings.

### Thus on a newly-opened Oyster.

With feelings strange and undefined, I gaze upon thy face,  
Thou choice and juicy specimen of an ill-fated race;  
How calmly, yea, how meekly thou reclinest in thy shell,  
Yet what thy woes and sufferings are man may conjecture well!

For thou hast life as well as he who recklessly seeks thine,  
And, couldst thou speak, might draw forth tears as briny as thy brine;  
For thou wast torn from friends and home, and all thy heart could wish,  
Thou hapless, helpless, innocent, mute, persecuted fish.

Perhaps thou wast but newly joined to some soft, plump, young bride,  
Who op'd her mouth for food with thee when flowed the flowing tide;\*  
Perhaps thou hast a family, from whom thou hast been torn,  
Who sadly wait for him, alas, who never will return!

\* Oysters taken from the river and kept in fresh water, open their mouths at the time of the flowing of the tide, in expectation of their accustomed food.—Dr. KITCHENER.

Thou wast happy on thy native bed, where blithe-some billows play,  
Till the cruel fisher wrench'd thee from thy "home, sweet, home," away;  
He stow'd thee in his coble, and he rode thee to the strand—  
Thou wast bought and sold and opened, and plac'd in this right hand!

I know that while I moralize thy flavor fades away.  
I know thou shouldst be ate alive,\* before thy sweets decay!  
I know that it is foolishness, this weak delay of mine,  
And epicures may laugh at it as sentimental whine.

Well, let them laugh, I still will drop a tear o'er thy sad fate,  
Thou wretch'd and ill-fated one! thou sad and desolate!  
O'er thee and o'er thy kindred hangs one all-consuming doom,  
To die a slow and lingering death, or living find a tomb!

Like the Indian from the forest—like the roebuck from the glen,  
Thy race is dwindling silently before the arts of men;  
Ye are passing from the river, from the sea-bank and the shore,  
And the haunts that long have known ye, shall know ye soon no more.

The Blue-point and the Shrewsbury † are vanishing away,  
And clamless soon will be our streams, and oysterless our bay;  
Rapacious man, before your prime, ordains that ye shall die,  
And drags ye from your cool retreats to boil and stew and fry!

Why were ye made so racy, rich, and luscious to the taste?

'Tis that has stripped your thickest banks, and made your beds a waste;

"Your virtues have proved sanctified and holy traitors to ye,"

And that which was your proudest boast, has served but to undo ye!

Be'n I, the friend of all thy kind, when I think of what thou art,

When I ponder o'er the melting joys thy swallowing will impart,

Can delay thy fate no longer; one look, it is my last!

A gulp—one more—a silent pause—a sigh—and all is past!

\* Those who wish to enjoy this most delicious restorative in the utmost perfection, must eat it the moment it is opened with its own gravy in the under shell; if not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavor and spirit are lost.—Dr. KITCHENER.

† Two famous species, found adjacent to New York, now nearly extinct.

At a feast of animals, who sits at the head of the table? The cow,—because she *calves*.

A TOAST AT A PUBLIC DINNER IN CONNECTICUT.—  
"The Nutmeg State: where shall we find a grater?"

## GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE "AT HOME."

FROM "HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE." BY WILLIAM DUNLAP. 1833.

SEATED in the captain's cabin, and freed from all annoyance, Mathews (Charles, the great mimic) became, as usual, the fiddle of the company; and story, anecdote, imitation, and song poured from him with the rapidity and brilliancy of the stars which burst from a rocket on a rejoicing night. To make himself still more agreeable to the senior, he introduced the memoirs of George Frederick, with that flattery which is delicious to all men, and peculiarly so to an author. "The story of Cooke and Mrs. Burns," he added, "you have told remarkably well, and when I have introduced it in my *Youthful Days*, I have always taken your words; but Tom Cooper, from whom, as I understand, you had it, forgot the termination of the story,—the real *denouement*,—which makes it infinitely more dramatic."

All joined in the request that Mathews would tell the story in his own way; and he, nothing loath, began:—

"I was a raw recruit in the Thespian corps, and it was my first campaign in Dublin. Chance made me a fellow-lodger with Cooke, at the house of Mistress Burns. I had looked at the great actor with an awful reverence, but had not yet been honored by any notice from him.

"In getting up Macklin's *Love à la Mode*, I had been cast for Beau Mordecai, and assuredly a more unfit representative of the *little Jew* can scarcely be imagined. As tall as I now am, I had then all the raw-boned awkwardness of a *hobbledehoy*, and no knowledge of the world or of the stage. But Mr. Cooke must be shown to the Dublin public as Sir Archy, and there was no other Mordecai to be had. I was, however, perfect in the words; and if I murdered the Jew, I did it impartially; I murdered him 'every inch.'

"After the farce, I *tarried*, as you Yankees say, a considerable time at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the almost expiring dipped candles of the dressing rooms, than to seek, through mist and mud, my lofty but comfortless abode in Mrs. Burns' garret; but the property-man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him (the door being open) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud, high-pitched voice, crying, 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses; I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door, and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, and calling upon Mistress Burns for another tumbler, filled for himself and me. 'You will be so kind, my good Mistress Burns, as to bring another pitcher of whiskey punch, in honor of our young friend.' 'To be sure and I will, Mr. Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players,—lashing some, commending others,—while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened and laughed; thus playing, naturally and sincerely, the part of a most agree-

able companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

"To use your own words, as I have often before done," said Mathews, addressing himself to the biographer, 'one jug of whiskey-punch followed the other,' and Cooke began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and on the mimic scene of life. 'You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress Burns!—shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress Burns! another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns.'

"Oh, Mister Cooke—"

"You make it so good, Mistress Burns; another jug."

"Yes, Mister Cooke."

"In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is the bane of hundreds; villainous company—low company leads to drinking, and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress Burns: this has the true Hibernian smack!"

"You may say that, Mister Cooke."

It is needless to remind the reader that with the aid of Mathews's powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong, as that of Mistress Burns.

Mathews went on to describe the progress of Cooke's intoxication, during which his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be vain to endeavor to follow Mathews: Cooke's grimaces and voice,—while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer,—were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents. Here all was unrestrained gig and fun, and the painting truly *con amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

"It must be remembered," continued Mr. Mathews, "that I was but a boy, and Cooke in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passion he had depicted, I was truly frightened,—overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.

"Now, sir—observe—what's that?"

"Revenge—"

"Revenge, you booby! Pity! pity!"

"Then after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries,

"What is that, sir?"

"Very fine, sir; very fine, indeed."

"But *what* is it, sir?"

"Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out,

"Anger, sir."

"Anger!"

"Yes, sir; anger to be sure."

"To be sure you are a blockhead! Look again, sir, look again. 'It's fear, sir—fear. You play! you a player!'"

Mathews then exhibited the face of Cooke, as he distorted it to express the tender passion,—a composition of Satanic malignity and the brutal learing of a drunken satire,—and imitating Cooke's discordant voice, cried,

"There, sir; that's love."

"This," continued Mathews, 'was more than I could bear; even my fears could not restrain my laughter; I roared.' He stared at first, but immediately assuming a most furious aspect, he cried, 'What do you laugh at, sir? Is George Frederick Cooke to be made a laughing-stock for a booby? What, sir?'

"Luckily, at that moment Mrs. Burns stood with the door partly opened, and another jug in her

hands. 'You must pardon me, sir,' I said with a quickness which must have been the inspiration of whiskey, 'but you happened to turn your soft and languishing look towards the door just as Mrs. Burns opened it, and I could not but think of the dangerous effect of such a look upon her sex's softness.'

"He laughed, and embracing the jug as the good woman put it down, he looked at Mrs. Burns, and with some humor endeavored to sing, *How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away*, but with a voice which defies art and nature for a comparison.

"Mrs. Burns now protested against any more punch; but, after some time, agreed upon Cooke's solemn promise to be satisfied with one more jug, to bring it.

"But remember your honor, Mister Cooke; and that is the jewel of a jontleman, and sure you have pledged it to me, you have."

"I have, my good Mistress Burns; and it is the immediate jewel of the soul, as you say."

"I said no such thing; but I'll be as good as my word, and one more jug you shall have, and the divil a bit more, jewel or no jewel!"

"I was heartily tired by this time, and placed my hope on Mrs. Burns' resolution. The last jug came, and was finished, and I wished him good night."

"Not yet, my dear boy."

"It's very late, sir."

"Early, early; one jug more."

"Mrs. Burns will not let us have it, sir."

"She will not! I'll show you that presently!"

Then followed a fine specimen of imitation; Mathews, as Cooke, calling upon Mrs. Burns (who was in the room below, and in bed,) and then giving her answers, as coming up through the floor, in the manner called ventriloquism.

"Mistress Burns! Do you hear, Mistress Burns?"

"Indeed and I do, Mister Cooke."

"Bring me another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns!"

"Indeed and I won't, Mister Cooke."

"You won't?"

"Indeed and indeed so I won't."

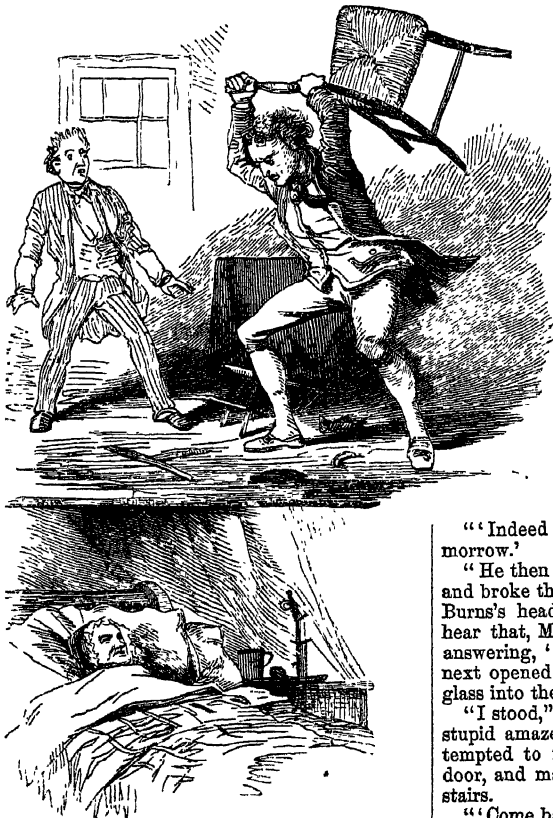
"Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?" (smashing the jug on the floor.)

"Indeed and I do, and you'll be sorry for it to-morrow."

"He then regularly took the chairs, one by one, and broke them on the floor immediately over Mrs. Burns's head, after every crash crying, 'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' and she as regularly answering, 'Indeed and I do, Mister Cooke.' He next opened the window, and threw the looking-glass into the street.

"I stood," continued Mathews, "in a state of stupid amazement during this scene, but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door, and making a long stride to gain the garret stairs.

"Come back, sir. Where are you going?"



"To bed, sir."

"To bed, sir! What, sir! desert me! I command you to remain, on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war! Traitor!"

"I now determined to make resistance; and feeling pot-valiant, looked big, and boldly answered,

"I will *not* be commanded! I *will* go to bed!"

"Aha!" cried the madman, in his highest key, "Aha! do you rebel? Caitiff! wretch! murderer!"

"He advanced upon me, and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye. 'Murderer!' and he seized me by the collar with Herculean grip. 'You will go! I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I'll drag you to your doom! I'll give you up to Fate! Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key.

"Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating, 'Watch! watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of

the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.

"What's the matter? Who's kilt? Who's murdered? Where's the murderer?"

"Silence!" screamed Cooke; 'hear me.' All became hushed. Then holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd: 'In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit Charles Mathews with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of *Love à la Mode*.' Then pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed!'"

The steamboat party remained together until near morning, and then retired to rest. Let it not be supposed that they imitated the folly of the hero of the above tale because whiskey-punch has been mentioned. The evening, or night, was one of real interchange of mind, heightened by the peculiar powers and habits of the very extraordinary histrionic artist who gave this instance of Cooke's eccentric and pernicious propensities.

## THE HISTORY OF PETER FUNK.

FROM "THE PERILS OF PEARL STREET." BY ASA GREENE. 1834.

SPEAKING of Peter Funk, I must give a short history of that distinguished personage. When, or where, he was born, I cannot pretend to say. Neither do I know who were his parents, or what was his bringing up. He might have been the child of thirty-six fathers for aught I know; and instead of being brought up, have, as the vulgar saying is, come up himself.

One thing is certain, he has been known among merchants time out of mind; and though he is despised and hated by some, he is much employed and cherished by others. He is a little, bustling, active, smiling, bowing, scraping, quizzical fellow, in a powdered wig, London brown coat, drab kerseymer breeches, and black silk stockings.

This is the standing portrait of Peter Funk—if a being, who changes his figure every day, every hour, and perhaps every minute, may be said to have any sort of fixed or regular form. The truth is, Peter Funk is a very Proteus: and those, who behold him in one shape to-day, may, if they will watch his transformations, behold him in a hundred different forms on the morrow. Indeed there is no calculating, from his present appearance, in what shape he will be likely to figure next. He changes at will, to suit the wishes of his employers.

His mind is as flexible as his person. He has no scruples of conscience. He is ready to be employed in all manner of deceit and devilry; and he cares not who his employers are, if they only give him plenty of business. In short, he is the most active, industrious, accommodating, dishonest, unprincipled, convenient little varlet that ever lived.

Besides all the various qualities I have mentioned, Peter Funk seems to be endowed with ubiquity—or at least with the faculty of being present in more places than one at the same time. If it were not so, how could he serve so many masters at once? How could he be seen, in one part of Pearl street buying goods at auction; in another part, standing at the door with a quill behind each ear; and in a third, figuring in the shape of a box of goods, or

cooped up on the shelf, making a show of merchandise where all was emptiness behind?

With this account of Peter Funk, my readers have, perhaps, by this time, gathered some idea of his character. If not, I must inform them that he is the very imp of deception; that his sole occupation is to deceive; and that he is only employed for that purpose. Indeed, such being his known character in the mercantile community, his name is sometimes used figuratively to signify any thing which is employed for the purpose of deception—or as the sharp ones say, to gull the flats.

Such being the various and accommodating character of Peter Funk, it is not at all surprising that his services should be in great demand. Accordingly he is very much employed in Pearl street—sometimes under one name and sometimes under another—for I should have mentioned, as a part of his character, that he is exceedingly apt to change names, and has as many *aliases* as the most expert rogue in bridewell or the Court of Sessions. Sometimes he takes the name of John Smith, sometimes James Smith, and sometimes simply Mr. Smith. At other times he is called Roger Brown, Simon White, Bob Johnson, or Tommy Thompson. In short, he has an endless variety of names, under which he passes before the world for so many different persons. The initiated only know, and every body else is gulled.

Peter Funk is a great hand at auctions. He is constantly present, bidding up the goods as though he was determined to buy every thing before him. He is well known for bidding higher than anybody else; or, at all events, for running up an article to the very highest notch, though he finally lets the opposing bidder take it, merely, as he says, to accommodate him—or, not particularly wanting the article himself, he professes to have bid upon it solely because he thought it a great pity so fine a piece of goods should go so very far beneath its value.

It is no uncommon thing to see the little fellow

attending an auction, in his powdered wig, his brown coat, his drab kerseys, as fat as a pig, as sleek as a mole, and smiling with the most happy countenance, as if he were about to make his fortune. It is no uncommon thing, to see him standing



near the auctioneer, and exclaiming, as he keeps bobbing his head in token of bidding, "a superb piece of goods! a fine piece of goods! great pity it should go so cheap—I don't want it, but I'll give another twenty-five cents, rather than that it should go for nothing." The opposite bidder is probably some novice from the country—some honest Johnny Raw, who is shrewd enough in what he understands, but has never in his life heard of Peter Funk. Seeing so very knowing and respectable a looking man, bidding upon the piece of goods and praising it up at every nod, he naturally thinks it must be a great bargain, and he is determined to have it, let it cost what it will. The result is, that he gives fifty per cent. more for the article than it is worth; and the auctioneer and Peter Funk are ready to burst with laughter at the prodigious gull they have made of the poor countryman.

By thus running up goods, Peter is of great service to the auctioneers, though he never pays them a cent of money. Indeed, it is not his intention to purchase, nor is it that of the auctioneer that he should. Goods nevertheless are frequently struck off to him; and then the salesman cries out the name of Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, or some other among the hundred aliases of Peter Funk, as the purchaser. But the goods, on such occasions, are always taken back by the auctioneer, agreeably to a secret understanding between him and Peter.

In a word, Peter Funk is the great *under-bidder* at all the auctions, and might with no little propriety be styled the under-bidder general. But this sort of characters are both unlawful and unpopular—not to say odious—and hence it becomes necessary for Peter Funk, *alias* the under-bidder, to have so many aliases to his name, in order that he may not be detected in the underhanded practice of under-bidding.

To avoid detection, however, he sometimes resorts to other tricks, among which, one is to act the part of a ventriloquist, and appear to be several different persons, bidding in different places. He has the knack of changing his voice at will, and

counterfeiting that of sundry well-known persons; so that goods are sometimes knocked off to gentlemen who have never opened their mouths.

But a very common trick of Peter's is, to conceal himself in the cellar, from whence, through a convenient hole near the auctioneer, his voice is heard bidding for goods; and nobody, but those in the secret, know from whence the sound proceeds. This is acting the part of Peter Funk in the cellar.

But Peter, for the most part, is fond of being seen in some shape or other; and it matters little what, so that he can aid his employers in carrying on a system of deception. He will figure in the shape of a box, bale, or package of goods; he will appear in twenty different places, at the same time, on the shelf of a jobber—sometimes representing a specimen of English, French, or other goods—but being a mere shadow, and nothing else—a phantasma—a show without the substance. In this manner it was, that he often figured in the service of Smirk, Quirk and Co.; and while people were astonished at the prodigious quantity of goods they had in their store, two-thirds at least of the show was owing to Peter Funk.

\* \* \* \* \*

Though we excluded Peter Funk entirely from our own premises and employ, it was our misfortune frequently to come in contact with him, while in the employ of others—particularly at the auction-rooms. As though he had set up a determined rivalry against us, he seemed resolved to be our antagonist in the purchase of every article of goods—at least, until we had bid considerably more than it was worth; when the unconscionable scoundrel would say, "I must let you take it, I believe—I can't afford to give any more;" and then he and the auctioneer, giving each other a knowing wink, would laugh in their sleeves.

As the purchasing partner of our concern, it frequently happened to me to meet this imp of deception. I could no sooner fix my eye on a tolerable piece of goods, and say to myself, bidders are not numerous to-day—I shall get a bargain; than up would step Peter Funk, and begin to bid against me. Sometimes, when the article had been under the hammer for a considerable time, the price still continuing very low, and the auctioneer crying out, "I can't dwell, gentlemen—I can't dwell—it must go," seemed on the very point of knocking it down to me; Peter Funk all at once would rise, as it were out of the cellar, and commence bidding; and so all my hopes of a bargain would at once be blown to the moon.

I recollect, one day, when I was bidding upon some very fine broadcloth; buyers were few, bids were feeble, and I seemed to be on the very point of getting it for the low price of twenty shillings per yard. The auctioneer kept bawling, and stamping, and hammering away—"Twenty shillings, once! twenty shillings, twice! twenty shillings, three!"

Now, thinks I to myself, I've got the start of Peter Funk. He's not here to-day. I'll have the goods at my own price. "Come, strike them off," said I to the auctioneer; "there's no use in dwelling so long."

"Twenty shillings, three"—the auctioneer had got his hammer raised, apparently just ready to strike: when suddenly glancing about, he cried, "Twenty-one!—do I hear it?"

"Ay, I'll give twenty-one," said a voice, which,



though it sounded strangely, I suspected to be no other than that of Peter Funk.

"There's that imp of mischief again," said I to myself; "however, he shall not have the goods so cheap as that comes to;" and so I cried out, "Twenty-two!"

"Twenty-three!" said the voice.

"Twenty-four!" said I.

"Twenty-five!" said the voice.

"Twenty-six," said I.

"Twenty-seven!" cried the voice.

"Twenty-eight!" exclaimed I.

"Twenty-nine!" shouted the voice.

"Thirty!" added I. For my part, I had now gone as far as I intended; not but that the cloth was really worth more money: but I resolved to stop there, partly because I knew by experience that there was little use in bidding against Peter, and partly that I might have an opportunity of knowing what my antagonist was made of, and, if I chose, dispute the purchase with him.

"Thirty-one!" said the voice; and dwelling for some time, the auctioneer cried, "Thirty-one shillings, three times! John Smith, thirty-one shillings—takes the whole lot."

"Who takes the whole lot?" said I.

"John Smith," said the auctioneer.

"I doubt it very much," said I.

"You doubt it," returned the auctioneer, beginning to grow red with passion. "My word is not to be doubted by any man; and I say the goods are struck off to John Smith."

"*Alias* Peter Funk," said I, looking sharply in the face of the auctioneer, who began to look blank, and hardly knew which way to turn. "And now," continued I, "let this Peter Funk, *alias* John Smith, *alias* Tom Jones, or any other *alias* you please, come forward and show his face. I wish to see who the buyer is."

"I've already told you," said the auctioneer. "If you doubt my word—"

"And I've already told you I doubted it," said I.

"Come, gentlemen," said he, "let us go on with the sale—here's another sample of—"

"No, no!" exclaimed twenty voices—"let us first see who John Smith is, *alias* Peter Funk."

The poor auctioneer now began to be in trouble. He had not been careful to provide a visible substitute; and he now began to look imploringly about for some one to step forward, as John Smith the purchaser. I could perceive, that he every now and then glanced his eyes furtively at a certain large box, which stood near him.

"What have you in that box," said I, "Mr. Knock?" for that was the name of the auctioneer.

"What have I? Why goods to be sure."

"I didn't know but it might be John Smith, *alias* Peter Funk."

"I'll bet a dollar it is," said one of the crowd.

"I'll go you halves," said another; and they seemed to be making their way towards the box, as if to examine its contents.

"Come, don't let us waste time, gentlemen," said the auctioneer; "I certainly thought I heard Mr. Smith's voice; but it seems I was mistaken, and of course the goods belong to Mr. Hazard, as the highest bidder." Then looking towards the clerk, he said, "Mr. Hazard, thirty shillings."

I was content with my purchase; and though I shrewdly suspected that Peter Funk—the villain who had made me pay ten shillings per yard more for the goods than I should otherwise have got them for—was concealed in the large box, I had no design to trouble myself with the rascal, or further expose the auctioneer. Not so, however, with others who were present—particularly a number of stout countrymen, who were determined to see what sort of a fellow Peter Funk was.

"Come, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, looking uneasily at the suspicious box, "here's another fine specimen of broadcloth—much superior to the last—what's bid? Any thing you please. Is three dollars bid? Is twenty shillings bid? Any thing you please. Two dollars—does any body say two dollars?"

"No," said one of the countrymen, "let us see Peter Funk."

"Yes," said another, "let us see Peter Funk—let us know what kind of a looking fellow he is."

With that, a number of them, pressing forward to the box, tore off the cover, and up rose the very fellow they were looking for—the identical Peter Funk. He looked prodigiously foolish to be so caught; and at first, hardly knew which way to turn himself. But pretty soon recovering all his native impudence, he tapped his snuff-box with an air of defiance, took a large pinch, and was about returning it to his breeches pocket, when one of his persecutors, snatching the box out of his hand, discharged the contents in the little fellow's eyes. This was only the signal for further mischief. They now pulled him out of his hiding-place, blinded as he was with snuff, and hoisting him over their heads, they passed him on to their next neighbors, and they to their next, and so on, *a la Tammany Hall*, until he was finally landed in the middle of the street.

Poor Peter Funk! he picked himself up, rubbed the snuff out of his eyes, brushed the dirt from his unmentionables, and disappeared amidst the shouts and hootings of the boys; and so much was he mortified by his sad pickle, or so much were his eyes inflamed by the snuff, that he did not show his face in an auction room for a whole fortnight afterwards.

TRIALS OF A SCHOOLMASTER.—Master. "Boys, Noah had three sons; Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now, who was the father of Noah's three sons?" The boys of the third class pause, look dubious, but there is no reply. Master. "What! can't you tell? Let me illustrate. Here is Mr. Smith, our next neighbor, he has three sons, John, James, and Joseph Smith. Now, who is the father of John,

James, and Joseph Smith?" Boys, (all together, in eager and emulous strife).—"Mr. Smith." Master. "Certainly; that's correct. Well, let us turn to the first question; Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Now, who was the father of Noah's three sons?" Boys (unanimously, after a little hesitation).—"Mr. Smith!"

## ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE KNAPSACK OF THOMAS SINGULARITY.

FROM "NOVELLETTES OF A TRAVELLER." BY HENRY JUNIUS NOTT. 1834.

TOMMY and myself had our occasional bickerings. One night, after a practising party, he told me that he had a bottle of Scotch whiskey and fresh lemons, and proposed that we should make some hot punch. For fear that we should be seen in our room, which had a window near the ground, we agreed to go into the printing-room, where we ran no risk of being disturbed. Tommy went to work, and prepared the beverage in a bowl that might hold about two quarts. While we were regaling ourselves he went out for a moment, and not more, for the punch was too good to be neglected. On his return, he accused me of having drunk an undue proportion out of the bowl, and having filled it up with hot water during his absence. Even when I assured him that he was mistaken, he reiterated the charge more vehemently than before.

"Will you not believe my word?" said I, getting rather warm.

"I'll believe my own senses in preference to anybody," replied he; "and eyes, mouth, and nose tell me in plain English that the punch has been watered."

As I thought this imputation on my veracity and honor was not to be borne, I gave him a pretty solid *clout* on the side of his head; he returned it with spirit, and we commenced a regular battle. While we were fighting round the room, I got hold of one of the balls used for inking the types, about the size, shape, and color of a negro's head: Tommy, seeing me thus armed, seized another, and our faces and clothes were as well blackened as a form just ready for striking off. In making a violent blow, my weapon flew from my hand, and looking around for something to supply its place, I caught up a bottle. My antagonist immediately dropped his ball, and cried out with upraised hands, frightened looks, and a doleful voice, "For mercy's sake, Jerry, don't break the whiskey bottle; it's more than half full."

The scene was so unexpected and ludicrous that my passion immediately fell, and Tommy at the same moment recovered his good-humor. "Well, Jerry," said he, "perhaps I'm wrong; but even if you did water the punch, I can forgive any man with such an irresistible temptation before him. Only I hate to have any thing that has such a villainous taste of water smuggled into me."

Many may wish to know whether the accusation made against me on this occasion was true or not. I really think that I did not water the punch, and if I did, it must have been through absence of mind from the confusion that the fumes of heated alcohol produce on the best-regulated temperaments. Even had I diluted the beverage, Tommy had no right to complain. I know he would have done the very same trick had I, for an instant, turned my back, and I feel confident that he had often done so before.

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One morning four of us agreed to set out on a hunting expedition. We had passed the back of the college without encountering any game, when some one proposed crossing a marsh at the foot of the hill, and pushing on for the old fields beyond.

Singularity objected to the difficulty and almost impossibility of traversing a quagmire where we could only get along by stepping, and often jumping, on *tussocks*, which afforded but a narrow and insecure footing. He also faintly intimated there might be snakes, which in fact I readily saw was his only fear. The majority, however, resolved to bulge through. Tommy yielded a most reluctant assent, on one of the young men's agreeing to take his gun over, as he declared he would not undertake it otherwise. He was somewhat under the influence of liquor, or I am sure he would never have consented. I wished to see how the others succeeded, and therefore waited the last, my friend only excepted. By cautious stepping and an occasional spring, the advance got on pretty well through the bog and bushes, and at length we ascertained from their shouts that they were fairly over. Tommy and myself proceeded more cautiously. I had nearly accomplished my journey over, when, making too short a leap, I sank up to my chest in a soft adhesive mud. A few struggles to disengage myself only plunged me a little deeper. Tommy, who was not far from me, burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, and had I been within striking distance, I could willingly have knocked his teeth down his throat. I told him his merriment was ill-timed, but that when he had helped me out, he might laugh his fill. Instead of aiding me, he hallooed as loud as he could to our companions to come and enjoy the sight. Probably they did not hear him, for no one came. Meanwhile I most earnestly entreated him to lay aside his jesting, and assist me, as I was afraid of being smothered. It pleased him eventually to yield to my entreaties, and he was approaching me, when he suddenly sprang up and shouted, or rather yelled out, "Snake bit, snake



bit!" At the same time I beheld a sight that congealed my blood with horror. Not more than ten yards from me lay, coiled for action, a rattlesnake of the most enormous size. His glittering eyes

were fixed on my friend; his mouth, from which quivered a forked tongue, hissed in the most venomous manner, while his tail, raised aloft, sounded the horrid rattle with a din that stupefied me. I saw that, should I be attacked, I had no probability of escaping. "I am a dead man," said Tommy; "for he has bitten me twice on the legs, and the poison will work before I can get to a doctor. But," said he, excited by rage and rum, "I'll not die unrevenged." He thereupon, after looking round, tried to break a small dead sapling which seemed of a suitable size for a pole. With much labor he wrenched it off, and rushed onwards with all the impetuosity of desperate passion. In his trepidation he not only struck beyond where he intended, but hit the ground with such violence, that the stick snapped in twain, and, yielding him no support, he pitched forwards at full length, and received, in the twinkling of an eye, another bite on the arm. The serpent never moved from his position, but after each attack again resumed his coil for battle. Doubly sure of death, Tommy now approached more carefully. With the fragment of stick which he retained in his hand, he aimed deliberately a most violent blow at the head of his enemy. The stick did not break this time, but his hand was brought near the ground, and the agile animal, shifting his position as quick as lightning, avoided the danger, and struck Singularity on the wrist. Glowing with anger, and stirred up to desperation, he drew out his knife and cut a cudgel that appeared sufficiently long and strong to ensure his purpose. Approaching cautiously, he reconnoitred the locality exactly, and was aiming a stroke with deadly certainty, when the ground on which his front foot was planted gave way, he sank into the bog, and fell so near the snake that he was bitten full on the cheek. Utterly astounded at this succession of mishaps, and exhausted by his exertions, Singularity desisted from the fight, and withdrew some steps. He hallooed again for our companions, who instantly answered, as in fact they were returning in search of us.

The serpent, no longer seeing an enemy in front, turned round as if to retreat. This movement brought him within a few feet of where I stood immovable in the mud. I quickly placed my gun almost touching him, and pulled trigger. No report followed. The priming had got wet. The horrible reptile was no sooner aware of my presence than he was thrown into coil. Again he hissed, his rattle sounded, and he was evidently in the very action of assailing me, when, rallying my strength, and raising my gun above my head, I struck him so forcibly that he dropped his head, stunned and disabled. Again he collected his forces and tried to advance, but was stopped by a second blow. From the yielding nature of the bog, my strokes could not have their full effect, and I was becoming more and more exhausted, as much from the intensity of my feelings as the physical exertion. I earnestly implored Singularity to come to my rescue; but he refused positively to venture near the snake again, as he said he felt himself dying. The power of defending myself, and even hope, was lost, when one of my companions came up running, and put an end to my enemy with a load of buckshot. I was speedily extricated from my disagreeable thralldom, and set on dry ground.

Before attending to me, Tommy had been laid under a shade-tree, and appeared to be in the last

agony. We deliberated whether it would be better to construct an extemporaneous palanquin, and bear him into town, or keep him quiet and send for a physician, when one of the young men, who had been examining the snake, cried out, "Hallo, Tom Singularity, get up and take a dram. Why, man, you are more scared than hurt. The snake has not a tooth in his head." And so the fact turned out. The animal, from age, had lost its fangs, and of course was perfectly harmless. As soon as certified of the truth, Tommy sprang on his feet, and after a swallow from the gin-flask of one of our friends, was himself again. Our joy was not of long duration; for the merciless rascals now commenced a round of jokes on my muddled clothes and Tommy's battle, not much to our comfort. The matter was quickly told in town, with embellishments certainly laughable enough to any but the sufferers.

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We intended proceeding to Washington, but stopping in Norfolk, and finding employment there in the office of the Norfolk Ledger, we agreed to remain. Our contract was for a year, and my friend went on for a month better than I ever knew him. He played none, drank little, and bragged less of his love adventures. There was only one mystery I could not well solve, nor do I to this day understand much about it. I can only relate from partial information and shrewd guesses. Every night he left me betimes, and did not return till morning. As most young men are averse to having their nocturnal rendezvous too closely watched, I put no questions to him. Some journeymen told me that they saw him frequently pass through a particular gate of a neighboring grocer.

One night, it seems, he went later than usual, and found the gate locked. By the aid of a loose plank which he picked up, he, as one might say in military phrase, escalated the fortress. Tripping along gaily through the yard, in all the happiness of hope that was not to be long deferred, he heard, a few paces behind, an explosion of loud and fierce barking. With a glance of the eye he saw, by the clear moonshine, not far from him, a huge bulldog, well known for his uncommon strength and fierceness. Where could he fly? How escape from a yard he had scaled? The furious animal pressed on with gaining velocity, and Tommy shouted aloud for aid. None came. With desperate energy he strained every nerve in flight; but every moment proclaimed the rapid approach of his enemy. Near the warehouse of the merchant stood a number of hogheads. Tommy, had sufficient presence of mind left to attempt gaining the top of one of them, not knowing whether they were empty or full. Half jumping, half clambering, he pitched headlong into an empty cask, scarcely remembering how he got there, but with rather a distinct remembrance of a snap on his leg from the dog, whose teeth left five or six distinct scratches. As soon as his composure was a little restored by a consciousness of present security, he began to be less satisfied than was Diogenes with his lodgment. He was in a molasses cask, just stripped of its sweets, but not so fully as not to leave enough to permeate his attire in unseemly splashes on every salient point of his angular body. He was not of course very well pleased with the thorough disarrangement of his toilet, but he was, according to the old saying, glad of any port in a storm. For a while the dog continued jumping round the narrow prison, and howl-

ing like a very wolf; at last he became quiet. Tommy, after remaining still for a considerable time, rose up gently, and peeped over to see if the coast was clear. No sooner was his head on a level with the top of the cask, than the dog began springing and barking as violently as ever.

Hour after hour did Tommy occasionally look out of his uncomfortable habitation, and every time would he find his pertinacious besieger lying at the foot of the cask, and would learn, by a low and sullen growl, that his motions were carefully watched. All his hope eventually was, that some of the negroes would pass that way. Even that hope left him, as he heard the town-clock strike twelve, then one, two, three, four. It was summer, but cool. The night was still and serene. The moon shone bright as day. The dew fell almost as thick as mist. Tommy was in a thin attire, suited to the sultry noon of the burning south, and he became chilled through. The night was at length passed, and day began to dawn. Again and again Singularity, now benumbed with cold and damp, looked forth cautiously to see if no deliverer was in sight or hailing. A little after sunrise, the gardener came out, and Singularity, calling to him, earnestly begged to be released. The man asked him loudly, if he came there to steal, and swore he would call his master. Poor Singularity, in agony, told the true state of the case, begging him, in mercy, not to cry so loud. The black, no doubt, easily understood the matter, but pretended not to believe one word, and threatened more obstreperously than before. The more effectual eloquence of money was tried. No sooner was this mentioned than the gardener's ferocity began to abate. A dollar was offered, then two, and after much bargaining, the terms were settled at five dollars, for the all-sufficient reason that Tom neither would nor could give more. But he might as well have spared his pockets; for the merchant and his clerks, just as the bargain was concluded, and the money paid, came into the yard, and beheld Tommy extricated from his durance vile.

I had commenced my work in the morning, when he entered in a thin red and white gingham suit, and chip hat, daubed with molasses from head to foot. To my inquiries he would make no reply, but said that he was sleepy, and had no time to talk. I accompanied him to his room, but he would not converse. Taking about half a tumbler full of brandy, he went to bed. In the course of a couple of hours, the story was public. The journeymen in our establishment were delighted, and went to his room to torment him. Finding that he could not be waked, they very cruelly blackened his face with tallow and soot.

Towards midday, he entered the printing-office, unconscious of what had happened, and was received by peals of laughter. Indeed it was a sight for comedy. He had put on another suit, but old and dirty; his knotted and combined locks were uncombed and well filled with feathers, and his eyes of a fiery redness, gleamed in his sooty visage like balefires athwart a midnight sky. I do not know that I ever saw him in such a passion; but he knew not on whom to vent it. Notwithstanding my protestations, he seemed to think that I had been the principal hand in the matter, because I could not help joining heartily in the laugh. When he saddened me with the accusation, the journeymen, out of sport, assured him that he had guessed right. I

entreated them to tell the truth, but to no purpose. They insisted on it, and finally thoroughly persuaded Tommy that I was the only aggressor.

The next week, Tom had made a wager with a friend; but about what I have now forgotten, and it had been agreed that the winner was to give a treat. Fortune favored Singularity. He told me he was going to do things in style, and begged me to help him make the preparations. I was so rejoiced to see him once more in a good humor, that I never worked with greater pleasure. In due time the company arrived. I was only surprised not to see Billy Spindler, the barber, as he was a great crony of Tom's, and lived exactly across the street. We had a neat supper in the parlor, in front of our bedroom, and a variety of liquors. Tom was renowned for making hot punch, which, of course, was not forgotten. With his own hands he placed a glass of it before each of us. I was about to take a particular tumbler, when he stopped me. "No," said he, "take this; you love it very sweet, and I have prepared one expressly for you." I did as bidden, and placed my portion on the table before me. A knock was heard at this moment at the door, and Tommy went to see who it was. The minute his back was turned, I exchanged my tumbler for his, as I saw he had chosen the largest for himself. Singularity, though generally pretty acute, was cheated for once. On returning, he swallowed his punch, without having discovered the exchange. Amid our merriment, he began to gape and yawn most awfully; and in spite of our talking, hallooing, and shaking, he went fast asleep on his chair, and snored aloud. Finding that we could not arouse him, we bore him into his room, undressed, and put him to bed. Lest he should wake, I placed a lamp on the window-sill; for every chair and table had been taken out of the room for the supper. We drank to the memory of the "departed Singularity" no less merrily than if he had been there. To make up our number, the barber now arrived, but so tipsy he took no notice of any of us, and soon fell asleep on his chair. What with jokes and songs, we kept it up till about day-break. About that time we sang the glee of "Scotland's burning," in voices to which abundant potatoes had given greater strength than melody. We were singing it the second time, and had got on till all the voices joined in the chorus, "Fire, fire, fire," which we sent forth with stentorian lungs in full harmony. While "Fire, fire, fire," was still sounding on our lips, "Where, for mercy's sake!" shouted a voice, while a spectre of appalling appearance burst into the room. We started up in a fright. Wrapped in a sheet, with staring eyes, and a head as bald as an onion, beset with several bloody gashes, stood a being who, in voice and features, resembled Singularity. The next moment we could no longer doubt it was he. But what had happened to him? Who had trimmed off his eyebrows and locks in this manner? Tom, who had had his nap out, but from whose head the fumes of the punch were not fully exhaled, seemed utterly perplexed. Our drunken friend, the barber, who had been awaked in the tumult, exclaimed, "Bless me, Mr. Singularity! was it your head I shaved? I was a glass or two ahead, and beg your pardon." The whole matter was soon explained. Tommy had only deferred his revenge on me, to make it more sure. He had paid the barber to shave my head on the night of the supper, promising to stand between him and harm.

Tom was to put laudanum in my punch; and to give the signal for the barber, he was to place a lamp on the window when I should be stowed in bed. The exchange of the tumbler of punch had made the vengeance fall on Tommy's own head. For, the barber seeing the signal, and coming in by a back way, fuddled, he had proceeded to *barberize* Tom as just stated. This, I think, was the severest cut Singularity ever received, physically and figuratively; for his head, though not deeply gashed, was worked all over. He told me that he would have his satisfaction soon or late for the insult, and that though I had escaped once, I should get it with interest. My comrades, seeing that the matter might turn out seriously, soon convinced him of my innocence. We then all got round him, and persuaded him to take a drink, forgive, and forget.

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It was not in his nature to be long without some love adventure on hand, nor did ill-success in one affair ever discourage him, as his mind was immediately engaged in another. He had made acquaintance with a Dutch farmer of the name of Geiermann Schmalbauch, a man of a very sufficient property. The farmer had been lately made major in the militia, and finding out that Tommy had a knowledge of tactics, applied to him for instruction.

"Come and spend next Sunday with me, Mr. Singularity," said he, "and I'll treat you to such watermelons as you never saw in all your travels." Tom consented willingly, expecting reasonably enough a good dinner for his visit. When he arrived, he not only found good cheer, but two good-looking daughters, full of life and humor. They treated him with so much kindness, that he flattered himself he had made a double conquest, and therefore tried to merit a second invitation. Accordingly he drilled his pupil through the manual exercise, till he could shoulder, present, ground, etc., with great satisfaction to himself. In spite of explanation, the old gentleman's head was in an utter whirl with wheeling, deploying, and echellons; for Tommy had mystified as much as possible.

"Ah! Mr. Singularity," sighed he in despair,

"I can work the exercise famously; but I am afraid them there other matters are too hard for a man at my time of life."

"By no means, major. You have a prodigious military turn, and if I had a little more time to draw out some diagrams on paper, I could make it all as clear as daylight."

"My dear friend, how kind you are. It's but a short ride. Could you not spend a night occasionally at my house, and *insense* me about it?"

Though his heart bounded for joy, Singularity only consented after much persuasion, and starting many difficulties. No week now passed without two or three visits, as he could go in the evening and return early in the morning, without losing time from his work. But the great difficulty with Tommy was to make a choice. Both girls were pretty and might expect equal fortunes, and both, he was sure, were smitten with him. In every respect, the house was a pleasant one to visit. As the girls were belles, they had much company, and kept up a constant round of good cheer and gaiety.

One Sunday morning, about the last of July, Tom set out for the major's with a parcel of drawings, to illustrate the manoeuvres for reviewing a battalion, done with great clearness and beauty. He had also agreed to squire on horseback the young ladies to a camp-meeting. As the day was exceedingly warm and dusty, he was afraid of discomposing and rumpling his shirt-collar and bosom on the way: he therefore put the needful articles for a change in his valise. When within half a mile of the house, he rode aside into a thick wood, for the purpose of *adonizing*, as he had often done on the same spot. The ground was muddy, from a shower that had lately fallen, and he thought it would be the better plan to make the adjustments of his toilet without leaving the saddle. His horse, though young and spirited, was docile, and usually stood with great composure during the operation.

Singularity had denuded himself—stowed away the soiled vestments in the valise—a garment of snowy hue, plaited in front most symmetrically, and ironed till it resembled polished ivory, was raised



aloft on his arms, and had just enveloped his head, when a colony of yellow jackets, or small wasps, whose domains had been invaded by his horse's hoofs, assailed the animal *en masse*. Alarmed at the fierce assault, his courser bounded off like lightning, kicking and plunging in vain to disembarass himself. Tommy could manage any horse without difficulty; but taken by surprise, with his head effectually muffled, all he could do was to seize the mane with both hands. Away went the steed, peppered by myriads of the irritated insects—away he went, with a speed that would have distanced Gilpin, young Lochinvar, or Burger's Spectre Bridegroom. From the steed the yellow jackets extended their attacks to the rider, who now, with fright, surprise, and bodily agony, clung on instinctively with convulsive energy, almost unconscious of any thing. The road was crowded with people, thronging to the camp-meeting—ladies and gentlemen, young and old, black and white, tag, rag, and bobtail, in chaises, carriages, and wagons, on horseback, muleback, and footback. Every thing cleared the road for the flying horseman, and stood gazing

with wonder at the unseemly sight. Accustomed to stop at Schmalbauch's house, the horse dashed through the gate that was standing open, and halted suddenly before the door. The moment he felt a pause, Tom rid his head of the incumbrance, just in time to see the young ladies escaping from a window. The major, who was smoking his pipe in the piazza, inquired of Tom, in astonishment, the meaning of his extraordinary and indecent appearance at midday, before a gentleman's house. When Tommy had explained the nature of his misfortune, which threw the old man into a convulsed fit of laughter, he took my friend into the house, where his inconvenient head-dress was restored to its proper location. But what between pain and shame, his gallantry had received a damper for the day. He sent an excuse to the girls, and wended his way back. To me he gave some indifferent reason, I remember not what, for returning, but never breathed a word of his mishap. Next day, however, I got fifty versions of it, as the people he had passed on the road, learned at Geiermann Schmalbauch's who the equestrian was.

## THE TROUT, THE CAT, AND THE FOX.

### A Fable.

FROM "ÆSOP, JUNIOR, IN AMERICA." ANON. 1834.

A FINE full-grown Trout had for some time kept his station in a clear stream; when, one morning, a Cat, extravagantly fond, as cats are wont to be, of fish, caught a glimpse of him, as he glided from beneath an overhanging part of the bank, towards the middle of the river; and with this glimpse, she resolved to spare no pains to capture him. As she sat on the bank waiting for the return of the fish, and laying a plan for her enterprise, a Fox came up, and saluting her, said, Your servant, Mrs. Puss, a pleasant place this for taking the morning air; and a notable place for fish, eh! Good morning, Mr. Reynard, replied the Cat; the place is, as you say, pleasant enough. As for fish, you can judge for yourself whether there are any in this part of the river. I do not deny that near the falls, about four miles from here, some very fine salmon and other fish also are to be found. At this moment, very inappositely for the Cat's hint, the Trout made his appearance; and the Fox looking significantly at her, said, The falls, Madam! perhaps this fine trout is on his way thither. It may be, that you would like the walk; allow me the pleasure of accompanying you? I thank you, sir, replied the Cat, but I am not disposed to walk so far at present. Indeed I hardly know whether I am quite well; I think I will rest myself a little, and then return home. Whatever you may determine, rejoined the Fox, I hope to be permitted to enjoy your society and conversation; and possibly I may have the great gratification of preventing the tedium which, were you left alone, your indisposition might produce. In speaking thus, the crafty Fox had no doubt that the only indisposition which the Cat was suffering, was an unwillingness to allow him a share of her booty; and he was determined that, so far as management could go, she should catch no fish that day without his being a party to the trans-

action. As the Trout still continued in sight, he began to commend his shape and color; and the Cat, seeing no way of getting rid of him, finally agreed that they should jointly try their skill and divide the spoil. Upon this compact, they both went actively to work.



They agreed first to try the following device. A small knob of earth, covered with rushes, stood in the water close to the bank. Both the fishers were to crouch behind these rushes; the Fox was to move the water very gently with the end of his long brush, and withdraw it so soon as the Trout's attention should have been drawn to that point; and the Cat was to hold her right paw underneath,

and be ready, so soon as the fish should come over it, to throw him out on the bank. No sooner was the execution of this device commenced, than it seemed likely to succeed. The Trout soon noticed the movement on the water, and glided quickly towards the point where it was made; but when he had arrived within about twice his own length of it, he stopped, and then backed towards the middle of the river. Several times this manoeuvre was repeated, and always with the same result, until the tricky pair were convinced that they must try some other scheme.

It so happened that whilst they were considering what they should do next, the Fox espied a small piece of meat, when it was agreed, that he should tear this into little bits, and throw them into the stream above where they then were; that the Cat should wait, crouched behind a tuft of grass, to dash into the river, and seize the Trout, if he should come to take any piece of meat floating near the bank; and that the Fox should, on the first movement of the Cat, return and give his help. This scheme was put into practice, but with no better success than the other. The Trout came and took the pieces of meat which had floated furthest off from the bank, but to those which floated near he seemed to pay no attention. As he rose to take the last, he put his mouth out of the water, and said, To other travellers with these petty tricks: here we are "wide awake as a black fish," and are not to be caught with bits and scraps, like so many silly gudgeons! As the Trout went down, the Fox said, in an under tone, Say you so, my fine fellow, we may, perhaps, make a *gudgeon* of you yet! Then turning to the Cat, he proposed to her a new scheme, in the following terms.

I have a scheme to propose which cannot, I am persuaded, fail of succeeding, if you will lend your talents and skill for the execution of it. As I crossed the bridge, a little way above, I saw the dead body of a small dog, and near it a flat piece of wood rather longer than your person. Now, let us throw the dead dog into the river, and give the Trout time to examine it; then let us put the piece of wood into the water, and do you set yourself upon it, so that it shall be lengthwise under you, and your mouth may lean over one edge and your tail hang in the water as if you were dead. The Trout, no doubt, will come up to you, when you may seize him, and paddle to the bank with him, where I will be in waiting to help you land the prey. The scheme pleased the Cat so much, that in spite of her repugnance to the wetting which it promised her, she resolved to act the part which the cunning Fox had assigned to her. They first threw the dead dog into the river, and going down the stream, they soon had the satisfaction to see the Trout glide

up close to it and examine it. They then returned to the bridge, and put the piece of wood into the water, and the Cat having placed herself on it, and taken a posture as if she were dead, was soon carried down by the current to where the Trout was. Apparently without the least suspicion, he came up close to the Cat's head, and she, seizing him by one of his gills, held him in spite of all his struggles. The task of regaining the bank still had to be performed, and this was no small difficulty, for the Trout struggled so hard, and the business of navigation was so new to the Cat, that not without great labor and fatigue did she reach the place where the Fox was waiting for her. As one end of the board struck the bank, the Fox put his right fore-paw upon it, then seizing the fish near the tail, as the Cat let it go, he gave the board a violent push which sent it towards the middle of the stream, and instantly ran off, with the Trout in his mouth, towards the bridge.

It had so happened that after the Fox had quitted the bridge the last time, an Otter had come there to watch for fish, and he, seeing the Trout in the Fox's mouth, rushed towards him, and compelled him to drop the fish, and put himself on the defensive. It had also happened, that this Otter had been seen in an earlier part of the day, and that notice of him had been given to the farmer to whom the Cat belonged, and who had more than once declared that if ever he found her fishing again, she should be thrown into the river with a stone tied to her neck. The moment the farmer heard of the Otter, he took his gun, and followed by a laborer and two strong dogs, went toward the river, where he arrived just as the Cat, exhausted by the fatigue of her second voyage, was crawling up the bank. Immediately he ordered the laborer to put the sentence of drowning in execution; then, followed by his dogs, he arrived near the bridge just as the Fox and the Otter were about to join battle. Instantly the dogs set on the Fox and tore him to pieces; and the farmer shooting the Otter dead on the spot, possessed himself of the Trout, which had thus served to detain first one, then the other of his destroyers, till a severe punishment had overtaken each of them.

#### MORAL.

The inexperienced are never so much in danger of being deceived and hurt, as when they think themselves a match for the crafty, and suppose that they have penetrated their designs and seen through all their stratagems. As to the crafty, they are ever in danger, either of being overreached one by another, or of falling in a hurry into some snare of their own, where, as commonly happens, should they be caught, they are treated with a full measure of severity.

#### GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

This common phrase was turned very wittily by a member of the bar in North Carolina some years ago, on three of his legal brethren. During the trial of a case, Hillman, Dews, and Swain (the two first named distinguished lawyers, the last also a distinguished lawyer and President of the University of that State), handed James Dodge, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, the following epitaph:

Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,  
And never dodged an evil:

And after dodging all he could,  
He could not dodge the Devil!

Mr. Dodge sent back to the gentlemen the annexed impromptu reply, which we consider equal to any thing ever expressed in the best days of Quercus Ann or Bess:

Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,  
Their lot let no man choose:  
They lived in sin, and died in pain,  
And the Devil got his dues! (Dews.)

PETE FEATHERTON.

BY JAMES HALL. 1834.

EVERY country has its superstitions, and will continue to have them, so long as men are blessed with lively imaginations, and while any portion of mankind remain ignorant of the causes of natural phenomena. That which cannot be reconciled with experience will always be attributed to supernatural influence; and those who know little, will imagine much more to exist than has ever been witnessed by their own senses. I am not displeased with this state of things, for the journey of life would be dull indeed, if those who travel it were confined for ever to the beaten highway, worn smooth by the sober feet of experience. To turn-pikes, for our beasts of burden, I have no objection; but I cannot consent to the erection of railways for the mind, even though the architect be "wisdom, whose ways are pleasant, and whose paths are peace." It is sometimes agreeable to stray of into the wilderness which fancy creates, to recline in fairy bowers, and to listen to the murmurs of imaginary fountains. When the beaten road becomes tiresome, there are many sunny spots where the pilgrim may loiter with advantage—many shady paths, whose labyrinths may be traced with delight. The mountain and the vale, on whose scenery we gaze enchanted, derive new charms, when their deep caverns and gloomy recesses are peopled with imaginary beings.

But above all, the enlivening influence of fancy is felt when it illumines our firesides, giving to the wings of time, when they grow heavy, a brighter plumage, and a more sprightly motion. There are seasons when the spark of life within us seems to burn with less than its wonted vigor; the blood crawls heavily through the veins; the contagious chillness seizes on our companions, and the sluggish hours roll painfully along. Something more than a common impulse is then required to awaken the indolent mind, and give a new tone to the flagging spirits. If necromancy draws her magic circle, we cheerfully enter the ring; if folly shakes her cap and bells, we are amused; a witch becomes an interesting personage, and we are even agreeably surprised by the companionable qualities of a ghost.

If we have no ghosts, we are not without miracles. Wonders have happened in these United States. Mysteries have occurred in the Valley of the Mississippi. Supernatural events have transpired on the borders of "the beautiful stream;" and in order to rescue my country from undeserved reproach, I shall proceed to narrate an authentic history which I received from the lips of the party principally concerned.

A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow laid ankle-deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air and the cheerful sunbeams invigorated the animal creation, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking-places.

The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio were commencing with the sun the business of the day. A stout raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and, lugging log after log, erected a pile on the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honors to the stateliest ox. A

female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American farmer.

The breakfast over, Mr. Featherton reached down a long rifle from the rafters and commenced certain preparations, fraught with danger to the brute inhabitants of the forest. The lock was carefully examined, the screws tightened, the pan wiped, the flint renewed, and the springs oiled; and the keen eye of the backwoodsman glittered with an ominous lustre, as its glance rested on the destructive engine. His blue-eyed partner, leaning fondly on her husband's shoulder, essayed those coaxing and captivating blandishments, which every young wife so well understands, to detain her husband from the contemplated sport. Every pretext was urged with affectionate pertinacity which female ingenuity could supply;—the wind whistled bleakly over the hills, the snow lay deep in the valleys, the deer would surely not venture abroad in such bitter cold weather, the adventurous hunter might get his toes frost-bitten, and her own hours would be sadly lonesome in his absence. He smiled in silence at the arguments of his bride, for such she was, and continued his preparations with the cool, but good-natured determination of one who is not to be turned from his purpose.

He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last, would not be very likely to prevail. Mr. Peter Featherton, or as he was familiarly called by all who knew him, Pete Featherton, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion announced an ardent temperament; his tall form and bony limbs indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and high cheek bones evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and at times wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. His imagination was a warm and fruitful soil, in which "tall oaks from little acorns grew," and his vocabulary was overstocked with superlatives. He loved his wife—no mistake about that—but next to her his affections entwined themselves about his gun, and expanded over his horse; he was true to his friends, never missed an election day, turned his back upon a frolic, nor affected to dislike a social glass.

When entirely "at himself"—to use his own language—that is to say, when duly sober, Pete was friendly and rational, courteous, and considerate, and a better tempered fellow never shouldered a rifle. But he was a social man, who was liable to be "overtaken," and let him get a glass too much, and there was no end to his extravagance. Then it was that his genius bloomed and brought forth strange boasts and strong oaths, his loyalty to old Kentuck waxed warm, and his faith in his horse, his gun, and his own manhood grew into idolatry. Always bold and self-satisfied, and ha-



bitually energetic in the expression of his predilections, he now became invested with the agreeable properties of the snapping-turtle, the alligator, and the steamboat, and gifted with the most affable and affectionate spirit of autobiography. It was now that he would dwell upon his own bodily powers and prowess, with the enthusiasm of a devotee; and as the climax of this rhetorical display, would slap his hands together, spring perpendicularly into the air, and after uttering a yell worthy of the stoutest Winnebago, swear that he was "the best man in the country," and "could whip his weight in wild cats," "no two ways about it"—he was "not afraid of no man, no way you could fix it;" and finally, after many other extravagancies, he would urge, with no gentle asseveration, his ability to "ride through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning."

In addition to all this, which one would think was enough for any reasonable man, Pete would sometimes brag that he had the best gun, the prettiest wife, the best-looking sister, and the fastest nag in all Kentuck; and that no man dare say to the contrary. It is but justice to remark, that there was more truth in this last boast than is usually found on such occasions, and that Pete had good reason to be proud of his horse, his gun, and his lady-love.

These, however, were the happy moments which are few and far between; they were the brilliant inspirations playing like the lightning in an overheated atmosphere,—gleaming over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was a quiet, good-natured, listless soul, as one would see on a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling and a deliberate gait, a stoop of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole outward and inward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection, and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his latent manhood—as the panther, with whom he often compared himself, when his

appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

Our hero was a farmer, or as the very appropriate phrase is, "made a *crap*" on his own land—for besides making a crop he performed but few of the labors of the husbandman. While planting his corn, tending it, and gathering in the harvest, he worked with a good will; but these, thanks to a prolific soil and a free country, were all his toils, and they occupied not half of the year, the remainder of which was spent in the more manly and gentlemanly employments of hunting, attending elections, and officiating at horse-races. He was a rare hand at a "shucking," a house raising, or a log rolling; merry and strong, he worked like a young giant, and it was worth while to hear the glad tones of his clear voice, and the inspiring sound of his loud laugh; while the way he handled the axe, the beauty and keenness of the implement, the weight and precision of the blows, and the gracefulness of the action—were such as are not seen except in the wilderness, where chopping is an accomplishment as well as the most useful of labors.

It will readily be perceived that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins, and his legs in wrappers of dressed deerskin; and he was soon accoutred with a powder-horn, quaintly carved all over with curious devices,—an ample pouch with flints, patches, balls, and other "fixens"—and a hunter's knife,—and throwing "Brown Bess," for so he called his rifle, over his shoulder, he sallied forth.

But in passing a store hard by, which supplied the country with gunpowder, whiskey, and other necessities, as well as with the luxuries of tea, sugar, coffee, calico, calomel, and chandlery, he was hailed by one of the neighbors, who invited him to "light off and take something." Pete said he had "no occasion," but "rather than be nice," he dismounted and joined a festive circle, among whom the cup was circulating freely. Here he



was soon challenged to swap rifles, and being one of those who could not "stand a banter," he bantered back again without the least intention of parting with his favorite weapon. Making offers like a skilful diplomatist, which he knew would not be accepted, and feigning great eagerness to accede to any reasonable proposition, while inwardly resolved to reject all, he magnified the perfections of Brown Bess.

"She can do any thing but talk," said he. "If she had legs, she could hunt by herself. It is a pleasure to *tote* her—I naterally believe there is not a rifle south of Green river that can throw a ball so far, or so true. I can put a bullet in that tree, down the road, a mile off."

"You can't do it, Pete—I'll bet a treat for the whole company."

"No,"—said the hunter. "I could do it—but I don't want to strain my gun."

These discussions consumed much time and much whiskey—for the rule on such occasions is, that he who rejects an offer to trade must treat the company, and thus every point in the negotiation costs a pint of spirits.

At length, bidding adieu to his companions, Pete struck into the forest—it was getting late, and he "must look about pretty peart," he said, to get a venison before night. Lightly crushing the snow beneath his active feet, he beat up the coverts and traversed all the accustomed haunts of the deer. He mounted every hill and descended into every valley—not a thicket escaped the penetrating glance of his practised eye. Fruitless labor! not a deer was to be seen. Pete marvelled at this unusual circumstance, as the deer were very abundant in this neighborhood, and no one knew better where to look for them than himself.

But what surprised him still more, was, that the woods were less familiar to him than formerly. He knew them "like a book." He thought he was acquainted with every tree within ten miles of his cabin; but now, although he certainly had not wandered so far, some of the objects around him seemed strange, while others again were faintly recognized; and there was altogether, a singular confusion in the character of the scenery, which was partly familiar and partly new; or rather, in which many of the component parts were separately well known, but were so mixed up and changed in relation to each other, as to baffle even the knowledge of an expert woodsman.

The more he looked, the more he was bewildered. Had such a thing been possible, he would have thought himself a lost man. He came to a stream which had heretofore rolled to the west, but now its course pointed to the east; and the shadows of the tall trees, which, according to Pete's experience and philosophy, ought at noon to fall toward the north, all pointed to the south. He looked at his right and left hands, somewhat puzzled to know which was which; then scratched his head—but scratching the head, though a good thing in its way, will not always get a man out of a scrape. He cast his eye upon his own shadow, which had never deceived him—when lo! a still more extraordinary phenomenon presented itself. It was travelling round him like the shade on a dial—only a great deal faster, as it veered round to all the points of the compass in the course of a single minute. Mr. Peter Featherton was "in a bad fix."

It was very evident, too, from the dryness of the

snow and the brittleness of the twigs which snapped off as he brushed his way through the thickets, that the weather was intensely cold; yet the perspiration was rolling in large drops from his brow. He stopped at a clear spring, and thrusting his hands into the cold water, attempted to carry a portion to his lips; but the element recoiled and hissed, as if his hands and lips had been composed of red hot iron. Pete felt quite puzzled when he reflected on all these contradictions in the aspect of nature; and began to consider what act of wickedness he had been guilty of which could have rendered him so hateful, that the deer fled at his approach, the streams turned back, and the shadows fell the wrong way, or danced round their centre.

He began to grow alarmed, and would have liked to turn back, but was ashamed to betray such weakness, even to himself; and being naturally bold, he resolutely kept on his way. At last, to his great joy, he espied the tracks of deer imprinted on the snow; they were fresh signs—and, dashing upon the trail with the alacrity of a well-trained hound, he pursued in hopes of soon overtaking the game. Presently he discovered the tracks of a man who had struck the same trail in advance of him, and supposing it to be one of his neighbors, he quickened his pace, as well to gain a companion, which in the present state of his feelings he so much needed, as to share the spoil with his fellow-hunter. Indeed, in his present situation and condition of mind, Pete thought he would be willing to give half of what he was worth for the sight of a human face.

"I don't like the signs, no how," said he, casting a rapid glance around him; and then throwing his eyes downward at his own shadow, which had ceased its rotatory motion, and was now swinging backward and forward like a pendulum—"I don't like the signs, no way they can be fixed."

"You are not scared, are you, Pete?" he continued, smiling at the oddity of such a question.

"Oh no, bless your heart, Mr. Featherton, I'm not scared—I'm not of that breed of dogs—there's no back out in me—but then I must say—to speak sentimentally—that I feel sort o' jebus—I do so. But I'll soon see whether other people's shadows act the fool like mine."

Upon further observation, there appeared to be something peculiar in the human tracks before him, which were evidently made by a pair of feet which were not fellows—or were *odd fellows*—for one of them was larger than the other. As there was no person in the settlement who was thus deformed, Pete began to doubt whether it might not be the devil, who in borrowing shoes to conceal his cloven hoofs, might have got those that did not match. He stopped and scratched his head, as many a learned philosopher has done, when placed between the horns of a dilemma less perplexing than that which now vexed the spirit of our hunter. It was said long ago, that there is a tide in the affairs of men; and although our good friend Pete had never seen this sentiment in black and white, yet it is one of those truths which are written in the heart of every reasonable being, and was only copied by the poet from the great book of nature, a source from which he was a great borrower. It readily occurred to Pete on this occasion; and as he had enjoyed through life an uninterrupted tide of success, he reflected whether the stream of fortune might not have changed its course like the

brooks he had crossed, whose waters, for some sinister reason, seemed to be crawling up-hill.

He stopped, drew out his handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. "This thing of being scared," said he, "makes a man feel mighty queer—the way it brings the sweat out is curious!" And again it occurred to him, that it was incumbent on him to see the end of the adventure, as otherwise he would show a want of that courage which he had been taught to consider as the chief of the cardinal virtues.

"I can't back out," said he, "I never was raised to it, no how; and if the devil's a mind to hunt in this range, he shan't have all the game."

Then, falling into the sentimental vein, as one naturally does from the heroic: "Here's this handkercher that my Polly hemmed for me, and marked the two first letters of my name on it—P. for Pete and F. for Featherton—would she do the like of that for a coward? Could I ever look in her pretty face again if I was mean enough to be scared? No—I'll go ahead—let what will come."

He soon overtook the person in advance of him, who, as he had suspected, was a perfect stranger.

passing his hand across his brow, as he spoke, and sweeping off the heavy drops of perspiration that hung there. But receiving no answer, he began to get nettled. He thought himself not civilly treated. His native assurance, which had been damped by the mysterious deportment of the person who sat before him, revived. "One man's as good as another"—thought he; and screwing up his courage to the sticking point, he arose, approached the silent man, and slapping him on the back, exclaimed—

"Well, stranger! don't the sun look mighty droll away out there in the north?"

As the heavy hand fell on his shoulder, the stranger slowly turned his face towards Pete, who recoiled several paces,—then rising without paying the abashed hunter any further attention, he began to pursue the trail of the deer. Pete prepared to follow, when the other, turning upon him with a stern glance, inquired:

"Who are you tracking?"

"Not you," replied the hunter, whose alarm had subsided when the enemy began to retreat; and whose pride, piqued by the abruptness with which



He had halted and was quietly seated on a log, gazing at the sun, when our hunter approached and saluted him with the usual hearty, "How are you, stranger?" The person addressed made no reply, but continued to gaze at the sun, as if totally unconscious that any other individual was present. He was a small, thin old man, with a grey beard of about a month's growth, and a long fallow melancholy visage; while a tarnished suit of snuff-colored clothes, cut after the quaint fashion of some religious sect, hung loosely about his shrivelled person.

Our bold backwoodsman, somewhat awed, now coughed, threw the butt end of his gun heavily upon the frozen ground, and, still failing to elicit any attention, quietly seated himself on the other end of the log occupied by the stranger. Both remained silent for some minutes—Pete with open mouth and glaring eyeballs, observing his companion with mute astonishment, and the latter looking at the sun.

"It's a warm day, this," said Pete, at length,

he had been treated, enabled him to assume his usual boldness of manner.

"Why do you follow this trail, then?"

"I trail deer."

"You must not pursue them further, they are mine!"

The sound of the stranger's voice broke the spell which had hung over Peter's natural impudence, and he now shouted—

"Your deer! that's droll, too! who ever heard of a man claiming the deer in the woods!"

"Provoke me not—I tell you they are mine."

"Well, now—you're a comical chap! Why stranger,—the deer are wild! They're jist natral to the woods here, the same as the timber. You might as well say the wolves and the painters are yours, and all the rest of the wild varments."

"The tracks you behold here are those of wild deer, undoubtedly—but they are mine. I routed them from their bed, and am driving them home."

"Home—where is your home?" inquired Pete, at the same time casting an inquisitive glance at the stranger's feet.

To this home question, no reply was given, and Pete, fancying that he had got the best of the altercation, pushed his advantage,—adding sneeringly—

"Couldn't you take a pack or two of wolves along? We can spare you a small gang. It is mighty wolfy about here."

"If you follow any further, it is at your peril," said the stranger.

"You don't reckon I'm to be skeered, do you? If you do, you are barking up the wrong tree. There's no back out in none of my breed, no how. You musn't come over them words again, stranger."

"I repeat—"

"You had best not repeat—I allow no man to do that to me"—interrupted the irritated woodsman. "You must not imitate the like of that. I'm Virginny born, and Kentucky raised, and drot my skin, if I take the like of that from any man—no, sir!"

"Desist, rash man, from altercation—I despise your threats!"

"The same to you, sir!"

"I tell you what, stranger!" continued Pete, endeavoring to imitate the coolness of the other, "as to the vally of a deer or two—I don't vally them to the tantamout of this here cud of tobacco; but I'm not to be backed out of my tracks. So keep off, stranger—don't come fooling about me. I might hurt you. I feel mighty wolfy about the head and shoulders. Keep off, I say, or you might run agin a snag."

With this, the hunter "squared himself, and sot his triggers," fully determined either to hunt the disputed game, or be vanquished in combat. To his surprise, the stranger, without appearing to notice his preparations, advanced, and blew with his breath upon his rifle.

"Your gun is charmed!" said he. "From this day forward, you will kill no deer."

So saying, that mysterious old man, with the most provoking coolness, resumed his way; while Pete remained bewildered; and fancied that he smelt brimstone.

Pete Featherton remained a moment or two lost in confusion. He then thought he would pursue the stranger, and punish him as well for his threats as for the insult intended to his gun; but a little reflection induced him to change his decision. The confident manner in which that singular being had spoken, together with a kind of vague assurance in his own mind that the spell had really taken effect, so unmann'd and stupefied him, that he quietly "took the back track" and strode homeward. He had not gone far, when he saw a fine buck half-concealed among the hazel bushes which beset his path; and resolved to know at once how matters stood between Brown Bess and the pretended conjurer, he took a deliberate aim, fired,—and away bounded the buck unharmed!

With a heavy heart, our mortified forester re-entered his own dwelling, and replaced his degraded weapon in its accustomed berth under the rafters.

"You have been long gone," said his wife, "but where is the venison you promised me?"

Pete was constrained to confess that he had shot nothing.

"That is strange!" said the lady, "I never knew you fail before."

Pete framed twenty excuses. He had felt unwell—his gun was out of fix—it was a bad day for hunting—the moon was not in the right place—and there was no deer stirring.

Had not Pete been a very young husband, he would have known that the vigilant eye of a wife is not to be deceived by feigned apologies. Female curiosity never sleeps; and the love of a devoted wife is the most sincere and most absorbing of human passions. Pretty Mrs. Featherton saw at a glance that something had happened to her help-mate, more than he was willing to confess; and being quite as tenacious as himself, in her reluctance against being "backed out of her tracks," she determined to bring her inferior moiety into auricular confession, and advanced firmly to her object, until Pete was compelled to own, "That he believed Brown Bess was, somehow—sort o'—charmed."

"Now, Mr. Featherton!" remonstrated his sprightly bride, leaning fondly on his shoulder and parting the long red locks on his forehead—"are you not ashamed to tell me such a tale as that? Charmed indeed! Ah, well, I know how it is. You have been down at the store shooting for half pints!"

"No, indeed—" replied the husband emphatically, "I wish I may be kissed to death if I've pulled a trigger for a drop of liquor this day."

Ah, Peter—what a sad evasion was that! Surely the adversary when he blew his breath—sadly sulphurous of smell—upon thy favorite gun, breathed into thee the spirit of lying, of which he is the father. Mrs. Featherton saw further into a mill-stone than he was aware of—but she kept her own counsel.

"I believe you, Peter,—you did not *shoot* for it—but do now—that's a dear good soul!—tell me where you have been, and what has happened? You are not well—or something is wrong—for never did Pete Featherton and Brown Bess fail to get a venison any day in the year."

Soothed by this well-timed compliment, and not unwilling to have the aid of counsel in this trying emergency, and to apply to his excited spirit the balm of conjugal sympathy, Pete narrated minutely to his wife all the particulars of his meeting with the mysterious stranger. The lady was all attention; but was as much wonder-struck as Pete himself. She had heard of spells being cast upon guns, and so had Peter—often—but then neither of them had ever known such a case in their own experience; and although she had recipes for pickling fruit, and preserving life, and preventing various maladies, she knew of no remedy which would remove the spell from a rifle. As she could give no sage advice, she prescribed sage tea, bathing the feet, and going to bed, and Pete submitted passively to all this—not perceiving, however, how it could possibly affect his gun.

When Pete awoke the next morning, the events which we have described appeared to him as a dream; indeed, he had been dreaming of them all night, and it was somewhat difficult to unravel the tangled thread of recollection, so as to separate the realities of the day from the illusions of the pillow. But resolving to know the truth, he seized his gun and hastened to the woods. Alas! every experiment produced the same vexatious result. The gun was charmed! "No two ways about that!" It was too true to make a joke of; and the hunter stalked harmlessly through the forest.

Day after day he went forth, and returned with

no better success. The very deer became sensible of his inoffensiveness, and would raise their heads and gaze mildly at him as he passed; or throw back their antlers and bound carelessly across his path. Day after day and week after week passed without bringing any change; and Pete began to feel very ridiculously. A harmless man—a fellow with a gun that could not shoot! he could imagine no situation more miserable than his own. To walk through the woods, to see the game, to come within gun-shot of it, and yet to be unable to kill a deer, seemed to be the height of human wretchedness. He felt as if he was “the meanest kind of a white man.” There was a littleness, an insignificance attached to the idea of not being able to kill a deer, which, to Pete’s mind, was downright disgrace. More than once he was tempted to throw the gun into the river; but the excellence of the weapon, and the recollection of former exploits restrained him; and he continued to stroll through the woods, firing now and then at a fat buck, under the hope that the charm would expire some time or other by its own limitation; but the fat bucks continued to treat him with a familiarity amounting to contempt, and to frisk fearlessly in his path.

At length, Pete bethought him of a celebrated Indian doctor, who lived at no great distance. We do not care to say much of doctors, as they are a touchy race—and shall therefore touch upon this one briefly. An Indian doctor is not necessarily a descendant of the Aborigines. The title, it is true, originates from the confidence which many of our countrymen repose in the medical skill of the Indian tribes. But to make an Indian doctor, a red skin is by no means indispensable. To have been taught by a savage, to have seen one, or, at all events, to have heard of one, is all that is necessary to enable any individual to practise this lucrative and popular branch of the healing art. Neither is any great proficiency in literature requisite; it is important only to be expert in spelling. Your Indian doctor is one who practises without a diploma—the only degree he exhibits is a high

degree of confidence. He neither nauseates the stomach with odious drugs, nor mars the fair proportions of nature with a sanguinary lancet. He believes in the sympathy which is supposed to exist between the body and the mind, which, like the two arms of a syphon, always preserve a corresponding relation to each other; and the difference between him and the regular physician—called in the vernacular of the frontier the mercury doctor—is that they operate at different points of the same figure—the one practising on the immaterial spirit, while the other grapples with the bones and muscles. I cannot determine which is right; but must award to the Indian doctor at least this advantage, that his art is the most widely beneficial; for while your doctor of medicine restores a lost appetite, his rival can, in addition, recover a strayed or stolen horse. If the former can bring back the faded lustre to a fair maiden’s cheeks, the latter can remove the spell from a churn or a rifle. The dyspeptic and the dropsical may hie to the disciples of Rush and Wistar, but the crossed-in-love and lackadaisical find a charm in the practitioner who professes to follow nature.

To a sage of this order did Pete disclose his misfortune, and apply for relief. The doctor examined the gun and looked wise; and having measured the calibre of the bore with a solemnity which was as imposing as it was unquestionably proper on so serious an occasion, directed the applicant to come again.

At the appointed time, the hunter returned and received from the wise man two balls, one of pink, the other of a silver hue. The doctor instructed him to load his piece with one of these bullets, which he pointed out, and proceed through the woods to a certain secluded hollow, at the head of which was a spring. Here he would see a white fawn, at which he was to shoot. It would be wounded, but would escape, and he was to pursue its trail until he found a buck, which he was to kill with the other ball. If he accomplished all this accurately, the charm would be broken; but success



would depend upon his having faith, keeping up his courage, and firing with precision.

Pete, who was well acquainted with all the localities, carefully pursued the route which had been indicated, treading lightly along, sometimes elated with the prospect of speedily breaking the spell, and restoring his beloved gun to usefulness and respectability—sometimes doubting the skill of the doctor—admiring the occult knowledge of men who could charm and uncharm deadly weapons—and ashamed alternatively of his doubts and his belief. At length, he reached the lonely glen; and his heart bounded with delight as he beheld the white fawn quietly grazing by the fountain. The ground was open, and he was unable to get within his usual distance before the fawn raised her delicate head, looked timidly around, and sniffed the breeze, as if conscious of the approach of danger. Pete trembled with excitement—his heart palpitated. It was a long shot and a bad chance—but he could not advance a step further without danger of starting the game—and Brown Bess could carry a ball further than that with fatal effect.

"Luck's a lord," said he, as he drew the gun up to his face, took a deliberate aim and pulled the

trigger. The fawn bounded aloft at the report, and then darted away through the brush, while the hunter hastened to examine the signs. To his great joy he found the blood profusely scattered; and now flushed with the confidence of success, he stoutly rammed down the other ball, and pursued the trail of the wounded fawn. Long did he trace the crimson drops upon the snow without beholding the promised victim. Hill after hill he climbed, vale after vale he passed—searching every thicket with penetrating eyes; and he was about to renounce the chase, the wizard, and the gun, when lo!—directly in his path stood a noble buck, with numerous antlers branching over his fine head!

"Aha! my jolly fellow! I've found you at last!" exclaimed the delighted hunter, "you are the very chap I've been looking after. Your blood shall wipe off the disgrace from my charming Bess, that never hung fire, burned priming, nor missed the mark in her born days, till that vile abominable varment blowed his brimstone breath on her! Here goes—"

He shot the buck. The spell was broken—Brown Bess was restored to favor, and Pete Featherton never again wanted venison.

## A NIGHT OF PERIL.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE. 1834.

Is it the moody owl that shrieks?  
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,  
The voice of the demon that haunts the stream?

The thing in the world I am most afraid of is fear, and with good reason; that passion alone, in the trouble of it, breedeth all other accidents.—MONTAIGNE.

In the autumn of 18—, I journeyed, for the first time, into the western part of the State of New York. Embarking upon the Erie Canal at Utica, the middle section of that great work having just been completed, I continued thereon to its western termination at Montezuma. This place has since increased to a village, respectable for its size and importance. At the period of which I am now speaking, it was quite small, and the houses scattered and irregular. It stood upon the margin of the Seneca Outlet, not far below the estuary of the Canandaigua Creek, a deep, sluggish stream, winding its way by a current so slow as to be nearly imperceptible, through the wide track of sunken lands known as the Cayuga marshes. Several salt springs issue from the earth at Montezuma; and the inhabitants of the village then consisted principally of persons engaged in the manufacture of that article of prime necessity, or salt-boilers,—as the operatives in the work of evaporation and crystallization are called. They were as rough-looking specimens of humanity as one would desire to see at any time of day. I had, years before, heard unfavorable, and probably, exaggerated reports respecting these people, particularly those connected with the more extensive manufactories at the great Salt Lick of Onondaga; and having then recently been compelled to pass a very uncomfortable night at Salina among these rude fellows, with black beards, profane tongues, matted hair, and bushy eyebrows, I did not care to have more of their acquaintance. The country was new, and the deep forests had not yet far retreated from the village.

It was late in October, about noon of a clear cold day, when the canal packet reached this said village of Montezuma; and the next stage I wished to make was to Lyons, sixteen miles. My business required my presence at that place on the following morning. But, much to my annoyance, the road across the marshes was pronounced utterly impassable. To go round them, by the way of the Cayuga bridge and Geneva, would occupy the whole of another day, and probably defeat the purpose of my journey. I stated my case, and was advised to charter a rowboat with a couple of oarsmen, and proceed by water to the blockhouse, as the site of the present village of Clyde was then called. The distance was only eight miles in a direct line, and but fifteen to follow the devious course of the Canandaigua Creek or outlet, large enough at this place to deserve the name of river. From the blockhouse to Lyons the road was reported good; and I was assured that, by selecting this route, I should be able to reach the former place before sunset, and Lyons early in the evening. I adopted this arrangement; and my fellow-passengers took their departure in the coaches, leaving me with the dark-looking saltboilers. My first business was to search about for the boat and oarsmen, which I had been assured, at the little tavern, could be procured in five minutes. The landlord himself volunteered to go upon the errand. He was a sullen-looking fellow, thick skinned, and his complexion colorless. His eyes were light blue and restless. His thick matted hair had long been a stranger to the comb, and his conduct was marked by a phlegmatic demeanor, and an immobility of countenance which I

did not like. There were treachery and suspicion in his looks. His wife, moreover, with a shrill, harsh voice, had made herself rather officious in producing my determination to suffer the coach to depart without me; and the lines of avarice were deeply furrowed in her skinny features. Mine host was gone a long time, I grew impatient and followed him. It appeared that the boat was a mile off, and must be sent for. It came at last; and it was then discovered that one of the boatmen was absent, and a substitute must be provided. It was now past two o'clock, and I was compelled to order some refreshment. A miserable dinner having been despatched, of which every thing was sour but the pickles, I thought, by this time surely, I could take my departure. But not so: one of the oars had been broken by the boys, and a new one must be fitted to the boat. Here, then, was employment for another hour. I became still more impatient and restless. The sun was now sinking rapidly into the western horizon, and I as far from the blockhouse as at noon. The boatmen came; but



they were not the comeliest of the human family. The one who belonged to the boat was of small stature, a low, retreating forehead, with large projecting eyes of a light gray. The new recruit, however, was a large Patagonian-looking fellow, with deep sunken coal-black eyes, lank hair hanging in coarse knots and flakes upon his shoulders, with dark, shaggy whiskers, extending entirely round beneath his chin, and a determined dare-devil look. I was well dressed, with handsome travelling luggage, a valuable gold watch, and elegant trimmings to correspond. These trappings I had heedlessly disclosed to them, while anxiously eyeing the sun, and vexatiously counting the hours and minutes upon the dial of my beautiful chronometer. I now began to convince myself that I had observed some sly and significant glances at my luggage, and other inviting appendages. It was evident that every pretext for delay had been resorted to; and I began heartily to wish myself in

the post-coach, on the roundabout way by Geneva and Robin Hood's barn. But it was too late; no means of land conveyance were left: I had made my election, and must abide the issue. It really seemed as though the boat would never be prepared to depart. And even if it should be in readiness before evening, I began to question the prudence of the night voyage, under such circumstances and with such companions. But to remain in that place, and among such people, was as dangerous as to depart. My business being urgent, I at length resolved to proceed. Finally, all matters having been arranged, I embarked just before the sun disappeared in the west. The boat skimmed lightly over the smooth waters, and we rapidly ascended the stream. Before we had proceeded a mile, however, the last mellow tints of the sun, which had gilded the tree-tops with blooming gold, disappeared, and the stars began to be reflected from the bright waters, sparkling yet more brilliantly as the gray twilight deepened into night. Having rowed about two miles, our course suddenly changed several points to the west, as we entered the deep, narrow channel of Canandaigua outlet, and plunged into a dark and dreary forest, "the nodding horrors of whose shady branches seemed brooding with peril." It was one of the most thickly set wildernesses I had ever seen. The older trees were of a lofty and gigantic stature, and the brushwood thick and deep tangled. Added to this, the high rank grass of the marshes clothed the margin of the river so densely, that, even in the day-time, it would have been impossible, while in the boat, to have discerned an object at the distance of five feet from the stream. The river was very narrow, and its course crooked as the serpent's track. Overhead, the thick wide-spreading arms of the trees, from either side, interlocked, and soon excluded all light, save that which at intervals gleamed through an occasional aperture of the "innumerable branches," rendering the palpable darkness more visible. We had proceeded thus far in silence, the men plying very leisurely at their oars; while muffled in my cloak, I sat passively in the stern of the boat. The darkness was like that of a dungeon; the air was dank and the gloom oppressive. Not a sound fell upon the ear save the light plash of the oars, the hollow murmuring of the wind through the lofty branches of the trees, and the occasional rustling of the grass, now partially crisped and withered by the autumnal frosts. My thoughts were dwelling upon the delays and other events of the afternoon, and strange fancies shot through my brain. There seemed no end to those horrid shades; and it was evident that the bandit-looking landlord had urged me to adopt this route from some sinister motive. It was likewise evident that no effort had been made to facilitate my departure. A number of circumstances, then unnoticed, but now vivid in the recollection, rendered it equally clear that close and searching observations had been made of my luggage and attire. Whence these delays, these significant looks, these searching glances? And more than all, why had the boatmen pulled so slowly since our departure? The inference was irresistible, that they did not wish to pass through the forest during the night. Why, then, should they have brought me into it at such a late and unseemly hour? Around and above, it was as dark as Erebus. Cold chills ever and anon crept over me, as these reflections

passed hurriedly through my troubled brain, and a clammy sweat stood upon my brow. I tried to rally my spirits, and converse with my companions. But I could find little to say, and provoked still less in reply, and not a word from him of the black glittering eye. Occasionally they talked a little to each other in an undertone. This half-whispering made me still more suspicious; and I started at every rustling of the grass, or movement of the sere leaves, or crackling of a stick beneath the tread of some light-footed inhabitant of the forest. Once, an owl hooted dismally over our heads. This was an evil omen. The stoutest heart will sometimes flutter for an instant at the startling scream of the bird of night, while the whoop of the Indian, or the howl of the wolf would pass in a measure unheeded. There was a heavy hammer of iron which, on entering the boat, I had observed lying about four feet from me. I wished now to secure this instrument, to be used in case of an emergency; and by rising as if to readjust the folds of my cloak, and half falling forward, I managed to obtain it and recover my seat, without, as I supposed, creating any suspicion of my design. I grasped it with a firm hand. Again these sons of Charon consulted together, in the same low voice as before. The forest grew deeper and thicker, the air more black and substantial, and the stream wound its serpentine course along, seemingly without end. Hours passed away, and the same lazy, gentle plash, plash of the oars continued, as though those who held them cared not to advance. By-and-by, a little opening through the dense leafy canopy above afforded star-light enough to disclose a jam of drift-wood, through which it was difficult to make our way. And here, once more, my strange navigators rested upon their oars, and held another brief consultation. I whistled with affected unconcern, grasped the hammer more tightly, and then tried to hum a song. But it was in vain. The heavy load upon my spirits increased to a painful degree. Again the forest thickened, and we were plunged once more into darkest night. Now, all at once, the boat stopped still, and the boatmen drew up their oars. What an awful stillness was that! The oarsmen were again in conversation, but I could not distinguish their words. My heart rose into my throat. The boat, apparently lay in a

little cove. "Could there," thought I, "be a more fitting place on the face of the whole earth for a deed without a name!" They seemed to be taking something from beneath their coats, and I saw or I thought I saw, the bright glance of a blade of steel, while my blood was curdling in cold icy streams through my veins. \* \* \* I clenched the hammer with a firmer grasp. \* \* \* "Wretches!" thought I, no longer doubting their foul purposes, "your scheme was well concerted; but my life shall be sold at the dearest rate." \* \* \* One of them half rose upon his feet, fumbling at the same time for something in his pocket. \* \* \* "Now," methought, "the dreadful moment has arrived." \* \* \* I drew a long breath, and braced my feet against the ribs of the boat, that I might not easily be thrown overboard. \* \* \* "Mister—ahem," said he of the dark piercing eye, as he was apparently beginning to advance. \* \* \* I partly rose also to meet him with the greater force. \* \* \* "I say, Mister," he repeated, raising and slowly extending his right arm— I almost heard him cock the pistol. \* \* \* But he continued, "It's a rare and chilly night this, I call it; the marshes is damp, and fever-ague-ish-like: we have a long splice of three or four miles to go yet; and so, Mister, won't you take a drop of whiskey, by word of mouth, out of this here bottle here? Not but what we 'spose you'd like a little old Jameeky speritts better. Be sure the nose of the plaguey bottle's broke a leetle; but, howsomever, that wont' make the whiskey taste no worse, I reckon." \* \* \* The hammer dropped from my hand as softly as I could let it down; and had Pelion and Ossa, all the giants, and the nightmare to boot, been pressing upon me at once, their sudden removal would not have brought greater relief. I took the bottle, and quaffed the most grateful draught I had ever swallowed. The boat then moved on, with accelerated progress. We at length emerged from the blind snares of the leafy labyrinth, through which we had so long been groping. The moon soon afterwards arose, though "in clouded majesty;" but before we had left the forest half a mile astern, she

Unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

## A TRUE STORY.

On the plain of New Jersey, one hot summer's day,  
Two Englishmen, snug in a stage-coach, were  
vap'ring;  
A Yankee, who happen'd to travel that way,  
Took a seat alongside, and sat wond'ring and  
gaping.

Chockfull of importance (like every true Briton,  
Who knows British stars far outshine our poor  
Luna),  
These cockneys found nothing their optics could  
hit on,  
But what was insipid or miserably puny.

Compared with the English, our horses were colts,  
Our oxen were goats, and a sheep but a lamb;

And the people! (poor blockheads), such pitiful  
dolts!  
Mere Hottentot children, contrasted with them!

Just then, a black cloud in the west was ascending;  
The lightning flash'd frequent, with horrible glare;  
When near and more near, a fierce tempest por-  
tending,  
The thunder rebellowed along the rent air.

An oak by the way side, Jove's bolt made a dash on,  
With a peal that knock'd horses and cockneys all  
flat;  
"There hang you!" cries Jonathan, quite in a pas-  
sion,  
"Have you got better *thunder* in England than  
that?"



## TWO YARDS OF JACONET; OR, A HUSBAND.

BY JAMES GORDON BENNETT. 1834.

"I wish," said Mary Ann, "I had two yards of jaconet. I want very much to complete this dress for the next birth-day at Richmond. I want, beside, a pretty large length of pea-green ribbon. I want a feather, a white feather, to my last bonnet. I want—"

"Well, my dear," said Louisa, her companion, "well, my dear, it seems you have wants enough. Pray how many more things do you want besides?"

"More!" returned Mary Ann; "why, a hundred more, to be sure," said she, laughing; "but I'll name them all in one—I want a husband—a real, downright husband."

"Indeed!" said Louisa; "this is the first time I ever heard you talk of such an article. Can't you select out one among your many admirers?"

"A fig for my admirers! I'm tired—I'm sick—I'm disgusted with my admirers. One comes and makes silly compliments; says, 'Miss B—, how pretty you look to-day;' another sickens me with his silly looks: another is so desperately in love with me that he can't talk; another, so desperately in love with himself, that he talks for ever. Oh! I wish I were married; I wish I had a husband; or at least, two yards of jaconet, to finish this dress for the Richmond campaign."

Mary Ann B— was a gay, young, rattling creature, who had lost her father and part of her heart at fourteen. She was now seventeen; possessed a fine figure, rather *embonpoint*; not tall, but very gracefully rounded off. Her profuse Auburn ringlets clustered negligently round a pair of cheeks, in which the pure red and white mingled so delicately, that where the one began or the other ended, no one could tell. Her eyes were dark-blue, but possessing a lustre when lighted up with feeling or enthusiasm, which defied any one to distinguish them from burning black. Her motions were light, airy, and graceful. Her foot and ankle were most delicately formed; and her two small white hands, with soft, tapering fingers, were as aristocratic as could be imagined by a Byron or an Ali Pacha. Since the death of her father, which was a period of about two years or more, she had had many admirers, several decided offers, and not a few who hoped, but durst not venture upon the fatal question. She laughed at their offers, ridiculed her admirers, and protested she would never marry till she had brought at least a hundred to her feet. For several counties around, up and down James' river, she was quite a toast among the young planters.

In those days the White Sulphur, Blue Sulphur, and Hot Sulphur Springs were not much frequented; but people of fashion in lower Virginia, the wealthy planters, were just beginning to escape to the Blue Mountains during the autumnal months. In one of these excursions, the party of which Mary Ann made a lively member, was overtaken one afternoon in a sudden rain storm, at the entrance of one of the gorges of the mountains. The party was travelling in an open carriage, with a sort of top resembling that of a gig, to spread out when a shower broke over them with sudden violence. On the present occasion, the leather top afforded to the ladies a very inadequate shelter from the torrents which fell down from the dark heavy clouds above.

The first house they approached was therefore kindly welcomed. They dismounted, went in, and found several young gentlemen surrounding the hickory fire, which was crackling merrily on a large wide hearth.

A young man, of rather modest, easy, but unobtrusive manners, rose at the approach of Mary Ann, and offered her his chair. She accepted it, with a slight inclination of the head, and a quiet glance at his general appearance. Nothing remarkable took place at this interview; but a few days after, when they had all reached the foot of one of the mountains, which was appropriated as the place of gaiety and fashion, the young gentleman was formally introduced to Mary Ann, as Mr. C—, from Williamsburg, in Lower Virginia. In a very short period he became the devoted admirer of Mary Ann—was extremely and delicately attentive—and, of course, gave rise to many surmises among the match-makers and match-breakers of the springs. At the close of the season, he put forth his pretensions in form. He offered himself formally to Mary Ann. As usual, she spent a whole night in thinking, deliberating, grieving, wondering, and next morning sent him a flat refusal.

So this affair, which is a specimen of about thirty or forty she had managed in this way, was considered closed beyond all hopes of revival. The parties never again met, till the moment we have now reached threw them accidentally into each other's company.

Since the period just referred to, Mary Ann had considerably altered in her feelings and her views. She had pursued her game of catching admirers—of leading them on to declare themselves—and of then rejecting, with tears and regrets in abundance, till she and the whole world of young men became mutually disgusted with each other. Yet she had many excellent qualities—was a fast and enduring friend—knew, as well as any one, the folly of her course of life; but her ambition, her love of conquest, her pride of talent, her desire of winning away the admirers of her female rivals, entirely clouded and obscured her more amiable qualities of mind and heart.

"How long have you been in Williamsburg, Mary Ann?" asked her *chère amie*.

"Only three days, and I have only picked up three beaux. What a dull place this is. It is called the 'classic shades'—the 'academic groves of the Old Dominion,' and all that sort of thing. One of the professors entertained me a good two hours the other evening with the loves of Dido and Æneas. I wish I had a couple of yards of jaconet."

"Or a husband —"

"Or a husband either, I don't care which; come, my love, let's go a shopping in this classic town."

The two ladies immediately rose; it was about noon-day, put on their bonnets, took their parasols, and sallied forth.

"For a husband or jaconet, you say."

"Two yards of jaconet, or a husband."

The town of Williamsburg, like every other little town in Virginia, or even New York, does not contain many stores. A shopping expedition is therefore soon completed. The two ladies sauntered

into this shop, then into that, sometimes making the poor fellow of a shopkeeper turn out his whole stock in trade, and rewarding his pains by the purchase of a sixpenny worth of tape. They had proceeded for an hour in this lounging, lazy style, when Louisa said, "Oh, Mary Ann, here is an old beau of yours in that store, with the red gingham flapping at the door like a pirate's flag: come, let us go and plague him for 'auld lang syne,' as Mrs. McDonald, the Scotch lady of Norfolk, says."

"Certainly," said Mary Ann; "but which of my old admirers is it?"

"Have you got your list in your pocket?"

"Not at all; I left it at my grandmother's at Richmond; what a pity!"

The two wild creatures, bounding like a couple of fawns over the forest glade, for they were reckless of the public opinion among the old dowagers and staid maidens of Williamsburg, entered the store, and asked for a sight of gloves, muslins, and ribbons. Mary Ann did not seem to pay much attention to the fine articles shown her. She ever and anon cast her eyes by stealth round and round the store, endeavoring to discover if she recognized any of the faces, as that of an old acquaintance. She could see nothing to repay the effort. Not a face had she ever seen before. She summoned up to her recollection all her former admirers—they passed through her mind like the ghosts in Macbeth; for, notwithstanding her rejection of so many lovers, she ever retained a certain portion of regard for every poor fellow who had fallen a victim to her whim, beauty, witchery, and caprice.

"This is an Arabian desert," said Mary Ann, sighing to Louisa, as she split a pair of kid gloves in endeavoring to draw them on.

"Oh, no!" said a gay young shopman, "indeed Miss, they are the best French kid."

"Pray," said Louisa, in a low tone, "don't you see any thing in the back room of the store?"

In a remote corner of the store, there stood at the desk a plainly dressed gentleman, leaning over the corner of a wooden railing, with his eyes firmly fixed upon the two ladies, now so actively engaged in tossing over the counter all sorts of merchandise and light French goods.

"As I live," said Mary Ann, "there is my old Blue Ridge beau. Oh, how wet I was," whispered she, "drenched with a summer shower, when first I was thrown into his society. I believed the poor fellow loved me sincerely. Come, let us spend upon him at least ten dollars in jaconet; he spent one hundred upon me in balls, dancing, colds, cough-drops, and drives, and got nothing for his pains but a neat *billet doux*, declining his poor heart and soft hand. Poor fellow!"

With this sally, the ladies bought several articles, scarcely caring whether they suited them or not. When they left the store, Mary Ann fell into a reverie, was quite silent, which was for her unusual and singular. Louisa's spirits, on the contrary, gathered life and energy as those of her companion sunk away. She talked, she laughed, she ridiculed her beau, she rallied Mary Ann, and looking into her for-once melancholy face, said, "So, my love, you are caught at last."

"Caught!" said Mary Ann, "indeed you are much mistaken. I do not think—that is to say, I fancy I should not like to marry my Blue Ridge beau. Oh! Louisa," said she, after a pause, with a tear in her eye, "what a foolish creature I have

been. Mr. Collingwood, for that is his name, I am sure, quite sure, does not think of me; but I cannot remember the attentions he once paid me, without a feeling of regret."

"Why now, what's the matter with you? After refusing so many, are you going to throw yourself away upon a shopkeeper? A descendant of one of the most ancient families in Virginia to marry a shopkeeper!"

"Alas! alas! Louisa, what is descent? What is fashion? What is all the life I have led? Do you see that little white house, with green venetian blinds, across the street? I was one evening in that house. I saw enough to satisfy me that I have been pursuing pleasure, not happiness. Oh! if I could only feel as that young wife does!"

"You laugh—I am sure I do not think of Mr. Collingwood—but there was a time when his soft, quiet, affectionate manner did touch me most sensitively."

"Have you got the gloves you bought?" asked Louisa.

Mary Ann looked. She had forgotten them on the counter, or lost them.

"We must return then," said Louisa.

"Never," said Mary Ann. "I never dare look at him. I am sure he despises me. Oh! if he only knew what I feel—what pangs pass through this heart, I am sure he would not—"

"Come, come," said Louisa, "we must return and get the gloves."

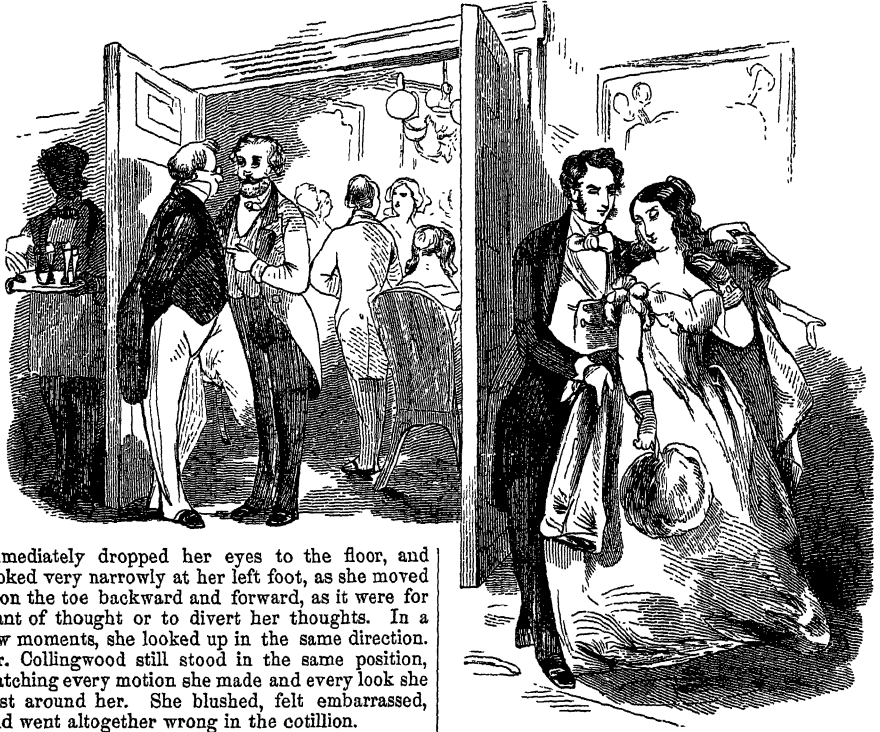
"Never."

"Oh! the jaconet or a husband, most assuredly; you remember your resolution when we set out?"

Mary Ann smiled, while her eye glistened with a tear. They returned home, however, and sent Cato, the colored servant, for the articles which they had forgotten.

After this adventure, it was observed that a visible change came over the manners and spirits of Mary Ann. Her gay, brilliant sallies of wit and ridicule were moderated amazingly. She became quite pensive; singularly thoughtful for a girl of her unusual flow of spirits. When Louisa rallied her on the shopping excursion, she replied, "Indeed, Louisa, I do not think I could marry Mr. Collingwood; besides, he has forgotten every feeling he may have entertained towards me."

In a few days after this event, a party was given one evening at a neighboring house. The family in which Mary Ann resided, were all invited. The moment of re-union approached, and Mary Ann, dressed with great elegance, but far less splendor than usual, found herself at the head of a cotillion, surrounded by several young gentlemen, students of William and Mary, professors, planters, and merchants. They were pressing forward in every direction, talking and catching a word or a look from so celebrated a belle. Mary Ann, however, did not appear to enjoy the group that surrounded her. She was shooting her dark-blue eyes easily and negligently towards the entrance, as every new face came forward to see all the party. The music struck up, and rallying her attention, she immediately stepped off on a *dos-a-dos*, with that elegance and grace for which she was so particularly remarkable. At the close, as she stood up beside her partner, throwing a beautiful auburn ringlet back upon her white round neck, her eye caught with sudden emotion a quiet, genteel-looking person, at the other end of the room. It was Mr. Collingwood. She



immediately dropped her eyes to the floor, and looked very narrowly at her left foot, as she moved it on the toe backward and forward, as it were for want of thought or to divert her thoughts. In a few moments, she looked up in the same direction. Mr. Collingwood still stood in the same position, watching every motion she made and every look she cast around her. She blushed, felt embarrassed, and went altogether wrong in the cotillion.

"What in the world are you thinking of?" asked Louisa.

"I scarcely know myself," said Mary Ann. In a few seconds, the cotillion was brought to a close, and Mary Ann's partner escorted her to a seat. Mr. Collingwood approached through the crowd, and stood before her.

"How is Miss ——?" asked Mr. Collingwood, with suppressed emotion.

Mary Ann muttered out a few words in reply. She dropped her glove. Mr. Collingwood picked it up.

"This is not the first time you have lost a glove," said he, with a smile.

She received it, and cast upon him a look of inconceivable sweetness.

"Do you dance again, Miss ——?"

"I believe not, I am going home."

"Going home," said he, "why the amusements are scarcely begun."

"They are ended with me," said she, "for the night. I wish my servant would fetch my cloak and bonnet."

"Oh, you can't be going home already."

"Indeed I am," said she.

"Well," said he, with a smile, "I know your positive temper of old. Allow me to get your cloak for you."

"Certainly."

Mr. Collingwood left the room. Louisa and several other female friends gathered around her, persuading her on all sides not to leave the party early as it was begun. She would not remain. Mr. Collingwood appeared at the door. In the hall, for it was the fashion then and there to do so, Mr. Collingwood took her bonnet and put it on.

"Allow me," said he, "to tie the strings?" She nodded assent, and while he was tying the ribbon under her chin, he could not help touching her soft cheek. He was in ecstasy—she was quiet and resigned. He took the cloak—he unfolded it—he stood in front of her—their eyes met—both blushed—he pulled the cloak around her shoulders, he folded it around and around her bosom—he trembled like a leaf—she trembled also. He pressed her warmly to his heart, whispering in her ear:—"Oh, Mary Ann, if I may hope? yet indulge a hope?" For a moment they were left alone. Her head sunk upon his breast—she could not speak, but her heart was like to burst. "Will I—dare I—expect to be yet happy?" Their warm cheeks met—their lips realized it in one long, long respiration. They tore away from each other without another word—every thing was perfectly understood between them.

At this moment Mrs. Jamieson, the good lady of the mansion, approached, and insisted that Mary Ann should not go so early. "It is really shameful, my dear," said she, "to think of leaving us at this hour. When I go to Richmond, do I leave you so abruptly? Why, Mr. Collingwood, can't you prevail upon her to stay awhile longer?"

He shook his head. "All my rhetoric has been exhausted," said he, "and it has proved unavailing."

Mary Ann looked at him very archly. "Well now," continued the lady, "I insist upon your staying;" and she forthwith proceeded to take off her bonnet, untie her cloak, and sent the servant with them into a side apartment. Mary Ann was unresisting. She was again led into the room. Collingwood danced with her all the evening. He es-

corted her home in the beautiful moonlight, and every now and then he pressed the cloak around her, with which she appeared not by any means to find fault.

In about a month, Mary Ann became Mrs. Col-lingwood; and immediately, as the parson finished

the great business of the evening, Louisa, who was one of her maids, whispered in her ear, "Two yards of jaconet, or a husband." She smiled, and passed her arm around Louisa's waist. "Both, my love—both, my love; jaconet and a husband, a husband and jaconet."

### DETERMINED TO RUN AWAY.

FROM "THE HAWKS OF HAWK-HOLLOW." BY ROBERT M. BIRD. 1834.

"You know then, I presume," said Catherine, beginning her narrative ominously, with a sigh,— "you know, I suppose, all about old Mr. Gilbert, and his"—

"My dear creature," said Miss Falconer, "I know no more of Mr. Gilbert than the Grand Turk; and all that I can boast of knowledge in relation to his cut-throat children, is that they were the Hawks of Hawk-Hollow; but whether they were real kites, with claws and feathers, or only the philosopher's two-legged birds, human chanticleers, I could never yet determine. My father is not always so communicative as might be expected in a dutiful parent; and, once or twice, when I have been curious to come at some of his early exploits on the frontiers (for they say he was a great Indian-fighter), he has not hesitated to assume a severe countenance, and scold me in the most paternal manner imaginable. Nay, my dear, he once assured me that, as it became a woman rather to garnish the outside of her head than the interior, I would do well never to trouble myself by searching after information that could not make me a whit more handsome. I bowed my head at the reproof, and ran straightway to my brother. But Harry, poor fellow, knew no more about these matters than he cared,—that is, nothing. Ah! he is a jewel of a man, and will make the best husband in the world, having nothing of the meddler about him. I have often thought, if pa were to commit a murder, or even break his neck, Harry would not trouble himself with either wonder or lamentation; and this, not from any want of affection, but simply because he would consider the thing his father's affair, not his. A good easy temper is an excellent thing in men,—as excellent indeed as the 'voice soft, gentle, and low,' in woman. So, now, you perceive the necessity of beginning just where your story begins. Take up the father,—the grandfather, if you choose,—of this savage brood; give me their genealogy, if they have any, and if it be german to the matter; draw all sorts of parallels, make all kinds of reflections, and, in fine, do and say any thing you may think proper,—only conceal nothing. My curiosity is as capacious of appetite as the Moor's revenge (so much for ruralizing, when one must kill time with Shakspeare), and demands that its gratification should be as complete."

Thus adjured and instructed, Miss Loring began the narration of Gilbert's story, and the description of his family, as they have been already recorded; into both which, however, she entered in greater detail than it was thought necessary to attempt.

The first part of the history, which was without melancholy, and related chiefly to the dilemmas into which the founder of Hawk-Hollow Hall was thrown by the sudden accession of wealth, and his vain struggles to refine the character of his chil-

dren, long since determined by early habits upon rude and adventurous lives, Miss Loring, naturally a merry and waggish maiden, with strong talents for mimicry, delivered in a manner that soon became humorous, and, at last, highly diverting; so that the hollow forest began to peal with the approving merriment of her companion. Her benevolence to the poor widow had so opened Elsie's heart, that she had cast aside most of the reserve with which she was accustomed to speak of the Gilberts; and, in consequence, Catherine was provided with an ample store of anecdotes, illustrative of their characters and habits, with which she now amused her friend. She related with what surprise the good Elsie, one autumn evening (while Mr. Gilbert was yet in England with his whole family), beheld the adventurous Oran, in ragged attire, and with a bundle at his back come trudging up to the Traveller's Rest, looking as bold and resolute, to use her own whimsical illustrations, as a soldier marching up to the mouth of an empty cannon, or a militia-man returning from a campaign without battles; and she even mimicked, with voice, gesture, and looks, the appearance and bearing of the two friends, in the dialogue that followed as soon as the truant was recognized by the widow.



"'Heaven bless us!' said Elsie with uplifted hands, 'is that *you*, Oran Gilbert?'"—Thus her

story went on: "What a foolish question!" muttered the hero of two lustres and a half, who had never affected much of the dulcet submissiveness of a child to any one, either in word or action; 'what a foolish question for you, goody Elsie! Here I am in Pennsylvania, and hungry, I reckon!' and with that, without waiting for invitation, he plumped himself down at the table, already set out for the widow's evening meal, and straightway fell to work with a zeal and industry that showed he had not mistaken the condition of his appetite. The widow regarded him with undiminished astonishment, crying out, for she feared lest some dreadful accident by shipwreck or otherwise, had destroyed the rest, 'But your father and brothers, Oran,—where are *they*?' 'In Bristol,' mumbled the boy, scowling at her over a bone, but still making the most of it,—'in Bristol,—that is, the big English Bristol, and not our Pennsylvania town, down the river.' 'In Bristol,' echoed Elsie Bell; 'and what are you doing here without them?' 'Why, eating my supper, don't you see?' replied the juvenile. 'And how did you get here?' demanded Elsie. 'I came in a big ship to Philadelphia,' replied the boy, scarce intermitting his agreeable employment for a moment, 'and then, to be sure, I footed it.' 'You have run away from your father, Oran?' said Elsie. 'Yes, I have,' said the boy, grumly; 'let me eat my supper, and I'll tell you all about it.'

"The widow held her peace for awhile, until the lad had satisfied his ravenous appetite; and then, assuming a friendly and coaxing air, for well she knew nothing else would have any effect on that singular young reprobate, she drew from him a confession of his whole adventure, and the causes that led to it."

"It appeared, that, besides an extraordinary attachment to his native home among the wild woods, Oran had another cause to be discontented with his residence in England; and this he discovered in the public school, to which he was sent with his brother next in age, called Hyland. 'He sent me,' said Oran, expatiating upon the barbarity of his father, 'to a school, to learn grammar, and Latin, and reading, and writing, and all that sort of thing!'—'For you must know,' said Catherine, speaking to her friend, 'that the want of a teacher, or perhaps hard poverty, had prevented Gilbert sending his children to any school, before he fell heir to his fortune; which was the reason, perhaps, that they got such wild notions and propensities among them as could never after be eradicated. 'Yes,' the urchin went on, 'he sent me to school, and Hy, too; for he has been a sort of crazy man ever since he came to his money. Well, the boys at school called me an Indian papoose, and I thumped 'em; and the man that was master he thumped me, and Hy also; for Hy came to help me. So, when school was out, I took Hyland along; and we went to a corner, and got a great heap of stones; and when the master came out, we pelted him!' 'You did?' cried Elsie, in alarm. 'I hit him one polt on the shin,' said Oran, warming with the recollection,—'I hit him one polt—it was what I call a sogdologger,—that made him dance like a ducked cat; and just as he stooped down to scratch it, we blazed away again, me and Hy; and if you ever heard two hailstones rattle on a well-bucket, you may tell how his head sounded, I reckon!'

"But your father, Oran?" said Elsie,—'you have not told me what made you leave your father?' 'Father chose to take the master's part,' said Oran, sulkily; 'he said as how I must learn to be a gentleman, now I was in England, and never behave like a young savage no more, because I was never more to come home, meaning to Pennsylvania; and so I must go back to the master, and be thumped again; for nobody could be a gentleman without having it thumped into him. Well, Goody, you see, I couldn't stand that; I was not going to a school to be called papoose, and trounced too; and I was mighty sick of England, which is just like a big garden,—you can't turn out of the road without treading on somebody's strawberry-patch, and having 'em holla after you with dogs, and men, and such things; and I got into a great pickle once, for killing a thumping big rabbit that I saw in a stubble. They called it a hare; I killed it with a stone; they made father pay money about it. Well, I made up my mind to come home, without making any more words about it. So I went down to the river among the docks, and there I saw a ship that was going to sail to Philadelphia next day. I told Hy about it, he agreed we should go over. I went to the captain, and I said, "Captain, I want to go to Philadelphia," but he called me hard names, and swore at me—there was no getting any thing out of him. I looked about and saw them putting boxes, and barrels, and baskets, and all sorts of things into the big hole below. I went ashore, and laid out the shilling father gave me to go back to school, in gingerbread. But Hy's heart failed him; I never thought he would come to much, he's too much of a coward; he began to cry, and said he would go home to father. I gave him a thumping for being such a fool; but that only made him cry harder. So I gave him half my gingerbread, and told him to go, letting him know, if he told on me, I would give him another banging. Then I clomb into the ship again and slipped into the hole among the boxes. But before I went down, I looked back to Hy, and there he was on the wharf eating his gingerbread and crying. I shook my fist at him, as much as to say, "If you tell, mind you!" and then I went below, and after awhile they fastened me up.'

"It was as dark down there as the dickens," said Oran, in reply to the piteous ejaculations of the widow; 'but there was plenty of rats—I tell you what, they scared me! They stole my gingerbread, and whenever I got to nodding, they seized me by the nose and fingers, and I thought I should have been nibbled up like an ear of corn. But I knew I must stand 'em as long as I could, or it would be all up with me. Well, after awhile they came to a place, I don't know where it was; but there was a great clatter on the deck, and swearing and trampling, and they opened the trap doors, as I saw by the great flash of light. Then there was a heap of voices, and father's among them, and Hyland's too. The great villain, Hy, was telling on me, for all I gave him half the gingerbread! When I catch him, I'll pay him up! I will, Goody, if I wait ten years!' And here the young scapegallows, as he revolved the treachery of his fellow traitor, clenched his fist and looked as fierce and savage as a young bantam in his first fit of valor.

"Then," continued this hopeful junior to the astonished widow, 'there was father, saying his son

Oran was hid in the ship, and he would have him out, or bring the captain to the gallows for kidnapping him, meaning *me*; and there was Hy, the villain, telling him how I was to hide among the boxes; and there was the captain and the other folks, swearing that father was crazy, and ought to stay at home; though to make him easy, they had opened the traps, or the hatches, as they call them, and he might see for himself. Then father came down, and bawled out after me, and so did Hy; and Hy said, if I would come out, father would not send me to the grammar school to be thumped no more; but he said nothing about father sending me back to Pennsylvania! no, not so much as a word! I was not to be caught by any such talking; so I laid snug and as mum as a rabbit. Then father took on as though I was dead, squeezed to pieces among the boxes, because I would not answer him—as if I was such a fool! Then he wanted the captain to take out the boxes, and the captain would not; then he went after constables; and when he was gone, they clapped down the hatches and sailed away with all their might, and I never heard any thing more of father.

“Poor fellow,” said Elsie, her sympathy for the anticipated sufferings of her young protégé driving from her mind all disapprobation of the hard-hearted perverseness that caused them, ‘did they keep you long in that dismal, dreadful place?’ ‘You may say so,’ replied the boy; ‘they kept me down there till I was more tired of it than ever I had been of the grammar school. I don’t know how long it was, but I was mighty tired of it. Dickens, goody, but I was dry! I was in such a hurry to get down, that I forgot I should want water as well as gingerbread. I eat up all my gingerbread, but I was as dry as ever. Goody, you don’t know what it *is* to be dry! I was always thinking and dreaming of springs, and wells, and pumps, and the big Delaware there, and even the ditches and gutters. But I held out as well as I could, till I thought we were clear of that hateful old England; and then I hallooed to ‘em to let me out; but they did not hear me at all. There was a power of big baskets, that were rolled all about me; for you must know, a ship never holds still a minute at a time, but is always pitching and tumbling, now up and now down, like a cart in a cornfield; so the baskets rolled all over me; I thought they would have squeezed the life out of me, and I could not get out from among them. So there I pulled and hallooed till I was tired of it, or fell asleep; but no good came of it. I tell you what, goody, I would have taken a thumping for a drink of water; but there was no coming at it. I bawled out, ‘Water! water!’ and ‘Fire! fire!’ but it was no good; nobody heard me, and it set me to crying, to think what a hard time I had of it. Well, I reckon—I was scraping about among the baskets, and some gave way, they were so rotten. I scraped among the willow twigs, and got my hand among the straw, without so much as thinking what I was about, when, all of a sudden, I found I had hold of a glass bottle. “Oho!” said I; it was a great long-necked thing, with wax over the cork. I did not mind that; I knocked the neck off against the basket, and good dickens! such a fizzing and spluttering as it made! It foamed all over my face, and some fell on my lips, and it tasted good, like cider—you may be sure I drained it.’ ‘It was wine,’ cried Elsie. ‘I reckon,’ said the juvenile; ‘and I reckon it made my head sing, too!’ he ex-

claimed, smacking his lips over the grateful recollection; ‘such stuff as that I never tasted before. It made me feel good,—all comical and merry, and ticklish-like,—I don’t know how, but all as if I was rolling up hill and down hill,—huzzy-buzzy, sleek, and grand! Then I seemed as if I was dreaming, but such merry dreams, and talking, and roaring, and laughing; and then some of them opened the traps and dragged me out; and then I had a tussle with some of them, for I felt big enough to fight them all; and then somehow I fell fast asleep.’

“When I came to, the captain said I was drunk, and he beat me; it was worse than the grammar-man. First, he thumped me for stealing into the ship, then for putting him to a bother, and then for drinking his cider, or champagne, as he called it.’ ‘He beat you, the villain?’ cried Elsie; ‘and you the son of Thomas Gilbert!’ ‘He did,’ said the boy, with edifying coolness; ‘he treated me like a dog, and he thumped me every day. I suppose the grammar-man could not have been harder on me than the captain of that big ship—they called her the Prince of Whales, for, you must know, a whale is a very big fish; but I could never get a peep at one. Goody, I never was so mauled in my life! If I crawled about the quarter-deck, as they call it (because that’s a place where the ship-boys never get any quarter), why the captain cuffed me off; and it was pretty much the same with the mates, for they cuffed too; and, every now and then, some one or the other beat me with a rope’s end, because I would not go up the ropes, or do any thing else to make myself useful. I never did believe a Christian man’s son could be treated so; but that’s the way they treat boys on board a ship, only that the regular ship-boys were not handled so hard. They all beat me, captain, sailors, and all; the cook boxed my ears when I went to the caboose;—and if I hid on the forecastle, as they call it, the sailors run me up a rope and plumped me into the sea; and even the ship-boys tried their hands at me, but I reckon they got as much as they gave. They all beat me but Jackey Jones, an old fellow that had but one eye; and if it had not been for him, I believe they would have killed, or starved, or drowned me among them. One night, he was washed overboard, and after that I was beat worse than ever. It was a great storm, goody; I reckon you don’t know what a storm is ashore, even when the trees are snapping. I tell you what, the sea was boiling up, just like a big pot, and the ship danced about just like an apple-dumpling; all the difference was, the water was not hot. They were all big cowards, for all they had been so big with me; and down they went on their knees, crying and praying like methodist preachers. The captain was white all over the mouth, the chief mate got drunk, and Big George, a sailor that used to be hard on me, came to ask my pardon for treating me so badly. I told him, we should have a reckoning about that some other time; and that night he was washed overboard along with Jackey Jones, and we saw them no more. I tell you what, goody, it was the happiest time I had on board that ship; for I supposed it would sink and drown ‘em all, which was a great satisfaction for me to think on. However, it cleared up again next day, and if we had not soon reached Philadelphia, I don’t know what would have become of me, for they were all worse than ever, especially the captain.’ ‘And that wretch,’ cried Elsie, ‘did no

one punish him for his cruel and barbarous oppression of a poor friendless boy?' 'You shall hear,' replied the urchin, with a grin that might have adorned the visage of an Indian coming out of battle, with a sack full of scalps; 'he was for fastening me up when we came to the wharf at Philadelphia, to see his merchant, and learn what was to be done with me. But I sneaked away when he was gone, and hid among some barrels till he came back. Then I watched him come out of the ship again, and ran to a corner where there was a bundle of green hoop-poles at a cooper's shop. Well, goody, I took one of the hoop-poles, and when he passed by, down it went, and down went the captain, too, like a butchered ox, with a great yell like a schoolboy that brought the people up. However, I gave him two more, for as long as I had time, and then I had to scurry for it.' 'Good heavens!' cried Elsie, 'perhaps you killed him!' 'Well, if I didn't, I'm sure it was all the fault of the people that ran up so fast, so that I had not time. As for the rest of them, if I ever catch any of them up here among the hills, you may reckon what will come of it.' And as he spoke, he raised his eyes to an old musket hanging on the wall, and nodded his head significantly."

"This," said the merry narrator, "is the very story I had from Elsie's lips, only that she spoiled it in telling; and I leave you to judge whether

there was ever a more exquisite young savage in the whole world than that same Oran Gilbert."



## JOB FUSTICK ; OR, THE DYERS.

A Story of all Colors. By one who deals in them.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN. 1835.

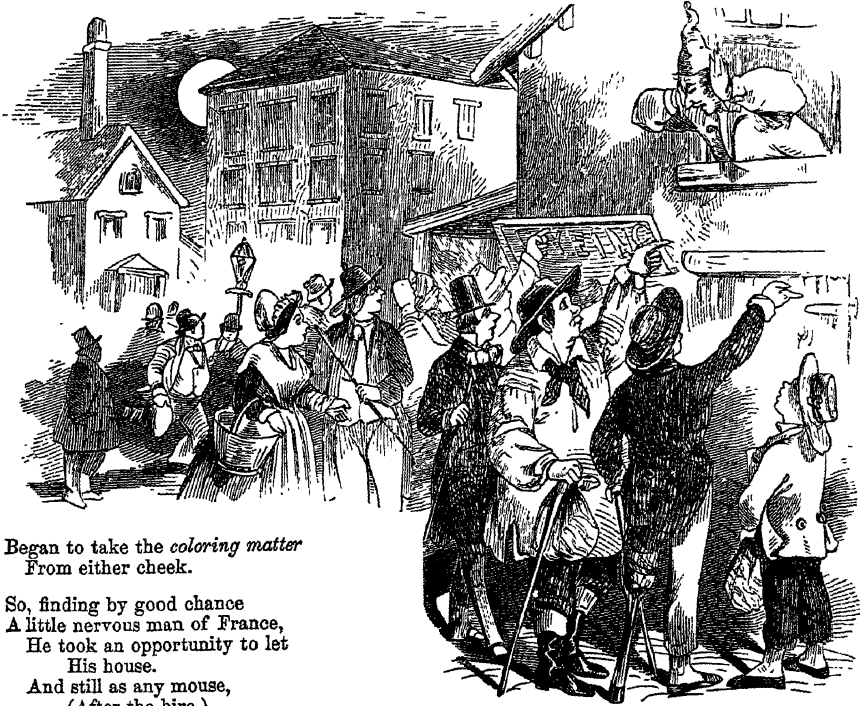
Job Fustick was the very merriest dog  
Of any in the city—  
He never car'd for fog  
Or failure:  
And certainly 'twas farthest from a ditty  
To see him make a face or tell a story:  
Much did he in his humor glory—  
He would particularly nail ye!

Job was a dyer—  
A man of very dark and reputable calling:  
His uncle Hezekiah,  
To save him from the gaol  
Into which Job was falling,  
Had suddenly turn'd pale,  
And sunk ill  
Upon the bed from which he didn't rise—  
But as he closed his eyes,  
(This uncle,)  
'My dear, wild Job,'—he said,  
'Being about to part,  
You have a legacy of my *black art*,  
By which to make your bread:  
Grow steady—  
And, Job, to dye, be always ready'—  
Job cried.  
He mumbled out—'aye—aye—'  
And so his uncle died.

Finding he was past *taking color*,  
(And not to tire,)  
To keep himself from growing duller,  
Job buried Hezekiah.

Now, working at his trade,  
Our wag had quite a fortune made,  
And not to do himself to death,  
Grown fat, and short of breath,  
Went to his dye-house only once a week;  
For, independent as a Greek,  
He car'd not when he rose,  
Or went to bed;  
And such a curious life he led,  
(Being for orthodox no stickler,)  
He thought it not partic'lar  
To mention at what time he'd dip the clothes.  
So at all times of night,  
As well as day,  
His customers would come, and make such fray  
As any common man would fright,  
Tho' dull ear'd,  
Merely to see,  
Who should have precedence  
In being colored.

Grown patient of the noise, Job never chid,  
Or even woke;  
Or if he did,  
He never spoke.  
At length by some reverse  
In pot and purse,  
Job, feeling rather *sinkish*,  
Determin'd to relinquish.  
For hark'ee!—not to flatter,  
This rainbow kind of life,  
Together with his wife,  
As plain as any glass could speak,



Began to take the *coloring matter*  
From either cheek.

So, finding by good chance  
A little nervous man of France,  
He took an opportunity to let  
His house.  
And still as any mouse,  
(After the hire,)  
Without a notice by Gazette,  
Or crier,  
Or any other way,  
He took his leave one day,  
And moved up street, a few doors higher.

Job felt a wicked fun  
To think he had not advertised;  
Thought he, 'as sure as gun  
They'll make a clatter—  
He'll be most shockingly surprised!—  
Right—lord! how they will bawl  
At this poor d——l of a Gaul—  
No matter!'

It happened about twelve o'clock,  
Or thereabouts,  
Monsieur awoke;  
He listen'd—there were shouts,  
And then a knock—  
And after,  
A rattling peal of laughter—  
At last one spoke.  
'Halloo! there—master Job!  
I've travelled half the globe  
In trying  
To find some reasonable dog  
To do my dyeing.  
Get up, if you've a soul!—  
(The Frenchman doubted.)  
But thought it best, upon the whole,  
To out head.

Just then, another luckless wight  
Who came that night,  
Commenced, as usual at the door,  
To cry 'Job—Job'—o'er and o'er.

'Confound ye, Job—why don't you come?'  
Was still the cry!  
But Job was very slow—  
'I tell ye, Job, I want to know  
When you intend to dye!—  
Monsieur felt very sick—  
His sight grew thick.  
'Die! die! messieurs—mon Dieu!  
I mean no die—parbleu!  
'Dye blue!'—another cried,  
'There, Job, you lied—  
Come, no excuses borrow—  
You promised me, you sinner, you,  
You would dye black, to-morrow.  
The Frenchman felt unpleasantly numb—  
He thought his time was come.

Another fellow with his bundle came,  
A witty one—and lame.  
'Good Mr. Fustick,' said this one,  
'I've hither run,  
Half limping—and half flying,  
To know, what time to-morrow, by the sun  
You will be dyeing.'  
The Frenchman struck his bristling head,  
Merely to see  
If he might dead  
Or living be!  
For tho' these calls in daylight might be civil,  
Just at this murky hour  
They had the power  
Poor monsieur's nerves to overwhelm;—  
He thought each mother's son of them,  
The D——l!



Another fellow came;  
 'Good Mr. Job—if that's your name—  
 I call you solemnly;  
 Get up and see  
 If you as well as not can dye for me.'  
 That ended,  
 The case was no wise mended,  
 When quick another cried,  
 'Lord bless us!  
 He isn't worth the winning!—  
 I saw him when he dyed,  
 No longer than three days ago—  
 How he would dress us!  
 He cheats! men—cheats—aye—say I told  
 ye so,  
 His life has been a black—blue—purple sin-  
 ning—  
 He can't dye decently!'  
 This certainly was high-toned;  
 The Frenchman groaned.

Another came in haste,  
 He said he had no time to waste;  
 'But all, friend Job, I seek,  
 And shall be trying,  
 As for you just put off dyeing  
 Until next week.'  
 As you would probably have guess'd,  
 The Frenchman acquiesced.  
 At last a noisy fellow  
 Louder than all the rest did bellow—  
 'Be ready, Job, by St. Paul's chime,  
 To dye in four hours from this time—  
 I give you a fair warning,  
 You laughing, wicked, lazy, color'd rogue,  
 (This was but half the catalogue)  
 To be up in the morning;  
 For by the love of Moses,  
 You'll know it to your sorrow,

As sure as you and I've got noses—  
 If you don't dye to-morrow!'

This was enough—  
 Indeed 'twas shocking—  
 For a lean Frenchman, made of penetrable  
 stuff,  
 'Twas sorry joking;—  
 He felt that he was going  
 With some considerable rapidity,  
 And knowing  
 The only way to be,  
 In which to save his life,  
 Was calling of his wife,  
 He naturally fell crying  
 'Ma chere!—ma chere!—  
 Vill you be slow com here—  
 I dying—*dying*!'  
 His wife was lame—  
 Of course it was some time before she came.  
 And when she did,  
 She heard some fellow at the door  
 In accents surly,  
 (And not to let the truth be hid—  
 'Twas Job himself—alone—)  
 'Why Job—you certainly are coming on—  
 'Tis what you never did before;'  
 (And then he swore,)  
 'You never used to dye one half so early!'  
 The Frenchman went to bed,  
 And charg'd his wife, when next those scoun-  
 drels came,  
 To stop their shameful crying,  
 To tell them to the head  
 That he was dying—  
 Or what was just the same,  
 'Twould be a miscellaneous kind of lying—  
 That he was dead.

### A WESTERN LAWYER'S PLEA AGAINST THE FACT.

Gentlemen of the Jury: The Scripture saith, "Thou shalt not kill;" now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as slick as grease, and as plump as a goose-egg in a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen, or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen; you may bring the prisoner in "guilty;" the hangman may do his duty, but will that exonerate you? No such thing; in that case you will all be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen—who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word, not one of you has a bowie-knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentleman, your pockets are odoriferous with the perfumes of cigar-cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of animal viscera, until the spinal vertebræ of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad, for the grim and

gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity, to do no murder. I adjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the tickling timepiece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and condimental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American Eagle that whipped the universal game cock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear store-made coats—if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky mountain buffalo,—and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be any thing but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braided small ends of humanity, whittled down into indistinctibility, acquit my client, and save your country.

The prisoner was acquitted.

## ABOUT BACHELORS.

BY M. M. NOAH. 1836.

THAT a race of old bachelors are a burden to society—are fit objects for animadversion, for satire, nay, even for special taxation—I never for a moment doubted. I do not mean your old bachelors who have neither talents nor attractions sufficiently powerful to engage the affections of a young lady—they are to be pitied—but I mean your venerable dandies, men having the means to marry without the inclination, men who remain single all their days from the vanity of supposing that they can obtain any woman from the mere asking her. The dispatch post, a few weeks ago, brought me a note which ran thus: "*The Bachelors' Club make their respects to the Major, and notify him that they celebrate their anniversary on Wednesday next. Venison with chafing-dishes on table at four, together with a plentiful supply of Billy Niblo's twenty-eight years' old Madeira.*" "Shall I go or shall I not?" said I to myself. I certainly dislike old bachelors, yet I have no aversion to venison and Madeira moderately—and as it is but once a year, I'll meet these members of the *ancien regime*, drink with them, laugh with them, take up the cudgels for matrimony, and who knows but I may make a convert, though even on the shady side of fifty. The hope of doing good, and striking a pure spark out of rusty steel, determined me, and at four I was there. Almost at the same time, a beau of the old school, polished and polite, adoring the fair sex, yet still unmarried, made his *entrée*, and after four or five modern bows, he squeezed me affectionately by the hand, and was rejoiced to see me. Here, thinks I, is a bachelor of unpardonable celibacy—he is no enemy to matrimony, but has put off the day of marriage so long, that it now presents an awful aspect, and terrifies him, as the field of battle alarms the acknowledged coward. The room soon filled; there

were some of overgrown fortunes, of moderate possessions, of fat and jolly persons, and of lean and lantern visages; they were all well dressed, yet there was a certain something about their apparel that had the air of sluggish indifference, as if their wardrobe sighed for the superintending care of some kind female; one man's pocket-handkerchief was unhemmed, the ends of another man's cravat were nibbled and ragged, here and there a few holes peeped from the sombre ruffles, and a straggling rent was perceptible in the heels of some stockings. How much care these "children of a larger growth" seemed to require—how solitary they appeared to me, although their faces were dressed with smiles! The grateful bell soon announced the dinner, and to it we went—no ceremony—no compliments—appetite and epicurism united to pin attention to the well-stored table, and the poor creatures in all their movings, seemed to indicate the want of some female, whose daily presence might refine their manners, control their appetites, give a grace to their actions, and a polish to their converse. The old wine, together with pipes and cigars, made their appearance; the bottle went briskly round, and their old clay moistened, revived and invigorated, each man had something to say in praise of a bachelor's life.

Marriage! (says an old fellow, who owned twenty brick houses in the city,) pshaw! What man would surrender his freedom—give up the joys of celibacy—subject himself to the eternal clatter of a woman's tongue, and a host of old tabbies in the shape of aunts—be stunned to death with squalling brats, harassed with illness, doctors' bills, and christenings? Who would relinquish the happiness of being free, uncontrolled and untrammelled?—Here am I as happy as a lord; can drink as many bottles



of Niblo's old stingo as I please; I can reel home, tumble myself into bed, boots and all; no wife to upbraid me for my absence, scold me for a sot, or turn me from my pillow at eight in the morning; my ears are not stunned with her shrill notes, nor my eyes offended by her sour looks. Old Phillis cooks my steaks, makes my bed, smokes her pipe in peace, and is always glad to see me, drunk or sober—that's your sort!

A bachelor leads a merry life;  
Few folks that are wedded live better.

Hey, Major, what do you say? Am I right, old Chronicle? Do you not say ditto?

"No, sir," said I, with gravity; "I am not with you; I disapprove your whole position; I do not say ditto." "A forfeit! a forfeit!" exclaimed the whole company; "here's treason amongst us—a spy in our camp, an advocate for matrimony—a Benedict himself—fine him! fine him!—a hamper of salt water, a cold bath—no punishment too severe for such alarming opinions!" "Order! order! gentlemen," exclaimed the chairman; "let us hear his defence; let us treat him with decorum." "Come, Major," said Von Snarl, "your reasons, your reasons, my boy." "Why, gentlemen," said I, "although aware that I was to dine with bachelors, I was not prepared to meet a party hostile to matrimony. I myself was an old bachelor, yet I cannot subscribe to the correctness of doctrines such as I have just heard advanced. Man is a social being by nature; he was never intended to be isolated: floating through the world without the ties of affection, of association, or of kindred; he has duties to perform to religion, to country, and to morality; and all these point to marriage as the great end by which they may be accomplished and fulfilled. You boast of freedom, of the joys of your table, of your unrestrained liberty; the savage, whose yell reverberates through the forest, is equally as free; he be-

comes infuriated by rum, and basks in the sunbeams in dignified intoxication. No soul feels an interest in you—no soul dares molest him—so far you are equal; but the savage *marries*, he roves through the woods with his wife by his side; he hunts the fleet deer because his wife partakes of the spoil, and praises his dexterity; he teaches his boys to become warriors, familiarizes them to the bow and arrow, and the pointed javelin; the savage *has* social relations even in his moments of brutal intoxication; he is, therefore, your superior. If you have no wife to control or direct your movements, you have no friend who feels an interest for your health and happiness, who sighs for your grief, who rejoices in your prosperity, who watches your pillow in the hour of sickness, who administers with her fair and soft hand the medicine for your health, and binds your brows, and soothes your agitations with the sweet kiss of affection. If you are thus free, you have no children whose growing virtues do honor to their sire—whose cheerful prattle blunts the dull edge of care. If marriage brings with it some privations, it amply compensates by the additional comfort, confidence, mutual respect, and influence, which it carries in its train. Why, then, rail at matrimony? Instead of reeling home at night, and encountering the black visage of your wench, as she opens the door for you, and you sneak through your dark hall to your comfortless and solitary bed, walk upright and soberly home, there meet the cheerful smile and cordial welcome of your wife, as she leads you to the ample fire, and there enjoy (which you never will if you retain your present sentiments), the social converse, and innocent hilarity of a lawful and lovely companion."

The faces of the old bachelors began to "cream and mantle," as I took my hat to leave them; and as I closed the door, Von Snarl exclaimed, "Harkee! Sir, let us never see your ugly face amongst us again."

## DYDIMUS DUMPS.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH. 1836.

On horror's head horrors accumulate.—SHAKESPEARE.

SOME are enamored of the graceful movements of a horse, others of a painted, dancing gipsy; some pass their lives in examining the petal of a flower, or the brilliancy of a bug—some disregard the earth and read the heavens, while others find nothing half so beautiful in all creation as a well-cooked terrapin or partridge pie. Dydimus Dumps belonged to neither of these varieties—he eschewed the beautiful; his taste was for the horrible.

The parentage, education, and pursuits of Dydimus tended to develop this prominent feature in his character. His father was a little consumptive tailor, who was obliged to ply his needle incessantly for cabbage, and as tailors are proverbially melancholic, his hard fate, acting on his temperament, according to the settled laws of Gall and Spurzheim, rendered him as solemn and mysterious as a tombstone without an epitaph. Subsequently, he turned to exhorting in the convective, which increased the longitude and acerbity of his meagre visage, and also the sonorous bass of his deep-toned nasal organ. Spirit of Slawkenbergius! with such a second, you

might have deceived the dry bones of the valley with the belief that the diapason of universal nature had been rudely set in motion, and that it was time to come forth and attune their pipes to concert pitch.

The mother of our hero was a layer out of the dead, and from her calling, she imagined herself a sort of connecting link between this world and the next—a hyphen between time and eternity. Dydimus, in early childhood, attended her on these solemn missions, and he claimed it as a prescriptive right to officiate as chief mourner in all fashionable funeral processions. It was flattering to his juvenile ambition, and that his grief might be rendered the more impressive, his considerate mother invariably harnessed him in the longest weeds and weepers, and the best black silk gloves that the bereaved relatives had furnished to make a public demonstration of their secret sorrow. Such was the serious cast of his mind in his early years, that he despised the restraint of the ordinary system of education, and actually made considerable progress in the

alphabet, by conning over the epitaphs on the tombstones, and ultimately acquired as much knowledge of the dead languages as most collegians with the appendix of A. M., LL. D., and A. S. S. to their otherwise insignificant names.

Many years ago, I knew Dydimus intimately. He was at that time a middle-aged and independent man, having come into possession of the wholesome accretions of his prudent and watchful mother. He was fond of relating narratives of barbarity, whether fact or fiction, it was immaterial, for he believed all he saw in print, and as I was a patient listener—the most gratifying compliment that can be paid to all old women of either sex—it afforded him infinite pleasure to bestow all his tediousness upon me. His library was limited—"better have a few volumes," said he, "and digest them well, than, as some pretenders to literature, make a large collection without reading beyond the labels." His library consisted of "The Life and Death of Cock-Robin," with colored sculptures—his mother's first present—which time had already rendered exceedingly valuable, for there was no other copy of the same edition extant; Fox's Book of Martyrs, horribly illustrated; the Buccaneers of America, and a History of the Spanish Inquisition. His walls were adorned with pictures in keeping—one of which he highly prized for its antiquity and truth of design. It was the Sacrifice of Isaac, taken from a Dutch bible, published in an age when they weatherboarded books, and put iron clasps upon them, anticipating Locke on the Human Understanding—which illustration of that most solemn and impressive narrative represented the agonized, yet obedient parent, with a huge blunderbuss presented at the breast of his innocent and unresisting offspring, while an angel, proportioned and appraised like a well-fed Amsterdam belle, seated aloft on a cloud resembling a featherbed, dropped tears as big as hailstones in the pan of the firelock, while Abraham was in the act of pulling the trigger.

His regimen was somewhat remarkable. His organ of alimentiveness was largely developed, and his temperament was what phrenologists would pronounce the bilious melancholic, combined with the nervous, and a sprinkle of the lymphatic. This is all Hebrew-Greek to me, but doubtless is correct, for he was an extraordinary man, and richly entitled to all the temperaments referred to by Gall and Spurzheim. He supped every night on clam-fritters, hard-boiled eggs, pickled sturgeon, and raw cabbage, all of which he washed down with an unconstitutional quantity of muddy beer, that he might more fully enjoy the fantastic and horrible caprices of the nightmare. The profound gravity with which he would attack his nightly repast, would have inspired Apicius with veneration for his gastronomic abilities.

One morning, he called upon me, and appearing more dejected than usual, I inquired the cause. He replied:

"I have exhausted all the places of rational amusement in the city, wax-work, puppet-shows, and all. I finally purchased a season-ticket of admission to that meritorious institution called the Washington Museum, esteemed as the only exhibition that could awaken the sensibilities of a delicately attuned and cultivated mind. But I have gazed so long upon the headless trunk of poor Marie Antoinette, the dying Hamilton, Moreau, and many others—including the emaciated Baron

Trenck, peeping through the bars of his cage, like Sterne's starling, that they have lost their pungency. The fountain of tears is exhausted, and I am most miserably cheerful. I feel no more pleasure in contemplating the jealous Moor in the act of stabbing his sleeping Desdemona, or Queen Dido preparing to hang herself in her garters, than I do in beholding those immortal worthies, Washington and Franklin, placidly seeming to read unutterable things illegibly scrawled upon a piece of dirty parchment, or the portly William Penn, in the attitude of leading out a fair Quakeress to a country-dance. Nay, you will scarcely credit it, but it is a melancholy fact—I have become so accustomed to the horrible discord of that eternal organ-grinder, who silenced and put the starved treble of fish-wench out of countenance, that it no longer creates any titillation on my tympanum, but sounds as melodiously as the music of the spheres. I am in absolute despair! What shall I do?"

"You are a bachelor and rich. Get married."

"That would be horrible, indeed; but then it lasts for life. I wish variety; a monotony of horror would pall upon the palate."

Yet Dydimus was a kind-hearted man. His benefactions were liberally bestowed. His pensioners were comprised of the lame, blind, and destitute, whom he visited systematically to drop his unseen charity, and though he could not minister to their minds by cheerful converse, he never failed to awaken them to a keen sense of their forlorn condition by his tears of sympathy.

"What's to be done!" continued Dydimus. "This dearth of excitement will drive me to do something terrible!"

"Do you never go to the theatre?"

"When Cooke was here I went, but seldom since."

"Go now, and you will find the exhibitions most truly awful."

"Say you so? You cheer me," he exclaimed, leisurely rubbing his hands and smiling like a caput mortuum. "Pray inform me what sort of shows do they exhibit to gratify a cultivated taste?"

"I see it announced that Mr. Stoker will hang himself for the first time, at the circus, this evening, for the edification of an enlightened public."

"Hang himself! That indeed approximates my ideas of the interesting. But is there no humbug about it? I despise humbug."

"I am assured that it falls little short of a bona fide hanging, and that the exhibition is really delightful to those who take pleasure in witnessing executions of the sort."

"I never saw a man hanged in all my life, and as it is probable I never shall, I would not neglect this opportunity of having my ideas enlarged as to the manner of performing this interesting branch of jurisprudence. Will you accompany me?"

"With pleasure, as they only hang in jest."

"The real thing must be exciting!"

"Doubtless, and more especially to the principal performer."

We accordingly repaired to the circus at an early hour, and took our seats as soon as the doors were open. Dydimus was impatient until the horsemanship commenced, but as the equestrians performed their feats with so much self-possession, he soon became wearied with the monotony of the exhibition, and emphatically pronounced it to be a popular humbug. At length an *artist* appeared in the

arena, mounted without saddle or bridle, who rode like a lunatic flying from his keepers, who had outvoted him on the score of sanity—throwing himself into all perilous attitudes upon his untamed Buccephalus.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed Dydimus, "this is reality! What was Geoffrey Gambado or the Macedonian compared to him? The progress of the human faculties toward perfection is wonderful. A few riding-masters of that description would soon send harness-makers to the region where the son of Philip no longer obstructs the sunshine of Diogenes. He may have conquered a world, but he would not make salt to his porridge if he were a circus-rider in the present age of improvement. A fig for the ancients and their Olympic games."

Mr. Dumps expected every moment to behold the daring rider's brains dashed out, but to his great astonishment, not to say disappointment, the agile equestrian invariably regained his equilibrium when apparently in the most perilous position. The anxiety and all-absorbing interest awakened in the mind of Dydimus, became apparent by the contortions of his countenance, and the gyrations of his nervous system. A lad seated beside him, who was "native and to the manner born," and who for some time had watched his movements with mischievous satisfaction, addressed him in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those around us:

"Stranger, there's no use in fretting your innards to fiddle-strings; I know that ere covey, and he would see the whole house, managers and all, in a place unfit to mention, before he would break his neck for the amusement of a *levy* spectator. Remember we are in the pit, and he can't afford such a show as that for a shilling every day. He will break it on his benefit-night; you can go then and get the worth of your money, and encourage merit."

This remark excited the risible faculties of those who overheard it, and Dydimus, disconcerted and looking unutterable things, stammered out:

"Fshaw! Fudge! Do you take me for a greenhorn? I know it all to be catch-penny—consummate humbug—imposture!"

"You wouldn't have him break his neck for a shilling? Posterity, I grant, has never yet done any thing for us; but then, only think, how could posterity possibly get along without that man? Let posterity know that we foster genius and patronize the fine arts."

To escape the impertinence of the boy, Dydimus, turning to me, remarked:

"That equestrian would have been distinguished among the Persians. To be a great horseman with them was second only to shooting with the bow and speaking the truth."

"The horsejockeys of the present day differ from those of Persia. Ours draw a much longer bow, and seldom speak the truth."

The horsemanship being over, Mr. Stoker made his appearance, and as he ascended to the rope, suspended from the roof of the theatre, Mr. Dumps' pulse could not have throbbed more rapidly if he had been placed in similar jeopardy. He was all eye. The gymnastic commenced operations, and when at full swing he sprang headlong from his seat—thirty feet from the floor.

"Huzza!" shouted Dumps, starting to his feet. "Huzza! there he goes! Not a plank between him and eternity!"

There was a spontaneous burst of applause, which

the showman modestly appropriated to his own credit, though Mr. Dumps was entitled to more than an equal division of the honor. Fortunately for the rope-dancer, though to the chagrin of some of the spectators, he had taken the precaution of fastening his right leg in a noose attached to the swing, and thus he was suspended, head downwards, like Mahomet's coffin, between heaven and earth. He was greeted with a more hearty and spontaneous burst of applause than Newton received when he illustrated the laws of gravity. But what was Newton and all his discoveries, in popular estimation, when brought in juxtaposition with the science of a ropedancer! Mr. Stoker, soon discovering that it was an unpleasant position for the blood to circulate through the human form divine, that wonderful work—"Finxit in effigiem moderantem cuncta deorum"—than he hastened to regain his former position, which he effected without even dislocating a limb, and recommenced his operations with a self-complacency, which plainly demanded of the spectators—"Ladies and gentlemen, what do you think of me?"

After various feats of surprising agility, he arrived at the acme of the exhibition—the be-all and the end-all—which was to hang himself by the neck. It was with difficulty that I could prevent Mr. Dumps from making another ridiculous display of his excited feelings, as he beheld him adjusting the noose around that ticklish part of the human frame. Having fixed it to his satisfaction, he set his swing in motion, and when at the height, he slipped from his seat, and to the inexpressible delight of all true admirers of the sublime and beautiful, there he was, *sus. per. col.*, as natural as life—no fiction, but the true thing, hanging dingle dangle. A shriek of horror burst from the uninitiated; but Dydimus, a true admirer of the beauties of nature, in the ecstasies of the moment, sprang to his feet, and clapping his bony hands, shouted in a sepulchral voice:

"Beautiful! wonderful! Encore, encore! Do it again!"

"If the rope had broke," suggested the boy seated beside Dydimus, "the laws of the land would compel him to do it again, if it was the real thing and no gammon—the people's majesty is not to be trifled with on such occasions—but by the laws of the playhouse, if you are dissatisfied, your only redress is to apply to the box-office for the return of your shilling. You couldn't expect a man to hang himself all night to procure the means of getting a breakfast in the morning."

"You be—dashed," exclaimed Dydimus, adopting from a sense of decorum a different word from that which was uppermost in his thoughts, but the expression of his countenance plainly indicated that he by no means intended to mollify the asperity of his denunciation by the change of a consonant.

The showman coincided in opinion with the mischievous persecutor of Mr. Dumps, and accordingly, after hanging long enough to satisfy any reasonable spectator, he manifested his disinclination to terminate his illustrious career in this ridiculous manner; and scrambling up the rope as gracefully as circumstances would admit, he regained a position of comparative security. The breathless suspense that had pervaded the theatre during his suspension, was succeeded by an unanimous burst of applause, which made the sounding-board in the dome vibrate with ecstasy, and the hero of the night, having

made his obeisance with a solemnity becoming the important occasion, withdrew from the scene of his triumph, as full of the conceit of dignity as Sancho Panza when installed governor of Barataria. And this is fame." "*Sempiterno nominabitur.*"

On leaving the circus I inquired of Mr. Dumps how he was pleased with the entertainment.

"It is the very place for me," he replied. "He escaped to-night miraculously, but I shall live to see that fellow hanged yet. I shall purchase a season ticket to-morrow morning, and attend regularly until some mischance puts a check to his proud ambition."

"You certainly would not be present at such a melancholy occurrence?"

"He is bound to be hanged. His death-warrant is already signed and sealed, and there is no reason why I should not enjoy the exhibition as well as another. If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, you could not give me one."

He accordingly purchased a season-ticket, and became a constant attendant at the circus, in expectation of witnessing some appalling accident; but after wasting much time in this way, and nothing serious occurring, he became dissatisfied, for though hanging he admitted to be a very rational amusement for a week or so, yet by constant repetition it was deprived of its stimulating properties, until it dwindled to a mere burlesque upon the impressive sublimity of the real thing.

"I despise humbug," said Dydimus, in conclusion, "and shall never again cross the door of a circus."

Some months after, I walked with him along a street, when his attention was suddenly arrested by an organ-grinder and an immense placard, which exhibited, in woodcuts, humanity more brutal than the ravenous animals over which, by the first law, man had been placed as the shepherd, and in blood-red characters was emblazoned the attractive advertisement—

"The Horrors of the Inquisition Illustrated."

"There is something to be seen here," exclaimed Mr. Dumps, "which will enlarge the mind of the uninitiated, as regards the progress of humanity and Christianity in the civilized world."

"The quackery of charlatans to aggravate the diseased imagination of ignorance, at the moderate price of a shilling a dose."

"You are skeptical; but observe, sir, the illustrations are said to be by the best artists, and there is a full description in print of each particular case—and by the best authors. You would not doubt what you see in print?"

"Certainly not, if printed on hot-pressed vellum, with a spacious margin. Swallow the Talmud and the Koran, and all the elaborate lucubrations of insane philosophers, that repose on the dusty shelves of every well-selected library, and your cranium will soon become a more miscellaneous menagerie than nature originally intended to confine within so limited a compass; a sort of rotating kaleidoscope, where beautiful images have but a momentary existence, crumble in giving place to others more attractive, and no power on earth can ever reproduce them."

Dydimus paid little attention to my remarks, but was intently reading the various placards strewed about, like bills of fare, to stimulate a morbid appetite, when a man approached and invited him in, at the same time assuring him that he could not fail

being pleased—"As it was the most diabolical exhibition ever presented to a Christian community."

"Enough!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into the attitude of Hamlet, in his first interview with his father's shadow, clad in a coat of mail—which incorporeal vestment must unquestionably have been reduced to pig-iron, if there was any truth in the statement of the ghost as to the temperature of the regions whence he had ascended, and the ghost was an honest ghost—Truepenny could not lie—"Go on," said Dydimus, in a sepulchral tone—"Go on, I'll follow you."

We entered an apartment which had been carefully fitted up to represent the infernal regions, and was doubtless as accurate in the main, as the descriptions by Dante, Quevedo, Bunyan, and others, who have published their travels to that interesting country—but, strange is the inconsistency of man, who freely pays to understand the fabricated accounts of impudent impostors, when he has a reliable promise, reiterated once a week, that he has already commenced his journey there, and will shortly witness the real thing without fee or reward.

Our guide, perceiving the astonishment of Dydimus, turned to him, and remarked in a lachrymose and nasal tone, which would have elicited tears from monumental alabaster, upon which no tears had ever been shed:

"Ah, sir! I see you have a soul to enjoy these matters. Man, who was placed as the pastoral protector of all animated nature, 'becomes the tyrant, and finally directs his inhumanity to man, and makes—'

"Oh! *Burn* the quotation. I am in the pursuit of facts and not ethics—go on with your show, and let me understand what entertainment you can afford an inquiring mind."

"Look you here, sir," continued the showman, "and observe the operation of this wheel. This gentle motion delicately disengages the thigh-bones from the sockets—and this dislocates the arms—never was there invented a more perfect piece of mechanism—this is the exact expression while the wheel was in this position. The portrait was taken from life—or rather between life and death, by Albert Durer—an exceedingly clever sketcher in his day, and wonderfully endowed with a proper appreciation of the fantastic and horrible. By this motion, sir, the chest you observe is considerably elevated, but so gradually as not to give any sudden shock to physical endurance, until by this additional turn of the wheel, we dislocate the spine. Every thing complete, you perceive, sir. Take a turn at the crank, and you will see how systematically it operates."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Dumps. "Equal to a modern corn-sheller. Man's talent for mechanics is wonderful! Even in his instruments of torture he manifests refinement. That machine must have cost the ingenious inventor much deep reflection before he could have rendered it so perfect. It moves like clock-work."

"Beats it all to nothing," said the showman; "for no one who has tried that machine ever stood in need of clock-work afterward. Here, sir, is the ingenious process of filling the bowels of an obstinate witness with water for the purpose of washing out the truth. If the proverb be correct, that truth lies at the bottom of a well, the surest way to get at it is to fill a man's bowels with water and then pump it out of him."

"*In vino veritas*, is a proverb of equal authority," said Dydimus; "they should have filled him with wine. But truth hath many hiding-places, and is hard to be discovered."



"Look this way, sir. Here are two children whose feet were roasted to a coal in the presence of their parents, and the instrument of torture in which they were confined. This is the exact expression of the countenance after ten minutes roasting; and this, after the lapse of half an hour.

If 't were done when 'tis done, then 't were well  
It were done quickly.

"Here is the punishment of the *iron boot*, celebrated for being the most dreadful ever invented; by which the bones in the legs are crushed, and the marrow forced from them."

Thus he went on, describing the various modes of torture in the exhibition, and perceiving the interest felt by Mr. Dumps in his exaggerated narrative of blended fact and fiction, concluded by informing him that, in the course of a few days, he would have it in his power to afford him inexpressible pleasure, for he hourly expected "The Virgin Mary and her hundred lances," so celebrated in the history of the infernal inquisition.

Mr. Dumps continued his visits here for several weeks, to study out the complicated machinery of the hundred lances with which the victim was transpierced, while expecting to receive a benediction and maternal embrace. He admired the refinement and humanity of dispatching a wretch from this world, when his mind was wholly occupied with serious thoughts of another. Finally, even this scene of complicated horrors, became "flat, stale, and unprofitable," and his mind could find no food to fatten on but itself. He was now indeed a melancholy man.

I had missed him for some time, and on inquiry learned that he was dead. As his departure from this mundane sphere was rather unceremonious, for a gentleman remarkable for his rigid observance of decorum, a coroner's inquest was held to ascertain the cause of his hasty exit, but more especially to put money in that worthy officer's pocket. It appeared that on the evening previous to his death, his mind being much depressed, he indulged to excess in his favorite repast of clams and sturgeon, in order to keep up his spirits, from which some conjectured he had died of a surfeit, but as they found in his chamber a wheelbarrow load of the writings of modern French novelists, a volume of which was open before him, one of the jurymen exculpated the clams and sturgeon from all participation in the transaction, for, as he remarked, "Those books are a vast deal harder of digestion, and in truth, if taken in large doses, would be enough to kill the — dickens. There was a difference of opinion in the minds of those jurors, who flattered themselves they had minds, as to the cause of the death of Dydimus, and as they found it impossible to agree, they buried him without a verdict, and the county paid the coroner his costs.

## TO JOHN BULL.

ANON. CIRCA 1836.

I WONDER John, if you forget, some sixty years  
ago,  
When we were very young, John, your head was  
white as snow;  
You didn't count us much, John, and thought to  
make us run,  
But found out your mistake, John, one day at Lexington.

And when we ask'd you in, John, to take a cup of  
tea,  
Made in Boston harbor, John, the tea-pot of the  
free  
You didn't like the party, John, it wasn't quite select,  
There were some ABORIGINES, you didn't quite expect.

You didn't like their manners, John, you couldn't  
stand their tea,  
And thought it got into their heads, and made them  
quite too free;  
But you got very tipsy, John, (you drink a little  
still.)  
The day you marched across the Neck, and ran  
down Bunker Hill.

You acted just like mad, John, and were tumbled  
o'er and o'er,  
By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a  
score,  
But now I hope you're sober, John, you're far too  
fat to run,  
You've not got the legs, John, you had at Bennington!

You had some corns upon your toes, Cornwallis  
—that was one,  
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you  
couldn't run;  
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away  
your gun,  
And gave your sword, fie, John, for shame! to one  
George Washington.

Another much-loved spot, John, such sweet asso-  
ciations!  
When you were going down to York, to see your  
rich relations;  
The Dutchmen of the Mohawk, John, anxious to  
entertain,  
Put up some "Gates" that stopped you, John, on  
Saratoga's plain.

That hill you must remember, John, 'tis high and  
very green;  
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to  
your Queen;  
I know you love that hill, John, you dream of it  
a-nights,  
The name it bore in '76 was simply Bemis' Heights.

Your old friend Ethan Allen, John, of Continental  
fame,  
Who called you to surrender, in Great Jehovah's  
name;  
You recognized the "Congress," then, authority  
most high,  
The morn he called so early, John, and took from  
you Fort Ti!

I know you'll grieve to hear it, John, and feel quite  
sore and sad,  
To learn that Ethan's dead, John; and yet there's  
many a lad,  
Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns  
and noise,  
And gets up just as early, John, those brave Green  
Mountain boys.

Oh no, we never mention it; we never thought it  
lucky,  
The day you charged the cotton-bags, and got into  
Kentucky;  
I thought you knew geography, but misses in their  
teens,  
Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below  
Orleans.

The "beauty" it was there, John, behind the cot-  
ton-bags,  
But did you get the booty, John?—somehow my  
memory flags.  
I think you made a "swap," John, I've got it in my  
head,  
Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead!

The mistress of the Ocean, John, she couldn't rule  
the Lakes;  
You had some Ganders in your fleet, but John, you  
had no Drakes;  
Your choicest spirits, too, were there, you took your  
hock and sherry,  
But John, you couldn't stand our fare, you couldn't  
take our Perry!

## A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

BY JOHN INMAN. 1836.

WHAT a blockhead my brother Tom is, not to  
marry! or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a  
blockhead not to marry some twenty-five years ago,  
for I suppose he'd hardly get any decent sort of a  
body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fel-  
low! what a forlorn, desolate kind of a life he leads;  
no wife to take care of him—no children to love  
him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and  
comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice  
sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By  
the way, what the deuce is the reason *my* breakfast  
does not come up? I've been waiting for it this  
half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to  
market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold.  
She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I  
ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a  
wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that  
came quite convenient, and I suppose my young  
ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor  
fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although  
my business does very well, this housekeeping eats  
up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let  
us see; how many mouths have I to feed every day?  
There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three;  
and the four boys—seven; and Lucy, and Sarah,  
and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then  
there's the cook and the house-maid, and the boy—  
fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to  
wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen;

then there's the nursery-maid—sixteen; surely  
there must be another—I'm sure I made out seven-  
teen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning  
at church; there must be another somewhere; let  
me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh  
it's myself. Faith, I have so many to think of and  
provide for, that I forget myself half the time.  
Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people  
to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other  
they all have most furious appetites; but then, bless  
their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat. What a  
havoc they do make with the buckwheat cakes of a  
morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing  
of all this. There he lives all alone by himself  
in a boarding-house, with nobody near him that  
cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No  
affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up  
when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to  
keep him in a good humor—no dawning intellects,  
whose development he can amuse himself with  
watching day after day—nobody to study his  
wishes, and keep all his comforts ready. Confound  
it, hasn't that woman got back from the market  
yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the  
boy's being coddled and messed if my wife likes it,  
but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept  
back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember  
to buy all those things for the children to-day.  
Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made



out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married, I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is! let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, nowadays, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was a half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villain has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heigho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night, with no cares on their mind to keep them awake; and, when they have once got to sleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again, until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straightforward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then, again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and, and sent off post-haste for the doctor, as I was, on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the



doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

### CAMOMILE TEA.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN. 1836.

LET doctors or quacks prescribe as they may,  
Yet none of their nostrums for me;  
For I firmly believe—what the old women say—  
That there's nothing like camomile tea.

It strengthens the mind, it enlivens the brain,  
It converts all our sorrow to glee;  
It heightens our pleasures, it banishes pain—  
Then what is like camomile tea?

In health it is harmless—and, say what you please,  
One thing is still certain with me,  
It suits equally well with every disease;  
O, there's nothing like camomile tea.

In colds or consumptions, I pledge you my word,  
Or in chills, or in fevers, d'ye see,

There's nothing such speedy relief will afford,  
As a dose of good camomile tea.

Your famed panacea, spiced rhubarb and stuff,  
Which daily and hourly we see,  
Crack'd up for all cures, in some newspaper puff,  
Can't be puff'd into camomile tea.

The cancer and colic, the scurvy and gout,  
The blues, and all evils *desprit*,  
When once fairly lodged, can be only forced out,  
By forcing in camomile tea.

You all know the story how Thetis's son  
Was dipp'd to his heel in the sea;  
The sea's all a farce—for the way it was done,  
He was harden'd by camomile tea.

Or, if dipp'd in the Styx, as others avow,  
Which I also deny, by the powers—  
The Styx, it is plain, must in some way or how,  
Have been bank'd up with camomile flowers.

When sentenced to die, foolish Clarence, they say,  
Met his fate in a butt of Malmsey:  
He'd have foil'd the crook'd tyrant, and lived to  
this day,  
Had he plunged into camomile tea.

Let misses and madams, in tea-table chat,  
Sip their hyson and sprightly bohea;  
It may fit them for scandal, or such things as that,  
But it's nothing like camomile tea.

Let tipplers and spendthrifts to taverns resort,  
And be soak'd in their cups cap-a-pie;  
Their champagne and tokay, their claret and port,  
Are poison to camomile tea.

Why, the nectar the gods and their goddesses quaff,  
In potations convivial and free,  
Though Homer mistakes it—nay, pray do not laugh,  
I suspect it was camomile tea.

Then fill up your goblets, and round let them pass  
While the moments and hours they flee;  
And let each gallant youth pledge his favorite  
lass,  
In a bumper—of camomile tea.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE OLLAPODIANA PAPERS.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. 1836.

EXCEEDINGLY amused at the air and manner of a decided "loafer," a sentimentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way from Buffalo to see the Falls. "Landlord!" said he, to the Boniface of the Cataract, "and you, gentlemen, who stand on this porch, witnessing this pitiless rain, you see before you one who has a tempest of sorrows a-beatin' upon his head continually. *Wanst* I was woth twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddling profession. Circumstances alters cases;



now I wish for to solicit charity. Some of you seems benevolent, and I do believe I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say all is barren. No, I scorn to brag; but I am intelligent beyond my years, and my education has been complete. I have read Wolney's Ruins, Marshall's Life of Washington, and Pope's Easy on Man, and most of the

literature of the day, as contained in the small newspapers. But the way I'm situated at present, is scandalous. The fact is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmaelizing about the globe, with a somber brow, and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me—speak singly, gentlemen—who will 'ease my griefs, and drive my cares away?' as Isaac Watts says, in one of his devotional poems."

No answer was returned. A general laugh arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited; rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the face of the by-standers, he roared out:

"You're all a pack of poor, or'nary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I do not 'hang my head for a' that,' as Burns says. I will chastise any man here, for two three-cent drinks of *Monogohale* whiskey: yes, though I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak from loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any on ye come over to the Black Rock Railroad Dee-pott, and I'll lick him *like a d—n!*"

"Never mind that," said one; "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that *was* a scene! Twenty miles out at sea, on the lake; the storm bustin' upon the deck; the waves, like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually; the lightnings a bustin' overhead, and hissing in the water; the clouds meeting the earth; the land just over the lee-bow; every mast in splinters; every sail in rags; women a-screechin'; farmers' wives emigratin' to the west, calling for their husbands; and hell yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sea-sick; and one man, after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent retch, threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructivest billow. It struck the ship on the left side, in the neighborhood of the poop, and all at wanst I felt something under us breakin' away. The vessel was parting! One half the crew was drowned; passengers was praying, and commending themselves to heaven. I, alone, escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem *yourself* from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, I seen how things was a-goin', and I took my hat and went ashore!"

The last I saw of this Munchausen, was as our coach wheeled away. He had achieved a "drink," and was perambulating through the mud, lightened, momentarily, of his sorrows.

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember being struck with the gay appearance of the ball-room, and the large assemblage of pretty girls. I stepped up to one—the daughter of a Judge, and a member of Congress. She was one of your plump, rosy-faced creatures, buxom and pleasing. "She was a being of loveliness; nature had compressed and concentrated in her dumpy form, the attractions of a dozen. Her face was bright and expressive—her figure, of course, was perfect—O, quite so!"

To this damsel I addressed myself, and solicited her hand in the dance. She assented; and with my brain reeling with fancies of wine and women, I really thought, for the moment, that "she did me proud." I flourished my 'kerchief, restored it to my pocket, and proceeded to encase my digits in gloves.

The dance was beginning, I took my place, and drew my silk *gants* hastily over my hands. The black fiddler had stamped—we were near the head—and there was no time to be lost. I "seized my partner," as commanded by the sable Apollo, and went ahead. When we reached the bottom of the row—for it was a country dance—I was all in a glow; and drawing my *mouchoir* from my pocket, essayed to mop my perspiring temples. As I did so, I was partially 'ware of a general *snicker* through the room. What could it be for? I looked around; every one looked at me. I looked down—then at my hands. The sight was quite enough. For a handkerchief, I had flourished a common *dickey*, the strings whereof fell to my feet—long as the moral law. For gloves, I had selected from my trunk a pair of short silk pump-hose, "well saved" by numerous emendations that had been required by sundry previous scrapes; all these I had displayed *on* and *in* my hands, before the multitude!

Words are but poor types of my chagrin. One haw-buck dancer—a fellow whom I caught in several vulgar attempts to achieve a "pigeon-wing"—came up to me with an impudent air, and thus right eloquent, said:

"Mister, I think them gloves o' your'n must be so'thin' rather new. Dare say the're fresh from 'York. They are *darned good*, any how; any body can see that."

"I say," yelled another biped of the same genus, "is that the last go for han'ker'chers? They can't steal them, can they, with strings to 'em. That's a right smart contrivance."

\* \* \* \* \*

There is a story of a man of God, now gathered to his fathers, (or named at least of him,) for which I have great respect. It seems that he encountered a confirmed infidel one evening at a donation-party; a man who respected the pastor of the town, though he did not credit his doctrines. By accident, they engaged in a controversy, and the infidel endeavored to prove, by Holy Writ, in the same text-choosing method for which his opponent was proverbial, that the priests of old were drunkards, and that they imbibed "potations pottle deep," in public.

"How do you prove that? Give me an instance," said the clerical gladiator.

"Well," was the reply, "look at the coronation of

Solomon, where it is expressly stated that Zadok, the priest who anointed him, 'took a horn.'"

"Yes," said he of the cloth, "but you don't give the whole passage, which is this: 'And Zadok the priest took a horn of oil, and anointed Solomon.'"

"I did not say what he did with his horn," rejoined the infidel; "I only contended that he *took* it."

"Good, very good!" responded the divine, warming at the quiz which he saw was directed towards himself; "you are ingenious in your argument; but I can prove by the Scriptures, in the same way, that instead of being here, resolving doubts and disputing with me, you should be swinging on a gallows at this moment, by your own consent and deed."

"No, no; *that's* beyond your skill; and if you will establish *what* you propose, by any kind of ratiocination, I will confess my deserts, as soon as they are shown."

"Agreed. Now, do we not read in the Bible, 'that Judas went and hanged himself?'"

"Yes, we do."

"Do you not find in another part of the Sacred Word, '*Go thou and do likewise?*'"

"Yes; you have proved that as far as you go. What next?"

"Only one clause more," replied the divine. The Bible also says, '*What thou doest, do quickly.*' Now, my friend, go and hang yourself at once!"

"Not till I show you the text to your charity sermon, preached for the Widow's Society in Boston, last spring. Here it is; and there is a word there, which you either have not properly written or properly read."

Saying this, he drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and pointed to the opening passage. It ran thus: "Then he rebuked the winds, and the sea, and lo! there was a great *clam*!" "Why do you bring your texts to such an amphibious and testaceous termination?"

The good man was thunderstruck. He acknowledged that there was an error; but he contended that shell-fish might have existed at that ancient period:

E'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still

\* \* \* \* \*

The Astor House, at its Ladies' Ordinary, has furnished some glorious specimens of English improved.

"Have you any *chastised idiot* brother?"

"Ha!n't seen no relations of yours here to-day," murmured the waiter, with an imperturbable smile.

"Don't be impertinent, fellow!" was the reply; "I mean something to eat."

"If you want to eat any thing in the *idiot* line," replied the servant, as his inquisitor fingered his moustache, "I guess you'd better put some butter on your hair, and swallow *yourself*." And here the sacrilegious usher of sauces and glasses indulged in a half-suppressed guffaw.

"Dar' say you consider that funny, my short *help*," said the inquirer, "but what I want is what you call *whipped syllabub*."

Calling to him the same locomotive assistance, he inquired, "Now, individual, I want some sacrificed-threshed-indigent-williams. Have you got any?"

"Not one, upon my soul, your honor; that is, if you mean turnips."

"Turnips! curse turnips! you double-distilled Vandal; you Goth! you Visigoth! I mean, have you got any roasted *whip-poor-wills*?"

"Holy Paul! what's them?"

## THE SERENADES.

BY ELIZA LESLIE. 1837.

"AND now tell me the reason of your giving us the slip on Tuesday night," said Charles Cavender to Frederick Merrill, as they came out of court together, and walked into the shade of the beautiful double row of linden trees that interlace their branches in front of the Philadelphia State House, perfuming the atmosphere of early summer with the fragrance of their delicate yellow blossoms.

"To tell you the truth," replied Merrill, "I never had much fancy for these regular serenading parties. And as, on Tuesday night, I had a presentiment that the course of ours was not going to run smoothly, and as I found it impossible to play with such a second as Dick Doubletongue, I resigned my flute to Walton, and went home for my guitar, being very much in the notion of taking a ramble on my own account, and giving a little unpretending music to several pretty girls of my own acquaintance."

"Ah! that guitar!" exclaimed Cavender; "since you first heard Segura, no Spaniard can be more completely fascinated with the instrument. And to do Segura justice, he has made an excellent guitar player of you, and cultivated your voice with great success."

"But how did you proceed after I left you?" asked Merrill.

"Oh! very well!" replied Cavender; "only that infernal piano, that Harry Fingerley insisted on being brought along with us, was pretty considerable of a bore."

"So I thought," responded Merrill; "to me there appeared something too absurd in conveying through the streets, at night, so cumbrous an instrument—carrying it on a handbarrow, like porters."

"Well," observed Cavender, "there were, however, enough of us to relieve each other every square. By the by, I suspect that your true reason for deserting was to avoid taking your turn in carrying the piano."

"You are not far wrong," replied Merrill, smiling.

"It was a ridiculous business," resumed Cavender. "As Fingerley cannot touch an instrument without his notes, and always chooses to show off in difficult pieces, a lantern was brought along, which one of us was obliged to hold for him whenever he played. Unluckily, a music stool had been forgotten, and poor Harry, who, you know, is one of the tallest striplings in town, was obliged to play kneeling; and he wore the knees of his pantaloons threadbare, in getting through a long concerto of Beethoven's, before Miss Flickwire's door."

"To what place did you go after I left you?" inquired Merrill.

"Oh! to serenade that saucy flirt, Miss Lawless, Frank Hazeldon's flame. We ranged ourselves in front of the house, sat down the piano and its elegant supporter the handbarrow, upon the pavement, and all struck up the Band March, with our eyes turned upwards, expecting that we should see the shutters gently open, and the pretty faces of Lucy Lawless and her two sisters slyly peeping down at us. But we looked in vain. No shutters opened, and no faces peeped."

"Perhaps," said Merrill, "the family were all out of town."

"No, no," replied Cavender; "a bright light shone through the fan-glass over the door, which opened at last, just as we had concluded the Band March, and out came Bogle, followed by two or three other waiters of rather a more decided color, who stood a little aloof. 'Gentlemen,' said Bogle, 'Miss Lawless desires her respects and compliments to you all, and wishes me to inquire if there is one Mr. Hazeldon among you?' 'Yes—I am Mr. Hazeldon,' said Frank, stepping out.—'Then,' resumed Bogle, with his usual flourish of hand, 'Miss Lawless presents her further respects and compliments, and requests me to make you acquainted that she has a party to-night, and as Frank Johnson was pre-engaged, and could not come, she desires you will play a few cotillions for the company to dance—and if there are any more gentlemen-fiddlers present, she will thank them to play too.'

"There was a general burst of mingled indignation and laughter. Some of the serenaders advanced to put Bogle into the gutter, but he very naturally resisted, justly declaring that he ought not to be punished for obeying the lady's orders, and delivering the message systematically, as he termed it.

"The windows of the front parlor were now thrown open, and Miss Lawless with her sisters appeared at them, dressed in lace and flowers. Both parlors were lighted up with chandeliers, and filled with company.

"Mr. Hazeldon," said Miss Lawless, 'you and your friends have come precisely at the right time. Nothing could be more apropos than your arrival. We were all engaged with the ice-creams and jellies while you were playing the Band March, (which, to do you justice, you performed very respectably,) or we should have sent Bogle out to you before. Pray, Mr. Hazeldon, give us "Love was once a little boy;"—it makes an excellent cotillion;—and we shall then be able to decide between the merits of your band and that of Mr. Francis Johnson.'—'But we are all gentlemen, madam,' said the simple Bob Midgely, 'and this is a serenade.' 'The more convenient,' replied Miss Lawless, who is really a very handsome girl; 'a serenade may thus be made to answer a double purpose—killing two birds with one stone, in proverbial parlance.'

"Poor Frank Hazeldon was so much annoyed as to be incapable of reply, being also vexed and mortified at having no invitation to his lady-love's party.

"But I went forward, and said to Miss Lawless, that if she and her friends would come out, and perform their cotillions on the pavement, we would have much pleasure in playing for them. To this, she replied, that she now perceived we had no tamboourine with us, and that a dance without that enlivening instrument, must always be a very spiritless affair. Therefore, she would excuse for the present, the services of Mr. Hazeldon and his musical friends.

"She then closed the window, and we bowed and moved off resolved that for the future we would

take care to avoid the awkward contretemps of serenading a lady when she is in the act of having a party. Frank Hazeldon loudly protested against the insolence of his Dulcinea, 'who,' said he, 'would not dare to say and do such things, only that she knows herself to be (as she certainly is), the most beautiful creature on the face of the earth.' However, he averred that he had done with Miss Lawless entirely, and would scrupulously avoid all further acquaintance with her, now that she had not only affronted himself but his friends. We advised him to consider it not so deeply."

"He seems to have taken your advice," observed Merrill; "for there he is, just turning the corner of Sixth Street with her—she laughing at him as usual, and he, as usual, thankful to be laughed at by her. But where else did you go?"

"We went to two other places," replied Caverder, "where nothing particular happened, except that at one of them, the ladies threw flowers down to us. Afterwards, Dick Doubletongue proposed our going into Market Street to serenade two very pretty girls, the daughters of a wealthy tradesman, who, being an old-fashioned man, persevered in the convenience of living in the same house in which he kept his store. Unluckily, it was the night before market day. We began with 'Life let us cherish,' which Dick assured us was a special favorite with the young ladies—and our music soon aroused the market-people, some of whom were sleeping in their carts that stood in the street; others, wrapped in coverlets, were bivouacking on the stalls in the market-house, to be ready on the spot for early morning. They started up, jumped down, gathered round us, and exclaimed—'Well, did ever!'—'Now that's what I call music!' 'There Polly, there's the right sort of fiddling for you!' 'Well, this beats me!'—'Law, Suz!—how they do play it up!'—and other equally gratifying expressions. And one woman called out to her husband—'Here daddy, take up the baby, and bring him out of the cart, and let him hear some music-playing, now he has a chance!' So the baby was brought, and daddy held him close up to the flute-players, and the baby cried, as all babies should do when they are taken up in the night to hear music.

"To crown all, the concert was joined by a dozen calves, who awoke from their uneasy slumbers in the carts, and began bleating in chorus; and by the crowing of various fowls, and the quacking of various ducks that were tied by the legs in pairs and lying under the stalls. Every moment, fresh market-carts came jolting and rattling over the stones, and we would have gone away at the conclusion of 'Life let us cherish,' only that Dick begged us to remain till we saw some indications of the ladies being awake and listening to us—a circumstance always gratifying to serenaders. While we were in full performance of 'The Goddess Diana,' we saw a light in a room up stairs, a window was opened, and there appeared at it two young ladies, who had evidently taken the trouble to arrange their hair, and attire themselves very becomingly in pink gowns and white collars, for the purpose of doing honor to the musicians and themselves. After this, we could do no less than play another of their favorites. When it was finished, we bowed up to the window, and they courtied down to us, and the market-women approved, saying—'Law, now if that a'n't pretty!—all making their manners to one another!—well, if we a'n't in luck to-night!'"

"The combination of noises that accompanied your Market Street serenade," observed Merrill, "reminds me of a ridiculous incident that occurred one night, when I and my flute were out with Tom Clearnote and Sam Startlem; Clearnote having his Kent bugle, and Startlem making his first public essay on the trombone, which he had taken a fancy to learn. We went to a house in Chestnut Street, where there were three charming girls, who we soon saw had all properly disposed themselves for listening at the windows. We commenced with the March in Massanello. Unfortunately, Sam Startlem, from having a cold, or some other cause, and being but a novice on the trombone, found it impossible to fill the instrument, or to produce any sound but a sort of hollow croak, that went exactly like 'Fire! fire!'—the cry which so often frights our town from its propriety.

"Just then the watchman was passing with a dog that always followed him, and that had a habit of howling whenever he heard the alarm of fire. On meeting the strange sounds, half guttural, half nasal, from Startlem's trombone, he very naturally mistook them for the announcement of a conflagration, and set up his customary yell.\* In a few minutes, the boys issued from all quarters, according to their practice by day and by night, whenever there is any thing to be seen or heard that promises a mob. The supposed cry of fire was reiterated through the street; and spread all round. Presently, two or three engines came scampering along, bells ringing, trumpets braying, torches flaring, and men shouting—all running they knew not whither; for as yet the bell of the State House had not tolled out its unerring signal.

"In the general confusion, we thought it best to cease playing, and quietly decamp, being ashamed (for the honor of our musicians) to inform the firemen of the real cause of the mistake; so we gladly stole out of the crowd, and turned into a private street. But excuse me for interrupting you. Finish your narrative."

"There is little more to be said," resumed Caverder. "By the time we had afforded sufficient amusement to the market-people, the moon had long since set, and the stars begun to fade. So we all put up our instruments, and wearily sought our dwelling-places;—Harry Fingerley wisely hiring relays of black men to carry home the piano.

"But we have been talking long enough under these trees," continued Caverder; "let us walk up Chestnut Street together, and tell me what befell yourself while serenading according to the fashion of old Castile. Of course, you went first to Miss Osbrook."

"I did," replied Merrill, smiling, and coloring a little; "and I played and sung for her, in my very best style, several of my very best songs. And I was rewarded by obtaining a glimpse of a graceful white figure at the window, as she half unclosed it, and seeing a white hand (half hidden by a ruffie) resting gently on one of the bars of the Venetian shutter—and as the moon was then shining brightly down, I knew that my divine Emily also saw me.

"From thence I went to the residence of a blooming Quaker girl, who, I understood from a mutual friend, had expressed a great wish for a serenade. She came to the window, and was soon joined by an old nurse, who, I found by their conversation, had

\* Fact.

been kindly awakened by the considerate Rebecca, and invited by her to come to the front room and listen to the music; on which the half-dozing matron made no comment but that 'sometimes the tune went away up, and sometimes it went right down.'

"Having commenced with 'The Soldier's Bride,' I was somewhat surprised at the martial propensities of the fair Quakeress, who in a loud whisper to her companion, first wished that Frederick Merrill (for she had at once recognized me) would play and sing 'The Soldier's Tear,' and then 'The Soldier's Gratitude.' When I had accomplished both these songs, I heard her tell the old woman, that she was sure

nately, she is almost as much of a simpleton as her mother, though she was educated at a great boarding-school, and said a great many long lessons.

"I took my seat on the marble carriage-step in front of the house, and the moon having declined, I played and sung 'Look out upon the stars, my love.' Soon after I commenced, I saw a window in the second story thrown open, and the literal Maria, doing exactly as she was bid, in earnestly surveying the stars—turning her head about that she might take a view of them in every direction.

"I then began the beautiful serenading song of 'Lilla, come down to me,' with no other motive than that of hearing myself sing it. At the con-



'The Battle of Prague' would go well on the guitar. This performance, however, I did not think proper to undertake, and I thereupon prepared to withdraw, to the audible regret of the lovely Rebecca.

"As I directed my steps homeward, I happened to pass the house of a young lady whose family and mine have long been somewhat acquainted, and who has acquired (I will not say how deservedly) a most unfortunate *sobriquet*. At a fancy ball, last winter, she appeared in the character of Sterne's Maria, dressed in a white jacket and petticoat, with vine leaves in her hair, and a flageolet suspended by a green ribbon over one shoulder. Her mother, a very silly and illiterate woman, announced her as 'Strange Maria'—absurdly introducing her by that title, and saying repeatedly through the evening to gentlemen as well as to ladies—'Have you seen my daughter yet? Have you seen Strange Maria? There she is, sitting in that corner, leaning her head upon her hand—it is a part of her character to sit so—and when she is tired she gets up and dances. She appears to-night as Strange Maria, and it suits exactly, as her name is really Maria. Her aunt, Mrs. Fondlesheep, chose the character for her, out of some book, and Madame Gaubert made the jacket.'

"From that night, the poor girl has gone unconsciously by this foolish nickname. And unfortu-

clution of the air, the front door softly opened, and Strange Maria appeared at it, dressed in a black silk frock, with a bonnet and shawl, and carrying a bundle under her arm.

"She looked mysterious and beckoned to me. I approached her, somewhat surprised. She put the bundle into my hands, and laying her finger on her lips, whispered—'All's safe—we can get off now—I have just had time to put up a change of clothes, and you must carry them for me.'

"'My dear Miss Maria,' said I, 'what is it you mean? Excuse me for saying that I do not exactly comprehend you.'

"'Now, don't pretend to be so stupid,' was the damsel's reply; 'did you not invite me in the song to come down and run away with you? You sung it so plain that I heard every word. There could not be a better opportunity, for ma's in the country, and there is never any danger of waking pa.'

"'Really, Miss Maria,' said I, 'allow me to say that you have totally misunderstood me.'

"'No such thing,' persisted the young lady. 'Did I not hear you over and over again say "Lilla, come down to me?" Though I never was allowed to see a play or read a novel, I am not such a fool that I cannot understand when people want to run away with me. By Lilla, you of course meant me, just as much as if you had said Maria.'

"On my honor," I expostulated, "you are entirely mistaken. Only permit me to explain"—

"Nonsense," interrupted the lady; "the song was plain enough. And so I got ready, and stole down stairs as quickly as possible. Alderman Pickwick always sits up late at night, and rises before day to write for the newspapers. He lives just round the corner, and never objects to marry any couple that comes to him. So let's be off."

"I entreat you," said I, "to listen to me for one moment."

"Did you bring a ring with you?" continued the fair eloper, whose present volubility surprised me no less than her pertinacity, having hitherto considered her as one of the numerous young ladies that are never expected to talk.

"A ring!" I repeated; "you must pardon me, but I really had no such thought."

"How careless!" exclaimed Maria. "Don't you know that plain rings are the only sort used at weddings? I wish I had pulled one off the window curtain before I came down. I dare say, Squire Pickwick would never notice whether it was brass or gold."

"There is no need of troubling yourself about a ring," said I.

"True," replied she, "Quakers get married without, and why should not we? But come, we must not stand parleying here. You can't think, Mr. Merrill, how glad I am that you came for me before any one else. I would much rather run away with you, than with Mr. Simpson, or Mr. Tomlins, or Mr. Carter. Pa says if ever he does let me marry, he'll choose for me himself, and I have no doubt he'll choose somebody that's ugly enough. Fathers are such bad judges of people."

"Miss Maria," said I, "you mistake me entirely, and this error must be rectified at once. I must positively undeceive you."

"At that moment, the door half opened—a hand was put out, and seizing the arm of Maria, drew her forcibly inside. The door was then shut, and double locked; and I heard her receding voice, loudly exclaiming—'Oh! pa—now, indeed, pa—

who'd have thought, pa, you were listening all the time!'

"I stood motionless with joy and surprise at this opportune release—and I recollected that once during our scene on the door-step, I had thought I heard footsteps in the entry."

"Presently the father put his head out of his own window and said to me—'Young man, you may go, I have locked her up.' I took him at his word and departed, not a little pleased at having been extricated in so summary a way from the dilemma in which the absurdity of Strange Maria had involved me."

\* \* \* \* \*

About a week after this conversation, Cavender inquired of his friend, who was visiting him at his office, if he had again been out solus on a serenading excursion.

"No," replied Merrill, "I have had enough of that nonsense. There is no better cure for folly, and particularly for romantic folly, than a good burlesque; and I find I have been parodied most ridiculously by that prince of fools, old Pharaby the bachelor in an auburn wig and corsets, that lives next door to Miss Osbrook. This said Pharaby, assumes a penchant for my opposite neighbor, the rich and handsome young widow, Mrs. Westwyn. Taking a hint from my serenading Emily Osbrook, but far outdoing me, he has every night since presented himself under the windows of the fair widow, and tinkled a guitar—which instrument he professes to have learned during a three months' consulship in one of the Spanish West India Islands. He plays Spanish, but sings Italian; and with a voice and manner to make Paggi tear his hair, and Pucci drop down dead."

"Mrs. Westwyn, whom I escorted home last evening from a visit to Miss Osbrook, was congratulating herself on the appearance of rain, as it would of course, prevent her from being disturbed that night by her usual serenader, the regularity of whose musical visitations had become, she said, absolutely insupportable."

"About twelve o'clock, however, I heard the cus—



tomary noise in front of Mrs. Westwyn's house, notwithstanding that the rain had set in, and was falling very fast. I looked out, and beheld the persevering innamorato standing upright beneath the shelter of an umbrella, held over his head by a black man, and twitching the strings of his guitar to the air of 'Dalla gioja.' I was glad when the persecuted widow, losing all patience, raised her sash, and in a peremptory tone, commanded him to depart and trouble her no more; threatening, if he ever again repeated the offence, to have him taken into custody by the watchmen. Poor Pharaby was struck aghast, and being too much disconcerted to offer

an apology, he stood motionless for a few moments, and then replacing his guitar in its case, and tucking it under his arm, he stole off round the corner, his servant following close behind with the umbrella. From that moment I abjured serenades."

"What! all sorts?" inquired Cavender.

"All," replied Merrill—"both gregarious and solitary. The truth is, I this morning obtained the consent of the loveliest of women to make me the happiest of men, this day three months; and therefore, I have something else to think of than strumming guitars or blowing flutes about the streets at night."

## NEGRO DOMESTICS.

FROM "RECOLLECTIONS OF A SOUTHERN MATRON." BY CAROLINE GILMAN. 1837.

I MUST ask indulgence of general readers for mingling so much of the peculiarities of negroes with my details. Surrounded with them from infancy, they form a part of the landscape of a Southern woman's life; take them away, and the picture would lose half its reality. They watch our cradles; they are the companions of our sports; it is they who aid our bridal decorations, and they wrap us in our shrouds.

"Miss Neely," said the driver, approaching me with an air of solemnity, "you been hear sister Nelly dream?"

"No, Hector," I answered; "what was it?"

"He berry awful for true," said Hector, and his voice fell to the key of mystery. "When sister Nelly put Maus Ben to bed de night o' de fire, Maus Ben ax 'em for sing one hymn for 'em, cause *he eye clean*; \* den sister Nelly begin for sing till Maus

hominy pot, and stir de hominy wid he pitchfork; and while he stir de hominy, and sister Nelly right scare, he stare at she wid he red eye like fire, and he wisk he tail, and fire run round he tail like it run roun one dry pine-tree."

Hector had scarcely concluded, when an old woman claimed my attention. She had been sitting on a charred log, her hoe laid by her side, her elbows resting on her knees, and her body rocking to and fro; but, when Hector paused, she stood up, and courtesying, with a very dismal tone and seesaw motion, said—

"He no for nothing, my young missis, dat one screechowl been screech on de oak, by Dinah house tree night last week. When he didn't done screech, Plato took one lightwood torch, and light 'em, and fling 'em into de tree, and den he gone. We all say something gwine happen!"

"Miss Neely," said a lad, bustling up with great importance, "if dat dog Growler," pointing to him, "an't got sense! All night before de fire he been creep roun and roun wid he tail between he leg, and look up to maussa house, and gie such a howl, ki! how he howl! and I say to marmy, 'Something bad gwine for happen, marmy, sure!'"

As the boy spoke, I observed the hair on the crown of his head tied closely up to a piece of stick, an inch long, so that his mouth and eyes stood almost ajar.

"Why is your hair tied so tight, Bob?" said I; "it makes your eyes stare."

His mother, who was near, came up and answered for him.

"Him palate down, Miss Neely. He catch one cold at de fire, and I been tie he hair up for fetch up he palate. Make your manners to Miss Neely, Bobby, son."

\* \* \* \* \*

The glory of our country Christmas was Digory as chief fiddler. A chair from the drawing-room was handed out for him on this occasion, where he sat like a lord in the midst of his brethren, flourishing his bow, and issuing his dancing decrees. Behind him, stood a tall stout fellow beating a triangle, and another drumming with two long sticks upon a piece of wood. All the musicians kept their own feet and bodies going as fast as the dancers themselves. One movement was very peculiar. A woman, standing in the centre of a circle, commenced with a kind of shuffle, in which her body moved round and round, while her feet seemed



Ben and him fell asleep, *all two*.† Den sister Nelly dream dat de devil was stand on de edge o' de big

\* Watchful.

† Both.



scarcely to stir from their position. She held a handkerchief before her, which she occasionally twisted round her waist, head, or arms, but mostly stretched out in front as if to ward off assaults. After a few minutes, an old black man leaped into the circle, and knelt before her with gestures of entreaty; the lady turned her back, and danced off in an opposite direction. Hector started up and began dancing after her, holding out his arms as if he would embrace her, but still keeping at a respectful distance; again he ventured to solicit her hand, but the coy damsel still refused. At this crisis Jim sprang forward, and his petitions, commenced in the same manner, were more kindly listened to. Hector rushed from the scene. Clutching his fist and striking his forehead in the true Kemble style, and the damsel spread her handkerchief before her face as if to hide the blushes. The favored suitor gave her a salute, and a brisker measure succeeded, in which, one by one, many others joined, until it ended in a kind of contra-dance, and this lasted five hours.

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That I might feel perfectly easy on one point, papa bought a professed cook, who was advertised in the papers, and, according to his frequent custom, brought home two gentlemen to dine the very day mamma went away. There had been so much regularity in our family heretofore, that I should as soon have thought of interfering with the solar system as with the routine of the kitchen, and I felt perfectly at ease when summoned to the dining-room.

As I dipped the ladle into the tureen, and saw, instead of the usual richly-concocted turtle-soup, a few pieces of meat in a thin reddish fluid, sailing about like small craft in an open bay, my mind misgave me; but, knowing little of such matters, I helped round.

"What is this?" said papa, as he elevated a spoonful, and let it drop back into his plate.

No one spoke.

"In the name of common sense, Mark," said he, in a louder tone to one of the servants, "what have we got here?"

"Cuffee call 'em French bully, sir," said Mark, bowing, and trying to keep his countenance.

"French fire!" shouted papa, dislodging a mouthful into the grate; "my tongue is in a flame! Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake put down your spoons, and don't be martyred through politeness. Mark, tell Cuffee, with my compliments, to eat it all, or he gets no Sunday money."

The soup was taken away, and the covers removed, when lo! there stood before papa a pig on his four feet, with a lemon between his teeth, and a string of sausages round his neck. His grin was horrible.

Before me, though at the head of many delicacies provided by papa, was an immense field of *hopping John*,\* a good dish, to be sure, but no more presentable to strangers at the South than baked beans and pork in New England. I had not self-possession to joke about the unsightly dish, nor courage to offer it. I glanced at papa.

"What is that mountain before you, my daughter?" said papa, looking comically over his pig.

"Ossa on Pelion," said Lewis, laughing, and

pointing at the almost bare bones that surmounted the rice.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have housekeepers never found that conversation has often taken a turn which seemed doubly to aggravate after misfortunes?

The subject of coffee was discussed at dinner in all its various bearings; our guests were Europeans, and evidently *au fait* in its mysteries. One contended for Mocha, the other for Java; one was for infusion, another for decoction. The greatest traveller had drank it in Turkey, and seen persons employed in watching it while it was parching on tin plates, who took out each separate bean as it became brown enough; he argued that it should be pounded, not ground.

The other thought, and he thumped the table to add force to his assertion, that the French must have arrived at greater perfection than the Asiatics in this delicious beverage; and his eyes sparkled as if he were under its influence, as he described its richness and flavor when taken from the hands of a pretty *limonadière* at the *Café des Mille Colonnes* at Paris.

Papa threw down his gauntlet for home-made coffee, and boasted (papa sometimes boasted a little) of his last purchase of Mocha, and the superior skill with which it was made by Kate, who usually superintended it.

The conversation was prolonged throughout the sitting; indeed, until the beverage appeared in the drawing-room to assert its own claims, with its rich brown hue, its delightful perfume, and the vapor curling in beautiful wreaths from the gilt cups. As papa dipped his spoon in his cup, a glance told him that the chemical affinities were all rightly adjusted to the palate. It was tasted—*ugh!* There was a moment's silence; Lewis looked ready for laughter; Anna and I were distressed; papa was angry; and our guests, with their eyes fixed on the carpet, were doubtless ruminating on Turkey and France. The taste was so utterly abominable, that papa was alarmed and summoned Kate.

"Kate," said papa, "what have you put in the coffee?"

"Me an't put nottin' tall in 'em, sir. He mak like he always been mak."

"Did you grind or pound it?"

"He de poun', sir."

"In what?"

"In de mortar, sir."

"Go and ask the cook what was in the mortar."

Little was said during Kate's absence; we sat as solemn as members of the Inquisition. Kate entered.

"De cook say he spec' he lef *leettle* bit pepper and salt in de mortar."

Our visitors soon departed, probably minuting on their journals that Americans season their coffee with pepper and salt.

The cook was then summoned to his trial. Papa eyed him sternly, and said,

"You call yourself a French cook, do you?"

"No, sir; maussa and de 'vertise call me French cook. I follows de mason trade, but didn't want to disoblige nobody."

In the sequel, Cuffee repaired our dilapidated chimneys, while a less pretending cook performed her duties better.

The distance of the kitchen from the house at the South often repulses housekeepers, both in cold and

\* Bacon and rice.

warm weather, from visiting it frequently; indeed, a young woman often feels herself an intruder, and as if she had but half a right to pry into the affairs of the negroes in the yard. In my rare visits, I was struck by one mode of fattening poultry. Two fine-looking turkeys were always kept tied to a part of the dresser, and fed by the cook, who talked to them by name, partly as pets and partly as victims, as they picked up the crumbs at her feet. On another occasion, I found her applying a live coal to the tail of a turtle; I exclaimed against her cruelty.

"He too stubborn, Miss Neely."

As she spoke, he put out his head, which was her object, and a sharp knife being near, terminated his troubles by decapitation.

Some of the mistakes that occurred in mamma's absence were as ludicrous as mortifying.

One day, as a field-boy was scrubbing the entry leading to the street door, I heard his voice in pretty strong remonstrance. Supposing him to be talking with a fellow-servant, I took no notice of it until I heard him roar out at the foot of the stairs, in a tremendous passion—

"Miss Neely, one buckra woman want for track up all de clean floor."

I ran down as rapidly as I could, and found the elegant Miss Lawton on the off side of his tub of water, held in abeyance by Titus's scrubbing-brush.

The social and agreeable habit of calling at tea-time is almost peculiar to Charleston. One evening, having several extra guests, Titus was summoned to carry the cake-tray. Long acquaintance and Lewis's jocose manner made him feel on particularly easy terms with him; and as Lewis was helping himself, Titus called to me—

"Miss Neely, if Maus Lewis tak two piece of cake, he an't lef enough for serve all."

Passing from Lewis, he came to a gentleman who was occupied in looking at the paper to ascertain a point of intelligence; and seeing him thus engaged, Titus took up a piece of toast carefully with his

thumb and finger, and laid it on a plate in the gentleman's lap.

Having served us all, he deposited the tray on a table, and stood still.

After due time I said, "Hand the cake round, Titus."

Titus approached the table, took hold of the cake-basket with an air of importance, and deliberately turned it round, almost wrenching his arm in his attempt to do it thoroughly; and then, with a satisfied air, retreated.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was amusing myself, one morning, by seeing Patsey's efforts to get her big toe into her mouth, as she lay upon the floor, for her figure was too rotund to admit of walking. Puckering up her red lips with as intense an interest as if the world depended on the effort, she at length succeeded, and smacked them with a flavoured relish. As I began to frolic with her, she showed her teeth, white as rice-grains, and her round, fresh laugh rang out in musical peals; at length I jumped over her. Bimah, her nurse, caught me by the arm in anger, exclaiming,

"What for you ben walk over *my child*,\* Miss Neely? Just go back same fashion, or my child an't gain for grow no more agen."

I was really obliged to skip back to pacify her, but I soon offended anew by snatching her from her nurse's arms through the open window, as I stood on the piazza.

"My lor, Miss Neely," cried her nurse, "how you ben do sich a ting! Put Miss Patsey straight back; if you carry him trou one door fore you ben put 'em back, he just keep *leetle* so!"

It would be interesting to know the origin of these and other superstitions. Perhaps they have some more rational beginning than is dreamed of in our philosophy. No nurse at the South will allow a child to be carried to a looking-glass before it is a month old, and its infant sneeze must never be unanswered by "God bless you."

## MR. HIGGINBOTHAM'S CATASTROPHE.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 1837.

A young fellow, a tobacco pedler by trade, was on his way from Morristown, where he had dealt largely with the Deacon of the Shaker settlement, to the village of Parker's Falls, on Salmon River. He had a neat little cart, painted green, with a box of cigars depicted on each side panel, and an Indian chief, holding a pipe and a golden tobacco stalk, on the rear. The pedler drove a smart little mare, and was a young man of excellent character, keen at a bargain, but none the worse liked by the Yankees; who, as I have heard them say, would rather be shaved with a sharp razor than a dull one. Especially was he beloved by the pretty girls along the Connecticut, whose favor he used to court by presents of the best smoking tobacco in his stock; knowing well that the country lasses of New England are generally great performers on pipes. Moreover, as will be seen in the course of my story, the pedler was inquisitive, and something of a tattler, always itching to hear the news, and anxious to tell it again.

After an early breakfast at Morristown, the to-

bacco pedler, whose name was Dominicus Pike, had travelled seven miles through a solitary piece of woods, without speaking a word to any body but himself and his little gray mare. It being nearly seven o'clock, he was as eager to hold a morning gossip, as a city shopkeeper to read the morning paper. An opportunity seemed at hand, when, after lighting a cigar with a sun-glass, he looked up, and perceived a man coming over the brow of the hill, at the foot of which the pedler had stopped his green cart. Dominicus watched him as he descended, and noticed that he carried a bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and travelled with a weary, yet determined pace. He did not look as if he had started in the freshness of the morning, but had footed it all night, and meant to do the same all day.

"Good morning, mister," said Dominicus, when within speaking distance. "You go a pretty

\* This appellation is constantly given by negro nurses to the white children under their care.

good jog. What's the latest news at Parker's Falls?"

The man pulled the broad brim of a gray hat over his eyes, and answered rather sullenly, that he did not come from Parker's Falls, which, as being the limit of his own day's journey, the pedler had naturally mentioned in his inquiry.

"Well, then," rejoined Dominicus Pike, "let's have the latest news where you did come from. I'm not particular about Parker's Falls. Any place will answer."

Being thus importuned, the traveller—who was as ill-looking a fellow as one would desire to meet, in a solitary piece of woods—appeared to hesitate a little, as if he was either searching his memory for news, or weighing the expediency of telling it. At last mounting on the step of the cart, he whispered in the ear of Dominicus, though he might have shouted aloud, and no other mortal would have heard him.

"I do remember one little trifle of news," said he. "Old Mr. Higginbotham, of Kimballton, was murdered in his orchard, at eight o'clock last night, by an Irishman and a nigger. They strung him up to the branch of a St. Michael's pear-tree, where nobody would find him till the morning."

As soon as this horrible intelligence was communicated, the stranger betook himself to his journey again, with more speed than ever, not even turning his head when Dominicus invited him to smoke a Spanish cigar and relate all the particulars. The pedler whistled to his mare, and went up the hill, pondering on the doleful fate of Mr. Higginbotham, whom he had known in the way of trade, having sold him many a bunch of long nines, and a great deal of pigtail, lady's twist, and fig tobacco. He was rather astonished at the rapidity with which the news had spread. Kimballton was nearly sixty miles distant in a straight line; the murder had been perpetrated only at eight o'clock the preceding night; yet Dominicus had heard of it at seven in the morning, when, in all probability, poor Mr. Higginbotham's own family had but just discovered his corpse, hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. The stranger on foot must have worn seven-league boots, to travel at such a rate.

"All news flies fast, they say," thought Dominicus Pike; "but this beats railroads. The fellow ought to be hired to go express with the President's Message."

The difficulty was solved, by supposing that the narrator had made a mistake of one day, in the date of the occurrence; so that our friend did not hesitate to introduce the story at every tavern and country store along the road, expending a whole bunch of Spanish wrappers among at least twenty horrified audiences. He found himself invariably the first bearer of the intelligence, and was so pestered with questions that he could not avoid filling up the outline, till it became quite a respectable narrative. He met with one piece of corroborative evidence. Mr. Higginbotham was a trader; and a former clerk of his, to whom Dominicus related the facts, testified that the old gentleman was accustomed to return home through the orchard about nightfall, with the money and valuable papers of the store in his pocket. The clerk manifested but little grief at Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe, hinting what the pedler had discovered in his own dealings with him, that he was a crusty old fellow, as close as a vice. His property would descend to a pretty niece who was now keeping school in Kimballton.

What with telling the news for the public good, and driving bargains for his own, Dominicus was so much delayed on the road, that he chose to put up at a tavern, about five miles short of Parker's Falls. After supper, lighting one of his prime cigars, he seated himself in the bar room, and went through the story of the murder, which had grown so fast that it took him half an hour to tell. There were as many as twenty people in the room, nineteen of whom received it all for gospel. But the twentieth was an elderly farmer, who had arrived on horseback a short time before, and was now seated in a corner, smoking his pipe. When the story was concluded, he rose up very deliberately, brought his chair right in front of Dominicus, and stared him full in the face, puffing out the vilest tobacco smoke the pedler had ever smelt.

"Will you make affidavit," demanded he, in the tone of a country justice taking an examination, "that old Squire Higginbotham of Kimballton was murdered in his orchard the night before last, and found hanging on his great pear-tree yesterday morning?"

"I tell the story as I heard it, mister," answered Dominicus, dropping his half-burnt cigar; "I don't say that I saw the thing done. So I can't take my oath that he was murdered exactly in that way."

"But I can take mine," said the farmer, "that if Squire Higginbotham was murdered night before last, I drank a glass of bitters with his ghost this morning. Being a neighbor of mine, he called me into his store, as I was riding by, and treated me, and then asked me to do a little business for him on the road. He didn't seem to know any more about his own murder than I did."

"Why, then it can't be a fact!" exclaimed Dominicus Pike.

"I guess he'd have mentioned, if it was," said the old farmer; and he removed his chair back to the corner, leaving Dominicus quite down in the mouth.

Here was a sad resurrection of old Mr. Higginbotham! The pedler had no heart to mingle in the conversation any more, but comforted himself with a glass of gin and water, and went to bed, where, all night long he dreamed of hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree. To avoid the old farmer (whom he so detested, that his suspension would have pleased him better than Mr. Higginbotham's), Dominicus rose in the gray of the morning, put the little mare into the green cart, and trotted swiftly away towards Parker's Falls. The fresh breeze, the dewy road, and the pleasant summer dawn revived his spirits, and might have encouraged him to repeat the old story, had there been any body awake to hear it. But he met neither ox team, light wagon, chaise, horseman, nor foot traveller, till just as he crossed Salmon River, a man came trudging down to the bridge with a bundle over his shoulder, on the end of a stick.

"Good morning, mister," said the pedler, reining in his mare. "If you come from Kimballton or that neighborhood, may be you can tell me the real fact about this affair of old Mr. Higginbotham. Was the old fellow actually murdered two or three nights ago, by an Irishman and a nigger?"

Dominicus had spoken in too great a hurry to observe, at first, that the stranger himself had a deep tinge of negro blood. On hearing this sudden question, the Ethiopian appeared to change his skin, its yellow hue becoming a ghastly white, while, shaking and stammering, he thus replied:—

"No! no! There was no colored man! It was an Irishman that hanged him last night, at eight o'clock. I came away at seven! His folks can't have looked for him in the orchard yet."

Scarcely had the yellow man spoken, when he interrupted himself, and though he seemed weary enough before, continued his journey at a pace which would have kept the pedler's mare on a smart trot. Dominicus stared after him in great perplexity. If the murder had not been committed till Tuesday night, who was the prophet that had foretold it, in all its circumstances, on Tuesday morning? If Mr. Higginbotham's corpse were not yet discovered by his own family, how came the mulatto, at above thirty miles' distance, to know that he was hanging in the orchard, especially as he had left Kimballton before the unfortunate man was hanged at all? These ambiguous circumstances, with the stranger's surprise and terror, made Dominicus think of raising a hue and cry after him, as an accomplice in the murder; since a murder, it seemed, had really been perpetrated.

"But let the poor devil go," thought the pedler. "I don't want his black blood on my head; and hanging the nigger wouldn't unhang Mr. Higginbotham. Unhang the old gentleman! It's a sin, I know; but I should hate to have him come to life a second time, and give me the lie!"

With these meditations, Dominicus Pike drove into the street of Parker's Falls, which, as every body knows, is as thriving a village as three cotton factories and a slitting mill can make it. The machinery was not in motion, and but a few of the shop doors unbarred, when he alighted in the stable yard of the tavern, and made it his first business to order the mare four quarts of oats. His second duty, of course, was to impart Mr. Higginbotham's catastrophe to the ostler. He deemed it advisable, however, not to be too positive as to the date of the direful fact, and also to be uncertain whether it were perpetrated by an Irishman and a mulatto, or by the son of Erin alone. Neither did he profess to relate it on his own authority, or that of any one

person; but mentioned it as a report generally diffused.

The story ran through the town like fire among girdled trees, and became so much the universal talk, that nobody could tell whence it had originated. Mr. Higginbotham was as well known at Parker's Falls, as any citizen of the place, being part owner of the slitting mill, and a considerable stockholder in the cotton factories. The inhabitants felt their own prosperity interested in his fate. Such was the excitement, that the Parker's Falls Gazette anticipated its regular day of publication, and came out with half a form of blank paper and a column of double pica emphasized with capitals, and headed **HORRID MURDER OF MR. HIGGINBOTHAM!** Among other dreadful details, the printed account described the mark of the cord round the dead man's neck, and stated the number of thousand dollars of which he had been robbed; there was much pathos also about the affliction of his niece, who had gone from one fainting fit to another, ever since her uncle was found hanging on the St. Michael's pear-tree with his pockets inside out. The village poet likewise commemorated the young lady's grief in seventeen stanzas of a ballad. The selectmen held a meeting, and, in consideration of Mr. Higginbotham's claims on the town, determined to issue handbills, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of his murderers, and the recovery of the stolen property.

Meanwhile, the whole population of Parker's Falls, consisting of shopkeepers, mistresses of boarding-houses, factory girls, millmen, and schoolboys, rushed into the street, and kept up such a terrible loquacity, as more than compensated for the silence of the cotton machines, which refrained from their usual din out of respect to the deceased. Had Mr. Higginbotham cared about posthumous renown, his untimely ghost would have exulted in this tumult. Our friend Dominicus, in his vanity of heart, forgot his intended precautions, and mounting on the town pump, announced himself as the bearer of the authentic intelligence which had caused so wonderful



a sensation. He immediately became the great man of the moment, and had just begun a new edition of the narrative, with a voice like a field preacher, when the mail stage drove into the village street. It had travelled all night, and must have shifted horses at Kimballton, at three in the morning.

"Now we shall hear all the particulars," shouted the crowd.

The coach rumbled up to the piazza of the tavern, followed by a thousand people; for if any man had been minding his own business till then, he now left it at sixes and sevens, to hear the news. The pedler, foremost in the race, discovered two passengers, both of whom had been startled from a comfortable nap, to find themselves in the centre of a mob. Every man assailing them with separate questions, all propounded at once, the couple were struck speechless, though one was a lawyer and the other a young lady.

"Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham! Tell us the particulars about old Mr. Higginbotham!" bawled the mob. "What is the coroner's verdict? Are the murderers apprehended? Is Mr. Higginbotham's niece come out of her fainting fits? Mr. Higginbotham! Mr. Higginbotham!"

The coachman said not a word, except to swear awfully at the ostler for not bringing him a fresh team of horses. The lawyer inside had generally his wits about him, even when asleep; the first thing he did, after learning the cause of the excitement, was to produce a large, red pocket-book. Meantime, Dominicus Pike, being an extremely polite young man, and also suspecting that a female tongue would tell the story as glibly as a lawyer's, had handed the lady out of the coach. She was a fine, smart girl, now wide awake and bright as a button, and had such a sweet pretty mouth, that Dominicus would almost as lief have heard a love tale from it as a tale of murder.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the lawyer, to the shopkeepers, the millmen, and the factory girls, "I can assure you that some unaccountable mistake, or, more probably, a wilful falsehood, maliciously contrived to injure Mr. Higginbotham's credit, has excited this singular uproar. We passed through Kimballton at three o'clock this morning, and most certainly should have been informed of the murder, had any been perpetrated. But I have proof nearly as strong as Mr. Higginbotham's own oral testimony, in the negative. Here is a note, relating to a suit of his in the Connecticut courts, which was delivered me from that gentleman himself. I find it dated at ten o'clock last evening."

So saying, the lawyer exhibited the date and signature of the note, which irrefragably proved, either that this perverse Mr. Higginbotham was alive when he wrote it, or,—as some deemed the more probable case, of two doubtful ones,—that he was so absorbed in worldly business as to continue to transact it, even after his death. But unexpected evidence was forthcoming. The young lady, after listening to the pedler's explanation, merely seized a moment to smooth her gown and put her curls in order, and then appeared at the tavern door, making a modest signal to be heard.

"Good people," said she, "I am Mr. Higginbotham's niece."

A wondering murmur passed through the crowd, on beholding her so rosy and bright; that same unhappy niece, whom they had supposed, on the

authority of the Parker's Falls Gazette, to be lying at death's door in a fainting fit. But some shrewd fellows had doubted, all along, whether a young lady would be quite so desperate at the hanging of a rich old uncle.

"You see," continued Miss Higginbotham, with a smile, "that this strange story is quite unfounded, as to myself; and I believe I may affirm it to be equally so, in regard to my dear uncle Higginbotham. He has the kindness to give me a home in his house, though I contribute to my own support by teaching a school. I left Kimballton this morning to spend the vacation of commencement week with a friend, about five miles from Parker's Falls. My generous uncle, when he heard me on the stairs, called me to his bedside, and gave me two dollars and fifty cents, to pay my stage fare, and another dollar for my extra expenses. He then laid his pocket-book under his pillow, shook hands with me, and advised me to take some biscuit in my bag, instead of breakfasting on the road. I feel confident, therefore, that I left my beloved relative alive, and trust that I shall find him so on my return."

The young lady courtesied at the close of her speech, which was so sensible, and well worded, and delivered with such grace and propriety, that every body thought her fit to be preceptress of the best academy in the State. But a stranger would have supposed that Mr. Higginbotham was an object of abhorrence at Parker's Falls, and that a thanksgiving had been proclaimed for his murder; so excessive was the wrath of the inhabitants, on learning their mistake. The millmen resolved to bestow public honors on Dominicus Pike, only hesitating whether to tar and feather him, ride him on a rail, or refresh him with an ablution at the town pump, on the top of which he had declared himself the bearer of the news. The select men, by advice of the lawyer, spoke of prosecuting him for a misdemeanor, in circulating unfounded reports, to the great disturbance of the peace of the commonwealth. Nothing saved Dominicus, either from mob law or a court of justice, but an eloquent appeal made by the young lady in his behalf. Addressing a few words of heartfelt gratitude to his benefactress, he mounted the green cart and rode out of town, under a discharge of artillery from the schoolboys, who found plenty of ammunition in the neighboring clay pits and mud holes. As he turned his head, to exchange a farewell glance with Mr. Higginbotham's niece, a ball, of the consistence of hasty pudding, hit him slap in the mouth, giving him a most grim aspect. His whole person was so bespattered with the like filthy missiles, that he had almost a mind to ride back and supplicate for the threatened ablution at the town pump; for, though not meant in kindness, it would now have been a deed of charity.

However, the sun shone bright on poor Dominicus, and the mud, an emblem of all stains of undeserved opprobrium, was easily brushed off when dry. Being a funny rogue, his heart soon cheered up; nor could he refrain from a hearty laugh at the uproar which his story had excited. The handbills of the selectmen would cause the commitment of all the vagabonds in the State; the paragraph in the Parker's Falls Gazette would be reprinted from Maine to Florida, and perhaps form an item in the London newspapers; and many a miser would tremble for his money bags and life, on learning the catastrophe of Mr. Higginbotham. The pedler me-

ditated with much fervor on the charms of the young schoolmistress, and swore that Daniel Webster never spoke nor looked so like an angel as Miss Higginbotham, while defending him from the wrathful populace at Parker's Falls.

Dominicus was now on the Kimballton turnpike, having all along determined to visit that place, though business had drawn him out of the most direct road from Morristown. As he approached the scene of the supposed murder, he continued to revolve the circumstances in his mind, and was astonished at the aspect which the whole case assumed. Had nothing occurred to corroborate the story of the first traveller, it might now have been considered as a hoax; but the yellow man was evidently acquainted either with the report or the fact; and there was a mystery in his dismayed and guilty look on being abruptly questioned. When, to this singular combination of incidents, it was added that the rumor tallied exactly with Mr. Higginbotham's character and habits of life; and that he had an orchard, and a St. Michael's pear tree, near which he always passed at nightfall; the circumstantial evidence appeared so strong that Dominicus doubted whether the autograph produced by the lawyer, or even the niece's direct testimony, ought to be equivalent. Making cautious inquiries along the road, the pedler further learned that Mr. Higginbotham had in his service an Irishman of doubtful character, whom he had hired without a recommendation, on the score of economy.

"May I be hanged myself," exclaimed Dominicus Pike aloud, on reaching the top of a lonely hill, "if I'll believe old Higginbotham is unhanged, till I see him with my own eyes, and hear it from his own mouth! And as he's a real shaver, I'll have the minister or some other responsible man, for an indorser."

who trotted through the gate a few rods in advance of him, nodded to the toll gatherer, and kept on towards the village. Dominicus was acquainted with the tollman, and while making change, the usual remarks on the weather passed between them.

"I suppose," said the pedler, throwing back his whiplash, to bring it down like a feather on the mare's flank, "you have not seen any thing of old Mr. Higginbotham within a day or two?"

"Yes," answered the toll gatherer. "He passed the gate just before you drove up, and yonder he rides now, if you can see him through the dusk. He's been to Woodfield this afternoon attending a sheriff's sale there. The old man generally shakes hands and has a little chat with me; but to-night, he nodded,—as if to say, 'charge my toll,'—and jogged on; for wherever he goes, he must always be at home by eight o'clock."

"So they tell me," said Dominicus.

"I never saw a man look so yellow and thin as the squire does," continued the toll gatherer. "Says I to myself, to-night, he's more like a ghost or an old mummy than good flesh and blood."

The pedler strained his eyes through the twilight, and could just discern the horseman now far ahead on the village road. He seemed to recognize the rear of Mr. Higginbotham; but through the evening shadows, and amid the dust from the horse's feet, the figure appeared dim and unsubstantial; as if the shape of the mysterious old man were faintly moulded of darkness and gray light. Dominicus shivered.

"Mr. Higginbotham has come back from the other world, by way of the Kimballton turnpike," thought he.

He shook the reins and rode forward, keeping about the same distance in the rear of the gray old



It was growing dusk when he reached the toll house on Kimballton turnpike, about a quarter of a mile from the village of this name. His little mare was fast bringing him up with a man on horseback,

shadow, till the latter was concealed by a bend of the road. On reaching this point, the pedler no longer saw the man on horseback, but found himself at the head of the village street, not far from

a number of stores and two taverns, clustered round the meeting-house steeple. On his left were a stone wall and a gate, the boundary of a wood lot, beyond which lay an orchard, farther still, a mowing field, and last of all, a house. These were the premises of Mr. Higginbotham, whose dwelling stood beside the old highway, but had been left in the background by the Kimballton turnpike. Dominicus knew the place; and the little mare stopped short by instinct; for he was not conscious of tightening the reins.

"For the soul of me, I cannot get by this gate!" said he, trembling. "I never shall be my own man again, till I see whether Mr. Higginbotham is hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree!"

He leaped from the cart, gave the rein a turn round the gate post, and ran along the green path of the wood lot, as if Old Nick were chasing behind. Just then the village clock tolled eight, and as each deep stroke fell, Dominicus gave a fresh bound and flew faster than before, till, dim in the solitary centre of the orchard, he saw the fated pear tree. One great branch stretched from the old contorted trunk across the path, and threw the darkest shadow on that one spot. But something seemed to struggle beneath the branch!

The pedler had never pretended to more courage than befits a man of peaceable occupation, nor could he account for his valor on this awful emergency. Certain it is, however, that he rushed for-

ward, prostrated a sturdy Irishman with the butt end of his whip, and found—not indeed hanging on the St. Michael's pear tree, but trembling beneath it, with a halter round his neck—the old identical Mr. Higginbotham!

"Mr. Higginbotham," said Dominicus, tremulously, "you're an honest man, and I'll take your word for it. Have you been hanged, or not?"

If the riddle be not already guessed, a few words will explain the simple machinery by which this "coming event" was made to "cast its shadow before." Three men had plotted the robbery and murder of Mr. Higginbotham; two of them, successively, lost courage and fled, each delaying the crime one night, by their disappearance; the third was in the act of perpetration, when a champion, blindly obeying the call of fate, like the heroes of old romance, appeared in the person of Dominicus Pike.

It only remains to say, that Mr. Higginbotham took the pedler into high favor, sanctioned his addresses to the pretty schoolmistress, and settled his whole property on their children, allowing themselves the interest. In due time, the old gentleman capped the climax of his favors, by dying a Christian death, in bed, since which melancholy event, Dominicus Pike has removed from Kimballton, and established a large tobacco manufactory in my native village.

## THE GREAT CHARTER CONTEST IN GOTHAM

FROM THE "MOTLEY BOOK." BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS. 1838.

THERE is a particular season of the year in the city of New York, when ragamuffins and vagabonds take a sudden rise in respectability; when a tarpaulin hat is viewed with the same mysterious regard as the crown of an emperor, and the uncombed locks of a wharf rat or river vagrant, looked upon with as much veneration as if they belonged to Apollo in his brightest moments of inspiration. At this singular and peculiar period in the calendar, all the higher classes, by a wonderful readiness and felicity of condescension, step down from their pedestals and smilingly meet the vulgar gentry, half way up, in their progress to the beautiful tableland of refinement and civilization.

About this time, gloves go out of repute, and an astonishing shaking of dirty fists takes place all over the metropolis. It is a sight to electrify the heart of a philanthropist to behold a whole community, in a state of such perfect Arcadian innocence, that all meet on terms of familiar affection, where smile responds to smile with equal warmth, though one may dimple a clean countenance, and the other force its pellucid way through a fog of earthly particles. Happy, golden time!

Reader, if you chance not to comprehend philosophically this sweet condition of things, be informed that a Charter Election comes on next month!

The charter contest of the year eighteen hundred and —, is perhaps the fiercest on record in the chronicles of New York. Several minor skirmishes took place with regard to aldermen, assessors, and constables, but the main brunt and heat of the engagement fell upon the election of a Mayor to

preside over the portentous destinies of the metropolis during a twelvemonth.

It seemed, from the grounds on which it was fought, to be the old battle of patrician and plebeian. On one side, the candidate was Herbert Hickock, Esquire, a wholesale auctioneer and tolerably good Latin scholar; a gentleman who sallied forth every morning at nine o'clock, from a fashionable residence in Broadway, dressed in a neat and gentlemanly suit of black, an immaculate pair of gloves, large white ruffles in his bosom, and a dapper cane in his hand.

Opposed to him, as a candidate for the Mayoralty, was a retired shoemaker, affectionately and familiarly known as Bill Snivel. He was particularly celebrated for the amount of unclean garments he was able to arrange about his person, a rusty, swagging hat, and a rugged style of English with which he garnished his conversation. The great principles on which the warfare was waged were on the one hand, that tidy apparel is an indisputable evidence of a foul and corrupt code of principles; and on the other, that to be poor and unclean, denotes a total deprivation of the reasoning faculties.

So that the leading object of the Bill Snivel party seemed to be to discover Mr. Hickock in some act of personal uncleanness or cacography; while the Hickock party as strenuously bent all their energies to the detection of Mr. Bill Snivel in the use of good English or unexceptionable linen. The names with which they mutually christened each other exhibit the depth and strength of their feelings on this point. The one was known as the Silk-stock-

ing gentry; the other by the comprehensive appellation of the Loafers.

At the approach of a New York charter election, it is truly astonishing how great a curiosity springs up as to the personal habits of the gentlemen presented on either side as candidates. The most excruciating anxiety appears to seize the community to learn certain little biographical incidents as to the birth, parentage, morals, and the every-day details of his life. In truth, on this occasion, the wardrobe of one of the nominees had been so often and so facetiously alluded to by two or three of the newspapers, that the Bill Snivel General Vigilance Committee had felt it their duty to furnish one of their members with a large double telescope—which he planted (by resolution of the Committee), every night and morning directly opposite the chamber window of Herbert Hickock, Esquire, with the laudable purpose of discovering in an authentic way, what were that candidate's habits of dress. A manuscript report of his ingenious observations, it is said, was circulated freely among the members of the committee. No copy, that I have learned, has ever found its way to the press. As every one knows, the advent of an election creates a general and clamorous demand for full-grown young men of twenty-one years of age. To meet this demand, a surprising cultivation of beards took place among the Hickock youth, who happened to want a few days or months of that golden period.

Furthermore, a large number of Bill Snivel voters in the upper wards of the city, became suddenly consumptive, and were forced to repair for the benefit of their health to the more southern and genial latitudes of the first, second, and third wards; and the Hickock men residing in those wards were seized as suddenly with alarming bilious symptoms, which compelled them to emigrate abruptly to the more vigorous and bracing regions in the northern part of the island. Pleasant aquatic excursions, too, were undertaken by certain gentlemen of the Bill Snivel tinge of politics (whose proper domicils were at Hartford and Haverstraw), and they came sailing down the North and East Rivers, in all kinds of craft, on visits to their metropolitan brethren, and dropped their compliments in the shape of small folded papers, in square green boxes with a slit in the top.

To keep up the spirit of the contest, several hundreds of the Silk-stocking men packed themselves regularly every night into a large, oblong room, and presented a splendid collection of fine coats and knowing faces—like a synod of grave herrings in a firkin—to the contemplation of sundry small men with white pocket handkerchiefs and bad colds, who, in turn, came forward and apostrophized a striped flag and balcony of boys on the opposite wall.

Certain other hundreds of the Bill Snivel men regaled themselves in a similar way, in another large oblong room, except that the gentlemen who came forward to them served themselves up in spotted silk handkerchiefs—voices a key louder—noses a thought larger—and faces a tinge redder than their rivals. The former occasionally quoted Latin, and the latter took snuff. With regard to the noises which now and then emanated from the lungs of the respective assemblages—there was more music in the shouts and vociferations of the Hickock meetings—more vigor and rough energy in the Bill Snivel. If a zoological distinction might be made,

the Bill Snivel voice resembled that of a cage-full of hungry young tigers slightly infuriated, while the Hickock seemed to be modelled on the clamor of an old lion after dinner. Each meeting had some particular oratorical favorite. In one, a slim man was in the habit of exhibiting a long sawtooth face at eight o'clock every evening, between a pair of tall sperm candles, and solemnly declaring that—the country was ruined, and that he was obliged to pay twelve and a half cents a pound for liver! At the Bill Snivel, a short, stout man with an immense bony fist, was accustomed about half an hour later to appear on a high platform—and announce in a stentorian voice, that “the people was on its own legs again,” which was rather surprising when we know how fond some people are of getting into other people's boots; and that “the Democracy was carrying the country before it,” which was also a profound postulate meaning—the Democracy was carrying the Democracy before it—they constituting the country at all times, and the country at all times constituting them!

In the mean time, Committee men of all sorts and descriptions are at work in rooms of every variety of wall and dimension. The whole city is covered with handbills, caricatures, manifestoes, exposures, pointed facts, neat little scraps of personal history, and various other pages of diverting political literature. Swarms cluster about the polls; banners stream from windows, cords, and housetops. A little man rides about on the box of an enormous wagon, blowing a large brass trumpet, and waving a white linen flag with a catching inscription—and he labors at the trumpet till he blows his face out of shape and his hat off his head, and waves the flag until it seems to be a signal of distress thrown out by the poor little man with the brass trumpet, just as he has broken his wind and is sinking with exhaustion. Scouring Committees beat furiously through the wards in every direction. Diving, like sharks, into cellars, they bring up, as it were between their teeth, wretched scare-crow creatures who stare about when introduced to daylight, as if it were as great a novelty to them as roast beef. Ascending into garrets, like mounting hawks, they bear down in their clutches trembling old men who had vegetated in those dry, airy elevations apparently during a whole century. Prominent among the bustling busy-bodies of the hour, is Fahrenheit Flapdragon, member of the Hickock General Committee, the Hickock Vigilance Ward Committee, the Advertising Committee, the Wharf Committee, the Committee on Flags and Decorations, the Committee on Tar-barrels and tinder boxes, one of the Grand General Committee on drinking gin-slugs and cigar-smoking, and member of the Committee on noise and applause. By dint of energetic manoeuvring, Flapdragon had likewise succeeded in being appointed chairman of a single Committee, viz.—that on chairs and benches. He attained this enviable elevation (the performance of the arduous duties of which drew upon him the eyes of the whole ward and the carpenter who furnished the benches!) through the votes of a majority of the Committee of five—one of whom was his brother-in-law, and the other his business partner. The casting vote he had himself given judiciously, in his own favor. Fahrenheit Flapdragon bore a conspicuous part in the great Charter Contest, now waging between Hickock and Snivel. In fact, he was so embarrassed with engagements during this hot-



blooded contest election, that he was compelled to furnish himself with a long-legged gray horse early on the morning of the second day, to carry him about with sufficient rapidity from point to point to meet them as they sprang up. The little man, of a truth, was so tossed and driven about by his various self-imposed duties in the committee-rooms, streets, and along the wharves, that he came well nigh going stark mad. During the day, he hurried up and down the streets, from poll to poll, bearing tidings from one to the other—distributing tickets—cheering on the little boys to shout, and placing big men in the passages to stop the ingress of Bill Snivel voters; I say, during the day he posted from place to place on his lank gray nag, with such fury that many sober people thought he had lost his wits, and was hunting for them on horseback in this distracted manner.

At night, what with drinking gin-slugs and brandy-and-water at the bar to encourage the vagabonds that stood looking wistfully on—talking red-hot Hickock politics to groups of four, five, and six—and bawling applause at the different public meetings he attended—he presented at the close of the day's services, such a personal appearance that any one might have supposed he had stayed in an oven till the turning point between red and brown arrived, and then jumped out and walked home with the utmost possible velocity to keep up his color. There are seventeen wards in the city, and every ward has its Fahrenheit Flapdragon.

While these busy little committee-men are bustling and hurrying about, parties of voters are constantly arriving on foot, in coaches, barouches, open wagons, and omnibuses, accompanied by some electioneering friend who brings them up to the polls. Every hour the knots about the door swell, until they fill the street. In the interior of the building, meanwhile, a somewhat different scene presents itself. Behind a counter, on three wooden stools, three men are perched with a green box planted in front of the one in the centre, and an officer with a staff at either end. The small piece of green furniture thus guarded is the ballot box, and all sorts of humanity are every moment arriving and depositing their votes. Besides the officers, two or three fierce-looking men stand around the box on either side, and challenge in the most determined manner every suspicious person of the opposite politics. "I challenge that man's vote," says one, as a ragged young fellow with a dirty face and strong odor of brandy approaches. "I don't believe he is entitled to a vote." "Yes, he is," replies another, "I know him—he's a good citizen. But you may swear him if you choose!" At this, the vagabond is pushed up to the counter by one of his political friends—his hat is knocked off by an officer—the chief inspector presents an open Bible, at which the vagabond stares as if it were a stale codfish instead of the gospels—a second friend raises his hand for him, and places it on the book—and the chief inspector is about to swear him—when the Hickock challenger cries out, "Ask him if he understands the nature of an oath!" "What is an oath?" asks the inspector solemnly. "D—n your eyes!" hiccups the young Bill Snivel voter.

"Take him out!" shouts the inspector, and the officers in attendance, each picking up a portion of his coat collar, hurry him away with inconceivable rapidity through a back door into the street, and dismiss him with a hearty punch of their staves in the small of his back.

All over the city, wherever a square inch of floor or pavement can be obtained—in bar-rooms, hotels, streets, newspaper offices—animated conversations are got up between the Hickock gentry and the Bill Snivel men.

"If dandy Hickock gets in," says a squint-eyed man with a twisted nose, "I've got a rooster-pigeon—I'll pick his feathers bare, stick a pipstern in his claw, friz his top-knot, and offer him as a stump-candidate for next Mayor."

"Can your rooster-pigeon spell his own name, Crossfire?" asked a tall Hickock street inspector. "If he can't, you'd better put him a quarter under Bill Snivel. It would be as good as an infant school for him!"

"I think I'd better take my little Bantam-cock," retorted the squint-eyed man; "he's got a fine comb which would answer for shirt-ruffles," and the Bill Snivel auditors gave a clamorous shout.

"If he's got a comb," said the tall inspector, stooping towards the shouters, "it's more than what Bill Snivel's head has seen this two and forty years!" The Hickock gentry now sent up in turn a vigorous burrah; and a couple of ragamuffins in the mob, who had been carrying on a little under-dialogue on their own account, now pitched into each other in the most lively manner, and after being allowed to phlebotomize each other very freely, were drawn apart by their respective coat tails, and carried to a neighboring pump.

The battle by no means ceases at the going down of the sun; for, besides the two large assemblages to which we have before alluded, there is in each ward a nightly meeting in some small room in the second story of a public house, where about one hundred and fifty miscellaneous human beings are entertained by sundry young attorneys and other spouters, practising the English language and trying the force of their lungs. At these meetings you will be sure (whenever you attend them) to meet with certain stereotyped faces—which are always there, always with the same smiling expression—and looking as if they were parts of the wainscoting or lively pieces of furniture, fixed there by the landlord to please his guests. The smiling gentlemen are office-seekers. In the corner, sitting on a table, you may observe a large puffed-out man, with red cheeks; he is anxious to obtain the appointment of beer-gauger under the corporation. Standing up by the fire-place is a man with a dingy face and shivering person, who wishes to be weigher of coal, talking to a tall fellow who stoops in the shoulders like a buzzard, with a prying nose and eye, and a face as hard and round as paving-stone, who is making interest for reappointment as street inspector. There is also another, with a brown, tanned countenance, patriotically lamenting the decline of the good old Revolutionary spirit—who wants the office of leather inspector.

The most prominent man at these meetings is orator Bog, a personage whose reputation shoots up into a wonderful growth, during the three days of election, while his declamation is fresh, but which suddenly withers and wilts away, when the heat of the conflict has cooled. His eloquence is the peculiar offspring of those sunny little Republican hot beds, ward meetings.

He has just described the city as "split like a young eel from nose to tail by the diabolical and cruel knife of those modern Catilines," the aldermen of the city—they having recently run a main street through it north and south.



"These are the men," he exclaimed with an awful smile on his countenance, "these are the men that dare insult the democracy by appearing in public—like goslings—yes, like goslings!—with such articles as these on their legs!" and thrusting a pair of tongs—heretofore dexterously concealed under the skirts of his coat—into his hat, which stood upon the table before him, he drew out a pair of fine silk stockings, and swung them triumphantly over the heads of the mob, which screamed and clamored with huge delight at the spectacle. "And such articles as these!" he shouted, producing from the same receptacle a shirt about small enough for a yearling infant, with enormous green ruffles about large enough for a Patagonian.

"Look at it!" cried Bog, throwing it to one of the mob.

"It's pine shavings painted green," shouted the mob.

"Smell of it!" cried Bog.

"It's scented with assy-fetid-y!" vociferated the

ecstatic Bill Snivel men, and a hearty burst of laughter broke forth.

Several lusty vagabonds came near going into fits, when orator Bog facetiously though gravely stopped his nose with his thumb and finger, and remarked, "I think some one has brought a skunk into the room!"

The last hour of the last day of the Great Charter Contest has arrived. Every carman, every merchant's clerk, every negro with a freehold, every stevedore, every lamp-lighter, every street-sweeper, every vagrant, every vagabond has cast his vote.

Garret, cellar, sailor's boarding-house, shed, stable, sloop, steamboat, and dock-yard, have been ransacked, and not a human being on the great island of Manhattan has escaped the clutch of the Scouring and District Committees of the two great contending parties. At this critical moment, and as the sun began to look horizontally over the chimney-tops with a broad face, as if he laughed at the quarrels of Hickock gentry and Bill Snivel men,

two personages were prowling and prying along the wharf on the East River, like a brace of inquisitive snipe.

At the self same moment the eyes of both alighted on an object floating in the water; at the self same moment both sprang forward with a boat-hook in his hand and fastened upon the object of their mutual glances, one at the one extremity, the other at the other. In a time far less than it takes the north star to twinkle, the object was dragged on shore, and proved to be the body of a man enveloped in a fragmentary blue coat, roofless hat, and corduroy pantaloons.

"I claim him," said one of the boat-hook gentlemen, a member of the Seventh Ward Hickock Wharf Committee. "I saw him first! He's our voter by all that's fair."

"He wants a jug-full of being yours, my lad," retorted the other, a member of the Bill Snivel Wharf Committee. "He's too good a Christian to be yours—for don't you see he's jest been baptized."

"He's mine," responded the Hickock committee-man, "for my hook fastened in his collar and thereby saved his head—he couldn't vote without his head!"

"A timber head he must have if he'd vote the shirt-ruffle ticket," retorted the Bill Snivel committee-man.

By this time, a mob had gathered about the disputants, who stood holding the rescued body each by a leg with its head downward to let the water drain from its windpipe.

"Why, you land-lubbers," cried a medical student pushing his professional nose through the throng, "you'll give the man the apoplexy if you hold him that way just half a minute longer." In a trice after, a second medical student arrived, and hearing what the other had said, exclaimed: "It's the best thing you can do—hold him just as he is, or he's sure to get the dropsy." The mob, however, interfered—the man was laid on his back—and one of the medical students (who was propitious to the

Hickock code of politics) taking hold of one wrist—and the other (who advocated the Bill Snivel system) seizing the other, they commenced chafing his temples and rubbing the palms of his hands.

The Wharf Committee-men meantime felt inclined to renew the dispute as to their claim on the body of the half-drowned loafer, but by advice of the medical gentlemen, the claim was referred, to be settled by the man's own lips, whenever he should recover the use of them. The medical students chafed and rubbed, and every minute leaned down to the ear of the drowned body, as if to catch some favorable gnosis. "Hurrah for Hickock," shouted the man, opening his eyes just as one of the medical students had withdrawn his mouth from his ear. The Hickock portion of the mob gave three cheers. "Hurrah for Bill Snivel," shouted the resuscitated loafer, as the other medical student applied his lips to his organ of hearing.

The loafer was now raised upon his legs, and marshalled like some great hero between the medical students and the two members of the Wharf Committees, and borne towards the polls, having each hand alternately supplied by the Hickock people and the Bill Snivel with the tickets of the respective parties. They arrived at the door of the election room, with the body of this important and disputed voter, just one minute after sun down, and finding him thus to be of no value, the Hickock medical student and committee-man and the Bill Snivel student and committee-man, united in applying their feet to his flanks and kicking him out of the building!

In two or three days, the votes of the city were duly canvassed, and it was found that they stood for Bill Snivel, 13,000; for Herbert Hickock, 13,303—scattering 20. Three hundred and three learned Bill Snivel gentlemen having, in consequence of their limited knowledge of orthography and politics, voted for Bill Snivel for constable instead of Mayor! Herbert Hickock, Esq., was therefore declared duly elected Mayor of the city and county of New York.

## SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY JOHN SANDERSON. 1838.

I must tell you how one lodges in Paris. A Hotel is a huge edifice, mostly in form of a parallelogram, and built around a paved court-yard, which serves as a landing for carriages as well as for persons on foot, and leads up to the apartments by one or more staircases. In the centre of the front wall is a wide door (a *porte cochère*) opening from the street; and just inside a lodge (a *concerger*) and a porter, who wakes night and day over the concerns of the establishment. This porter is an important individual, and holds about the same place in a Paris hotel that Cerberus holds—(I leave you a place for the rhyme). He is usually a great rogue, a spy of the government, and a shoemaker; he cobbles the holes he makes in your boots, while his wife darns those she makes in your stockings. He is always a bad enemy and a useful friend, and you purchase his good will by money and condescensions, as a first minister's. He lets you rooms, he attends them, receives parcels, letters, messages,

runs errands, answers your visits, and fines you a shilling if you stay out after twelve; and his relation with many lodgers enables him to give you these services, I am ashamed to tell you how cheap. By proper attentions also to his wife, there will come to your bed every morning, at the hour you appoint, a cup of coffee or tea, and the entertainment of the lady's conversation while you sip it. Each story of a hotel is divided into apartments and rooms; that is, accommodations for whole families or individuals; distinction, and of course price, decreasing upwards. For example, he who lives a story lower down, thinks himself above you, and you in return consider him overhead below you. A third story in the Rue Castiglione or Rivoli is equal in rank to a second story any where else.

The Porter's Lodge is a little niche about eight feet square. It pays no rent, but receives a salary, usually of sixty dollars a year, from the proprietor. Our porter is a man of several talents. He tunes

pianos for ten sous, and plays at the "Petit Lazari," of a night for two francs. Indeed his whole family plays; his grandmother plays the "Mother of the Gracchi." He takes care too of his wife's father, but he dresses him up as a Pair de France, or a Doge, and makes a good deal out of him also. Besides, he has a dog which he expects soon to play the "Chien de Montargis," he is studying; and a magpie which plays already in the "Pie Voleuse." It is by these several industries that he is enabled to clean my boots once a day, take care of my room, and do all the domestic services required by a bachelor at six francs a month; and he has grown into good circumstances. But, alas, impartial fate knocks at the Porter's Lodge, as at the gates of the Louvre. He had an only son, who, in playing Col-lin last winter, a shepherd's part in a vaudeville, had to wear a pair of white muslin breeches in the middle of the inclement season, and he took cold and died of a *fluxion de poitrine*! The mother wept in telling this story, and then, some one coming in, she smiled.

One is usually a little shy of these hotels, at first sight; especially if one comes from the Broad Mountain. You take hold of an unwieldy knocker, you lift it up cautiously, and open flies the door six inches; you then push yourself through, and look about with a kind of a suspicious and sheepish look, and you see no one. At length, you discover an individual, who will not seem to take the least notice of you, till you intrude rather far; then he will accost you: *Que demandez-vous, Monsieur?*—I wish to see Mr. Smith. *Monsieur?—Monsieur, il ne demeure pas ici—Que tu es bête!* exclaims the wife, *c'est Monsieur Smit.* *Oui, oui, oui—au quatrième, Monsieur, audessus de l'entresol;* and with this information, of which you understand not a syllable, you proceed up stairs, and there you ring all the bells to the garret; but no one knows Mr. Smith. Why don't you say *Mr. Smit*?

The houses here are by no means simple and uniform, as with us. The American houses are built, as ladies are dressed, all one way. First, there is a pair of rival saloons, which give themselves the air of parlors; and then there is a dining room, and corresponding chambers above to the third or fourth story; and an entry runs through the middle or along side, a mile or two without stopping; at the farthest end of which is the kitchen; so that one always stands upon the marble of the front door in December, until Kitty has travelled this distance to let one in. How many dinners have I seen frozen in their own sauces, how many lovers chilled, by this refrigeratory process?—Here if you just look at the knocker, the door, as if by some invisible hand, flies open; and when you descend, if you say "Cordon," just as Ali Baba said "Sesame," the door opens, and delivers you to the street. The houses too have private rooms, and secret doors, and intricate passages; and one can be said to be at home in one's own house. I would like to see any one find the way to a lady's boudoir. A thief designing to rob has to study beforehand the topography of each house; without which, he can no more unravel it than the Apocalypse. There are closets too and doors in many of the rooms unseen by the naked eye. If a gentleman is likely to be intruded on by the bailiff, he sinks into the earth; and a lady, if surprised in her dishabille or any such emergency, just disappears into the wall.

No private dwellings are known in Paris. A

style which gives entire families and individuals, at a price that would procure them very mean separate lodgings, the air of living in a great castle; and they escape by it, all that emulation about houses, and door servants, and street display, which brings so much fuss and expense in our cities. I have seen houses a little straitened, that were obliged to give Cæsar a coat to go to the door, another to bring in dinner, and another to curry the horses. To climb up to the second or third story is to be sure inconvenient; but once there your climbing ends. Parlors, bed-rooms, kitchen and all the rest are on the same level. In America you have the dinner in the cellar, and the cook in the garret; and nothing but ups and downs the whole day. Moreover, climbing is a disposition of our nature. "In our proper motion we ascend." See with what avidity we climb when we are boys; and we climb when we are old, because it reminds us of our boyhood. I have no doubt that the daily habit of climbing too has a good moral influence; it gives one dispositions to rise in the world. I ought to remark here, that persons in honest circumstances do not have kitchens in their own houses.

It is in favor of the French style not a little, that it improves the quality at least of one class of lodgers. Mean houses degrade men's habits, and lower their opinions of living. As for me, I like this Paris way, but I don't know why. I like to see myself under the same roof with my neighbors. One of them is a pretty woman, with the prettiest little foot imaginable; and only think of meeting this little foot, with which one has no personal acquaintance, three or four times a day on the staircase! Indeed, the solitude of a private dwelling begins to seem quite distressing. To be always with people one knows! It paralyzes activity, breeds selfishness and other disagreeable qualities. Solitary life has its vices too as well as any other. On the other hand, a community of living expands



one's benevolent affections, begets hospitality, mutual forbearance, politeness, respect for public opinion, and keeps cross husbands from beating their wives, and *vice versa*. If Xantippe had lived in a French hotel, she would not have kept throwing things out of the window upon her husband's head. The domestic virtues are to be sure well enough in their way; but they are dull, and unless kept in countenance by good company, they go too soon to bed. Indeed that word "home," so sacred in the mouths of Englishmen, often means little else than dozing in an arm chair, listening to the squeaking of children, or dying of the vapors; at all events, the English are the people of the world most inclined to leave these sanctities of home. Here they are, by hundreds, running in quest of happiness all about Europe.

The manner of keeping Sunday is a subject of general censure amongst our American visitors at Paris. There is no visible difference between this day and the others, except that the gardens and public walks, the churches in the morning, and the ball rooms and theatres in the evening, are more than usually crowded. In London, the bells toll the

Sunday most solemnly; the theatres and dancing rooms are silent, and all the shops (but the gin shop) shut; yet the poor get drunk, and the equipages of the gentry parade their magnificence on Hyde Park, of a Sunday evening.

"How do you spend your Sundays," said a Frenchman, condoling with another, "in America?" He replied: "*Monsieur, je prends medecine.*" A Frenchman has a tormenting load of animal spirits that cannot live without employment: he has no idea of happiness in a calm; and it is not likely that he will remain "*endimanché chez-lui*" during the twelve hours of the day, or that his Sunday evenings would be better employed than in the theatre and ball room. This is my opinion; but I have great doubts whether a man ought to have an opinion of his own, when it does not correspond with that of others, who are notoriously wiser than himself. I cannot easily persuade myself, that nature has intended the whole of this life to be given up to a preparation for the next, else had she not given us all these means of enjoyment, all these "delicacies of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits and flowers, walks and the melody of birds."

## THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN AND HIS WATER LOTS.

BY GEORGE. P. MORRIS. 1839.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he would be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone." A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them. Yet there are very few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better; and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to "realize" by slow and sure degrees; but choose rather to set their whole hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them for ever!

Gentle reader, do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl-street. You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar-visage lighted up with a smile as you flung him the coppers; and you have laughed at his little straight queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every-day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delightful Paris," as he was wont to call the city of his nativity—there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen, had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard strange stories about the prodigious rise in real estate; and, having understood that most of

his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly grew dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in right down earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterward attended an extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there, in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are, gentlemen," said he of the hammer, "the most valuable lots ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them?"

"One hundred each," said a bystander.

"One hundred!" said the auctioneer, "scarcely enough to pay for the maps. One hundred—going—and fifty—gone! Mr. H. they are yours. A noble purchase. You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars' profit!"

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this, and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way certainly of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham street, and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The auctioneer proceeded in his sale. Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last, came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you, gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long-Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee—title indisputable—terms of sale, cash—deeds ready for delivery immediately after the sale. How much for them? Give them a start at something. How much?" The auctioneer looked around; there





*Geo. T. Morris.*



were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo. "Did you say one hundred, sir? Beautiful lots—valuable water privileges—shall I say one hundred for you?"

"*Oui, Monsieur* ; I will give you one hundred dollars a piece, for de lot vid de valuarble vatate privilege ; *c'est ça*."

"Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots—only one hundred—going—going—going—gone!"

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate possessor. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

"*Pardonnez moi, monsieur*," said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended his pedestal, "you shall *excusez moi*, if I shall go to *votre bureau*, your counting-house, ver quick to make every ting sure wid respect de de lot vid de valuarble vatate privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand he vorth two in de tree, *c'est vrai*—eh?"

"Certainly, sir.

"Vell den, *allons*."

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully in his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots as uniform as possible, and his little grey eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather, and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his palate since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long-Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to

find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an elbow of the East-river thrusting itself quite into the ribs of the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, are you acquaint vid dis part of de country—eh?"

"Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it."

"Ah, *c'est bien*, dat vill do," and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

"Den maybe you vill have de kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought, vid de valuarble vatate privilege?"

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

"Yes, sir, with pleasure; if you will be good enough to *get into my boat I will row you out to them!*"

"Vat dat you say, sare?"

"My friend," said the farmer, "this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at *low tide*. When this part of the East river is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; *and are now all under water*."

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses. As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he shut one eye, squinted obliquely at the heavens—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and squinted at them all over again! There was his purchase sure enough; but then it could not be perceived for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears; and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into his gig, and returned to the auctioneer in hot haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction-room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking his cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

"Monsieur, I have much plaisir to fin you, *chez vous*, at home."

"Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you. Take a seat, old boy."

"But I shall not take de seat, sare."

"No—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, *beaucoup* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to-day."

"Well, sir, I hope you like your purchase?"

"No, monsieur, I no like him."

"I'm sorry for it; but there is no ground for your complaint."

"No, sare; dare is no *ground* at all—de ground is all vatate!"



"You joke!"

"I no joke. I nevere joke; *je n'entends pas la raillerie*. Sare, *voulez vous* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay!"

"Certainly not."

"Den will you be so good as to take de East river off de top of my lot?"

"That's your business, sir, not mine."

"Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!"

"I hope not. I don't think you have thrown your money away in the *land*."

"No, sare; but I tro it away in de *vatare*!"

"That's not my fault."

"Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of de *l'argent*."

"Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must go out of my counting-room."

"Vare shall I go to, eh?"

"To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!" said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

"But, sare, I vill not go to de devil to oblige

you!" replied the Frenchman, waxing warmer. "You sheat me out of all de dollar vot I make in Shatham-street; but I vill not go to de devil for all dat. I vish you may go to de devil yourself you dem yankee-doo-dell, and I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away."

"You couldn't make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!"

"Ah, *miséricorde*! Ah, *mon dieu*, *je suis avâmé*. I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is de only valuable *vatare* privilege dat is left me *à present*!"

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as penniless as the day he left it.

Should any one feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East river to the Wallabout, and farmer J\*\*\*\*\* will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water*.

## "THE MONOPOLY" AND "THE PEOPLE'S LINE."

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS. 1839.

Not many years ago, there lived on Long Island, a jolly, well-to-do, honest old Dutchman, who drove a stage from Brooklyn to Jamaica for two dollars a passenger. This had been the charge since Adam was an urchin, or since the time whereof the memory of man "runneth not to the contrary." It was sanctioned by immemorial usage, and had all the crust of antiquity about it. Nobody thought of disputing the matter. It was settled, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and was a thing not to be sacrilegiously meddled with, or altered on any account whatever. The proprietor's great-grandfather had driven the same route, and so had all his other ancestors, and none of them had managed to realize more than enough to make both ends meet when Christmas came round.

In the course of time, travelling increased on the Jamaica turnpike; the Dutchman had his stage full every trip, and began to thrive. But the star of his good fortune, although it had risen clear and unclouded, was not long in the ascendant; for, one fine morning, there came another stage-driver, the owner of a new turn-out, as fine as a fiddle, who put in his claims for patronage.

He was a full-grown stripling, of little credit, but some ready money, and he secretly resolved upon bearing off the palm from the quiet, but covetous Dutchman. At first he demanded the usual rates, and divided the business with his old-established rival; but finding that he had less custom, that he was looked upon as an interloper, and that all faces were set against him, he resolved to cut down the fare to a single dollar—and he did so, greatly to the satisfaction of the applauding multitude.

This was a sad blow to the prospects of the poor old Dutchman, whose carriage was instantly deserted; all the fickle populace instinctively flocking to the glossy vehicle of his adversary, who cracked his whip in high glee as he dashed along the dusty and unpaved streets of Brooklyn. At first, Mynheer did

not know what to make of the matter, so he lighted his pipe, and looked to St. Nicholas for the solution of a mystery altogether too profound for his comprehension. One day, however, a friend unravelled it to him, and suggested the propriety of a reduction also of his price; whereupon the whole truth flashed upon him in the twinkling of an eye, and he instantly resolved, in defiance of the good examples of his forefathers, to numble himself to the insignificant fare of his pestilent competitor. Now all was right again, and things went on as swimmingly as before, until the new-comer again lowered the fare—called his omnibus the "People's Line," and branded his opponent's "The Monopoly;" upon which the Dutchman flew into a violent passion, broke his pipe into a thousand pieces, and swore by all the saints in the calendar, that he would thereafter carry his passengers for nothing! And so strange was his demeanor, flying hither and yonder in a hurricane of hot haste and hotter disdain, that all his neighbors stigmatized him as the "Flying Dutchman;" a name which he has never been able to get clear of to this very hour.

The "People's Line," not in the least disconcerted by this unexpected calamity, also came down to *nothing*! and painted on the panels of the carriage the figure of a fiery old man addressing a multitude, and begging them to ride in his carriage gratis, with the motto,

Nothing can come of nothing; *try* again.

This was evidently intended as a hit at the "Flying Dutchman," who retorted by staining the "Interloper," as he always persisted in designating the "People's Line," with certain Dutch epithets, which respect for our readers prevents us from translating into veritable English. Fierce were the animosities—bitter the feuds—and arduous the struggles that ensued between the belligerents. Long they lasted, and fatal promised to be the consequences to both.

Every expedient was resorted to; but as neither would yield an inch of ground to the other, they both went on, season after season, running the stages at their own expense, and annoying every body who would listen to them, with a full and particular recital of their wrongs, their wrath, and their wranglings. At last, the owner of the "People's Line," fairly wearied out by the obstinacy and perseverance of the redoubtable Dutchman, caused a mammoth handbill to be struck off and posted from the East River to the Atlantic Ocean, in which he stated, in ponderous capital letters, that he would not only carry his passengers for nothing, but that he would actually pay each and every one the sum of twenty-five cents for going! To the unhappy Dutchman this drop was too much; and it effectually did the business for his now unpopular and detested "Monopoly," which was denounced at every tavern by the road side, as a paltry, mean, and "unconstitutional" concern, while the "People's Line" was lauded to the third heavens for its liberality and public spirit. The Flying Dutchman flew no more. His spirit was evidently broken as well as his prospects, and his horses crawled daily to and from Jamaica at a snail's pace, equally unmindful of whip or rein—evidently sympathizing in their master's disappointment and discomfiture. Yet go the Dutchman would—he had become accustomed to the occupation—it was second nature to him; and, as he could not easily overcome the force of habit, he preferred working for nothing and finding himself, to relinquishing the road entirely to his indefatigable annoyance. "His shirtless majesty!" as some audacious poet has impertinently called the sovereign people! however, generally gave its countenance and support to its own line, which still kept up its speed and its reputation. It speaks volumes—volumes, did I say? it speaks ten thousand libraries—for the intelligence and good feeling of our locomotive countrymen; and, as faithful chroniclers, we are bound to record the fact, that not a single individual ever applied for the two shillings, that had been so generously and disinterestedly tendered, every one being actually contented with going the whole distance gratis, and with being thanked into the bargain!

One day, however, a long, thin, lank-sided, mahogany-faced downeaster chanced to read the mammoth bill with the ponderous capitals; and without a moment's hesitation, he decided upon bestowing his corporeal substance snugly in the back seat of the "People's Line;" and it so fell out that he was the only passenger.

The down-easter was a talkative, prying, speculative, jimcrack of a fellow, who propounded more questions in a single minute than one could answer in a whole hour; and, in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, he was at the bottom of all the difficulty, and in possession of every particular respecting the rival lines. He was "free of speech and merry;" joked with the proprietor; ridiculed the flying Dutchman, called him a cockalorum, and finally denounced him as an inflated, overgrown, purse-proud capitalist, who advocated a system of exclusive privileges contrary to the spirit of our glorious institutions, and dangerous to the liberties of the country!—and he even went so far as to recommend that a town meeting should be immediately called to put the old blockhead down, and banish him from the sunshine of the public favor for ever!

"I will put him down!" said the driver.

"And he shall stay put, when he is down!" replied Jonathan, with an approving nod of the head.

At the various stopping-places, Jonathan—who was not a member of any of the temperance societies, for those institutions were not founded at the time of which we are writing—to show his good fellowship, but with no other motive, did not scruple to drink sundry villanous bar-room compounds, at the expense of his new acquaintance, who, that day, was so overjoyed to find that the stage of the "Monopoly" was compelled to go the whole route—entirely empty, that his hilarity and flow of boisterous humor knew no bounds, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the expense—not he?

"Here's to the People's Line?" drank Jonathan.

"The People's Line for ever!" shouted the driver.

"And confusion to the Monopoly!" rejoined the down-easter.

"With all my heart!" echoed the friend of the people.

"The Flying Dutchman is deficient in public spirit!" said the landlord, a warlike little fellow, who was a major in the militia.

"Behind the age we live in!" remarked a justice of the peace.

"And he deserves to run the gauntlet from Brooklyn to Jamaica for violating the constitution!" responded all the patriotic inmates of the bar-room.

"I say, mister! you're a fine specimen of a liberal fellow," said Jonathan, as his companion paid the reckoning, resumed the ribands, and touched up the leaders gaily. "You deserve encouragement, and you shall have it. I promise it to you, my lad," continued he, as he slapped the "People's Line" on the shoulder like an old and familiar friend, "and that's enough. The Flying Dutchman, forsooth! why, he's a hundred years at least behind the grand march of improvement, and, as he will never be able to overtake it, I shall henceforward look upon him as a mere abstract circumstance, unworthy of the least regard or notice."

Jonathan weighed every word of the last sentence before he pronounced it, for he was, upon the whole, rather a cute chap, and had no notion of letting his friendship for the one party involve him in a law-suit for a libel on the other.

The overjoyed proprietor thanked him heartily for his good wishes, and for the expression of his contempt for the old "Monopoly," and the lumbering vehicle thundered on toward Jamaica.

Arrived, at last, at the termination of the journey, the driver unharnessed the horses, watered them, and put them up for the night. When he turned to take his own departure, however, he observed that Jonathan, who, after all said and done, candor compels us to acknowledge, had rather a hang-dog sort of look, seemed fidgety and discontented; that he lingered about the stable, and followed him like a shadow wherever he bent his steps.

"Do you stop in this town, or do you go further?" asked the driver.

"I shall go further, when you settle the trifle you owe me," replied Jonathan, with a peculiar knowing, but serious expression.

"That I owe you?"

"Yes—is there not something between us?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why, mister, what a short mem'ry you've got—you should study mnemonics, to put you in mind of your engagements."

"What do you mean? There must be some mistake?"

"Oh! but there's no mistake at all," said Jonathan, as he pulled a handbill from his pocket, unfolded it with care, and smoothed it out upon the table. It was the identical mammoth handbill with the ponderous capitals.



"That's what I mean. Look there, Mr. People's Line. There I have you, large as life—and no mistake whatever. That's your note of hand—it's a fair business transaction—and I will trouble you for the twenty-five cents, in less than no time; so shell it out, you 'tarnal critter.'"

"My christian friend, allow me to explain, if you please. I confess that it's in the bill; but, bless your simple soul, nobody ever thinks of asking me for it."

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Now, that's what I call cutting it a leetle too fat! but it's nothing to me. I attend to nobody's affairs but my own; and if other people are such ninnyhammers, as to forgive you the debt, that's no reason why I should follow their bad example. Here are your conditions, and I want the mopuses. A pretty piece of business, truly, to endeavor to do your customers out of their just and legal demands in this manner. But I can't afford to lose the amount, and I won't!—What! haven't I freely given you my patronage—liberally bestowed upon you the pleasure of my company, and consequently afforded you a triumph over that narrow-contracted 'Monopoly?' and now you refuse to comply with your terms of travel, and pay me my money, you ungrateful varmint, you! Come, mister, it's no use putting words together in this way. I'll expose you to 'old Monopoly' and everybody else, if you don't book-

up like an honest fellow; and I won't leave the town until I'm satisfied."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Are you serious?"

"Guess you'll find I am."

"And you *will* have the money?"

"As sure as you stand there?"

"What, the twenty-five cents?"

"Every fraction of it."

"And you won't go away without it?"

"Not if I stay here till doomsday; and you know the consequence of detaining me against my will."

"What is it?"

"I'll swinge you, you *pyson serpent*, you!"

"You'll what?"

"I'll sue you for damages."

"You will?"

"Yes; I'll law you to death sooner than be defrauded out of my property in this manner; so, down with the dust, and no more grumbling about it."

The bewildered and crest-fallen proprietor, perceiving from Jonathan's tone and manner, that all remonstrance would be in vain, and that he was irrevocably fixed in his determination to extract twenty-five cents from his already exhausted coffers, at length slowly and reluctantly put into his hand the bit of silver coin representing that amount of the circulating medium.

Jonathan, we blush to say, took the money, and what is more, he put it into his pocket; and, what is moreover, he positively buttoned it up, as if to "make assurance doubly sure," and to guard it against the possibility of escape.

"Mister," said he, after he had gone coolly through the ceremony, looking all the while as innocently as a man who has just performed a virtuous action; "mister, I say, you must not think that I set any more value on the insignificant trifle you have paid me, than any other gentleman: a twenty-five cent piece, after all, is hardly worth disputing about—it's only a quarter of a dollar—which any industrious person may earn in half an hour, if he chooses—the merest trifle in the world—a poor little scoundrel of a coin, that I would not, under other circumstances, touch with a pair of tongs—and which I would scorn to take even now—if it were not for the principle of the thing! To show you, however, that I entertain a high respect for the "People's Line," that I wish old cockalorum to the devil, and that I do not harbor the slightest ill-will toward you for so unjustifiably withholding my legal demands, the next time I come this way again, I will unquestionably give your stage the preference—unless the "Flying Dutchman" holds out greater inducements than you do, in which case, *I rather calculate I shall feel myself in duty bound to encourage him!*"

Since the veritable circumstances here related, the Jamaica railroad has entirely superseded the necessity of both the "Monopoly" and the "People's Line" of stages, and their public-spirited proprietors, after making a prodigious noise in the world, have retired under the shade of their laurels, deep into the recesses of private life. There we shall leave them, to enjoy whatever satisfaction may be gathered from the proud consolation of having expended every farthing they were worth in the world, for the gratification of a public that has long ago forgotten they ever existed!

## PAUP-PUK-KEEWISS.

FROM "ALGIC RESEARCHES." BY H. ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT. 1839.

A MAN of large stature, and great activity of mind and body, found himself standing alone on a prairie. He thought to himself, "How came I here?" Are there no beings on this earth but myself? I must travel and see. I must walk till I find the abodes of men." So soon as his mind was made up, he set out, he knew not where, in search of habitations. No obstacles could divert him from his purpose. Neither prairies, rivers, woods, nor storms had the effect to daunt his courage or turn him back. After travelling a long time, he came to a wood, in which he saw decayed stumps of trees, as if they had been cut in ancient times, but no other traces of men. Pursuing his journey, he found more recent marks of the same kind; and after this, he came to fresh traces of human beings; first their footsteps, and then the wood they had cut, lying in heaps. Continuing on, he emerged towards dusk from the forest, and beheld at a distance a large village of high lodges, standing on rising ground. He said to himself, "I will arrive there on a run." Off he started with all his speed; on coming to the first large lodge, he jumped over it. Those within saw something pass over the opening, and then heard a thump on the ground.

"What is that?" they all said.

One came out to see, and invited him in. He found himself in company with an old chief and several men, who were seated in the lodge. Meat was set before him, after which the chief asked him where he was going, and what his name was. He answered, that he was in search of adventures, and his name was Paup-Puk-Keewiss. A stare followed.

"Paup-Puk-Keewiss!"\* said one to another, and a general titter went round.

He was not easy in his new position; the village was too small to give him full scope for his powers, and after a short stay, he made up his mind to go farther, taking with him a young man who had formed a strong attachment for him, and might serve him as his mesh-in-au-wa.† They set out together, and when his companion was fatigued with walking, he would show him a few tricks, such as leaping over trees, and turning round on one leg till he made the dust fly, by which he was mightily pleased, although it sometimes happened that the character of these tricks frightened him.

One day, they came to a very large village, where they were well received. After staying in it some time, they were informed of a number of manitoes who lived at a distance, and who made it a practice to kill all who came to their lodge. Attempts had been made to extirpate them, but the war-parties who went out for this purpose were always unsuccessful. Paup-puk-Keewiss determined to visit them, although he was advised not to do so.

The chief warned him of the danger of the visit; but, finding him resolved,

"Well," said he, "if you will go, being my guest, I will send twenty warriors to serve you."

He thanked him for the offer. Twenty young men were ready at the instant, and they went forward, and in due time descried the lodge of the manitoes. He placed his friend and the warriors near enough to see all that passed, while he went alone to the lodge. As he entered, he saw five horrid-looking manitoes in the act of eating. It was the father and his four sons. They looked hideous; their eyes were swimming low in their heads, as if half starved. They offered him something to eat, which he refused.

"What have you come for?" said the old one.

"Nothing," Paup-Puk-Keewiss answered.

They all stared at him.

"Do you not wish to wrestle?" they all asked.

"Yes," he replied.

A hideous smile came over their faces.

"You go," they said to the eldest brother.

They got ready, and were soon clinched in each other's arms for a deadly throw. He knew their object—his death—his *flesh* was all they wanted, but he was prepared for them.

"Haw! haw!"\* they cried, and soon the dust and dry leaves flew about as if driven by a strong wind.

The manito was strong, but Paup-Puk-Keewiss soon found that he could master him; and, giving him a trip, he threw him with a giant's force head foremost on a stone, and he fell like a puffed thing.

The brothers stepped up in quick succession, but he put a number of tricks in force, and soon the whole four lay bleeding on the ground. The old manito got frightened and ran for his life. Paup-Puk-Keewiss pursued him for sport; sometimes he was before him, sometimes flying over his head. He would now give him a kick, then a push or a trip, till he was almost exhausted. Meantime his friend and the warriors cried out, "Ha! ha! a! ha! ha! a! Paup-Puk-Keewiss is driving him before him." The manito only turned his head now and then to look back; at last, Paup-Puk-Keewiss gave him a kick on his back, and broke his back bone; down he fell, and the blood gushing out of his mouth prevented him from saying a word. The warriors piled all the bodies together in the lodge, and then took fire and burned them. They all looked with deep interest at the quantity of human bones scattered around.

Paup-Puk-Keewiss then took three arrows, and, after having performed a ceremony to the Great Spirit, he shot one into the air, crying, with a loud voice.

"You who are lying down, rise up, or you will be hit!" The bones all moved to one place. He shot the second arrow, repeating the same words, when each bone drew towards its fellow-bone; the third arrow brought forth to life the whole multi-

\* This word appears to be derived from the same root as *Paup-puk-ke-nay*, a grasshopper, the inflection *iss* making it personal. The Indian idea is that of harum scarum. He is regarded as a foil to Manabozho, with whom he is frequently brought in contact in aboriginal story craft.

† This is an official who bears the pipe for the ruling chief, and is an inferior dignity in councils.

\* This is a studied perversion of the interjection *Ho*. In another instance it is rendered *Hoka*.

tude of people who had been killed by the manitoes. Paup-Puk-Keewiss then led them to the chief of the village who had proved his friend, and gave them up to him. Soon after the chief came with his counsellors.

"Who is more worthy," said he, "to rule than you? *You* alone can defend them."

Paup-Puk-Keewiss thanked him, and told him he was in search of more adventures. The chief insisted. Paup-Puk-Keewiss told him to confer the chieftainship on his friend, who, he said, would remain while he went on his travels. He told them that he would, some time or other, come back and see them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" they all cried, "come back again and see us," insisting on it. He promised them he would, and then set out alone.

After travelling some time, he came to a large lake; on looking about, he discovered a very large otter on an island. He thought to himself, "His skin will make me a fine pouch," and immediately drew up, at long shots, and drove an arrow into his side. He waded into the lake, and with some difficulty dragged him ashore. He took out the entrails, and even then the carcass was so heavy that it was as much as he could do to drag it up a hill overlooking the lake. As soon as he got him up into the sunshine, where it was warm, he skinned him, and threw the carcass some distance, thinking the war-eagle would come, and he should have a chance to get his skin and feathers as head ornaments. He soon heard a rushing noise in the air, but could see nothing; by-and-by, a large eagle

was on his way, on the look-out for something new.

After walking a while he came to a lake, which flooded the trees on its banks; he found it was only a lake made by beavers. He took his station on the elevated dam, where the stream escaped, to see whether any of the beavers would show themselves. He soon saw the head of one peeping out of the water to see who disturbed them.

"My friend," said Paup-Puk-Keewiss, "could you not turn me into a beaver like yourself?" for he thought, if he could become a beaver, he would see and know how these animals lived.

"I do not know," replied the beaver; "I will go and ask the others."

Soon all the beavers showed their heads above the water, and looked to see if he was armed; but he had left his bow and arrows in a hollow tree, at a short distance. When they were satisfied, they all came near.

"Can you not, with all your united power," said he, "turn me into a beaver? I wish to live among you."

"Yes," answered their chief; "lie down;" and he soon found himself changed into one of them.

"You must make me *large*," said he; "*larger* than any of you."

"Yes, yes!" said they. "By-and-by, when we get into the lodge, it shall be done."

In they all dived into the lake; and, in passing large heaps of limbs and logs at the bottom, he asked the use of them; they answered, "It is for our winter's provisions." When they all got into



dropped, as if from the air, on the otter's carcass. He drew his bow, and the arrow passed through under both his wings. The bird made a convulsive flight upward with such force, that the heavy carcass (which was nearly as big as a moose) was borne up several feet. Fortunately, both claws were fastened deeply into the meat, the weight of which soon brought the bird down. He skinned him, crowned his head with the trophy, and next day

the lodge, their number was about one hundred. The lodge was large and warm.

"Now we will make you *large*," said they. "Will *that* do?" exerting their power.

"Yes," he answered, for he found he was ten times the size of the largest.

"You need not go out," said they. "We will bring your food into the lodge, and you will be our chief."

"Very well," Paup-Puk-Keewiss answered. He thought, "I will stay here and grow fat at their expense. But, soon after, one ran into the lodge out of breath, saying, "We are visited by Indians." All huddled together in great fear. The water began to lower, for the hunters had broken down the dam, and they soon heard them on the roof of the lodge, breaking it up. Out jumped all the beavers into the water, and so escaped. Paup-Puk-Keewiss tried to follow them; but, alas! they had made him so large that he could not creep out of the hole. He tried to call them back, but to no effect; he worried himself so much in trying to escape, that he looked like a bladder. He could not turn himself back into a man, although he heard and understood all the hunters said. One of them put his head in at the top of the lodge.

"*Ty-au!*" cried he; "*Tut ty-au!* Me-shau-mik—king of the beavers is in." They all got at him, and knocked his skull till it was as soft as his brains. He thought, as well as ever he did, although he was a beaver. Seven or eight of them then placed his body on poles and carried him home. As they went, he reflected in this manner: "What will become of me? my ghost or shadow will not die after they get me to their lodges." Invitations were immediately sent out for a grand feast. The women took him out into the snow to skin him; but, as soon as his flesh got cold, his *Jee-bi* went off.

Paup-Puk-Keewiss found himself standing near a prairie, having reassumed his mortal shape. After walking a distance, he saw a herd of elk feeding. He admired the apparent ease and enjoyment of their life, and thought there could be nothing pleasanter than the liberty of running about and feeding on the prairies. He asked them if they could not turn him into their shape.

"Yes," they answered, after a pause. "Get down on your hands and feet." And he soon found himself an elk.

"I want big horns, big feet," said he; "I wish to be very large."

"Yes! yes!" they said.

"There!" exerting their power; "are you big enough?"

"Yes!" he answered, for he saw that he was very large. They spent a good time in grazing and running. Being rather cold one day, he went into a thick wood for shelter, and was followed by most of the herd. They had not been long there before some elks from behind passed the others like a strong wind. All took the alarm, and off they ran, he with the rest.

"Keep out on the plains," they said.

But he found it was too late, as they had already got entangled in the thick woods. Paup-Puk-Keewiss soon smelt the hunters, who were closely following his trail, for they had left all the others and followed him. He jumped furiously, and broke down saplings in his flight, but it only served to retard his progress. He soon felt an arrow in his side; he jumped over trees in his agony, but the arrows clattered thicker and thicker upon his sides, and at last one entered his heart. He fell to the ground, and heard the whoop of triumph sounded by the hunters. On coming up, they looked on the carcass with astonishment, and with their hands up to their mouths exclaimed *Ty-au! Ty-au!* There were about sixty in the party, who had come out on a special hunt, as one of their number had, the

day before, observed his *large tracks* on the plains. After skinning him and his flesh getting cold, his *Jee-bi* took its flight from the carcass, and he again found himself in human shape, with a bow and arrows.

But his passion for adventure was not yet cooled; for, on coming to a large lake with a sandy beach, he saw a large flock of brant, and, speaking to them, asked them to turn him into a brant.

"Yes," they replied.

"But I want to be very large," he said.

"Very well," they answered; and he soon found himself a large brant, all the others standing gazing in astonishment at his large size.

"You must fly as leader," they said.

"No," answered Paup-Puk-Keewiss, "I will fly behind."

"Very well," they said. "One thing more we have to say to you. You must be careful, in flying, not to look down, for something may happen to you."

"Well! it is so," said he; and soon the flock rose up into the air, for they were bound north. They flew very fast, he behind. One day, while going with a strong wind, and as swift as their wings could flap, while passing over a large village, the Indians raised a great shout on seeing them, particularly on Paup-Puk-Keewiss's account, for his wings were broader than two large *aupukwa*.\* They made such a noise, that he forgot what had been told him, about looking down. They were now going as swift as arrows; and as soon as he brought his neck in and stretched it down to look at the shouters, his tail was caught by the wind, and over and over he was blown. He tried to right himself, but without success. Down, down he went, making more turns than he wished for, from a height of several miles. The first thing he knew was, that he was jammed into a large hollow tree. To get back or forward was out of the question, and there he remained till his brant life was ended by starvation. His *Jee-bi* again left the carcass, and he once more found himself in the shape of a human being.

Travelling was still his passion; and, while travelling, he came to a lodge in which were two old men with heads white from age. They treated him well, and he told them that he was going back to his village to see his friends and people. They said they would aid him, and pointed out the direction he should go; but they were deceivers. After walking all day, he came to a lodge looking very much like the first, with two old men in it with white heads. It was, in fact, the very same lodge, and he had been walking in a circle; but they did not undeceive him, pretending to be strangers, and saying, in a kind voice, "We will show you the way." After walking the third day, and coming back to the same place, he found them out in their tricks, for he had cut a notch on the doorpost.

"Who are you," said he to them, "to treat me so?" and he gave one a kick and the other a slap, which killed them. Their blood flew against the rocks near the lodge, and this is the reason there are red streaks in them to this day. He then burned their lodge down, and freed the earth of two pretended good men, who were *manitoes*.

He then continued his journey, not knowing exactly which way to go. At last he came to a big

\* Mats.



lake. He got on the highest hill to try and see the opposite side, but he could not. He then made a canoe, and took a sail into the lake. On looking into the water, which was very clear, before he got to the abrupt depth, he saw the bottom covered with dark fishes, numbers of which he caught. This inspired him with a wish to return to his village and bring his people to live near this lake. He went on, and towards evening came to a large island, where he encamped and ate the fish he had speared.

Next day he returned to the main land, and, in wandering along the shore, he encountered a more powerful manito than himself, called Manabozho. He thought best, after playing him a trick, to keep out of his way. He again thought of returning to his village; and transforming himself into a partridge, took his flight towards it. In a short time he reached it, and his return was welcomed with feasting and songs. He told them of the lake and the fish, and persuaded them all to remove to it, as it would be easier for them to live there. He immediately began to remove them by short encampments, and all things turned out as he had said. They caught abundance of fish. After this, a messenger came for him in the shape of a bear, who said that their king wished to see him immediately at his village. Paup-Puk-Keewiss was ready in an instant; and, getting on the messenger's back, off he ran. Towards evening they went up a high mountain, and came to a cave where the bear-king lived. He was a very large person, and made him welcome by inviting him into his lodge. As soon as propriety allowed, he spoke, and said that he had sent for him on hearing that he was the chief who was moving a large party towards his hunting-grounds.

"You must know," said he, "that you have no right there. And I wish you would leave the country with your party, or else the strongest force will take possession."

"Very well," replied Paup-Puk-Keewiss. "So

be it." He did not wish to do any thing without consulting his people; and besides, he saw that the bear-king was raising a war-party. He then told him he would go back that night. The bear-king left him to do as he wished, but told him that one of his young men was ready at his command; and, immediately jumping on his back, Paup-Puk-Keewiss rode home. He assembled the village, and told the young men to kill the bear, make a feast of it, and hang the head outside the village, for he knew the bear spies would soon see it, and carry the news to their chief.

Next morning Paup-Puk-Keewiss got all his young warriors ready for a fight. After waiting one day, the bear-party came in sight, making a tremendous noise. The bear-chief advanced, and said that he did not wish to shed the blood of the young warriors; but that if he, Paup-Puk-Keewiss, consented, they two would have a race, and the winner should kill the losing chief, and all his young men should be slaves to the other. Paup-Puk-Keewiss agreed, and they ran before all the warriors. He was victor, and came in first; but, not to terminate the race too soon, he gave the bear-chief some specimens of his skill and swiftness, by forming eddies and whirlwinds with the sand, as he leaped and turned about him. As the bear-chief came up, he drove an arrow through him, and a great chief fell. Having done this, he told his young men to take all those blackfish (meaning the bears), and tie them at the door of each lodge, that they might remain in future to serve as servants.

After seeing that all was quiet and prosperous in the village, Paup-Puk-Keewiss felt his desire for adventure returning. He took a kind leave of his friends and people, and started off again. After wandering a long time, he came to the lodge of Manabozho, who was absent. He thought he would play him a trick, and so turned every thing in the lodge upside down, and killed his chickens. Now, Manabozho calls all the fowls of the air his chickens; and among the number was a raven, the meanest of birds, which Paup-Puk-Keewiss killed and hung up by the neck to insult him. He then went on till he came to a very high point of rocks running out into the lake, from the top of which he could see the country back as far as the eye could reach. While sitting there, Manabozho's mountain chickens flew round and past him in great numbers. So, out of spite, he shot them in great numbers, for his arrows were sure and the birds very plenty, and he amused himself by throwing the birds down the rocky precipice. At length a wary bird cried out, "Paup-Puk-Keewiss is killing us. Go and tell our father." Away flew a delegation of them, and Manabozho soon made his appearance on the plain below. Paup-Puk-Keewiss made his escape on the opposite side. Manabozho cried out from the mountain,

"The earth is not so large but I can get up to you." Off Paup-Puk-Keewiss ran, and Manabozho after him. He ran over hills and prairies with all his speed, but still saw his pursuer hard after him. He thought of this expedient. He stopped and climbed a large pine-tree, stripped it of all its green foliage, and threw it to the winds, and then went on. When Manabozho reached the spot, the tree addressed him,

"Great chief," said the tree, "will you give me my life again? Paup-Puk-Keewiss has killed me."

"Yes," replied Manabozho; and it took him some

time to gather the scattered foliage, and then renewed the pursuit. Paup-Puk-Keewiss repeated the same thing with the hemlock, and with various other trees, for Manabozho would always stop to restore what he had destroyed. By this means he got in advance; but Manabozho persevered, and was fast overtaking him, when Paup-Puk-Keewiss happened to see an elk. He asked him to take him on his back, which the elk did, and for some time he made great progress, but still Manabozho was in sight. Paup-Puk-Keewiss dismounted, and, coming to a large sandstone rock, he broke it in pieces and scattered the grains. Manabozho was so close upon him at this place that he had almost caught him; but the foundation of the rock cried out,

"Haye! Ne-me-sho, Paup-Puk-Keewiss has spoiled me. Will you not restore me to life?"

"Yes," replied Manabozho; and he restored the rock to its previous shape. He then pushed on in the pursuit of Paup-Puk-Keewiss, and had got so near as to put out his arm to seize him; but Paup-Puk-Keewiss dodged him, and immediately raised such a dust and commotion by whirlwinds as made the trees break, and the sand and leaves dance in the air. Again and again, Manabozho's hand was put out to catch him; but he dodged him at every turn, and kept up such a tumult of dust, that in the thickest of it, he dashed into a hollow tree which had been blown down, and changed himself into a snake, and crept out at the roots. Well that he did; for at the moment he had got out, Manabozho, who is Ogee-bau-ge-mon,\* struck it with his power, and it was in fragments. Paup-Puk-Keewiss was again in human shape; again Manabozho pressed him hard. At a distance, he saw a very high bluff of rock jutting out into the lake, and ran for the

foot of the precipice, which was abrupt and elevated. As he came near, the local manito of the rock opened his door, and told him to come in. The door was no sooner closed, than Manabozho knocked.

"Open it!" he cried, with a loud voice.

The manito was afraid of him, but he said to his guest,

"Since I have sheltered you, I would sooner die with you than open the door."

"Open it!" Manabozho again cried.

The manito kept silent. Manabozho, however, made no attempt to open it by force. He waited a few moments. "Very well," he said; "I give you only till night to live." The manito trembled, for he knew he would be shut up under the earth.

Night came. The clouds hung low and black, and every moment the forked lightning would flash from them. The black clouds advanced slowly, and threw their dark shadows afar, and behind there was heard the rumbling noise of the coming thunder. As they came near to the precipice, the thunders broke, the lightning flashed, the ground shook, and the solid rocks split, tottered, and fell. And under their ruins were crushed the mortal bodies of Paup-Puk-Keewiss and the manito.

It was only then that Paup-Puk-Keewiss found he was really dead. He had been killed in different animal shapes; but now his body, in human shape, was crushed. Manabozho came and took their Jee-bi-ug or spirits.

"You," said he to Paup-Puk-Keewiss, "shall not be again permitted to live on the earth. I will give you the shape of the war-eagle, and you will be the chief of all fowls, and your duty shall be to watch over their destinies."

## MY FIRST PUNCH.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON. 1839.

I SHALL never forget my first punch. I had, at the age of seventeen, occasionally "drank of the wine of the vine benign," but punch had been a forbidden draught, an unattainable desire. In Francesco Redi's beautiful dithyrambic, "Bacco in Toscana," or rather the translation in Leigh Hunt's own janty manner, are a few lines describing most accurately my sensations under my first punch:

When I feel it gurgling, murmuring  
Down my throat and my œsophagus,  
Something, and I know not what,  
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus.  
Something easy of perception,  
But by no means of description.

I was sent, when scarcely seventeen, on a visit to my maternal uncle, who was quietly nibbling "the remainder biscuit" of his life in indolence and ease, not many miles from the rectilinear city. He had formerly been captain of a privateer, and but a few years have elapsed since his flag-staff stood perpendicularly proud on the margin of the Schuylkill, in the centre of a little mound which knobbed the end of the green slope or strip of lawn leading from the river to the dwelling-house. On the anniversaries of the declaration, the enemy's evacuation,

capitulation, and subjugation, the old hero gave the bunting to the breeze; and the floating of the federated stars in the morning air, gave the neighborhood a goodly token of a holiday.

"It is not good for a man to be alone," saith the Psalmist, and my relative, with a marvellous propensity to match-making, endeavored to impress the truth of the above axiom upon the minds of all his neighbors and friends who had not disposed of their "unhoused, free condition." He was not backward in espousing the principles he professed; he was the jolly widower of a third wife, and openly avowed his intention of completing the connubial quartette. His inquisitorial optics had discovered a fitting object in the person of a young widow who resided *vis-à-vis* to my uncle, but preferred a *tête-à-tête* with a dashing major, who was many years my uncle's junior. So desirous was he that every body within his vortex should be mated, that he compelled an ancient Hungarian, who officiated as gardener, to marry his Scotch housekeeper; they disagreed, of course, and the locality was daily rife with rows in broken English, and Celtic and Slavonian guttural grumbings.

My uncle was an unwelcome visitor, generally, at the houses of his acquaintances. The old people feared his hymeneal propensities, and the young dis-

\* A species of lightning.



liked his system of interference in all love matters. A shot in the knee proved the prowess of an offended father, who had challenged my match-making nunkey for harboring his daughter, who, at my relative's instigation, wedded herself to poverty and wretchedness, in the shape of a peripatetic lecturer on astronomy, whose stock in trade consisted of a broken orrery, two handsome legs, half a microscope, a smooth discourse, a magic lantern, and an unquenchable thirst.

The bullet gave my uncle a halt in his walk, but did not impede his progress in connubialization. Even the animals about his grounds were paired, and a stupid old goose, who pined after her gander that had been worried by a mastiff, and refused to mate again, was hung out of hand, as a sacrifice to Hymen and my uncle's whim.

"Well, Frank," said my uncle, on my arrival, "I guess you found the wind rather cool on your weather quarter this raw day. The little bay pony holds her own well—a good little craft, well-timbered, and sails free. Belay there with the rattlin of that curtain; trice it up a trifle higher, that as I sit here I may see if Major Dobkins fires his usual evening salute at widow Brown's door. I rather think there's something in the wind there, for he cut his stick at seven bells, instead of stopping well on to the middle watch. If there should be a screw loose, and he be turned out of the service, I'll tip the widow a broadside myself this very night. Now come to an anchor alongside here—no, no; slew more to the starboard, for I want to put my game leg on that stool. That will do. Now, then, how old are you?"

"Seventeen, next month," said I, timidly.

"Why, what a lazy loblolly boy you must be, not to think of getting spliced before this."

"Getting what, uncle?"

"Spliced. Splicing, sir, is joining the fag ends of two useless ropes into one, and making useful what otherwise would have been expended as old oakum. A good splice is the pride of an old sailor's heart."

"What useless piece of old rope do you wish to splice me to, sir?"

"No grinning or sneering here, you young powder-monkey! Have you tumbled into love yet?"

"In love!—oh no, sir," said I with a bashful chuckle.

"Then fall in, directly, d'ye hear? You know Epsy Parbar?"

"What, that tall, ugly gawky?"

"Who said she was pretty? Ugly women make the best wives. My first rib looked like an old Creek squaw with the small-pox, yet she was the best of the lot."

"But Miss Epsy is antique enough to be my mother," said I, most valiantly.

"Better able to look after such a child as you, and convoy you safe across the troubled sea of life. My little woman, who has just gone to Davy's locker, was not older than you are now when we got spliced, and I guess that Miss Epsy has not been rated on the ship's books of life so long as I have."

"But, my dear uncle—"

"No palaver, or I'll mast-head you. You are my heir, you know. I've had three wives, but no chicks; I'm not so old a rooster but I can mate again, and then, perhaps, a chickabiddy of my own may knock you off your perch. If you pair off with Epsy, I'll do the handsome thing by you, even if I

should couple again the following week. So, leave off twiddling your thumbs, and stretch away for Epsy's house, and fall in love directly. I've telegraphed her of your intention; she expects your arrival; go and report yourself; come back in the evening to me, and I will brew you a stiff north-wester, and spin you a yarn over our cigars."

Like an obedient child, I sallied forth, and prepared to execute the commands of my dictatorial uncle. Had remonstrances been likely to succeed, I was unable to offer any, so completely did his assumption of authority deter me from daring to dispute even the propriety of his wish. I was the only son of a widowed mother, who was merely existing on the remains of her husband's effects. My uncle had signified his intention of leaving me the bulk of his property, and I knew that the slightest infraction of his orders would totally exclude me from his will and wails.

I found my intended bride even more disagreeable than I had pictured her in my mind. Her small ferret eyes were deeply set in a little bullet-shaped head, which surmounted her long scraggy throat. Her nose was of that shape familiarly termed ace-of-clubs, and seemed absolutely turning itself up in disgust at the aperture underneath it, called in courtesy, a mouth—an immense orifice, garnished with two or three grave-stone looking teeth; while down the "sear and yellow" cheeks several rat-tail, lanky twists of hair were dangling in melancholy limberness, but in the nearest approach to a curl that Epsy could persuade them to assume.

*Peu de gens savent être vieux.* Miss Parbar had been so long making up her mind to own to thirty, that she had passed forty at a hand gallop, and was still careering most joyously on her way.

Dressed in a studied deshabille, and shaking back the elfish love-locks which adorned

The time-worn temples of that ancient land,

my lengthy love received me with an affectation of maiden timidity, peeping at me through the fingers of the hand with which she shaded her pig's twinklers, and speaking in a girlish treble with much simpering and giggling.

Ladies, if I have rudely delineated this unit of your species, impute it to the anti-erasable depth of my despair—to a devoted veneration, a passionate respect for all your fascinating sex; a respect which this *Medusan Venus* was endeavoring to subvert in its infancy, by proving that there did exist one woman in this world whom it was possible to hate!

I was not in love, as I had truly told my uncle; but like every enthusiastic lad of seventeen, I had pictured to myself an ideality of beauty, grace, and youth, which I expected some day to find perfected, when I should kneel, and instantly adore. But when I gazed upon the unlovable creature before me, and observed her uncouth, and, for an old lady, indelicate behavior, my heart sunk within me, and I felt like a poor toad that had timidly ventured out to bask in the sunshine of a fine spring morning, and was suddenly crushed by the hoof of some heedless ploughman passing by.

After spending an hour in simpering out the usual imbecilities, I bade my ancient fair adieu. It was early evening, the sky was radiant with life and loveliness; the cold north wind whistled through the leafless boughs, and the slight crispness of an incipient frost cracked beneath my feet. I drew my cloak tight around me, and strode lustily on; but I

was chilled to the heart—wretchedness and disgust were fighting for my soul, and not a single star shot a ray of hope through the Cimmerian darkness that “blanketed” my mind. My uncle was despotie—I dare not contradict him—and yet submission and despair were one. The thought of a leap into a clear stream that gently gurgled past me flashed upon my mind, but I was too young, too full of life; hope indeed seemed hopeless, but one soft, melting thought of home, and an involuntary upspringing of that elasticity of mind which belongs alone to youth, turned my ideas, and I entered my uncle’s house resolved to suffer all.

cream. Never put any of the juice or body of the lemon in whiskey punch, and the peel must be as free from the pith as possible. A spoonful of ice-cream gives a nice flavor to a pitcher of punch, and a few drops of oil of cloves or extract of bitter almonds impart a strange and spicy taste; but I prefer my punch as Falstaff did his sack, ‘simple of itself.’ There, taste that.”

I was cold, cheerless, and obedient. A large portion of the steaming fluid speedily vanished, and for the first time I was made acquainted with the glorious attributes of punch. The genial liquor diffused a grateful warmth throughout my frame, my senses



I found him sitting over a blazing wood fire, the kettle singing merrily on the Franklin, and the table spread with cigars, and the delicious paraphernalia of punch.

“Well, Frank, just in time; I’ve stowed away a couple of horns in my hold; mix yourself a glass, and report progress.”

“I—I cannot mix.”

“What! not mix? not brew punch?”

“No, sir; nor did I ever drink any.”

“Whew! but true, true; where the devil should you get punch! brought up at your mother’s apron string, and treated with cider and sour beer, mush-and-milk, and molasses candy. Punch is a tippie fit for men; see me brew, and learn the art. First, never brew more than you can drink while it is hot, for though punch improves by standing a short time, it is worth nothing cold. Rub half a dozen good-sized lumps of sugar on the outside of the lemon, then pare off the peel so rubbed, put it with the sugar into the pitcher, and pour over it about a wine-glass full of hot water; incorporate them—dash in a tumbler full of whiskey—real Irish; nothing else—and fill up with the boiling water, to within an inch of the brim. There, stir the ingredients well together, and then let the pitcher stand on the stove for a minute or two. Always observe, in whiskey punch, that the water must be boiling; in ‘Rack Punch’ it is vice versa, or it will not

quickened, my heart beat with an assured and strengthened pulse, my imagination seemed bursting with conceits, my tongue ran glibly, and for the first time I possessed sufficient confidence to look my dreaded uncle in the face.

“Capital stuff,” said I, gasping for breath.

“Put down the tumbler, Frank: pretty well for the first pull. Little boats must be kept near the shore. You found Epsy, as usual, moored stem and stern—make a good wife—no gadding. Mother Brown, over the way, has given me the slip; that privateering major has cut her out from under my very guns, or rather cut me out, and takes command of the prize craft next week, I’m told.”

My brain, under the influence of the punch, instantly conceived a project of deliverance from the hated marriage. Suffering my uncle to run on with his complaints, I had time to mature my plan, and a few more sips of punch gave me courage to execute it.

“Curse that ungrateful woman over the way!—a regular built fire-ship! I gave her a spaniel slut last week to match her favorite dog, and sent to Philadelphia for a couple of hen canaries for wives to that yellow little fellow in the cage there. Did I not marry her niece off her hands?—and though her rib did cut his cable in a month afterwards, that was no fault of mine. Did I not get her favorite housemaid a husband?—a sailor, too; none of

your fresh-water swabs, or duck-pond dandies, but a real blue-jacket, with a pair of whiskers as big as shoe-brushes. I should like to have spliced the widow, I must say; because her big Dutch coachman will not marry, do all I can; but if I had the command of him, he should wed in a week or clear out."

"What a triumph for the major!" said I, with a sigh.

"Well, never mind; we have emptied the pitcher, so try your hand now at brewage. Punch is the real cordial balm of Gilead, the elixir vitæ—my paragon, my carminative, my soothing syrup, my panacea. *Not too much sugar, Frank.* When I lost my first ship, a pitcher or two of punch cured my tantrums. I have had three wives—*enough acid there for a half a dozen, Frank*—and when my first wife, who had bellows strong enough to hail the main-top in a white squall—when she began firing her heavy metal at me, I gave her a broadside of punch, steaming hot; then boarded her in the smoke, and always made her strike her flag. *Plenty of spirit, Frank, for both of us.* My second rib was fat and lazy, bluff built and round, like a Dutch skipper; nothing roused her but a sup of punch. *Stir it up well, my boy.* The third and last was young and spry, and followed me about like a tame goat; couldn't stand that—so, when I wanted a sly cruise, I used to bouse up her jib with a couple of horns, and then sail where I pleased. I have seen three of them go down—how many more there may be, I can't say, but the more the merrier—*fill up my tumbler as full as you can.* Punch is just like wedlock—mix the ingredients well together, and you make very pretty tiddle; disproportion the arrangement, or jumble the mixing, and the opposite tastes appear. Too much sugar cloy, the acid sets your teeth on edge, the spirit affects your head, or you get the water on your brain. Some drink it too soon, and burn their mouths; others wait till it is cold, and all the flavor gone."

"The widow over the way seems something in a hurry for her second drink," said I, taking another sip. "It must be very galling to your feelings—a veteran in the matrimonial service like you, to be beaten by a raw recruit."

"That's it—a gun boat, a scow to outsail a liner! it's more than I can swallow," said my uncle, emptying his tumbler.

"Your laurels are stripped from your brow, certainly; and you must henceforth wear the willow. The laugh will be strong against you, I am afraid."

"Ay, curse them! How they will chuckle and grin on the wedding-day!"

"It would turn the laugh on your side, and show how little you feel the loss of the widow, if you could but get married first," said I, plumping in my long shot.

"So it would, Frank. Right, right; but where the d— am I to get a wife? I have spliced every body together that I could get at. There are but three single women in the neighborhood—the widow, Epsy, and the yellow girl at the doctor's."

"A very nice girl she is, too," said I, in all the pertness of punch.

"Mix me another pitcher, you amalgamating swab, and don't be impudent. As you say though, if I could but sail into the port of wedlock before her, it would be a great victory."

"The only thing to save your reputation, uncle—if you could but get some one to have you. I would

give you up any body but Epsy; but, really, I have taken so strong an interest in her—"

"Epsy? ay, true—you like her, eh?"

"How could I help it? I listened with delight to her sweet-toned voice, as she prattled in praise of my dear uncle."

"Eh! what? praise me?"

"I never heard a woman so eloquent. Indeed, she spoke more tenderly about you than I approved; and when she is my wife, I shall have to take care of my insinuating uncle."

"She is a fine frigate—rather too sharp-built about the bows, but with a clean run abaft. She wants fresh rigging, though, and ought to be well manned."

"Ah, uncle, you have proved your love in giving me so great a prize—not a giddy girl, but a steady experienced woman, with a sufficiency of this world's wealth to justify the match. A prize that all the young fellows of her day have been unable to obtain. Then, too, how delightful the neighborhood!—so close to my dear uncle's house. Epsy tells me that her peach orchard joins your seven-acre lot. If you could but find another woman as desirable as Epsy, and be married upon the same day with your too happy nephew, what a glorious quadrangular batch of beatitude we should form."

My uncle gave the burning logs a kick with his sound leg, and remained for some minutes in quiet cogitation. I knew that my intents were thriving, but I resolved to give them the *coup de grace*.

"Epsy tells me that the major is a conceited coxcomb, and offered to back his chance against you with the widow at two to one. The honor of the family is positively at stake. What a pity that there is no single lady of your acquaintance in the neighborhood—and the time is so short, too."

My uncle rose, and commenced halting up and down the room.

"Epsy tells me that the widow means to have a splendid day of it. She says that this is the first wedding, about here, for six years, in which you have not been concerned."

This was a clincher, and brought him up all standing, as he would have said. He stopped right opposite to me, and filling up my tumbler, said, in a low, gentle tone of voice: "I had no idea you were so smart a lad; I never heard you talk so well before. I have a little commission for you to execute in New York—some private business, requiring peculiar address. I shall get your despatches ready to-night, and you must heave and away by day-break. Finish your punch; go down and see your pony fed, and then turn into your hammock."

"Go to-morrow, sir? But Epsy, my dear Epsy—"

"I will see her in the morning, and make your excuses. You will have to stop at New York for a couple of weeks; here's an L for your expenses. Do not leave your moorings there till I write to you. Good night; get your traps together, and I'll meet you at breakfast about eight bells."

My trip to New York was to take a letter to an old friend of my uncle; it could as well have gone by post, but I knew his meaning, and was but too glad to see him fall so readily into my trap.

In a few days I received the following letter:

"DEAR NEPHEW:—I have just turned your wife that was to have been into your aunt that is—I beg your pardon for marrying your intended without



letting you know; but, as you said, the honor of the family was concerned. We were spliced together more than ten minutes before the widow and her chum, so the major did not take precedence of the captain. Old Joe fired the pattereroes and gave the bunting a fly. I had ship's allowance on the lawn for all who liked to stop in; and black Sam came down with his bugle, and kept tootlelooting all day. We drove the enemy away before dinner. I never shall forget their looks as they galloped off. I will bet drinks they quarrelled before bed-time. I should have liked you to have been there, but it

would not have been decent. Do not be dull; I will pick you a rib before long. Cruise about till my honeymoon is over; and then let me see you again. I have enclosed something for a new outfit, and your aunt sends her love, and thinks you had better go and see your mother.

Your affectionate uncle,  
JABEZ SPRIGGS."

Have I not reason to bless the operant powers of  
MY FIRST PUNCH?

## THE ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

BY J. P. INGRAHAM. 1839.

"I HAVE earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed, with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours—(I was penning "an article" for a certain "monthly," dear reader)—pushed my closely written manuscripts from me, and complacently took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked! and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!" Whereupon, I ignited my cigar with a self-encinding apparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charge it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith began to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels in Broadway beneath me was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages!

The happy, the gallant, the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade! Where was my Rosinante? Where was my "establishment?" Echo answered "where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to relate, for it is a nouvelle in itself. I can unveil you the mystery, lady!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was

seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening, I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worshipped like the publican, afar off. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well bred woman of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass!" Involuntarily, he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment, he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening, the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street-door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment—(some men surely are born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others)—the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace and—(blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel)—his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and, in a few seconds, the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this, reader! All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. The "lady's" carriage—(it was a landau, and the top was thrown back)—came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dis-

mounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *pavé*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening, they were unusually late on their return. Finally, the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn the equestrian was not the stranger! No! he dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the *gentleman* and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this *amour* for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock, P. M., I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico—pulled at the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic bath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to admit the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment, he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the "art of love!" I shall have confidence, I have so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me most edifyingly. Then came the *lubial seal* that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to some sudden step. She, at first, appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. In ten minutes, the landau was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, "drive to St. John's Church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of insurance upon my life in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street! I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter it! The grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them!

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls, then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again," exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him! "You shan't!"—"I will!"—"I say you shan't!"—"I say I will!"—were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!"

"The devil you have! and *who* may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!"

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand, his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter!"

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterward, a hack drove to the servants' hall door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw



his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery! Henceforth, dear reader, I most conscientiously eschew matrimony.

## ODE TO BOGLE.

Dedicated, with permission, and a Piece of Mint-Stick, to Mela W—, aged Four Years.

BY NICHOLAS BIDDLE. 1840.

Of Brownis and of Bogilis ful is this buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

BOGLE! not he whose shadow flies  
Before a frighted Scotchman's eyes,  
But thou of Eighth near Sampson—thou  
Colorless color'd man, whose brow  
Unmoved the joys of life surveys,  
Untouched the gloom of death displays;  
Reckless if joy or grief prevail,  
Stern, multifarious BOGLE, hail!

Hail may'st thou Bogle, for thy reign  
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,  
Begins before our earliest breath,  
Nor ceases with the hour of death:  
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed,  
Unless thy care the supper spread;  
Half christened only were that boy,  
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,  
If, supper finished, cakes and wine  
Were given by any hand but thine;  
And Christian burial e'en were scant,  
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.  
Lover of pomps! the dead might rise,  
And feast upon himself his eyes,  
When marshalling the black array,  
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day;

Teaching how grief should be genteel,  
And legatees should seem to feel.  
Death's seneschal! 'tis thine to trace  
For each his proper look and place,  
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,  
With hostile cousins, hand in hand,  
Give matchless gloves, and fity shape  
By length of face and length of crape.  
See him erect, with lofty tread,  
The dark scarf streaming from his head,  
Lead forth his groups in order meet,  
And range them, grief-wise in the street;  
Presiding o'er the solemn show,  
The very Chesterfield of wo.  
Evil to him should bear the pall,  
Yet comes too late or not at all;  
Woe to the mourner who shall stray  
One inch beyond the trim array;  
Still worse, the kinsman who shall move,  
Until thy signal voice approve.

Let widows, anxious to fulfil,  
(For the first time,) the dear man's will,  
Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,  
For bliss deferr'd, or loss of fees,

Or heirs impatient of delay,  
 Chafe inly at his formal stay ;  
 The Bogle heeds not ; firm and true,  
 Resolved to give the dead his due,  
 No jot of honor will he bate,  
 Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,  
 Till the last parson is at hand,  
 And every hat has got its band.  
 Before his stride the town gives way—  
 Beggars and belles confess his sway ;  
 Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,  
 Rein up to let his cortège pass,  
 And Death himself, that ceaseless dun,  
 Who waits on all, yet waits for none,  
 Rebuked beneath his haughty tone,  
 Scarce dares to call his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man ! thy power,  
 In festal than in funeral hour,  
 When gas and beauty's blended rays  
 Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze ;  
 Or spermaceti's light reveals  
 More 'inward bruises' than it heals ;  
 In flames each belle her victim kills,  
 And 'sparks fly upward' in quadrilles ;  
 Like iceberg in an Indian clime,  
 Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime,  
 Cool airs upon that sultry stream,  
 From Roman punch or frosted cream.

From Chapman's self some eye will stray  
 To rival charms upon thy tray,  
 Which thou dispensest with an air,  
 As life or death depended there.  
 Wo for the luckless wretch, whose back  
 Has stood against a window crack,  
 And then impartial, cool'st in turn  
 The youth whose love and Lehigh burn.  
 On Johnson's smooth and placid mien  
 A quaint and fitful smile is seen ;  
 O'er Shepherd's pale romantic face,  
 A radiant simper we may trace ;  
 But on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,  
 Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak.  
 His very smile, serenely stern,  
 As lighted lachrymary urn.  
 In church or state, in bower and hall,  
 He gives with equal face to all :  
 The wedding cake, the funeral crape,  
 The mourning glove, the festal grape ;  
 In the same tone when crowds disperse,  
 Calls Powell's hack, or Carter's hearse ;  
 As gently grave, as sadly grim,  
 At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou social Fabius ! since the day  
 When Rome was saved by wise delay,  
 None else has found the happy chance,  
 By always waiting, to advance.



So, sadly social, when we flee  
 From milky talk and watery tea,  
 To dance by inches in that strait  
 Betwixt a side-board and a grate,  
 With rug uplift, and blower tight,  
 'Gainst that foul fire-fiend, anthracite,  
 Then Bogle o'er the weary hours  
 A world of sweets incessant showers,  
 Till, blest relief from noise and foam,  
 The farewell pound-cake warns us home,  
 Wide opes the crowd to let thee pass,  
 And hails the music of thy glass.  
 Drowning all other sounds, e'en those  
 From Bollman or Sigolne that rose ;

Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,  
 Pass on, yet hope to be pursued,  
 Thy gentler nature waits on all ;  
 When parties rage, on thee they call,  
 Who seek no office in the state,  
 Content, while others push, to wait.

Yet, (not till Providence bestowed  
 On Adam's sons McAdam's road,)  
 Unstumbling foot was rarely given  
 To man nor beast when quickly driven  
 And they do say, but this I doubt,  
 For seldom he lets things leak out,

They do say, ere the dances close,  
His, too, are 'light fantastic toes';  
Oh, if this be so, Bogle! then  
How are we served by serving men!  
A waiter by his weight forsaken!  
An undertaker—overtaken!

L'Envoi.

META! thy ripper years may know  
More of this world's fantastic show;

In thy time, as in mine, shall be,  
Burials and pound-cake, beaux and tea,  
Rooms shall be hot, and ices cold;  
And flirts be both, as 't was of old;  
Love, too, and mint-stick shall be made,  
Some dearly bought, some lightly weighted;  
As true the hearts, the forms as fair,  
And equal joy and grace be there,  
The smile as bright, as soft the ogle  
But never—never such a Bogle!

## THE LAZY CROW.

### A Story of the Cornfield.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS. 1840.

WE were on the Savannah river when the corn was coming up; at the residence of one of those planters of the middle country, the staid, sterling, old time gentlemen of the last century, the stock of which is so rapidly diminishing. The season was advanced and beautiful; the flowers every where in odor, and all things promised well for the crops of the planter. Hopes and seed, however, set out in March and April, have a long time to go before ripening, and when I congratulated Mr. Carrington on the prospect before him, he would shake his head, and smile and say, in a quizzical inquiring humor, "wet or dry, cold or warm, which shall it be? what season shall we have? Tell me that, and I will hearken with more confidence to your congratulations. We can do no more than plant the seed, scuffle with the grass, say our prayers, and leave the rest to Him without whose blessing no labor can avail."

"There is something more to be done, and of scarcely less importance it would seem, if I may judge from the movements of Scipio—kill or keep off the crows."

Mr. Carrington turned as I spoke these words; we had just left the breakfast table, where we had enjoyed all the warm comforts of hot rice-waffles, journey-cake, and glowing biscuit, not to speak of hominy and hoe-cake, without paying that passing acknowledgment to dyspeptic dangers upon which modern physicians so earnestly insist. Scipio, a sleek, well-fed negro, with a round, good-humored face, was busy in the corner of the apartment; one hand employed in grasping a goodly fragment of bread, half-concealed in a similar slice of bacon, which he had just received from his young mistress;—while the other carefully selected from the corner, one of half-a-dozen double-barrelled guns, which he was about to raise to his shoulder, when my remark turned the eye of his master upon him.

"How now, Scipio, what are you going to shoot?" was the inquiry of Mr. Carrington.

"Crow, sa; dere's a d—n ugly crow dat's a-troubling me, and my heart's set for kill 'um."

"One only? why Scip, you're well off if you hav'n't a hundred. Do they trouble you very much in the pine land field?"

"Dare's a plenty, sa; but dis one I guine kill, sa, he's wuss more nor all de rest. You hab good load in bot' barrel, massa?"

"Yes, but small shot only. Draw the load, Scip, and put in some of the high duck; you'll find the bag in the closet. These crows will hardly let you

get nigh enough, Scipio, to do them any mischief with small shot."

"Ha! but I will trouble dis black rascal, you see, once I set eye 'pon um. He's a d—n ugly nigger, and he a'n't feared. I can git close 'nough, massa."

The expression of Scipio's face, while uttering the brief declaration of war against the innumerable, and almost licensed pirates of the cornfield, or rather against one in particular, was full of the direst hostility. His accents were not less marked by malignity, and could not fail to command our attention.

"Why, you seem angry about it, Scipio; this crow must be one of the most impudent of his tribe, and a distinguished character."

"I'll 'stinguish um, massa,—you'll see. Jist as you say, he's a mos' impudent nigger. He no feared of me 't all. When I stan' and look 'pon him, he stan' and look 'pon me. I tak' up dirt and stick, and throw at um, but he no scare. When I chase um, he fly dis way, he fly dat, but he nebber gone so far, but he can turn round and cock he tail at me, jist when he see me stop. He's a mos' d—n sassy crow, as ebber walk in a cornfield."

"But Scipio, you surprise me. You don't mean to say that it is one crow in particular that annoys you in this manner?"

"De same one, ebbery day, massa; de same one,"—was the reply.

"How long has this been?"

"Mos' a week now, massa; ebber since las' Friday."

"Indeed! but what makes you think this troublesome crow always the same one, Scipio? Do you think the crows never change their spies?"

"Goly, I know um, massa; dis da same crow been trouble me, ebber since las' Friday. He's a crow by he'sef, massa. I nebber see him wid t'oder crows; he no hab complexion of t'oder crow, yet he's crow, all de same."

"Is he not black, like all his tribe?"

"Yes, he black, but he ain't black like de oder ones. Dere's something like a gray dirt 'pon he wing. He's black, but he no gloss black—no jet;—he hab dirt, I tell you, massa, on he wing, jis' by de skirt ob de jacket—jis' here;" and he lifted the lapel of his master's coat, as he concluded his description of the bird that troubled him.

"A strange sort of crow indeed, Scipio, if he answers your description. Should you kill him, be sure and bring him to me. I can scarcely think him a crow."



"How, no crow, massa? Goly, I know crow good as any body. He's a crow, massa,—a dirty, black nigger of a crow, and I'll shoot um through he head, sure as a gun. He trouble me too much; look hard 'pon me as if you hab bin gib um wages for obersee. Nobody ax um for watch me, see wha' I do! Who mak' him oberseer?"

"A useful crow, Scipio; and now I think of it, it might be just as well that you shouldn't shoot him. If he does such good service in the cornfield as to see that you all do your work, I'll make him my overseer in my absence!"

This speech almost astounded the negro. He dropped the butt of the gun upon the floor, suffered the muzzle to rest in the hollow of his arm, and thus boldly expostulated with his master against so strange a decision.

"No shoot um, massa? no shoot crow dat's a-troubling you? Dickens, massa, but dat's too foolish now, I mus' tell you; and to tell you de blessed trut', if you don't shoot dis lazy crow I tell you ob, or le' me shoot um, one or t'oder, den you mus' take Scip out of de cornfiel', and put 'n oder nigger in he place. I can't work wid dat ugly ting, looking at me so sassy. When I turn, he turn; if I go to dis hand, why, he's dere; if I change 'bout, and go t'oder hand, dere's de critter, jis de same. He nebber git out of de way, 'til I run at um wid a stick."

"Well, well, Scipio, kill your crow, but be sure and bring him in when you do so. You may go now."

"I hab um to-night for you, massa, ef God spare me. Look 'a, young missus, you hab any coffee lef' in de pot; I tanks you."

Jane Carrington,—a gentle and lovely girl of seventeen,—who did the honors of the table, supplied Scipio's wants, and leaving him to the enjoyment of his mug of coffee, Mr. C. and myself walked forth into the plantation.

The little dialogue just narrated had almost entirely passed out of my mind, when, at evening, returning from his labors in the cornfield, who should make his appearance but Scipio. He came to place the gun in the corner from which he had taken it; but he brought with him no trophies of victory. He had failed to scalp his crow. The inquiry of his master as to his failure, drew my attention to the negro, who had simply placed the weapon in the rest, and was about to retire, with a countenance, as I thought, rather sullen and dissatisfied, and a hang-dog, sneaking manner, as if anxious to escape observation. He had utterly lost that air of confidence which he had worn in the morning.

"What, Scipio! no crow?" demanded his master.

"I no shoot, sa;" replied the negro, moving off as he spoke, as if willing that the examination should rest there. But Mr. Carrington, who was something of a quiz, and saw that the poor fellow labored under a feeling of mortified self-conceit, was not unwilling to worry him a little further.

"Ah, Scip, I always thought you a poor shot, in spite of your bragging; now I'm sure of it. A crow comes and stares you out of countenance, walks round you, and scarcely flies when you pelt him, and yet, when the gun is in your hands, you do nothing. How's that?"

"I tell you, massa, I no bin shoot. Ef I bin shoot, I bin hurt um in he head for true; but dere' no use for shoot, tel you can get shot, inty? Wha'

for trow 'way de shot?—you buy 'em—becos' you money; well, you hab money for trow 'way? No! Wha' den—Scip's a d—n rascal for true, ef he trow 'way you money. Dat's trow 'way you money, wha's trow 'way you shot,—wha's trow you corn, you peas, you fodder, you hog-meat, you chickens and eggs. Scip nebber trow 'way you property, massa; nobody nebber say sich ting."

"Cunning dog—nobody accuses you, Scipio. I believe you to be as honest as the rest, Scipio, but haven't you been throwing away time? haven't you been poking about after this crow to the neglect of your duty? Come, in plain language, did you get through your task to-day?"

"Task done, massa; I finish um by three 'clock."

"Well, what did you do with the rest of your time? Have you been at your own garden, Scipio?"

"No, sa; I no touch de garden."

"Why not? what employed you from three o'clock?"

"Dis same crow, massa; I tell you, massa, 'tis dis same dirty nigger of a crow I bin looking arter, ebber since I git over de task. He's a ting da's too sassy, and aggravates me berry much. I follow um tel de sun shut he eye, and nebber can git shot. Ef I bin git shot, I nebber miss um, massa, I tell you."

"But why did you not get a shot? You must have bungled monstrously, Scipio, not to succeed in getting a shot at a bird that is always about you. Does he bother you less than he did before, now that you have the gun?"

"I spec' he mus' know, massa, da's de reason; but he bodder me jis' de same. He nebber leff me all day I bin in de cornfield, but he nebber come so close for be shoot. He say to he sef, dat gun good at sixty yard, in Scip hand; I stan' sixty, I stan' a hundred; ef he shoot so far, I laf at 'em. Da's wha' he say."

"Well, even at seventy or eighty yards, you should have tried him, Scipio. The gun that tells at sixty, will be very apt to tell at seventy or eighty yards, if the nerves be good that hold it, and the eye close. Try him even at a hundred, Scipio, rather than lose your crow; but put in your biggest shot."

The conference ended with this counsel of the master. The fellow promised to obey, and the next morning he sallied forth with the gun as before. By this time, both Mr. Carrington and myself had begun to take some interest in the issue thus tacitly made up between the field negro and his annoying visitor. The anxiety which the former manifested, to destroy, in particular, one of a tribe, of which the corn-planter has an aversion so great as to prompt the frequent desire of the Roman tyrant touching his enemies, and make him wish that they had but one neck that a single blow might despatch them, was no less ridiculous than strange; and we both fell to our fancies to account for an hostility, which could not certainly be accounted for by any ordinary anxiety of the good planter on such an occasion. It was evident to both of us that the imagination of Scipio was not inactive in the strife, and knowing how exceeding superstitious the negroes generally are, (and indeed, all inferior people,) after canvassing the subject in various lights, without coming to any rational solution, we concluded that the difficulty arose from some grotesque fear or fancy, with which the fellow had been inspired, probably by some other negro, on a

circumstance as casual as any one of the thousand by which the Roman augur divined, and the sooth-sayer gave forth his oracular predictions. Scipio had good authority for attaching no small importance to the flight or stoppage of a bird; and with this grave justification of his troubles, we resolved to let the matter rest, till we could join the negro in the cornfield, and look for ourselves into the condition of the rival parties.

This we did that very morning. "Possum Place,"—for such had been the whimsical name conferred upon his estate by the proprietor, in reference to the vast numbers of the little animal, nightly found upon it, the opossum, the meat of which a sagacious negro will always prefer to that of a pig,—lay upon the Santee swamp, and consisted pretty evenly of reclaimed swamp-land, in which he raised his cotton, and fine high pine-land hammock, on which he made his corn. To one of the fields of the latter we made our way about mid-day, and were happy to find Scipio in actual controversy with the crow that troubled him. Controversy is scarce the word, but I can find no fitter, at this moment. The parties were some hundred yards asunder. The negro was busy with his hoe, and the gun leaned conveniently at hand on a contiguous and charred pine stump, one of a thousand that dotted the entire surface of the spacious field in which he labored. The crow leisurely passed to and fro along the alleys, now lost among the little hollows and hillocks, and now emerging into sight, sometimes at a less, sometimes at a greater distance, but always with a deportment of the most brass-like indifference to the world around him. His gait was certainly as lordly and as lazy as that of a Castilian the third remove from a king and the tenth from a shirt. We could discover in him no other singularity but this marked audacity; and both Mr. Carrington's eyes and mine were stretched beyond their orbits, but in vain, to discover that speck of "gray dirt upon his wing," which Scipio had been very careful to describe with the particularity of one who felt that the duty would devolve on him to brush the jacket of the intruder. We learned from the negro that his sooty visitor had come alone as usual,—for though there might have been a sprinkling of some fifty crows here and there about the field, we could not perceive that any of them had approached to any more familiarity with that one that annoyed him, than with himself. He had been able to get no shot as yet, though he did not despair of better fortune through the day; and in order to the better assurance of his hopes, the poor fellow had borne what he seemed to consider the taunting swagger of the crow all around him, without so much as lifting weapon, or making a single step towards him.

"Give me your gun," said Mr. Carrington. "If he walks no faster than now, I'll give him greater weight to carry."

But the lazy crow treated the white man with a degree of deference that made the negro stare. He made off at full speed with the first movement towards him, and disappeared from sight in a few seconds. We lost him seemingly among the willows and fern of a little bay that lay a few hundred yards beyond us.

"What think you of that, Scip?" demanded the master. "I've done more with a single motion than you've done for days, with all your poking and pelting. He'll hardly trouble you in a hurry

again, though if he does, you know well enough now, how to get rid of him."

The negro's face brightened for an instant, but suddenly changed, while he replied,—

"Ah, massa, when you back turn, he will come gen—he dah watch you now."

Sure enough—we had not proceeded a hundred yards, before the calls of Scipio drew our attention to the scene we had left. The bedevilled negro had his hands uplifted with something of an air of horror, while a finger guided us to the spot where the lazy crow was taking his rounds, almost in the very place from whence the hostile advance of Mr. Carrington had driven him; and with a listless, lounging strut of aristocratic composure, that provoked our wonder quite as much as the negro's indignation.

"Let us see it out," said Mr. C., returning to the scene of action. "At him, Scipio; take your gun and do your best."

But this did not seem necessary. Our return had the effect of sending the sooty intruder to a distance, and after lingering some time to see if he would re-appear while we were present, but without success, we concluded to retire from the ground. At night, we gathered from the poor negro, that our departure was the signal for the crow's return. He walked the course with impunity, though Scipio pursued him several times, and towards the close of day, in utter desperation, gave him both barrels, not only without fracturing a feather, but actually,



according to Scip's story, without occasioning in him the slightest discomposure or alarm. He merely changed his place at each onset, doubled on his own ground, made a brief circuit, and back again to the old distance, looking as impudently, and walking along as lazily as ever.

Some days passed by, and I saw nothing of Scipio. It appears, however, that his singular conflict with the lazy crow was carried on with as much pertinacity on the one side, and as little patience on the

other, as before. Still, daily did he provide himself with the weapon and munitions of war, making as much fuss in loading it, and putting in shot as large as if he proposed warfare on some of the more imposing occupants of the forest, rather than a simple bird, so innocent in all respects, except the single one of corn-stealing, as the crow. A fact, of which we obtained possession some time after, and from the other negroes, enlightened us somewhat on the subject of Scipio's own faith as to the true character of his enemy. In loading his gun, he counted out his shot, being careful to get an odd number. In using big buck, he numbered two sevens for a load; the small buck, three; and seven times seven duck shot, when he used the latter, were counted out as a charge, with the studious nicety of the jeweller at his pearls and diamonds. Then followed the mystic process of depositing the load within the tube, from which it was to issue forth in death and devastation. His face was turned from the sunlight; the blaze was not suffered to rest upon the bore or barrel; and when the weapon was charged, it was carried into field only on his left shoulder. In spite of all these preparations, the lazy crow came and went as before. He betrayed no change of demeanor; he showed no more consciousness of danger; he submitted to pursuit quietly, never seeming to hurry himself in escaping, and was quite as close an overseer of Scipio's conduct, as he had shown himself from the first. Not a day passed that the negro failed to shoot at him; always, however, by his own account, at disadvantage, and never, it appears, with any success. The consequence of all this was, that Scipio fell sick. What with the constant annoyance of the thing, and a too excitable imagination, Scipio, a stout fellow nearly six feet high, and half as many broad, laid himself at length in his cabin, at the end of the week, and was placed on the sick-list accordingly. But as a negro will never take physic, if he can help it, however ready he may be to complain, it was not till Sunday afternoon, that Jane Carrington, taking her customary stroll on that day to the negro quarters, ascertained the fact. She at once apprised her father, who was something of a physician, (as every planter should be,) and who immediately proceeded to visit the invalid. He found him without any of the customary signs of sickness. His pulse was low and feeble, rather than full or fast; his tongue tolerably clean; his skin not unpleasant, and in all ordinary respects Scipio would have been pronounced in very good condition for his daily task, and his hog and hominy. But he was an honest fellow, and the master well knew that there was no negro on his plantation so little given to "playing 'possum," as Scipio. He complained of being very unwell, though he found it difficult to locate his annoyances, and say where or in what respect his ailing lay. Questions only confused, and seemed to vex him, and, though really skilful in the cure of such complaints as ordinarily occur on a plantation, Mr. Carrington, in the case before him, was really at a loss. The only feature of Scipio's disease that was apparent, was a full and raised expression of the eye, that seemed to swell out whenever he spoke, or when he was required to direct his attention to any object, or answer to any specific inquiry. The more the master observed him, the more difficult it became to utter an opinion; and he was finally compelled to leave him for the night, without medicine,

judging it wiser to let nature take the subject in hand, until he could properly determine in what respect he suffered. But the morrow brought no alleviation of Scipio's sufferings. He was still sick as before—incapable of work—indeed, as he alleged, unable to leave his bed, though his pulse was a little exaggerated from the night previous, and exhibited only that degree of energy and fulness, which might be supposed natural to one moved by sudden physical excitement. His master half-suspected him of shamming, but the lugubrious expression of the fellow's face, could scarcely be assumed for any purpose, and was to all eyes as natural as could be. He evidently thought himself in a bad way. I suggested some simple medicine, such as salts or castor oil—any thing, indeed, which could do no harm, and which could lessen the patient's apprehensions, which seemed to increase with the evident inability of his master to give him help. Still he could scarcely tell where it hurt him; his pains were every where, in head, back, shoulder, heels, and strange to say, at the tips of his ears. Mr. C. was puzzled, and concluded to avoid the responsibility of such a case, by sending for the neighboring physician. Dr. C.—, a very clever and well-read man, soon made his appearance, and was regularly introduced to the patient. His replies to the physician were as little satisfactory as those which he had made to us; and after a long and tedious cross-examination by doctor and master, the conclusion was still the same. Some few things, however, transpired in the inquiry, which led us all to the same inference with the doctor, who ascribed Scipio's condition to some mental hallucination. While the conversation had been going on in his cabin—a dwelling like most negro houses, made with poles, and the chinks stopped with clay—he turned abruptly from the physician to a negro girl that brought him soup, and asked the following question.

"Who bin tell Gullah Sam for come in yer yisserday?"

The girl looked confused, and made no answer.

"Answer him," said the master.

"Da's him—why you no talk, nigger?" said the patient authoritatively. "I ax you, who bin tell Gullah Sam for come in yer yisserday?"

"He bin come?" responded the girl with another inquiry.

"Sure, he bin come—enty I see um wid he dirty gray jacket, like dirt on a crow wing? He tink I no see um—he 'tan der in dis corner, close de chimney, and look wha's a cook in de pot. Oh, how my ear bu'n—somebody's a talking 'bad tings 'bout Scipio now."

There was a good deal in this speech to interest Mr. Carrington and myself; we could trace something of his illness to his strife with the crow; but who was Gullah Sam? This was a question put both by the doctor and myself, at the same moment.

"You no know Gullah Sam, enty? Ha! better you don't know um—he's a nigger da's more dan nigger—wish he mind he own business."

With these words the patient turned his face to the wall of his habitation, and seemed unwilling to vouchsafe us any further speech. It was thought unnecessary to annoy poor Scipio with farther inquiries, and leaving the cabin, we obtained the desired information from his master.

"Gullah Sam," said he, "is a native born African

from the Gold Coast, who belongs to my neighbor, Mr. Jamison, and was bought by his father out of a Rhode Island slaver, some time before the Revolution. He is now, as you may suppose, rather an old man; and, to all appearances, would seem a simple and silly one enough; but the negroes all around regard him to be a great conjuror, and look upon his powers as a wizard, with a degree of dread, only to be accounted for by the notorious superstition of ignorance. I have vainly endeavored to overcome their fears and prejudices on this subject; but the object of fear is most commonly, at the same time, an object of veneration, and they hold on to the faith which has been taught them, with a tenacity like that with which the heathen clings to the idol, the wrath of which he seeks to deprecate, and which he worships only because he fears. The little conversation which we have had with Scipio, in his partial delirium, has revealed to me what a sense of shame has kept him from declaring before. He believes himself to be bewitched by Gullah Sam, and whether the African possesses any power such as he pretends to or not, is still the same to Scipio, if his mind has a full conviction that he does, and that he has become its victim. A superstitious negro might as well be bewitched, as to fancy that he is so."

"And what do you propose to do?" was my inquiry.

"Nay, that question I cannot answer you. It is a work of philosophy, rather than of physic, and we must become the masters of the case, before we can prescribe for it. We must note the fancies of the patient himself, and make these subservient to the case. I know of no other remedy."

That evening, we all returned to the cabin of Scipio. We found him more composed—sane, perhaps, would be the proper word—than in the morning, and accordingly, perfectly silent on the subject of Gullah Sam. His master took the opportunity of speaking to him in plain language.

"Scipio, why do you try to keep the truth from me? Have you ever found me a bad master, that you should fear to tell me the truth?"

"Nebber say sich ting! Who tell you, massa I say you bad?" replied the negro with a lofty air of indignation, rising on his arm in the bed.

"Why should you keep the truth from me?" was the reply.

"Wha' trute I keep from you, massa?"

"The cause of your sickness, Scipio. Why did you not tell me that Gullah Sam had bewitched you?"

The negro was confounded.

"How you know, massa?" was his demand.

"It matters not," replied the master, "but how came Gullah Sam to bewitch you?"

"He kin 'witch, den, massa?" was the rather triumphant demand of the negro, who saw in his master's remark, a concession to his faith, which had always been withheld before. Mr. Carrington extricated himself from the dilemma with sufficient promptness and ingenuity.

"The devil has power, Scipio, over all that believe in him. If you believe that Gullah Sam can do with you what he pleases, in spite of God and the Saviour, there is no doubt that he can; and God and the Saviour will alike give you up to his power, since when you believe in the devil, you refuse to believe in them. They have told you, and the preacher has told you, and I have told you, that

Gullah Sam can do you no sort of harm, if you will refuse to believe in what he tells you. Why then do you believe in that miserable and ignorant old African, sooner than in God, and the preacher, and myself?"

"I can't help it, massa—de ting's de ting, and you can't change um. Dis Gullah Sam—he wuss more nor ten debble—I jis' laugh at um t'oder day—tree week 'go when he tumble in de hoss pond, and he shake he finger at me, and ebber since, he put he bad mout' 'pon me. Ebber sence dat time, dat ugly crow bin stand in my eyes, whichever way I tu'n. He hab gray dirt on he wing, and enty dere's a gray patch on Gullah Sam jacket? Gullah Sam hab close quaintan' wid dat same lazy crow da's walk roun' me in de cornfield, massa. I bin tink so from de fuss; and when he 'tan and le' me shoot at um, and no 'fraid, den I sartain."

"Well, Scipio," said the master, "I will soon put an end to Sam's power. I will see Mr. Jamison, and will have Sam well flogged for his witchcraft. I think you ought to be convinced that a wizard who suffers himself to be flogged, is but a poor devil after all."

The answer of the negro was full of consternation.

"For Christ Jesus' sake, massa, I beg you do no sich ting. You lick Gullah Sam, den you loss Scipio for eber and eber, amen. Gullah Sam neber guine take off de bad mout' he put cn Scip, once you lick em. De pains will keep in de bones—de leg will dead, fuss de right leg, den de lef, one arter t'oder, and you nigger will dead, up and up, till noting lef for dead but he head. He head will hab life, when you kin put he body in de hole, and cubber um up wid du't. You mus' try n'oder tings, massa, for get you nigger cure—you lick Gullah Sam, 'tis kill um for ebber."

A long conversation ensued among us, Scipio taking occasional part in it; for, now that his secret was known, he seemed somewhat relieved, and gave utterance freely to his fears and superstitions; and determined for and against the remedies which we severally proposed, with the authority of one, not only more deeply interested in the case than any one beside, but who also knew more about it. Having unscrupulously opposed nearly every plan, even in its inception, which was suggested, his master, out of patience, at last exclaimed,

"Well, Scipio, it seems nothing will please you. What would you have? what course shall I take to dispossess the devil, and send Gullah Sam about his business?"

After a brief pause, in which the negro twisted from side to side of his bed, he answered as follows:

"Ef you kin trow way money on Scip, massa, dere's a way I tink 'pon, dat'll do um help, if dere's any ting kin help um now, widout go to Gullah Sam. But it's a berry 'spensive way, massa."

"How much will it cost?" demanded the master. "I am not unwilling to pay money for you, either to cure you when you are sick, as you ought to know, by my sending for the doctor, or by putting more sense into your head than you seem to have at present. How much money do you think it will take to send the devil out of you?"

"Ha! massa, you no speak 'spectful 'nough. Dis Gullah Sam hard to move; more dan de lazy crow dat walk in de cornfield. He will take money 'nough; mos' a bag ob cotton in dese hard times."

"Pshaw—speak out, and tell me what you mean!" said the now thoroughly impatient master.

"Dere's an old nigger, massa, dat's an Ebo—he lib ober on St. Matthew's, by de bluff, place of Major Thompson. He's mighty great hand for cure bad mout'. He's named 'Tuselah, and he's a witch he sef, worse more nor Gullah Sam. Gullah Sam fear'd um—berry fear'd um. You send for 'Tuselah, massa, he cos' you more nor twenty dollars. Scipio git well for sartin, and you nebber yerry any more dat sassy crow in de cornfield."

"If I thought so," replied Mr. Carrington, looking round upon us, as if himself half-ashamed to give in to the suggestions of the negro; "if I thought so, I would certainly send for Methuselah. But really, there's something very ridiculous in all this."

"I think not," was my reply. "Your own theory will sustain you, since, if Scipio's fancy makes one devil, he is equally assured, by the same fancy, of the counter power of the other."

"Besides," said the doctor, "you are sustained by the proverb, 'set a thief to catch a thief.' The thing is really curious. I shall be anxious to see how the St. Matthew's wizard overcomes him of Santee; though, to speak truth, a sort of sectional interest in my own district, would almost tempt me to hope that he may be defeated. This should certainly be my prayer, were it not that I have some commiseration for Scipio. I should be sorry to see him dying by inches."

"By feet, rather," replied his master with a laugh. "First the right leg, then the left, up and up, until life remains to him in his head only. But, you shall have your wish, Scipio. I will send a man to-morrow by daylight to St. Matthew's for Methuselah, and if he can overcome Gullah Sam at his own weapons, I shall not begrudge him the twenty dollars."

"Tanks, massa, tousand tanks!" was the reply of the invalid; his countenance suddenly brightening for the first time for a week, as if already assured of the happy termination of his affliction. Meanwhile, we left him to his cogitations, each of us musing to himself, as well on the singular mental infirmities of a negro, at once sober, honest, and generally sensible, and that strange sort of issue which was about to be made up, between the respective followers of the rival principles of African witchcraft, the Gullah and the Ebo fetishes.

The indulgent master that night addressed a letter to the owner of Methuselah, stating all the circumstances of the case, and soliciting permission for the wizard, of whom such high expectations were formed, or fancied, to return with the messenger, who took with him an extra horse, that the journey might be made with sufficient despatch. To this application a ready assent was given, and the messenger returned on the day after his departure, attended by the sage African in question. Methuselah was an African, about sixty-five years of age, with a head round as an owl's, and a countenance quite as grave and contemplative. His features indicated all the marked characteristics of his race, low forehead, high cheek bone, small eyes, flat nose, thick lips, and a chin sharp and retreating. He was not more than five feet high, and with legs so bowed that—to use Scipio's expression, when he was so far recovered as to be able again to laugh at his neighbor—a yearling calf might easily run between them without grazing the calf. There was nothing promising in such a person but his sententiousness and gravity, and Methuselah possessed these characteristics in a remarkable degree. When asked—

"Can you cure this fellow?" his answer, almost insolently expressed, was,—

"I come for dat."

"You can cure people who are bewitched?"

"He no dead?"

"No."

"Bally well—can't cure dead nigger."

There was but little to be got out of such a character by examination, direct or cross; and attending him to Scipio's wigwam, we tacitly resolved to look as closely into his proceedings as we could, assured, that in no other way could we possibly hope to arrive at any knowledge of his *modus operandi* in so curious a case.

Scipio was very glad to see the wizard of St. Matthew's, and pointing to a chair, the only one in his chamber, he left us to the rude stools, of which there happened to be a sufficient supply.

"Well, brudder," said the African abruptly, "wha's matter?"

"Ha, Mr. 'Tuselah, I bin hab berry bad mout' put 'pon me."

"I know dat—you eyes run water—you ears hot—you hab knee shake—you trimble in de joint."

"You hit um; 'tis jis' dem same ting. I hab ears bu'n berry much," and thus encouraged to detail his symptoms, the garrulous Scipio would have prolonged his chronicle to the crack of doom, but that the wizard valued his time too much, to suffer any unnecessary cloquence on the part of his patient.

"You see two tings at a time?" asked the African.

"How! I no see," replied Scipio, not comprehending the question, which simply meant, do you ever see double? To this, when explained, he answered in a decided negative.

"'Tis a man den, put he bad mout' 'pon you," said the African.

"Gor-a-mighty, how you know dat?" exclaimed Scipio.

"Hush, my brudder—wha' beas' he look like?"

"He's a d—n black nigger of a crow—a dirty crow, da's lazy for true."

"Ha! he lazy—you sure he ain't lame?"

"He no lame."

Scipio then gave a close description of the crow which had pestered him, precisely as he had given it to his master, as recorded in our previous pages. The African heard him with patience, then proceeded with oracular gravity.

"'Tis old man wha's trouble you!"

"Da's a trute!"

"Hush, my brudder. Wha's you see dis crow?"

"Crow in de cornfel', Mr. 'Tuselah; he can't come in de house."

"Who bin wid you all de time?"

"Jenny—de gal—he 'tan up in de corner now."

The magician turned and looked upon the person indicated by Scipio's finger—a little negro girl, probably ten years old. Then turning again to Scipio, he asked,

"You bin sick two, tree, seben day, brudder—how long you been on you bed?"

"Since Saturday night—da's six day to-day."

"And you hab nobody come for look 'pon you, since you been on de bed, but dis gal, and de buck-rah?"

Scipio confessed to several of the field negroes, servants of his own master, all of whom he proceeded to describe in compliance with the requisi-

tions of the wizard, who, as if still unsatisfied, bade him, in stern accents, remember if nobody else had been in the cabin, or, in his own language, had "set he eye 'pon you."

The patient hesitated for awhile, but the question being repeated, he confessed that in a half-sleep or stupor, he had fancied seeing Gullah Sam looking in upon him through the half-opened door; and at another time had caught glimpses, in his sleep, of the same features, through a chink between the logs, where the clay had fallen.

"Ha! ha!" said the wizard, with a half-savage grin of mingled delight and sagacity—"I hab nose—I smell. Well, brudder, I mus' gib you physic—you mus' hab good sweat to-night, and smood skin to-morrow."

Thus ended the conference with Scipio. The man of mystery arose and left the hovel, bidding us follow, and carefully fastening the door after him.

This done, he anointed some clay which he gathered in the neighborhood, with his spittle, and plastered it over the lintel. He retired with us a little distance, and when we were about to separate, he for the woods, and we for the dwelling-house, he said in tones more respectful than those which he employed to Mr. Carrington on his first coming.

"You hab niggers, massa—women is de bes'—dat lub for talk too much?"

"Yes, a dozen of them."

"You sen' one to de plantation where dis Gullah Sam lib, but don't sen' um to Gullah Sam; sen' um to he massa or he misses; and borrow something—any ting—old pot or kettle—no matter if you don't want 'em, you beg um for lend you. Da's 'nough."

Mr. Carrington would have had the wizard's reasons for the wish, but finding him reluctant to declare them, he promised his consent, concluding, as was perhaps the case, that the only object was to let Gullah Sam know that a formidable enemy had taken the field against him, and in defence of his victim. This would seem to account for his desire that the messenger should be a woman, and one "wha' lub for talk too much." He then obtained directions for the nearest path to the swamp, and when we looked, that night, into the wigwam of Scipio, we found him returned with a peck of roots of sundry sorts, none of which we knew, prepared to make a decoction, in which his patient was to be immersed from head to heels. Leaving Scipio with the contemplation of this steaming prospect before him, we retired for the night, not a little anxious for those coming events which cast no shadow before us, or one so impenetrably thick, that we failed utterly to see through it.

In the morning, strange to say, we found Scipio considerably better, and in singularly good spirits. The medicaments of the African, or more likely the pliant imagination of the patient himself, had wrought a charm in his behalf; and instead of groaning at every syllable, as he had done for several days before, he now scarcely uttered a word that was not accompanied by a grin. The magician seemed scarcely less pleased than his patient, particularly when he informed us that he had not only obtained the article the woman was sent to borrow, but that Gullah Sam had been seen prowling, late at night, about the negro houses, without daring, however, to venture nigh that of the invalid—a forbearance which the necromancer gave us to understand, was entirely involuntary, and in spite of the

enemy's desire, who was baffled and kept away by the spell contained in the ointment which he had placed on the lintel, in our presence the evening before. Still, half-ashamed of being even quite-cent parties merely to this solemn mummery, we were anxious to see the end of it, and our African promised that he would do much towards relieving Scipio from his enchantment by night of the same day. His spells and fomentations had worked equally well, and Scipio was not only more confident in mind, but more sleek and strong in body. With his own hands, it appears, that the wizard had rubbed down the back and shoulders of his patient with corn-shucks steeped in the decoction he had made, and, what was a more strange specific still, he had actually subjected Scipio to a smarter punishment, with a stout hickory, than his master had given him for many a year; and which the poor fellow not only bore with Christian fortitude, but actually rejoiced in, imploring additional strokes when the other ceased. We could very well understand that Scipio deserved a whipping for laughing at an aged man, because he fell into the water, but we failed to ascertain from the taciturn wizard, that this was the rationale of an application which a negro ordinarily is never found to approve. This over, Scipio was again put to bed, a green twig hung over the door of his cabin within, while the unctuous plaster was renewed freshly on the outside. The African then repeated certain uncouth sounds over the patient, bade him shut his eyes and go to sleep, in order to be in readiness, and go into the fields by the time the sun was turning for the west.

"What," exclaimed Mr. Carrington, "do you think him able to go into the field to-day? He is very weak; he has taken little nourishment for several days."

"He mus' able," returned the imperative African; "he 'trong 'nough. He mus' able—he hab for carry gun."

With these words, the wizard left us, without deigning any explanation of his future purposes, and taking his way towards the swamp, he was soon lost to our eyes in the mighty depth of its shrouding recesses.

When he returned, which was not till noon, he came at once to the mansion-house, without seeking his patient, and entering the hall where the family was assembled, he challenged our attention, as well by his appearance, as by his words. He had, it would seem, employed himself in arranging his own appearance while in the swamp; perhaps, taking one of its thousand lakes or ponds for his mirror. His woolly hair, which was very long, was plaited carefully up, so that the ends stuck out from his brow, as prompt and pointedly as the tails of pigs, suddenly aroused to a show of delightful consciousness on discovering a forgotten corn-heap. Perhaps that sort of tobacco, known by the attractive and characteristic title of "pigtail," would be the most fitting to convey to the mind of the reader the peculiar form of plait which the wizard had adopted for his hair. This mode of disposing of his matted mop, served to display the tattooed and strange figures upon his temples—the certain signs, as he assured us, of princely rank in his native country. He carried a long wand in his hand, freshly cut and peeled, at one end of which he had tied a small hempen cord. The skin of the wand was plaited round his own neck. In a large leaf he brought with him a small portion of something



which he seemed to preserve very carefully, but which appeared to us to be nothing more than coarse sand or gravel. To this, he added a small portion of salt, which he obtained from the mistress of the house, and which he stirred together in our presence, until the salt had been lost to the eye in the sand or gravel, or whatever might have been the article which he had brought with him. This done, he drew the shot from both barrels of the gun, and in its place, deposited the mixture which he had thus prepared.

"Buckrah will come 'long now. Scipio guine look for de crow."

Such were his words, which he did not wait to hear answered or disputed, but taking the gun and leading the way off towards the wigwam of Scipio, while our anxiety to see the conclusion of the adventure, did not suffer us to lose any time in following him. To our surprise, we found Scipio dressed and up; ready, and it would seem perfectly able, to undertake what the African assigned him. The gun was placed in his hands, and he was told to take his way to the cornfield as usual, and proceed to work. He was also informed by the wizard, with a confidence that surprised us, that the lazy crow would be sure to be there as usual; and he was desired to get as close as he could, and take good aim at his head in shooting him.

"You sure for hit um, brudder," said the African; "so don't 'tan' too long for look. Jis' you git close, take you sight, and gib um bot' barrel. But fuss, 'fore you go, I mus' do something wid you eye."

The plaster was taken from the door, as Scipio passed through it, re-softened with the saliva of the wizard, who, with his finger, described an arched line over each of the patient's eyes.

"You go 'long by you'sef now, brudder, and shoot de crow when you see um. He's a waiting for you now, I 'spec'."

We were about to follow Scipio to the field, but our African kept us back; and leading the way to

a little copse that divided it from the swamp, he took us to its shelter, and required us to remain with him out of sight of the field, until some report from Scipio or his gun, should justify us in going forth.

Here we remained, in no little anxiety, for the space of two hours, in which time, however, the African showed no sort of impatience, and none of that feverish anxiety which made us restless in body, and, eager to the last degree, in mind. We tried to fathom his mysteries, but in vain. We heard the sound of Scipio's gun—and set off with full speed towards the quarter whence it came. The wizard followed us slowly, waving his wand in circles all the way, and pulling the withes from his neck, and casting them around him as he came. During this time, his mouth was in constant motion, and I could hear at moments, strange, uncouth sounds breaking from his lips. When we reached Scipio, the fellow was in a state little short of delirium. He had fired both barrels, and had cast the gun down upon the ground after the discharge. He was wringing his hands above his head in a sort of phrensy of joy, and at our approach he threw himself down upon the earth, laughing with the delight of one who had lost his wits in a dream of pleasure.

"Where's the crow?" demanded his master.

"I shoot um—I shoot um in he head—enty I tell you, massa, I will hit um in he head? Soon he poke he nose ober de ground, I gib it to um. Hope he bin large shot. He gone t'rough he head—t'rough and t'rough. Ha! ha! ha! ha! If dat crow be Gullah Sam! if Gullah Sam be git in crow jacket, ho, massa! he nebbber git out crow jacket 'til somebody skin um. Ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ki! ki! ki! ki! la! ki! Oh, massa, wonder how Gullah Sam feel in crow jacket?"

It was in this strain of incoherent exclamation, that the invalid gave vent to his joyful paroxysm, at the thought of having put a handful of duck shot in the hide of his mortal enemy. The unchristian character of his exultation received a severe reproof from his master, which sobered the fellow sufficiently to enable us to get from him a more sane description of his doings. He told us that the crow had come to bedevil him as usual, only—and the fact became subsequently of considerable importance—that he had now lost the gray dirt from his wing, which had so peculiarly distinguished it before, and was now as black as the most legitimate suit ever worn by crow, priest, lawyer, or physician. This change in the outer aspect of the bird had somewhat confounded the negro, and made him loth to expend his shot, for fear of wasting the charmed charge upon other than the genuine Simon Pure. But the deportment of the other—lazy, lounging, swaggering, as usual, convinced Scipio, in spite of his eyes, that his old enemy s'ood in fact before him; and without wasting time, he gave him both barrels at the same moment.

"But where's the crow?" demanded the master.

"I knock um ober, massa, I see um tumble; 'speck you find um t'oder side de cornhill."

Nothing could exceed the consternation of Scipio, when, on reaching the designated spot, we found no sign of the supposed victim. The poor fellow rubbed his eyes, in doubt of their visual capacities, and looked round aghast for an explanation to the wizard who was now approaching, waving his wand in long sweeping circles as he came, and muttering,

as before, those strange uncouth sounds, which we relished as little as we understood. He did not seem at all astonished at the result of Scipio's shot, but abruptly asked of him—"Wa's de fus' water, brudder Scip?"

"De water in de bay, Master 'Tuselah," was the reply; the speaker pointing as he spoke to the little spot of drowned land on the very corner of the field, which, covered with thick shoots of the small sweet bay tree—the magnolia flacca—receives its common name among the people from its almost peculiar growth.

"Push for de bay! push for de bay!" exclaimed the African, "and see wha' you see. Run, Scip; run, nigger—see wha' lay in de bay!"

These words, scarcely understood by us, set Scipio in motion. At full speed he set out, and conjecturing from his movement, rather than from the words of the African, his expectations, off we set also at full speed after him. Before we reached the spot, to our great surprise, Scipio emerged from the bay, dragging after him the reluctant and trembling form of the aged negro, Gullah Sam. He had found him washing his face, which was covered with little pimples and scratches, as if he had suddenly fallen into a nest of briars. It was with the utmost difficulty we could prevent Scipio from pummelling the dreaded wizard to death.

"What's the matter with your face, Sam?" demanded Mr. Carrington.

"Hab humor, Massa Carrington; bin trouble berry much wid break out in de skin."

"Da shot, massa—da shot. I hit um in crow jacket; but wha's de gray di't? Ha! massa, look yer; dis da black suit of Misser Jam'son Gullah Sam hab on. He no wear he jacket wid gray patch. Da's make de difference."

The magician from St. Matthew's now came up, and our surprise was increased when we saw him extend his hand, with an appearance of the utmost good feeling and amity, to the rival he had just overcome.

"Well, brudder Sam, how you come on?"

The other looked at him doubtfully, and with a countenance in which we saw, or fancied, a mingling expression of fear and hostility; the latter being evidently restrained by the other. He gave his hand, however, to the grasp of Methuselah, but said nothing.

"I will come take supper wid you to-night, brudder Sam," continued the wizard of St. Matthew's, with as much civility as if he spoke to the most es-

teemed friend under the sun. "Scip, boy, you kin go to you massa work—you quite well ob dis business."

Scipio seemed loth to leave the company while there seemed something yet to be done, and muttered half aloud,

"You no ax Gullah Sum, wha' da he bin do in de bay."

"Psha, boy, go 'long to you cornfiel'—enty I know," replied Methuselah. "Gullah Sam bin 'bout he own business, I 'pose. Brudder, you kin go home now, and get you tings ready for supper. I will come see you to-night."

It was in this manner that the wizard of St. Matthew's was disposed to dismiss both the patient and his persecutor, but here the master of Scipio interposed.

"Not so fast, Methuselah. If this fellow, Sam, has been playing any of his tricks upon my people, as you seem to have taken for granted, and as, indeed, very clearly appears, he must not be let off so easily. I must punish him before he goes."

"You kin punish um more dan me?" was the abrupt, almost stern, inquiry of the wizard.

There was something so amusing, as well as strange, in the whole business, something so ludicrous in the wo-begone visage of Sam, that we pleaded with Mr. Carrington that the whole case should be left to Methuselah; satisfied that as he had done so well hitherto, there was no good reason, nor was it right that he should be interfered with. We saw the two shake hands and part, and ascertained from Scipio that he himself was the guest of Gullah Sam, at the invitation of Methuselah, to a very good supper that night of pig and 'possum. Scipio described the affair as having gone off very well, but he chuckled mightily as he dwelt upon the face of Sam, which, as he said, by night was completely raw from the inveterate scratching to which he had been compelled to subject it during the whole day. Methuselah, the next morning departed, having received as his reward twenty dollars from the master, and a small pocket Bible from the young mistress of the negro; and to this day, there is not a negro in the surrounding country—and many of the whites are of the same way of thinking—who does not believe that Scipio was bewitched by Gullah Sam, and the latter was shot in the face, while in the shape of a common crow in the cornfield, by the enchanted shot provided by the wizard of St. Matthew's for the hands of the other.

I vouch not for the truth, d'ye see,  
But tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

HENRY CLAY.—The following *morceau* will be gratifying to some of our readers, and we should suppose can be displeasing to none.

A few years since, shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favor of the bill, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, when he met an old and influential friend of his named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. The gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows: "Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles—I'm sorry I must desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill—I must now turn my back upon you." "Is it so, friend

Scott? Is this the only objection?" "It is." "We must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it to pieces on the very next log you came to—or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eye—the chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint and tried her again—and I'll try you again—give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rung with the huzzaing plaudits of the bystanders.—Clay was borne off to the hustings, and re-elected.



## GUILTY—BUT DRUNK.

BY COLONEL BRADBURY. 1840.

It is a well-known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical" and that liquor which is termed "bad," have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "Court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge "'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (address-

ing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that every thing was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablu-tion and abstention, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time, that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"



"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, *you was*."

"Was I remarkably drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that, at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"

"But, there may be some mistake, Judge?"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had

been played. The Judge took his seat in Court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but *drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, *but drunk*!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, *but drunk*! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did get none no where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do any thing dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the Court."

## FUN FROM THE FORECASTLE.

FROM "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST." BY RICHARD H. DANA, JR. 1840.

WE had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and every thing secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do but to steer and to stand our watch. Our clothes were all wet through, and the only change was from wet to more wet. It was in vain to think of reading or working below, for we were too tired, the hatchways were closed down, and every thing was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching. We had only to come below when the watch was out, wring out our wet clothes, hang them up, and turn in and sleep as soundly as we could, until the watch was called again. A sailor can sleep any where—no sound of wind, water, wood or iron can keep him awake—and we were always fast asleep when three blows on the hatchway, and the unwelcome cry of "All starboardlines ahoy! eight bells there below! do you hear the news?" (the usual formula of calling the watch,) roused us up from our berths upon the cold wet decks. The only time when we could be said to take any pleasure

was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea, (or, as the sailors significantly call it, "water bewitched,") sweetened with molasses. This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuit and cold salt beef, made quite a meal. Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea, and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers, and the bearer lying at his length on the decks. I remember an English lad who was always the life of the crew, but whom we afterwards lost overboard, standing for nearly ten minutes at the galley, with his pot of tea in his hand, waiting for a chance to get down into the forecastle: and seeing what he thought was a "smooth spell," started to go forward. He had just got to the end of the windlass, when a great sea broke over the bows, and for a moment I saw nothing of him but his head and shoulders; and at

the next instant, being taken off of his legs, he was carried after the sea, until her stern lifting up and sending the water forward, he was left high and dry at the side of the long boat, still holding on to his tin pot, which had now nothing in it but salt water. But nothing could ever daunt him, or overcome, for a moment, his habitual good humor. Regaining his legs, and shaking his fist at the man at the wheel, he rolled below, saying, as he passed, "A man's no sailor, if he can't take a joke." The ducking was not the worst of such an affair, for, as there was an allowance of ten, you could get no more from the galley; and though the sailors would never suffer a man to go without, but would always turn in a little from their own pots to fill up his, yet this was at best but dividing the loss among all hands.

Something of the same kind befell me a few days after. The cook had just made for us a mess of hot "scouse"—that is, biscuit pounded fine, salt beef cut into small pieces, and a few potatoes, boiled up together and seasoned with pepper. This was a rare treat, and I, being the last at the galley, had it put in my charge to carry down for the mess. I got along very well as far as the hatchway, and was just getting down the steps, when a heavy sea, lifting the stern out of water, and passing forward, dropping it down again, threw the steps from their place, and I came down into the steerage a little faster than I meant to, with the kid on top of me, and the whole precious mess scattered over the floor. Whatever your feelings may be, you must



make a joke of every thing at sea; and if you were to fall from aloft and be caught in the belly of a sail, and thus saved from instant death, it would not do to look at all disturbed, or to make a serious matter of it.

## A YANKEE CARD-TABLE.

BY GEORGE H. HILL. 1840.

WHEN I was about leaving New Orleans, standing upon the Levee, waiting for my luggage, I was thus addressed by a long, lean, down-Easter:

"Say yeou, which of these things slips up fust?"

"What?" said I.

"Which of these things slips up fust?"

"Do you mean which steamboat goes up the river first?"

"Yes, I'll be darned if I don't."

"That one," said I, pointing to the nearest.



"I'm in an awful hurry to get eout of this. It is so thundering hot, and I smell the yellow fever all reound."

This individual had a very intellectual forehead, measuring about an inch and a quarter in height, and punched in at the sides to match. His eyes were set deep in their sockets, and something like a pig's, only the color was not as good. His nose pushed boldly out, as it started from the lower part of his forehead, as though it meant to be something, but when it had reached half its destination, it bent suddenly in like a parrot's beak. His upper lip was long and thin, and was stretched on a sort of rack, which was made by a couple of supernumerary teeth, which stuck out very prominently. His chin, too modest to attempt a rivalry with his projecting lip, receded backwards towards the throat, so that, to look at him in front, you did not perceive that he had any chin at all. His hair was very light and bristly. A snuff-colored coat of domestic manufacture adorned the upper part of his person. It was an ancient affair. The velvet was worn from the collar in several places, but which was carefully patched with red flannel, being the nearest approach to the original color of the collar that could be found in his domestic menagerie of reserved rags. The buttons, which one would naturally look for at the bottom of the waist, had wandered up between his shoulders. The coat was remarkably long, extending from high up on the shoulders to the lower part of the calves of his legs. He was slightly round-shouldered, so that when he stood right up, a small

lady might have found shelter in a rain storm in the vacancy left between the coat and the back. His pants, to common observers, would have been called too short, but he denied this, averring that his legs were too long for his trowsers. On his arm hung an old-fashioned camblet cloak, with the lining of green baize hanging about a quarter of a yard below the edge of the camblet. He said this was no fault of the lining, anyhow; "it got wet, and t'other shrunk a leetle, but the lining stuck to it like blazes." The Yankee was exceedingly anxious to secure his passage by the first boat, and he sang out to some person:

"Say, yeou, where is the Captain of this consarn. Say, yeou, (to some one else.) I want the Captain. Look here, nigger, show a feller the Captain. Look here, you black sarpint, don't stick out your lips at me. Wal, I swow, I'll give any body three cents that will show me the Captain."

The Captain hearing the noise, stepped forward, and told the Yankee if he wished to see the Captain, he was the commander of the boat.

"Dew tell? Wal, I swan, you have got a kind of commanding way about you, that's a fact."

"What do you wish?" said the Captain.

"Wal, I want a bath."

"Very well, jump into the river, there is plenty of water."

"I tell you, I want a bath."

"Well, don't I tell you to jump in, you can swim across if you like; we shall not start just yet."

"I want a bath to lie down in. Now do you know what I mean, darn you?"

"Oh, you want a berth?"

"Wal, darn you, didn't I say bath? I know what I'm about, I guess."

"I will accommodate you as far as I can," said the Captain, "but I've nothing but a mattress to offer, and that is upon the cabin floor."

"Dew tell."

"It is the only one that is vacant, and the cabin floor is covered with them, so you had better secure it at once."

"Wal, then, I guess I'd better turn right in."

I omitted to mention that he carried a valise in his hand. Some one rather impertinently asked him what he had in it.

"Wal," said he, "I don't know that it's any of your business, but I don't mind telling on you. There is two shirts, one clean, t'other dirty; a pair of pants about as good as new, only a leetle worn here and there, and a pair of pistols. D'ye want I should take 'em out and show you?"

When he went down to turn in, he put the valise under his head, wrapped his old cloak around him, and threw himself, as he said, "into the arms of omnibus." The mattresses on the other side of him, were occupied by some rough Kentucky boatmen. In the middle of the night, these men got up and commenced playing cards. No table being handy, they made use of the back of our Yankee friend for one, and chalked the reckoning of the game upon the camblet cloak, which surrounded the body of the unconscious sleeper. They became interested in the game, and began to lay down their cards with a might of fist, and earnestness of manner, which soon roused up our sleeping friend. He attempted to rise, but was held down by one of the party, who exclaimed:

"Lie still, stranger, I've only got three to go, and I hold the Jack."

"Never mind, I'm a most smothered here, but go ahead, darn you; play quick, and I'll go you halves."

He accordingly laid still, until they had finished their game, but whether the Kentucky gambler divided his gains with his table, was never satisfactorily ascertained.

## SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY. 1840.

[The following Chapter is extracted from "The Annals of Quodlibet," a Political Satire, said to be edited by Solomon Secondthoughts, Schoolmaster.]

It falls to my lot, at this stage of my history, to be constrained to record an event the most astounding, the most awful, the most unexpected, the most treacherous, the most ungrateful, the most flagitious—yea, the most supereminently flagitious that the history of mankind affords. Notwithstanding that laudatory and political ejaculation which The Hero and Sage breathed out in the evening of his brilliant career, like the last notes of the swan, "I leave this great people prosperous and happy"—notwithstanding that flattering canzonet, with which he who pledges himself to walk in the Hero and Sage's footsteps, began his illustrious course, singing as it were the morning carol of the lark—"we present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not elsewhere to be found"—the echo of these sweet sounds had not died away upon the tympana of our ravished ears before these banks—these gentle pet banks—these fostered, favored, sugar-plum and candy-fed pet banks, with all their troop of curtailed, combed and pampered paragon sister banks, one and all, without pang of remorse, without one

word of warning, without even as far as we could see, one tingle of a suppressed and struggling blush, incontinently suspended specie payments!! O curas hominum! Quantum est in rebus inane!

Shall I tell it? Even the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet was compelled to follow in this faithless path. Not at once, I confess—not off-hand, and with such malice prepense as the others—for Nicodemus Handy had a soul above such black ingratitude—but after a pause, and let the truth be told in extenuation, because he could not help it.

The Hon. Middleton Flam was sent for upon the first tidings of this extraordinary kicking in the traces by these high mettle institutions—tidings which reached Quodlibet, via the canal, about eleven o'clock one morning in May. The directors were summoned into council. What was to be done? was the general question. Anthony Hardbottle, of the firm of Barndollar and Hardbottle—a grave man and a thoughtful; a man without flash, who seldom smiles—a lean man, hard favored and simple in his outgoings and incomings; a man who has

never sported as long as I have known him, any other coat than that of a snuff brown with covered buttons, and who does not wear out above one pair of shoes in a year, a man who could never be persuaded to give so far into the times as to put on a black cravat, but has always stuck to the white;—such a man, it may be easily imagined, was not to be carried away by new-fangled notions;—he was there at the Board, in place of Theodore Fog, who was compelled two years before to withdraw his name as a candidate for re-election. This same Anthony Hardbottle, speaking under the dictates of that cautious wisdom natural to him as a merchant, answered this question of What was to be done—by another equally laconic and pregnant with meaning—

“How much cash have we on hand?”

proach of being unable to meet its obligations. Anthony Hardbottle, as a democrat, I am surprised at you.”

“I can’t help it,” replied Anthony; “in my opinion, our issues are larger than our means.”

“How, larger, sir?” demanded Mr. Snuffers, the President of the New Light, with some asperity of tone. “Hav’n’t we a batch of bran new notes, just signed and ready for delivery? Redeem the old ones with new. Why should we suspend?”

“Gentlemen, I will put the question to the Board,” interposed Mr. Flam, fearful lest a quarrel might arise, if the debate continued. “Shall this Bank suspend specie payments? Those in favor of this iniquitous proposition will say Aye.”

No one answered. Anthony Hardbottle was intimidated by the President’s stern manner.



“One hundred and seven dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents in silver,” replied Nicodemus, “and five half eagles in gold, which were brought here by our honorable President, and placed on deposit after he had used them in the last election, for the purpose of showing the people what an admirable currency we were to have, as soon as Mr. Benton should succeed in making it float up the stream of the Mississippi.”

Again asked Anthony Hardbottle, “What circulation have you abroad?”

“Six hundred thousand dollars,” replied Nicodemus, “and a trifle over.”

“Then,” said Anthony, “I think we had better suspend with the rest.”

“Never,” said the Hon. Middleton Flam, rising from his seat and thumping the table violently with his hand. “Never, sir, whilst I am President of this bank, and there is a shot in the locker.”

“Bravo—well said, admirably said, spoke as a Quodlibetarian ought to speak!”—shouted Dr. Thomas G. Winkleman, the keeper of the soda water Pavilion; “I have fifteen dollars in five-penny bits; they are at the service of the Board, and while I hold a piece of coin, the Patriotic Copperplate Bank shall never be subjected to the re-

“Those opposed to it will say No.”

“No!” was the universal acclamation of the Board, with the exception of Anthony Hardbottle, who did not open his lips.

“Thank you, gentlemen,” said Mr. Flam, “for this generous support. I should have been compelled by the adoption of this proposition, much as I esteem this Board, much as I value your good opinion, to have returned the commission with which you have honored me as your President. Our country first, and then ourselves. The Democracy of Quodlibet never will suspend!”

At this moment, confused noises were heard in the banking room, which adjoined that in which the directors were convened. Mr. Handy immediately sprang from his chair, and went into this apartment.

There stood about thirty persons, principally boatmen from the canal. At their head, some paces, advanced into the bank, was Flanigan Sucker. One sleeve of Flan’s coat was torn open from the shoulder to the wrist; his shirt, of a very indefinite complexion, was open at the breast, disclosing the shaggy mat of hair that adorned this part of his person; his corduroy trowsers had but one suspender to keep them up, thus giving them rather a

lop-sided set. His face was fiery red; and his hat, which was considerably frayed at the brim, was drawn over one ear, and left uncovered a large portion of his forehead and crown, which were embellished by wild elf locks of caroty hue.

"Nicodemus," said Flan, as soon as the Cashier made his appearance, "we have come to make a run upon the bank; they say you've bursted your biler." Then turning to the crowd behind him, he shouted: "Growl, Tigers!—Yip! No?—You don't!"

As Flan yelled out these words, a strange muttering sound broke forth from the multitude.

"What put it into your drunken noddle that we have broke?" inquired Mr. Handy, with great composure, as soon as silence was restored.

"Nim Porter ses, Nicodemus, that you're a gone horse, and that if you ain't busted up, you will be before night. So we have determined on a run."

Nim Porter, who was standing in the rear of the crowd, where he had come to see how matters were going on, now stepped forward. Nim is the fattest man in Quodlibet, and wears more gold chains across his waistcoat, than I ever saw at a jeweller's window. He is the most dressy and good-natured man we have; and on this occasion there he stood with a stiff starched linen roundabout jacket on, as white as the driven snow, with white drilling pantaloon just from the washerwoman, and the most strutting ruffle to his shirt that could have been manufactured out of cambric. In all points he was unlike the crowd of persons who occupied the room. "I said nothing of the sort—" was Nim's reply—"and I am willing now to bet ten to one that he can't produce a man here to say I said so."

"D—n the odds!" cried Flan; "Nicodemus, we are resolved upon a run—so, shell out!"

"Begin when it suits you," said Mr. Handy. "Let me have your note, and I will give you either silver or gold as you choose."

"Yip! No?—You don't!" cried Flan, with a screeching and varied intonation which he was in the habit of giving to these cant words, and accompanying them with abundance of grimace, "d—n the odds about notes!—shell out any how. We have determined on a run—a genuine, dimmy-cratie sortie."

"Have you none of our paper?" again inquired Mr. Handy.

"Devil a shaving, Nicodemus," replied Flan. "What's the odds?"

"But I have," said a big, squinting boatman, as he walked up to our cashier, and untied his leather wallet. "There's sixty dollars, and I'll thank you for the cash."

"And I have twenty-five more," cried out another.

"And I twice twenty-five," said a gruff voice from the midst of the crowd.

All this time, the number of persons outside was increasing, and very profane swearing was heard about the door. Mr. Handy stepped to the window to get a view of the assemblage, and seeing that nearly all the movable part of Quodlibet was gathering in front of the building, he retired with some trepidation into the directors' room, and informed Mr. Flam and the Board of what was going on. They had a pretty good suspicion of this before Mr. Handy returned, for they had distinctly heard the uproar. Mr. Handy no sooner communicated the fact to them, than Mr. Flam, with con-

siderable perturbation in his looks, rose and declared that Quodlibet was in a state of insurrection; and, as every one must be aware, that in the midst of a revolution no bank could be expected to pay specie, he moved, in consideration of this menacing state of affairs, that the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet, suspend specie payments forthwith, and continue the same until such time as the re-establishment of the public peace should authorize a resumption. This motion was gracefully received by the Board, and carried without a division. During this interval, the conspirators having learned, through their leader, Flan Sucker, that the Hon. Middleton Flam was in the house, forthwith set up a violent shouting for that distinguished gentleman to appear at the door. It was some moments before our representative was willing to obey this summons; the Board of Directors were thrown into a panic, and, with great expedition, got out of the back window into the yard, and made their escape—thus leaving the indomitable and unflinching president of the bank, a man of lion heart, alone in the apartment; whilst the yells and shouts of the multitude were ringing in his ears with awful reduplication. He was not at a loss to perform his duty; but, with a dignified and stately movement, stalked into the banking room, approached the window that looked upon the street, threw it open, and gave himself in full view to the multitude.

There was a dreadful pause; a scowl sat upon every brow; a muttering silence prevailed. As Tacitus says, "Non tumultus, non quies, sed quale magni metus, et magnæ ire silentium est." Mr. Flam raised his arm, and spoke in this strain:

"Men of Quodlibet. What madness has seized upon you? Do you assemble in front of this edifice to make the day hideous with howling? Is it to insult Nicodemus Handy, a worthy New Light, or is it to affright the universe by pulling down these walls? Shame on you, men of Quodlibet! If you have a vengeance to wreak, do not inflict it upon us. Go to the Whigs, the authors of our misfortune. They have brought these things upon us. Year after year have we been struggling to give you a constitutional currency—the real Jackson gold—"

"Three cheers for Middleton Flam!" cried out twenty voices, and straightway the cheers ascended on the air; and in the midst was heard a well known voice, "Yip!—No?—You don't! Go it, Middleton!"

"Yes, my friends," proceeded the orator, "whilst we have been laboring to give you the solid metals; whilst we have been fighting against this PAPER MONEY PARTY, and have devoted all our energies to the endeavor to prostrate the influence of these RAG BARONS, these MONOPOLISTS, these CHAMPIONS OF VESTED RIGHTS and CHARTERED PRIVILEGES, the WHIGS—we have been foiled at every turn by the power of their unholy combinations of associated wealth. They have filled your land with banks, and have brought upon us all the curses of *over-trading* and *over-speculating*, until the people are literally on their faces at the footstool of the Money Power. (Tremendous cheering.) Our course has been resolute and unwaveringly patriotic. We have stood in the breach and met the storm; but all without avail. Between the rich and the poor lies a mighty gulf. The rich man *has*, the poor man *wants*. Of that which the rich hath, does he give to the poor? Answer me, men of Quodlibet."



"No!" arose, deep-toned from every throat.

"Then our course is plain. Poor men, one and all, rally round our democratic banner. Let the aristocrats know and feel that you will not bear this tyranny."

"We will, we will!" shouted Flan Sucker. "Go it, Middleton!—Yip! No? You don't!"

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Flam, "this bank of ours is purely DEMOCRATIC. It is an exception to all other banks; it is emphatically the poor man's friend; nothing can exceed the skill and caution with which it has been conducted. Would that all other banks were like it! We have, comparatively, but a small issue of paper afloat; we have a large supply of specie. You perceive, therefore, that we fear no run. You all saw with what alacrity our cashier proffered to redeem whatever amount our respectable fellow-citizen, that excellent Democrat, Mr. Flanigan Sucker, might demand. (Cheers, and a cry of 'Yip! No? You don't!') Mr. Sucker was satisfied, and did not desire to burden himself with specie. Gentlemen, depend upon me. When there is danger, if such a thing could be to this New Light Democratic Bank, I will be the first to give you warning. (Cheers, and 'Hurrah for Flam!') Born with an instinctive love of the people, I should be the vilest of men, if I could ever forget my duty to them. (Immense cheering, and cries of 'Flam for ever!') Take my advice, retire to your homes, keep an eye on the Whigs and their wicked schemes to bolster up the State Banks, make no run upon this institution—it is an ill bird that defiles his own nest—and, before you depart, gentlemen, let me inform you that, having the greatest regard to your interest, we have determined upon a temporary

suspension as a mere matter of caution against the intrigues of the Whigs, who, we have every reason to believe, actuated by their implacable hatred of the New Light Democracy, will assail this, your favorite bank, with a malevolence unexampled in all their past career. (Loud cheers, and cries of 'Stand by the Bank!') But, Quodlibetarians, rally, and present a phalanx more terrible than the Macedonian to the invader. You can—I am sure you will—and, therefore, I tell you your bank is safe."

"We can, we will!" rose from the whole multitude, accompanied with cheers that might vie with the bursting of the ocean surge.

"Gentlemen," added Mr. Flam, "I thank you for the manifestation of this patriotic sentiment. It is no more than I expected of Quodlibet. In conclusion, I am requested, my good friends, by Mr. Handy, to say, that having just prepared some notes on a superior paper, he will redeem at the counter any old ones you may chance to hold, in that new emission; and I can with pride assure you, that this late supply is equal perhaps, to any thing that has ever been issued in the United States. With my best wishes, gentlemen, for your permanent prosperity, under the new and glorious dynasty of that distinguished New Light Democrat, whom the unbought suffrages of millions of freemen have called to the supreme executive chair, (cheers,) and under whose lead we fondly indulge the hope of speedily sweeping from existence this pestilential brood of Whig banks, I respectfully take my leave."

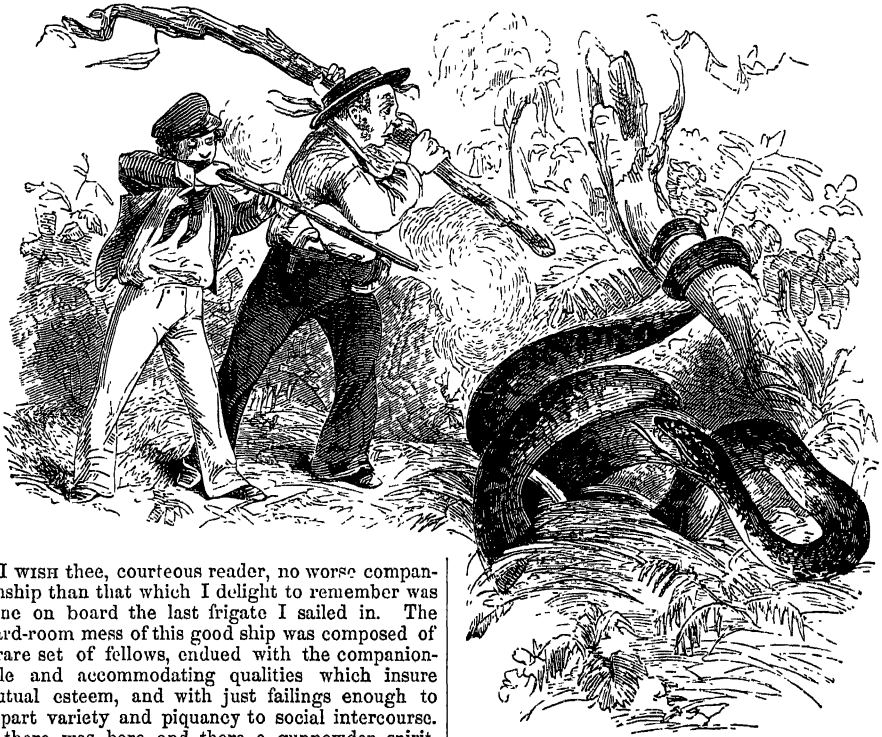
Having concluded this masterly appeal to the reason and good sense of the people, Mr. Flam withdrew, under nine distinct rounds of applause.

VALUE OF AN OATH.—The late Mr. Bush used to tell the following story of a brother barrister:—As the coach was about to start after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and

said he could not think of going without first giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

## MESS-TABLE CHAT.

BY A. A. HARWOOD, U. S. N. 1840.



I wish thee, courteous reader, no worse companionship than that which I delight to remember was mine on board the last frigate I sailed in. The ward-room mess of this good ship was composed of a rare set of fellows, endued with the companionable and accommodating qualities which insure mutual esteem, and with just failings enough to impart variety and piquancy to social intercourse. If there was here and there a gunpowder spirit, "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel," he was sure to select for his fast friend some staid companion, whose leaven of good-humor would come in with counteracting influence always in time to part a fray, or some amicable wag would give so ludicrous a turn to any controversy, likely to end in a dispute, that the belligerents would shake hands, take a glass of wine together, and be better friends than ever. Then they were men "tried and tutored in the world," whose asperities had undergone that degree of attrition which leads men to cultivate a spirit of mutual accommodation and forbearance, as the best means of securing their own share of comfort. Their wanderings, too, had stored their minds with stirring incident and varied information. It is true the latter was rather miscellaneous than profound; but it made up in amusing variety what it wanted in depth. Thus it happened that whenever accident or the purposes of refection brought two or more together in the ward-room, they almost invariably resolved themselves into a sort of *conversazione* where topics were discussed as various as the characters which composed this circle of cosmopolites or the far regions they had inhabited. As these debates took place generally at meal-times, the arrangement of the table and the style of preparing the viands became a fruitful source of discussion, and the proposition of something new in the way of cookery, a never-failing subject of rival-

ry. Besides the usual solidities of beef, mutton, etc., which kept their places through the suffrage of the unsophisticated portion of the mess, or were merely offerings at the shrine of "old custom," culinary novelties made their appearance daily, under the auspices of some one of the fraternity, whose reminiscences of foreign hospitalities furnished recipes for the favorite dish of almost every nation under the sun. At length, having discussed in turn pilaus, keebaubs, ollas, and a legion of gullimaufrys not mentioned in the classic pages of Kitchner and Ude, the cook's brain became completely addled by the elaborate and conflicting directions bestowed upon him; and the caterer grew restive under the interferences which he discovered were gradually encroaching upon his prerogative. He determined, as the Persian would say, to put the bit of restraint between the teeth of innovation, before his authority should be unhorsed and trampled under foot. An opportunity soon offered to execute this prudent resolution. The third lieutenant, Mr. Wagemazard, who had cruised in the South Seas, and exhibited a cocoa-nut tree tattooed upon his arm as a sort of patent of nobility as well as an evidence of his having been adopted by an insular chief, out of gratitude no doubt for these enviable distinctions, insisted upon having a dish of *baked dog* served up in the Sandwich Island style, in the shell of a mam-



moth pumpkin, which the steward had purchased at the instance of a New Englander, to make a thanksgiving pudding. Mr. Peleg Weatherall resisted this misapplication of his favorite esculent with the energy of a descendant of the pilgrim fathers, urging the right of property and the priority of intention; while Wagmazard, on the other hand, argued ingeniously upon the utility of experiment and the diffusion of useful knowledge; and artfully addressed himself to the deep-rooted love of variety and gastronomic lore which prevailed in the mess. The dispute waxed warm on both sides, and a spirit of faction invaded the general repose. The disputants gradually increasing as the adherents of either party joined their favorite leader, talked loudly and vaguely of "reserved rights" and "constitutional privileges," "despotic domination" and "republican simplicity," and the presiding functionary, Progwel, having in vain interposed his authority to allay the popular excitement, proclaimed the mess in a state of revolution.

The juncture was critical; the community, torn by conflicting opinions, was suddenly divided into the "whole dog party," the "no dog party," and the "national-thanksgiving-pudding party;" and in the fervor of dispute the opponents had almost forgotten the loss they were about to incur by the abdication of their presiding officer, and the inevitable relapse that would ensue, into anarchy and misrule. The purser, a skillful diplomatist, stepped forward at this crisis and averted the threatened danger. He declared himself of the code "*justice milieu*," and proposed a compromise by which he thought these adverse interests might be reconciled. He moved, accordingly, that the disputed pumpkin be equally divided, that the national dish be duly prepared of one half of the same, while the remaining moiety should be given over to the Polynesian travellers; with this proviso, however, that while the style of the dish might be Hawaiian, it should be left to the discriminating taste of the august caterer to select a substitute for the obnoxious article, dog's flesh.

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The day after the restoration of tranquillity and harmony, the mess-table was arranged with unusual ceremony in honor of the occasion. A clean, *shore-washed* table-cloth was spread, and the ill-assorted sea-set of crockery, made up of the odds and ends which had survived the wreck of sundry memorable gales, gave place to an unsullied service of white porcelain from "sunny France," which the prudent Progwel usually reserved for state occasions. Holiday decanters of cut glass, filled with the generous vintage of Madeira, graced the corners of the table, in addition to the every-day supply of red astringencies from Spain and the Balearic Islands. There was, moreover, a display of "provent," which, though it might be said rather to embrace the substantial of sea fare than the delicacies of the season, was nevertheless well calculated to find favor in the eyes of guests whose "good digestion" pretty generally "waited upon appetite." There was, in the first place, a roast pig in the attitude of scampering off with a potato in his mouth; then, a dish of dumb-fish facetiously called Cape Cod turkey; another, containing a dry mahogany-looking lump of salt beef; *aesquiliæ* "junk," *gallice* "*résistance*;" a long-treasured Virginia ham, pegged over with cloves, "spotted like the pard" with numerous dashes of black pepper, and garnished

round the hock with a ruffle of white paper. Last, not least in the dear love of the reconciled parties, the thanksgiving pudding, and the substitute for the canine delicacy of Hawaii. Much judgment was evinced by the steward in supplying a satisfactory ingredient, and it was whispered that he did not venture to act in so delicate an affair without first obtaining the advice of the ingenious commissary.

However that may be, his choice fell upon a veteran rooster, who had been spared from the merciless knife of the cook, while scores of younger cacklers had been served up in fricassees and other devices too numerous to mention, even to their combs and gills, which regularly made their appearance as a sort of Gallic *entrémet* to the undisguised horror of the master and chaplain, whose primitive palates held all such *corcombed* tricks of the cook, as they jocosely called them, in utter abomination. As to chancicler, the keeper of the live stock, "Jemmy Ducks," had long ceased to regard him as worthy of his solicitude, and he was suffered to lead a kind of vagabond life about the "Noah's Ark," amidships, picking up here and there a precarious grain that was flirited out from the troughs of his compatriots in the coop; or might be seen, whole days together, perched upon a projecting spade or broom-handle, exhibiting that crest-fallen air of *abandon* peculiar to all bipeds, feathered or not, who have imbibed a thorough disgust for the sea. The gallant ruff of plumage which graced his neck, in his palmy days upon his native dunghill, and was wont to expand with high-pressure valor at the approach of an enemy or a rival, now, alas! would not have afforded a single hackle wherewith the most ingenious angler could fabricate a fly. That clear, heroic crow, by which he once proclaimed the dawn or heralded a victory, had now dwindled to a poor cackle of discontent. He had not even spirit enough left to resent the insolence of a bleary-eyed intemperate-looking Muscovy duck, which used to jostle him, eyeing him askance as he paddled by with the air of contempt that I have seen an old bow-legged sailor regard an unhappy landsman of broken fortunes, who, having taken to salt water late in life, sat brooding in gloomy abstraction over an accumulation of sea miseries. At last the woe-begone knight of the roost was missed from his accustomed perch, on the morning of the festive occasion, which has been the subject of our long digression. Conjecture was busy as to his probable fate; for, it should be remarked, that the manner of his demise was a state secret, imparted only to a select few. He had perhaps mustered strength enough to fly to the bridle port, and commit a "*felo de se*," or he had been poached by the captain of the waist, who had a liquorish tooth, and had been heard to wonder how the old rooster would go in a *lobscouse*. Few, and those only the initiated, recognised him as he was placed on the table in his pumpkin sarcophagus; and the rest, whose "ignorance was bliss," discussed him with appetites which proved they little knew how important a problem in the art of cookery had been solved in relaxing his tendons and mollifying his integuments. So effectually had these desirable ends been obtained by the Sandwich Island process, that even Dulchick, the master, though by no means an advocate of innovation of any kind, was one of the first to propose that the thanks of the mess be awarded to Wagmazard for the introduction of an agreeable and substantial dish. Having carried his motion

*nem. con.*, as motions are apt to be carried after dinner, he proceeded, as soon as the cloth was removed, to emphasize his approbation by asking the Polynesian traveller to take wine.

The master had a peculiar way of performing that ceremony; watching a *smooth*, as he technically expressed it, he would arrest the decanter in one of its revolutions round the table, and grasping it firmly by the neck, as if he feared some defeat of his intention, he kept a steady aim, over the top of the bottle, at the person he designed to compliment, without saying a word until he perceived his purpose was recognized.

"Dabchick will drink your health, Wagmazard," said Frogwell, "he has had you at pointblank, with his tompon out, this half hour. Allow me to make a third?"

"With all my heart," replied Wagmazard—"beg pardon, master; here's promotion and prize-money."

To this sentiment, which had long ceased to produce any responsive feeling in the master's heart, deadened as it was by "hope deferred," he simply nodded, tossing off mechanically the contents of his wine-glass. "I was thinking, Wagmazard," said he, "that you must have sailed some time or other with Mangem, who was a mess-mate of mine during the war, when he was a lieutenant, and I was what I am still, a log-line measurer and a log-book historian. He was a capital officer, and as good a seaman as ever squinted to windward in a squall; but he had one failing; he was omnivorous. Whatever could be caught at sea or on shore, whether fish, flesh, fowl, or reptile, he was sure to smuggle into the next day's dinner; and he managed to disguise it so, if it happened to be out of the common way, that there was no telling a rat from a young rabbit, or an eel from a serpent. His theory was, that every thing living was eatable but a turkey-buzzard; and he was only prevailed upon to admit this single exception after a long series of experiments. He tried hard the whole cruise to convert me to his way of thinking; but I never touched any *made dishes* until we parted company at his promotion. He was a rum caterer, that Mangem."

"I did sail with Mangem," replied Wagmazard, "and I never expect to sail with a better commander; and although, as you have observed, he was somewhat omnivorous, he knew how to handle his ship, and fight his guns; and whenever duty did not prevent, was always exploring out-of-the-way places, so that we had lots of fun, hunting and fishing, and all that sort of thing. Nothing tickled the captain's fancy so much as the acquisition of some strange animal, especially if it was of the monkey tribe, for he always persisted, notwithstanding the protestations of the doctor to the contrary, that Jacko belonged to the genus *homo*, being somewhat inclined to Lord Monboddos' way of thinking, that originally both species had tails, but that in man that appendage had been worn off by a long perseverance in sedentary habits. This opinion was very near being confirmed by a report of the quarter-master of the watch, who declared that he saw a large baboon with a basket under his arm, fishing for crabs with a crooked stick; it turned out, however, to be an old sun-dried negro, who only wanted a tail to pass for a monkey upon closer inspection.

"Mayweed and I, on account of our rambling propensities, became prime favorites with Mangem,

who used frequently to be of our party. Many a good tramp have we had together, the skipper and I equipped with our shooting and fishing tackle, and the doctor rigged out in his quaker-cut coat, with ample pockets crammed with minerals and shells, and his broad-brimmed Guayaquil sombrero studded with impaled bugs and butterflies. I could tell you of a striking adventure we had in South America; but this unbelieving master of ours would set it down, like enough, as a *fish story*."

"Never mind the old infidel," said Frogwell, "we'll fine him the I. C. if he opens his lips."

"Go ahead with the yarn, Waggy," said Dabchick, "I'll promise not to gainsay a word of it; as to the matter of belief, you know, in the free country we came from, every liberty is allowed in that particular, provided we don't doubt aloud when we differ from our neighbors; the thing is as well understood as the privilege of going barefoot when a man has no shoes."

"You'll promise to keep within constitutional bounds, then," said the traveller.

"I'll not think louder than the sigh of your sweetheart, as sure as my first son shall be called Wagmazard Dabchick," replied the master.

"The adventure happened then, as I said before, at one of the unfrequented harbors on the coast of South America, with a long Indian name which I can't call to mind just now; no matter, it was a beautiful place. The port, though not large, was snug, with good anchorage behind a couple of small islands, which broke off the sea, and afforded fine shelter in the hurricane season. A fresh-water river emptied itself at the head of the bay, and there was wood in abundance in every direction. As soon, therefore, as we moored ship, the boats were hoisted out, the wood and watering gangs were sent on shore, and the gunner's and carpenter's crew were landed with such articles of their several departments as wanted repair. The usual exploring party, reinforced by a half-dozen of the midshipmen, resumed their amusement of beating the bush. We found the game so abundant that we got almost tired of popping it over; and as to all sorts of tropical fruits, we had only to turn to and pelt the monkeys on the trees, to get a shower in return of such variety and flavor—but I won't make your mouths water by enumerating them particularly.

"I must tell you, however, that we were not without some fear in traversing the woods; the natives having told us, among other wonders of the place, of a snake some fifty feet long, that had a way of making himself up into a Flemish coil upon the branches of a tree, where he waited an opportunity of dropping down upon any contemplative gentleman, who might chance to select the vicinity of his roost as the scene of his pastoral meditation, embracing him with a cordiality altogether more fervid than agreeable. The captain had no sooner heard of this monster than he determined, if possible, to make a prize of him. A trap was at once contrived for him, such as is used to catch raccoons with in Virginia, by bending down a stout sapling and rigging it with a running bowline and the sort of apparatus the boys call a figure four; this was well baited for several days in succession; but it was soon evident that *snaky* was not to be had in that way; in fact, we noosed nothing but one of the skirts of Mayweed's broad-tailed coat, which was whipped off as he accidentally sprung the trap, in stooping to gather a rare specimen of botany for his herba-



rium. After the accident, we abandoned our device in despair, leaving the rapt portion of the doctor's favorite garment fluttering in the breeze, a trophy of our discomfiture. We began to suspect the people had been humming us, when the day before we were to sail, I left the captain and Mayweed fishing from the banks of a small lagoon, situated near the head of the harbor, and struck for the woods, with Billy Rivers, one of the midshipmen of my watch. The youngster and I had just cleared a patch of cultivated ground, when we were startled by a hissing noise, like the blowing off of steam, and saw within a few yards of us a boa between twenty and thirty feet long, which might have well been taken for twice that length by any one who had merely measured him with the eye. His forked tongue vibrated with the rapidity of chain-lightning, and his eyes shone as fiery as a bit of charcoal under the operation of a blowpipe. There was no time to reflect, no chance to retreat, and the reptile decidedly meant to give fight. We had but one fowling-piece between us, which Rivers carried, and that was charged only with small shot. Telling him not to fire until I got ready, I jerked a long pole of India-rubber wood from the fence close at hand; the youngster blazed away right in the face and eyes of the serpent; we both boarded in the smoke with all the rancor of true descendants of Mother Eve; and before the enemy had time to recover from his astonishment, a lucky blow on the spine so disabled him that we despatched him at our leisure."

"You're sure it was an India-rubber pole that you gave the fatal blow with?" said the pursuer, looking out of his room again.

"Caoutchouc, so called, in those parts," replied Wagmazard; "you know it grows there as thick as pine trees in New Jersey. I should guess there might have been a mile square enclosed by a Virginia fence made of it."

"Circumstantial and minute again," exclaimed Frogwell; "gentlemen, interruptions are positively tabooed."

"Go on, Wagmazard," said the commissary; "I only asked for information."

"Rivers and I," continued the narrator, "were of course proud of having slain the redoubtable serpent, and returned to the lagoon immediately to announce our victory. There we found Mangem and the doctor laying their heads together to entrap an enormous alligator, which had just shown his head above water at the barking of a spaniel they had with them. The captain was highly delighted with our exploit, and ordered some of the watering party to bring down the prize, while the youngster and I, elated by our recent conquest, made bold to proffer our assistance and advice as to the best mode of capturing the alligator. Mayweed reminded us that he was the leviathan of the book of Job, and that we could not put 'a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn;' but we decided that by good seamanship we might rouse him ashore and bring him to close quarters, if we could only find means to get a purchase upon him. Several schemes were proposed and rejected; at last I hit upon a contrivance which the master may clap down among his *mens*, under the head of 'How to catch a crocodile.'"

Dabchick only noticed this remark by a contortion of countenance, such as a schoolboy makes who has bitten an unripe persimmon; he was evidently suppressing an inclination to think aloud.

"The device was as follows," continued Wagmazard. "We first rigged a line with a coil of two-and-a-half inch rope with a few feet of chain at the end of it; the chain was made fast to the middle of a short iron crow, and stopped out to the end of it by a lizard of spun yarn, just strong enough to keep the bar perpendicular until the alligator should gorge it, when a smart jerk would bring it athwartships in his maw by parting the stop, and there we should have him toggled so that we could haul him ashore. The bar was then baited with three or four solid pieces of pork, and the line thrown into the lagoon with a billet of wood about two fathoms from the bait, for a buoy. This done, we stepped back some distance from the bank, to watch the float, and kept the launch's crew at hand to extract our amphibious friend from one of his elements, in order to attack him with advantage on that which was common to both parties. We had hardly waited a quarter of an hour when the water began to mantle,—then the buoy trembled slightly, and at last a broad dimple on the surface of the lagoon announced 'a glorious nibble;' another more decided bob made the doctor exclaim, 'how very exciting;' and the men were for running away with the line before the time, but the captain re-trained them by an order to wait for the word. An instant afterwards the float disappeared slowly, making its course under water by a wake on the surface, which, with the tautening of the line, showed that the monster had gorged the bait and was making for the opposite shore. 'Now's your chance, my lads!' shouted Mangem, 'walk away together!' And away went the men with a cheer that made every thing ring again. The lagoon boiled like a pot for a moment, then out came the alligator high and dry upon the bank, mowing long swaths of cane and shrubbery with his tail, right and left, on his way up. A few good turns with the end of the line were caught over the stump of a tree, and the action began in earnest. The monster, as soon as he found there was no backing out, defended him-

self like a hero, keeping up a brisk fire of language composed of pebbles and dirt, and levelling every thing that came within the sweep of his nether extremity; while he was assailed by our party from every quarter with clubs, stones, and boat-hooks, and in short, any thing we could lay our hands upon. The fight raged furiously for about twenty minutes, till at length stratagem and superior force prevailed, and our enemy died, 'game to the last,' leaving his assailants, especially Billy Rivers and myself, covered with mud and glory.

"Nothing now remained to be done but to strip the boa and the alligator of their skins, which it was at once resolved should be preserved as trophies of the day's success. The doctor was a skilful taxidermist, and the boat's crew undertook the operation under his direction. The coxswain started off to get a quantity of corrosive sublimate from the apothecary of a village close by; and Rivers went to the ship, and soon returned with a bankrupt glass-blower, who belonged to the after-guard, and

was skilled in the manufacture of artificial eyes. An hour before sunset, the flesh of the vanquished was cut into strips, as Mangem had requested, to be cured in the way the South Americans prepare their jerked beef; and the skins were stuffed and put into attitudes as fierce and natural as life, and deposited on the rafters of a deserted wigwam at the watering-place."

"I suppose," said Dabchick, breaking silence at last, "they were presented with all due ceremony to the Museum at Philadelphia, or the Academy of Natural Sciences!"

"There you're out of your reckoning, master; they were eaten up that very night."

"Eaten up! By what?"

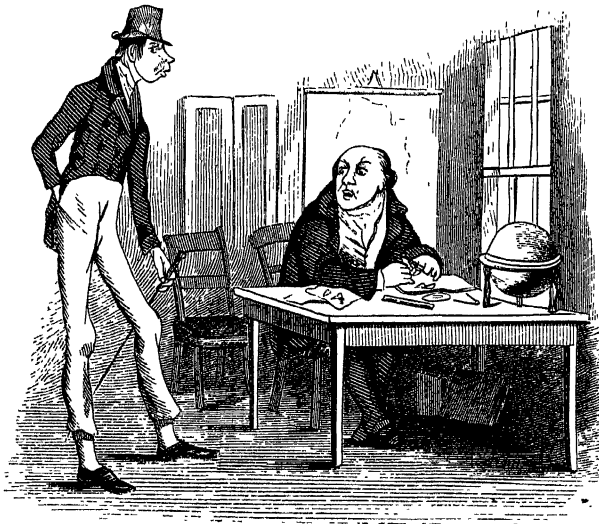
"Yes; every scale of them; by the *white ants*."

"What, crowbar and all?"

"No, they did leave the *crowbar and a link or two of the chain; but not a ropeyarn of the two-and-a-half inch.*"

PICTORIAL HUMOR.

FROM "SCRAPS." BY D. C. JOHNSTON. 1840.



A LAUDABLE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

WELL, young man, your business?

Why, I heerd's as how you teach navigation, so I tho't I'd come in and larn it this afternoon, cause I'm goin' to sea in the mornin', daddy's cap-tin and I'm mate.



VERY COLD; MERCURY FREEZING.

By Jupiter, I must get a pair of pants; it's cold enough to freeze Styx.

NATIONALITY.—An Italian, travelling in company with a true son of New England, remarked with much enthusiasm in his foreign accent, "Sar, you have no delights in America that we have in Italy. We have there, sar, the beautiful sky—the fine landscape. We have there, sar, Vesuvius, that sends its fire to the heavens!" The true Yankee

boy stood it long enough—his pride came up—he turned round to the Italian before he had time to let his hands fall from their gestures of admiration for his country, and with a tone of impatience, replied, "Your Vesuvius! We've got a Niagara will put her out in five minutes!"

## THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET. 1840.



"Why, what upon earth ails the child? Rose, you've hurt this child somehow or other!"

"No, ma'am, 'ela' I didn't; I was just sitt'n down dar in the rockin'-chair 'long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an' wa'n't doin' nothin' 't all to him, jis playin' wid him, and he jis begin to cry he-self, when nobody wa'n't doin' nothin' 't all to him, and nobody wa'n't in dar nuther sept jis me and him, and I was—"

"Nhing—nhing—nhing—and I expect you hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see

WHENCE comes the gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to infants? Take, for example, the following, which will answer the two-fold purpose of illustrating my idea and of exhibiting one of the peculiarities of the age.

A few days ago, I called to spend an hour in the afternoon with Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there, the child in the nurse's arms, in an adjoining room, began to cry.

"You Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that child." Rose walked with it, and sang to it, but it did not hush.

"You Rose! if you do not quiet that child, I lay I make you."

"I is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' he wouldn't get hushed." (*Child cries louder.*)

"Fetch him to me, you good-for-nothing hussy you. What's the matter with him?" reaching out her arms to receive him.

"I dun know, ma'am."

"Nhei—nhun—nho—nha'am!" (*mocking and grinning at Rose.*)

As Rose delivered the child, she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms; and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose received as a matter of course, without even changing countenance under it.

"Da den!" said Mrs. Slang; "come along o muddy (mother). Did nassy Yosey (Rose) pague muddy thweety chilluns!" (*children*)—pressing the child to her bosom, and rocking it backward and forward tenderly. "Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah! you old uggy Yosey!" (*knocking at Rose playfully.*) "Da den; muddy did whippy bad Yosey." (*Child continues crying.*)

where ole bad Yosey knocky heady 'gin de bureaux. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap, and finding nothing. (*Child cries on.*)

"Muddy's baby was hongry. Dat was what all muddy's darling, thweety ones. Was cho hongry, an' nobody would givy little darling any sungs't all for eaty?" (*loosing her frock bosom.*) "No, nobody would gim thweety ones any sings fo' eat 't all." (*Offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks, and screams worse than ever.*)

"Hush! you little brat! I believe it's nothing in the world but crossness. Hush!" (*shaking it.*) "hush, I tell you." (*Child cries to the SE. PLAS ULTRA.*)

"Why surely a pin must stick the child. Yes, was e bad pin did ticky chilluns. Let muddy see where de uggy pin did ticky dear prettous ereter!" (*examining.*) "Why no, it isn't a pin. Why what can be the matter with the child? It must have the colic, surely. Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantelpiece. Yes, muddy's baby did hab e tolic. Dat was what did ail muddy's prettous darty baby." (*Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it.* *Child cries on.*)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

"Now go bring me the sugar, and some water."

Rose brought them, and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant, the child, being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paregoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up and it began to cry.

"Why, Lord help my soul, what's the matter with the child? What have you done to him, you little hussy?" (*rising and walking towards Rose.*)

"'Cla,' missis I eint done noth'n 't all; was jis sittin' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"You lie, you slut" (*hitting her a passing slap*), "I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby" (*singing the Coquet*), "don't you cry, your sweetheart will come by'm'by; da de dum dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day." (*Child cries on.*)

"Lord help my soul and body, what can be the matter with my baby!" (*tears coming in her own eyes.*) "Something's the matter with it, I know it is" (*laying the child on her lap, and feeling its arms, to see whether it flinched at the touch of any particular part*). But the child cried less while she was feeling it than before.

"Yes, dat was it; wanted litty arms yubb'd. Mud will yub its sweet little arms." (*Child begins again.*)

"What upon earth can make my baby cry so!" rising and walking to the window. (*Stops at the window, and the child hushes.*)

"Yes, dat was it: did want to look out 'e windys. See the petty chickens. O-o-o-h! look at the beauty, rooster! ! Yonder's old aunt Betty! See old aunt Betty, pickin' up chips. Yes, ole aunt Betty pickin' up chips fo' bake bicky (biscuit) fo' good chilluns. Good aunt Betty fo' make bicky fo' sweet baby's supper. (*Child begins again.*)

"Hoo-o-o! see de windy!" (*knocking on the window. Child screams.*)

"You Rose, what have you done to this child? You little hussy you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

"Missis, I 'cla' I never done noth'n 't all to him. I was jis sett'n' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"If you say 'Miss Nancy's bureau' to me again, I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little lying slut. I'm just as sure you've hurt him as if I'd seen you. How did you hurt him?"

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus*; for, upon the peril of having a bureau stuffed down her throat, she dare not repeat the oft-told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

"Julia," said Mr. Slang, "bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying."

Mr. Slang took the child, and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended the search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way, before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose.

GEORGIA THEATRICALS.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET. 1840.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called "The Dark Corner" of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned over that portion of the county at the time of which I am speaking. If in this point of view it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick or sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of the county's illumination (Lincolnton), he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humor aside), Lincoln has become a living proof "that light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purposes of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions, from vice and folly to virtue and holiness, which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it should be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the moral condition of the Dark Corner at the time just mentioned, its *natural* condition was any thing but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring; and spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its blushing flowers.

Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert

of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk your chinks! Brimstone and — fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. — my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chit-terling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wild-cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned 'll see me a fair fight; won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In mercy's name, thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandæmonian riots! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with

both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Enough! my eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck, that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shines 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Courthouse, will you! Get your owl-eye in agin if you kin!"

At this moment, he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime. "Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal, whom you have ruined for ever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, "You needn't kick before you're spurred. There a'nt nobody there, nor ha'nt been nother. I was jist seein' how I could 'a' foud." So saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle ground.

And would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters in a Courthouse fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen,



and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

## GARDEN THEATRICALS.

FROM "CHARCOAL SKETCHES." BY JOSEPH C. NEAL. 1840.

MAN is an imitative animal, and consequently, the distinguished success which has fallen to the lot of a few of our countrymen in the theatrical profession, has had a great effect in creating longings for histrionic honors. Of late years, *debut*s have been innumerable, and it would be a more difficult task than that prescribed by Orozumbo—"to count the leaves of yonder forest"—if any curious investigator, arguing from known to unknown quantities, were to undertake the computation of the number of Roscils who have not as yet been able to effect their *coup d'essai*. In this quiet city—many as she has already given to the boards—multitudes are yet to be found, burning with ardor to "walk the plank," who, in their prospective dreams, nightly hear the timbers vocal with their mighty tread, and snuff the breath of immortality in the imaginary dust which answers to the shock. The recesses of the town could furnish forth hosts of youths who never thrust the left hand into a Sunday boot, preparatory to giving it the last polish, without jerking up the leg thereof with a Keanlike scowl, and sighing to think that it is not the well-buffed gauntlet of crook'd Richard—lads, who never don their night gear for repose, without striding thus attired across their narrow dormitory, and for the nonce, believing themselves accoutred to "go on" for Rolla, or the Pythagorean of Syracuse—two gentlemen who promenade in "cutty sarks," and are as

indifferent about rheumatism as a Cupid horsed upon a cloud.

But in the times of which we speak, stage-struck heroes were rare. The theatrical mania was by no means prevalent. It went and came like the influenza, sometimes carrying off its victims; but they were not multitudinous. Our actors were chiefly importations. The day of native talent was yet in the gray of its morning—a few streakings or so, among the Tressels and Tyrells, but nothing tip-toppling it in the zenith. There are, however, few generalities without an exception, and in those days, Theodosius Spoon had the honor to prove the rule by being an instance to the contrary.

Theodosius Spoon, called by the waggish *Ta-spoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—Theodosius Spoon was named after a Roman emperor—not by traditional nomenclature, which modifies the effect of the thing, but directly "out of a history book," abridged by Goldsmith. It having been ascertained, in the first place, that the aforesaid potentate, with the exception of having massacred a few thousand innocent people one day, was a tolerably decent fellow for a Roman emperor, he was therefore complimented by having his name bestowed upon a Spoon. It must not, however, be thought that the spongers were so sun-







*Joseph C. Neal.*

guine as to entertain a hope that their youthful charge would ever reach the purple. Their aspirations did not extend so far; but being moderate in their expectations, they acted on the sound and well established principle, that as fine feathers make fine birds, fine names, to a certain extent, must have an analogous effect—that our genius should be educated, as it were, by the appellation bestowed upon us; and that we should be so sagaciously designated that to whatever height fortune leads, fame, in speaking of us, may have a comfortable mouthful, and we have no cause under any circumstances to blush for our name. Mr. and Mrs. Spoon—wise people in their way—reasoned in the manner referred to. They were satisfied that a sonorous handle to one's patronymic acts like a balloon to its owner, and that an emaciated, every-day, threadbare cognomen—a Tom, Dick, and Harry denomination—is a mere dipsey, and must keep a man at the bottom. Coming to the application of the theory, they were satisfied that the homely though useful qualities of the spoon would be swallowed up in the superior attributes of Theodosius. That this worthy pair were right in the abstract is a self-evident proposition. Who, for instance, can meet with a Napoleon Bonaparte Mugg, without feeling that when the said Mugg is emptied of its spirit, a soul will have exhaled, which, had the gate of circumstance opened the way, would have played foot-ball with monarchs, and have wiped its brogues upon empires? An Archimedes Pippis is clearly born to be a "screw," and to operate extensively with "burning glasses," if not upon the fleets of a Marcellus, at least upon his own body corporate. While Franklin Pippis, if in the mercantile line, is pretty sure to be a great flier of kites, and a speculator in vapors, and such like fancy stocks. If the Slinkums call their boy Cæsar, it follows as a natural consequence that the puggish disposition of the family nose will, in his case, gracefully curve into the aquiline, and that the family propensity for the Fabian method of getting out of a scrape, will be Cæsarized into a valor, which at its very aspect would set "all Gaul" into a quake. Who can keep little Diogenes Doubikens out of a tub, or prevent him from scrambling into a hog's-head, especially if sugar is to be gathered in the interior. Even Chesterfield Gruff is half disposed to be civil, if he thinks he can gain by so unnatural a course of proceeding; and every body is aware that Crichton Dunderpate could do almost any thing, if he knew how, and if, by a singular fatality, all his fingers were not thumbs.

Concurrent testimony goes to prove that the son of a great man is of necessity likewise great—the children of a *blanchisseuse*, or of a house-scrubber, have invariably clean hands and faces; schoolmasters are very careful to imbue their offspring with learning; and, if we are not mistaken, it has passed into a proverb that the male progeny of a clergyman, in general, labor hard for the proud distinction of being called "hopeful youths and promising youngsters." The corollary, therefore, flows from this, as smoothly as water from a hydrant, that he who borrows an illustrious name is in all probability charged to the brim, *ipso facto*, with the qualities whereby the real owner was enabled to render it illustrious—qualities, which only require opportunity and the true position to blaze up in spontaneous combustion, a beacon to the world. And thus Theodosius Spoon, in his course through life, could scarcely be other-

wise than, if not an antique Roman, at least an "antic rum 'un;" his sphere of action might be circumscribed, but he could not do otherwise than make a figure.

Our Spoon—his parents being satisfied with giving him a euphonous name—was early dipped into the broad bowl of the world to spoon for himself. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of stretching "uppers" and of shaping "unders." But, for this employment, as it was merely useful and somewhat laborious, he had no particular fancy. Whether it was owing to the influence of his name or not, we cannot pretend to say, but, like Jaffier and many other worthy individuals, he was much troubled with those serious inconveniences termed "elegant desires." Young as he was, his talent for eating was aldermanic; aristocracy itself might have envied his somnolent performances in the morning; while, if fun or mischief were afoot, no watch-dog could better encounter prolonged vigils, and no outlying cat could more silently and skilfully crawl in at a back window than he, when returning from his nocturnal perambulations. His genius for lounging, likewise, when he should have been at work, was as remarkable as his time-consuming power when sent on an errand. He could seem to do more, and yet perform less, than any lad of his inches in the town; and, being ordered out on business, it was marvellous to see the swiftness with which he left the shop, and the rapidity of his immediate return to it, contrasted with the great amount of time consumed in the interval. With these accomplishments, it is not surprising that Theodosius Spoon was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beautiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires. Many a time, as he leaned his elbow on the lapstone, and reposed his chin upon his palm, did his work roll idly to the floor, while he gazed with envious eyes through the window at the playbills which graced the opposite corner, and hoped that the time would come when the first night of Theodosius Spoon would be thereupon announced, in letters as large as if he were a histrionic ladle. Visions of glory—of crowded houses—of thundering plaudits—of full pockets—of pleasant nights, and of day lounges up and down Chestnut Street, the wonder of little boys and focus of all eyes,—floated vividly across his imagination. How could he, who bore the name of a Roman emperor, dream of being elsewhere than at the topmost round of fortune's ladder, when he had seen others there, who, subjected to mental comparison, were mere rushlights compared to himself?

Filled with those gorgeous imaginings, our Spoon became metamorphosed into a spout, pouring forth streams of elocution by night and by day, and, though continually corking his frontispiece to try the expression in scenes of wrath, it soon became evident that his powers could not remain bottled in a private station. When a histrionic inclination ferments so noisily that its fizzling disturbs the neighborhood, it requires little knowledge of chemistry to decide that it must have vent, or an explosion will be the consequence; and such was the case in the instance in which we speak. The oratorical powers of Theodosius Spoon were truly

terrible, and had become, during occasional absence of the "boss," familiar to every one within a square.

An opportunity soon afforded itself. Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market, near Broad Street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its brilliancy was for ever extinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, furnishing to the public entertainment as various, and giving to the stage many a "regular" whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who "cronied" with Spoon, and had been the first to give the "reaching of his soul" an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and *par consequence*, Typus was a critic, with the *entrées* of the establishment, and an occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronizing attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day, in front of the theatre, and varied their smokings by transitions from the "long nine" to the real Havana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of "overwork" for Mr. Julius Augustus Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honor thus conferred may be gathered from

the fact that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operatic corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the "counter" in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was, that although he could manage a duet easily enough, soliloquizing a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and he was therefore often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex-officio* Winkins—he did the melancholic-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but "suffering in his innards,"—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame inserted in a suit of black, rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by the course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the "fountain tie," about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and with his well-oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love, decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claqueurs*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled "Love has

eyes," and the other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigor; even the learned pig had stared at it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw, if he did not succeed, for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they



were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was of a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon, and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nibbling at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantial of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

"Theo, my boy!" said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

"Spoon, my son!" said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

"Spooney, my tight 'un!"—the assault irresistible,—“how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakspeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?” Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

"Oh, gammin!" ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling, and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. "Oh, get out!" continued he, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untied, yet self-satisfied genius.

"Not a bit of it—I'm as serious as an empty barn—got the genius—want the chance—my benefit—two acts of anything—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon 'em—fortune made—that's the go."

"It's our opinion,—we think, Theodosius," observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, "we think, and the way we know what's what, because of our situation, is sing'ler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now's your time for gittin' astraddle of public opinion, and for riding it like a boss. Jist such a chance as you've been wantin'. As the French say, all the *bew mundy* come to Winkins's benefit; and if the old man won't go a puff leaded, why we'll see to havin' it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it."

"Twon't do," simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. "Twon't do. How am I to get a dress—s'pose boss ketches me at it? Besides, I'm too stumpy for tragedy, and anyhow I must wait till I'm cured of my cold."

"It will do," returned Winkins, decisively; "and tragedy's just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description," (Winkins always *haspirated* when desirous of being emphatic,) "high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lower the hactor, and in the other case, *wisey wersey*. It makes light and shade between the sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs."

"We think, then, our friend is decidedly kalkilated to walk into the public. There's a good deal of circumbendibus about Spoon's gams—he's got

serpentine trotters, splendid for crooked streets, or goin' round a corner," interpolated Typus, jocularly.

"There's brilliancy about crooked legs," continued Winkins, with a reproving glance at Typus. "The monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders and a shovel nose for the heccentricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocation, and spasmodic emphasis, for touching the sympathies, and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectator see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school—"

"That must be a dose," ejaculated Typus, who was developing into a wag.

"But you're not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexercruciating manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new-caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length, till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menagerie method. The physical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn't burst it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the "hagony," when and where to cut "terrific mugs" at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chasser* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a glance *en arriere*.

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the "Garden Theatre" announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince. Rash promise! fatal anticipation!

The evening arrived, and the garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in town assembled to witness the *debut* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming. Winkins, in a blue military frock, buttoned to the chin, white pantaloons strapped under the foot, and gesticulating with a shining black hat with white lining, borrowed ex-

pressly for the occasion, had repeated, "My love is like the red, red rose" with immense applause, when the curtain rang up, and the third act began.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart, did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abord*, however, did not impress his audience favorably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the "hintellectual tragicality of his legs," meandering their brief extent, like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or "an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and with his eyes fixed upon his toes commenced the soliloquy,—another beautiful conception,—for the prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet's extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villainous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. "Keep a lading it out strong! Who's afeard!—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing. "Go it like a pair of bellowses!"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull-frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses resounded through the Garden. "Whoor for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavored to create a diversion in his favor—"whoor for Spooney!" and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it?" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it for to have it druv' into you this 'ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance?"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquet* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Winkins as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius,—“will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurray for Vinkins!" replied a brawny

critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered against the front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune of it. Hurray! Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech Vinkey for your vite trousers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins, red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at times adroitly dodging the candle ends which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protege*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question. Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drama, (*successive dodges to the right and left*) or am I to (*dodge*) to understand you came solely to kick up, a bloody row?"



The effect of this insinuating inquiry had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman, who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *début*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Winkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoombog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—

sump him into fee-penny beets! Sacre!" added the enraged manager, turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoombog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moi-meme—by me ownsef."

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist, understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he rushed through the crowd, and in the royal robes of Denmark, hurried home.

For the time, at least, he was satisfied that bearing the name of a Roman emperor did not lead to instant success on the stage, and though he rather reproached the audience with want of taste, it is not probable that he ever repeated the attempt; for he soon, in search of an "easy life" joined the patriots on the Spanish main, and was never after heard of.

## THE HOOSIER AND THE SALT PILE.

BY DANFORTH MARBLE. 1840.

"I'm sorry," says Dan, as he knocked the ashes from his regalia, as he sat in a small crowd over a glass of sherry, at Florence's, New York, one evening, "I'm sorry that the stages are disappearing so rapidly; I never enjoyed travelling so well as in the slow coaches. I've made a good many passages over the Alleghanies, and across Ohio, from Cleveland to Columbus and Cincinnati, all over the South, down East, and up North, in stages, and I generally had a good time.

"When I passed over from Cleveland to Cincinnati, the last time, in a stage, I met a queer crowd—such a *corps*, such a time, you never did see; I never was better amused in my life. We had a good team—spanking horses, fine coaches, and one of them *drivers* you read of. Well, there was nine 'insiders,' and I don't believe there ever was a stage full of Christians ever started before, so chuck full of music.

"There was a beautiful young lady going to one of the Cincinnati academies; next to her sat a Jew pedler—for Cowes and a market; wedging him in was a dandy blackleg, with jewelry and chains around about his breast and neck—enough to hang him. There was myself, and an old gentleman, with large spectacles, gold-headed cane, and a jolly, soldering-iron looking nose; by him was a circus rider, whose breath was enough to breed yaller fever, and could be felt just as easy as cotton velvet! A cross old woman came next, and whose *look* would have given any reasonable man the double-breasted blues before breakfast; alongside of her was a rale backwoods preacher, with the biggest and ugliest mouth ever got up since the flood. He was flanked by the low comedian of the party, an Indiana hoosier, 'gwine down to Orleans to get an army contract' to supply the forces then in Mexico with beef.

"We rolled along for some time, nobody seemed inclined to 'open.' The old aunty sot bolt upright, looking crab apples and persimmons at the hoosier and the preacher; the young lady dropped the green curtain of her bonnet over her pretty face, and leaned back in her seat, to nod and dream over japonicas and jumbles, pantalettes, and poetry; the old gentleman, proprietor of the Bardolph 'nose,' looked out at the 'corduroy' and swashes; the

gambler fell off into a doze, and the circus covey followed suit, leaving the preacher and me *vis-à-vis*, and saying nothing to nobody. 'Indiandy,' he stuck his mug out at the window and criticised the cattle we now and then passed. I was wishing somebody would give the conversation a start, when 'Indiandy' made a break—



"'This ain't no great stock country,' says he to the old gentleman with the cane.

"'No, sir,' says the old gentleman. 'Ther's very little grazing here, and the range is pretty much wore out.'

"Then there was nothing said again for some time. Bimeby the hoosier opened agin—

"'It's the d—est place for simmon-trees and turkey-buzzards I ever did see!'

"The old gentleman with the cane didn't say nothing, and the preacher gave a long groan. The young lady smiled through her veil, and the old lady snapped her eyes and looked sideways at the speaker.

"Don't make much beef here, I reckon," says the hoosier.

"No," says the gentleman.

"Well, I don't see how in h—ll they all manage to get along in a country whar thar ain't no ranges, and they don't make no beef. A man ain't considered worth a cuss in Indiany what hasn't got his brand on a hundred head."

"Yours is a great beef country, I believe," says the old gentleman.

"Well, sir, it ain't anything else. A man that's got sense enuff to foller his own cow-bell with us ain't in no danger of starvin. I'm gwine down to Orleans to see if I can't git a contract out of Uncle Sam, to feed the boys what's been lickin them infernal Mexicans so bad. I s'pose you've seed them cussed lies what's been in the papers about the Indiany boys at Bony Visty."

"I've read some accounts of the battle," says the old gentleman, "that didn't give a very flattering account of the conduct of some of our troops."

"With that, the Indiany man went into a full explanation of the affair, and, gittin warmed up as he went along, begun to cuss and swear like he'd been through a dozen campaigns himself. The old preacher listened to him with evident signs of displeasure, twistin' and groanin' till he couldn't stand it no longer.

"My friend," says he, "you must excuse me, but your conversation would be a great deal more interesting to me—and I'm sure would please the company much better—if you wouldn't swear so terribly. It's very wrong to swear, and I hope you'll have respect for our feelin's, if you hain't no respect for your Maker."

"If the hoosier had been struck with thunder and lightnin', he couldn't have been more completely tuck aback. He shut his mouth right in the middle of what he was sayin', and looked at the preacher, while his face got as red as fire.

"Swearin'," says the old preacher, "is a terrible bad practice, and there ain't no use in it, no how. The Bible says, swear not at all, and I s'pose you know the commandments about swearin'?"

"The old lady sort of brightened up—the preacher was her 'duck of a man'; the old fellow with the 'nose' and cane let off a few 'umph, ah! umphs'; but 'Indianny' kept shady, he appeared to be *cowed* down.

"I know," says the preacher, "that a great many people swear without thinkin', and some people don't b'lieve the Bible."

"And then he went on to preach a regular sermon agin swearing, and to quote Scripture like he had the whole Bible by heart. In the course of his argument, he undertook to prove the Scriptures to be true, and told us all about the miracles and prophecies, and their fulfilment. The old gentleman with the cane took a part in the conversation, and the hoosier listened, without ever opening his head.

"I've just heard of a gentleman," says the preacher, "that's been to the Holy Land, and went over the Bible country. It's astonishin' to hear what wonderful things he has seen. He was at Sodom and Gomorrow, and seen the place whar Lot's wife fell!"

"Ah!" says the old gentleman with the cane.

"Yes," says the preacher, "he went to the very spot; and what's the remarkablest thing of all, he seen the pillar of salt what she was turned into!"

"Is it possible?" says the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir; he seen the salt, standin' thar to this day."

"What!" says the hoosier, "real genewine, good salt?"

"Yes, sir, a pillar of salt, jest as it was when that wicked woman was punished for her disobedience."

"All but the gambler, who was snoozing in the corner of the coach, looked at the preacher,—the hoosier with an expression of countenance that plainly told that his mind was powerfully convicted of an important fact.

"Right out in the open air?" he asked.

"Yes; standin' right in the open field, whar she fell."

"Well, sir," says "Indianny," "all I've got to say is, *if she'd dropped in our parts, the cattle would have licked her up afore sundown!*"

"The preacher raised both his hands at such an irreverent remark, and the old gentleman laughed himself into a fit of asthmatics, what he didn't get over till he came to the next change of horses. The hoosier had played the mischief with the gravity of the whole party; even the old maid had to put her handkerchief to her face, and the young lady's eyes were filled with tears for half an hour afterwards. The old preacher hadn't another word to say on the subject; but whenever we came to any place, or met any body on the road, the circus man nursed the thing along by asking what was the price of salt."

A PRINTER'S Devil was pierced in the heart

With charms of a little miss;

Quoth he to the lass, "My doar, ere we part,

Let us seal our love with a kiss."

The maiden replied, as the imp she eyed,

"Dost thou think I'll let you revel

Where others before you have vainly tried?

No, no, I'll not kiss the devil!"

Years rolled along, and the sweet little lass

Became an old sorrowful maid;

She lived like a Queen—was rich—but alas!

Her beauty had all decayed.

Once again they met, and the old maid tried

To recall her former issue,

But she gaily smiled and only replied,

"The devil now wouldn't kiss you."

A CHORISTER, wishing to *improve* on the lines—

Oh may our hearts in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound,

submitted to his minister the following:

Oh may our hearts be tuned within,  
Like David's sacred violin;

when the clergyman, still more to *modernize* the text, suggested, in ridicule, the following climax:

Oh may our hearts go DIDDLE DIDDLE,  
Like Uncle David's sacred fiddle.

This last improvement so excelled that of the chorister, as to induce him to be content without further experiments, with the original text.

## TO A FRIEND.

BY JOHN PIERPONT. 1840.

FRIEND of my dark and solitary hour,  
When spectres walk abroad, and ghosts have power,  
To thee I look to dissipate the gloom,  
And banish sheeted corpses from my room.  
Thou'rt not thyself a corpse, though, past all doubt,  
Thou hast been a dead body, and "laid out."  
Nor art thou quite a ghost, though, sooth to say,  
Much like a ghost thou vanishest away;  
And, like the ghost in Shakspeare's tragic tale,  
(That of the royal Dane,) thou'rt "very pale."

Life of my nights, thy cheering smile impart!  
Light of my lone and melancholy heart,  
Come stand beside me, and, with silent gaze,  
O'erlook the line I'm weaving in thy praise.  
But, should my numbers, like thyself, decline,  
Start not indignant from thy silver shrine,  
Such panegyric though incensed to hear,  
Nor like the Cynthian,\* touch my tingling ear.

Yea—though I feel thy warm breath in my face,  
As Daphne felt the Delphians† in the chase,  
Let not my finger press thy polished form,  
Lest, like Pygmalion, I should find thee warm.

Thou art not cold as marble, though thou'rt fair  
As smoothest alabaster statues are;  
Thou'rt like the lamp that brightens wisdom's page;  
Thou'rt like a glass to the dim eye of age;  
Thou'rt like the lantern Hero held of yore,  
On Sestos' tower, to light Leander o'er.  
Thou art the friend of Beauty and of Wit;  
Both beam the brighter when with thee they sit.  
Thou giv'st to Beauty's cheek a softer hue,  
Sprinklest on Beauty's lips a fresher dew;  
Giv'st her with warmer eloquence to sigh,  
And wing love's shafts more heated from her eye.

Still, pure thyself as Nova Zembla's snows,  
Thy blood bounds not,—it regularly flows.  
Thou dost not feel nor wake impure desire;  
For though thou standest with thy soul on fire,  
Beside my couch in all thy glowing charms,  
I sleep, nor dream I clasp thee in my arms.

Thy faithfulness, my friend, oft hast thou shown;  
Thou hast stood by me oft—and stood alone;  
And when the world has frowned, thou wouldst  
beguile

My hours of sadness with thy cheerful smile.  
Yet well I know,—forgive the painful thought!—  
With all thy faithfulness thou hast been bought.  
Yes, friend, thou hast been venal, and hast known  
The time, when, just as freely as my own,  
Thou mightest for a trifle have been led  
To grace the veriest stranger's board and bed.  
Yet will I trust thee now,—while thou hast life;  
I'll trust thee with my money, or my wife,  
Not doubting for a moment that thou'lt be  
As true to them as thou art true to me.

While thus I praise thee, I do not pretend  
That though a faithful, thou'rt a faultless friend.  
Excuse me then,—I do not love to blame,—  
When for thy sake thy faults I briefly name.

Though often present when debates wax warm,  
On Slavery or the Temperance reform,  
I ne'er have known thee lift thy voice or hand,  
The car of Reformation through the land,  
Onward to roll.—Thou knowest well that I  
Drink nothing but cold water when I'm dry;  
It is my daily bath, my daily drink;  
What, then, with all thy virtues, must I think,  
When as thou seest my goblet filled up,  
Or the pure crystal flowing from the cup,  
In cool refreshment, o'er my parched lip,  
I never can persuade thee e'en to sip?  
Nay, when thou bear'st it with so ill a grace,  
If but a drop I sprinkle in thy face?  
Thou know'st this puts thee out. And then, once  
more,  
Tobacco-juice on carpet, hearth, or floor,  
I can't endure; and yet I know thou viewest  
Such things unmoved. I say not that thou chewest  
The Indian weed; but I'm in error far  
If I've not seen thee lighting a cigar.  
Fie! fie! my friend, eschew the nauseous stuff!  
I hate thy smoking! I detest thy snuff!

True, should my censure a retort provoke,  
Thou mayest reply that Spanish ladies smoke;  
And that e'en editors are pleased enough  
Sometimes to take, as oft they give, a puff.

Ah, well, "with all thy faults," as Cowper says,  
"I love thee still," and still I sing thy praise:  
These few bad habits I o'erlook in thee,  
For who on earth from every fault is free?

Still, my fair friend, the poisonous gall that drips  
On Virtue's robe, from Scandal's viper lips,  
Hath fallen on thee. When innocence and youth  
Her victims are, she seems to tell the truth,  
While yet she lies. But when, with deadly fangs,  
She strikes at thee, and on thy mantle hangs,  
She seems resolved a different game to try;  
She tells the truth, but seems to tell a lie,  
And calls thee—thy tried character to stain—  
"The wicked fiction of some monster's brain!"  
"Wicked!" let all such slanderers be told  
Thy maker cast thee in an upright mould;\*  
And though thou mayest be swayed, 'tis ne'er so ill  
But thou maintainest thine uprightness still.  
"Wicked!"—while all thine hours as they proceed  
See thee engaged in some illustrious deed!  
See thee, thyself and all thou hast to spend,  
Like holy Paul, to benefit thy friend;  
And by the couch where wakeful woe appears,  
See thee dissolve, like Niobe, in tears!

E'en now, as gazing on thy slender frame,  
That, like my own, still feeds the vital flame,

\* Cynthus aurum vellit.—VIRG., ECL. VI. 1: 8.

† OVID. MET., I, 589, et seq.

\* For O thy soul in holy mould was cast.—CAMPBELL.



I strive to catch thy beauty's modest ray,  
Methinks I see thee sink, in slow decay,  
Beneath the flame that's kindled by my breath,  
And preys upon thy heart-strings till thy death.  
Yet, in thy melting mood, thy heart is light,  
Thy smile is cheerful and thy visage bright;  
And, in thy pallid form, I see displayed  
The Cyprian goddess and the martial maid;  
For thou didst spring, like Venus, from the main,  
And, like Minerva, from the thunderer's brain.

What though thou art a fiction? Still, forsooth,  
Fiction may throw as fair a light as truth.  
But thou'rt a "wicked fiction;" yet, the while,  
No crime is thine, and thou'rt unknown to guile.

In fiery trials I have seen thee stand  
Firm, and more pure than e'en thy maker's hand;  
And deeds of darkness, crimsoned o'er with shame,  
Shrink from thine eye as from devouring flame.

True at thy post I've ever seen thee stay,  
Yet, truant-like, I've seen thee run away;  
And, though that want of firmness I deplore,  
Wert thou less wicked thou would'st run still more;  
Wert thou more wicked, and less modest, too,  
The meed of greater virtue were thy due.  
Wert thou less wicked, thou would'st less dispense  
The beams of beauty and benevolence.  
Light of my gloomy hours, thy name I bless  
The more, the greater is thy wickedness.

## JONES'S FIGHT.

### A Story of Kentucky.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES. 1840.

COL. DICK JONES was decidedly the great man of the village of Summerville. He was colonel of the regiment—he had represented his district in Congress—he had been spoken of as candidate for governor—he was at the head of the bar in Hawkins county, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population—his dress and taste were law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses. He possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular; extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted, that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit—that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety: for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting-shirt white fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning-gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manners and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginian breed and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which, though not to be admired, yet it gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the colonel boarded at the Eagle hotel—his office, in the square, fronted the court-house—he was a manager of all the balls—he was vice-president of the Summerville Jockey Club—he was trustee of the Female Academy—he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies at night, to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high-headed, proud-looking sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a race, a rifle match, or a cock fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best-natured of men, that he took un-

brage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time he went over the mountain to court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a *liebill*, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town,—the case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the colonel had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young store boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, and young M. D's, as often as they were in the colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions, the colonel spoke carelessly and banteringly. Some good old lady spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies, and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Spring term of the courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and with them, Col. Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the consequences of this trip, and without much communion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off, gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville; and on the third day the common salutation was "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth, and sixth came, and still the public anxiety was unappeased; it had, with the delay, become insufferable, quite agonizing; busi-

ness and occupation was at a stand still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country lest news of the fight would arrive in their absence. People in crossing the square, or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bedtime hoping some one would return from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bothers conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had one hundred dollars staked of borrowed money, and no one came; though before that, some person passed every hour.

On the seventh morning, the uneasy public were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to until they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeepers and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet-makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly, a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust away up the road and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager in Philadelphia, on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an opposite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's point noticed, than there was a general reconnoissance of the road made, and before long, doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the colonel's old sorrel riding-horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.



In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those

across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle Hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark green specks on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist; his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap that looked much like the countrywomen's plan of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his head was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair," as \* \* \* \* said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that a negro was only a white well pummelled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a beehive.

The colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished, and he addressed them with, "Happy to see you, gents; how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Buck Daly arrested him with, "Why, colonel, I see you have had a skrimmage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little *ceud* of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly, I had a tight fit of it, though. You know Bill Patterson; he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man, I assure you. Well, my word was out to lick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance, I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *liebüll*, and he was not good at running, so he thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off, and took him in the burr of the ear that raised a singing in his head, that made him think he was in Mosquito town. At it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the bench, and as soon as the cry of "fight" was raised, the bar and jury ran off and left him. He shouted, "I command the peace," within the court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, and cried out, "I can't prevent you!" "fair fight!" "stand back!" and he caught Parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who he thought was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet.

"It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought; everybody was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was—" (*here he made an effort to enter the tavern*). But several voices called out, "Which whipped? How did you come out?" "Why, much as I tell you; we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at rattle, but he would manage some way to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez under the hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink bottle, only as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But in fact, there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having run into a brush

fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about and about"—(*here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern.*) But many voices demanded, "Who hollered?" "Which gave up?" "How did you hurt your hand?" "Oh! I forgot to tell you, that as I aimed a sockdologer at him, he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diedapper, and hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist; so, being like the fellow, who, when it rained mush, had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump—and went in for eating. In the scuffle, we fell, cross and pile, and while he was chawing my finger, my head was between his legs; his woollen jean britches did not taste well, but I found a bare place, where the seat had worn out, and meat in abundance; so I laid hold of a good mouthful, but the bit came out; and finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted Doctor Bones' the tool-smith's, patent method of removing teeth without

the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure. However, I shall for one time have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud." (*He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh.*) But vox populi again. "So you tanned him, did you?" "How did the fight finish?" "You were not parted?" "You fought it out did you?" The colonel resumed, "Why, there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francesco, and Otey, and Lewis, and Blewins, and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about, all over the court-yard, and, at last, just to end the fight, everybody was getting tired of it; so at 1—a—a—st, I hollered.—(*Exit Colonel.*)

## A QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

Nothing would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges than is customary when there is a contest, "*the sateful old kriter*" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and any thing could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a *water-haul*. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers, and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged, with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the *grit*, and much of the chaff certainly had been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without being in any way able to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four mile was *being done* (*as the prigs have it*) I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skeary nag up to the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—"Colonel, let us have some of your *byled* corn—pour me out a buck load—there—never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday," and then wheel off to the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end, and I had some idea, in imitation of Sardanapalus, "all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat, drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a flip," when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority. I inquired if the hunt was up. "Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter race as ever was read of, and I will give it 'em, so you can make expenses." I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode to the thickest of the crowd. A rough-hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tend-

ed twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plough against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run, as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon or plough, or he could beat him running one hundred miles, his weight on each, for five hundred dollars. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch, to amuse the company, for one hundred dollars. Sorrel took him up, provided Bay carried his present rider, and he would get somebody; Bay agreed, provided he would not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and two of Senator Benton's abominations—\$100 United States Bank Bills—were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another \$50;—agreed to by Sorrel, who, observing Bay shell out a \$100 note, said, there was no use of making change, as his note was the same amount, and they might as well go the \$100. This was promptly agreed to, and another one hundred dollars offered, and immediately covered—there being now three hundred dollars aside. Now came a proposal to increase it three hundred dollars more; Bay said—"You oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money, I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult his banker. Dan now whispered, "*Spread yourself on the Bay.*" Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentleman ten dollars on the Bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June-bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off to consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about short races I ever knew, and one who can see as far into a mill-stone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on the Bay, coming to get a peep at the sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her, he exclaimed—

"Why, Dave, you made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our *cake* is all dough—that's old Grape-vine, and I told you point blank to walk round her,

but you're like a member of the Kentucky legislature, who admitted that if he had a failing it was being a *leetle* too brave."

"How could I know Grapevine," replied Dave, doggedly; "and you told me you could beat her, any how."

"Yes," said Crump, "I think I can; but I didn't come a hundred and fifty miles to run them kind of races—Old Tompkins has brought her here, and I like him for a *sucker*!"

"Well," says Dave, "maybe I can get off with the race if you think you'll be licked."

"No," said Crump, "when I go a catting, I go a catting; its mighty mixed up, and there's no telling who's constable until the election is over; it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a *leetle* ahead."

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d." He now came forward, and addressed the other party: "Boys," said he, "it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to one hundred dollars; that is enough for a little tacky race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the judges were selected: a *good* judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of the nominees for the ermine was a hickory over any body's persimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated jack-knife; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire, and his face ached perpetually; but his eyes! his eyes! He was said to have caught a turkey-buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived, and thinking he was looking another way; and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could *look at his own head*! It was objected to him that he could not keep his eyes on the score, as he did not see *straight*, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing, when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending that Nature had designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed, at the same moment, with the other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gobbler, without feathers; and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six feet, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last, to run to the stand. After an-

other toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was, "Hurra, my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong, lumber—go it with a looseness—root little pig, or die." And "Oh! my Grapevine! tear the hind sights off him!—you'll lay him out cold as a wagon-tire—roll your bones—go it, you cripples!" etc., etc., etc.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a five, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkable wall-eyed horse; and some time after staked another five dollars, with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognise again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risk.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "Clear the track!" "Stand back!" "Get off the fence!" "The riders are mounted!" "They are coming!" "Now they are off!"—but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure, or false alarm, I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding-horse. You know my seventeen year old horse, that I always call the bay colt; I proposed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking in his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as ten-penny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New York collectors—they ain't cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was going to travel he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise, if I won it, to let him have it back at one hundred dollars, in case he went into Georgia this fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;—Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place: I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a grid-dle, and fretted greatly—he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to soothe him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward-looking *striker* of old Thompson's holding her by the cheek of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, *not to let loose in any case*, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse—it now being near dark—rode slowly off a short distance, and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a stump: his neck-

cloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten hat; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his striker. Crump was anxious for a start, as his horse was worsted by delay; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you!" and away she went with an *ungovernable*. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"That's no way; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling; you should say 'Yes!' if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward; it was no use for me to let go, as it would have been no race any how, until you give the word."

Old Tompkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered that he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble, (an unusual thing,) he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, that he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time, you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his color. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up, and got off the first trial. "Ready?" "Yes!"—and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry,

Glimmering through the gloam.

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard—"Mare's race!"—"No! she crossed over the horse's path!"—"The boy with the shirt rode foul!"—"The horse was ahead when he passed me!" After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties that the nag that came out on the left-hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left-hand side. The judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry, and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many ways for Sunday, after a very ominous silence, and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat any thing yet; a dozen of men were produced, who were ready to swear that gimblet-eye was a hundred yards off, drinking a stiff cock-tail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks an inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was won, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time: some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of a fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket, and those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve; the crowd clustered together like a bee-swarm. This continued until about nine o'clock, when Crump, finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the mat-

ter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race. This was received with a yell louder, if possible, than any former one; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment to the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess that I (for no earthly reason that I can give but the force of example) was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by a person with whom I had bet, and had staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse. "Well," said he, "shell out my five dollars that I put up with that friend of yours—as I can't find *him*." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on *soft corn* that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder, and we were seen together, and we must be acquainted, as we were both *furreigners* from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, twenty foot in the clear, without limb, knot, windshake, or wood-pecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake. He very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had *done gone* three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired; I found the stakeholder that assisted about the bar, and claimed my five dollars on the draw race; to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stakes until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me he did not *know him from a side of sole leather*.

I left the course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash; I discovered him drinking, and offering large bets; he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting some time, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix. Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—"Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return to me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, stepped off, picked up a piece of cedar, and commenced whittling. "Now, stranger," says he, "I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris county, Kentucky; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it happened: you see, when you



offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let it slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win; and if he had won, you know, of course it made no difference to you whether I had a stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary, [a whisky shop in a log pen fourteen feet square,] and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you *perhaps* never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was

*pizen*, and I came out of the *leetle end* of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack; so, as you don't want the money, I'll negotiate to suit you exactly; I'll give you my *dubisary*: I don't know that I can pay it this year, unless the *crap* of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next year probably; and I'll tell you exactly my principle—if a man waits with me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready; but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving there was nothing else to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's *dubisary*, hoping at the same time that at least *enough* of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have five dollars more for a stake, but on my declining, he said, "Well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of calligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, } Due Dempsey, the just and  
Jessamine county, } lawful sum of ten dollars, for  
value received, payable on the  
26th day of December, 1836, or 1837, or any  
time after that I am able to discharge the same. As  
witness my hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS.



I wish you would try Wall-street with this paper, as I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for a quarter race again.

## COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

### A Legal Sketch in the "old North State."

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

#### SCENE—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A BEARLESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court:—"May it please your Worships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skrimmage.

LAWYER CHOPS. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known,

as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

CHOPS. Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

HARRIS. Adzactly (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.*) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then.



axed me if Mose he moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard, that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsom-ever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go—

CHOPS. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

WITNESS. Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

CHOPS. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

WITNESS. Well, I will sir, if you will let me.

CHOPS. Well, sir, go on.

WITNESS. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go—

CHOPS. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

WITNESS. Well, sir, what do you want?

CHOPS. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the court?

WITNESS. To be sure I do.

CHOPS. Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

WITNESS. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

CHOPS. This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

COURS. Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

WITNESS. [*Alarmed.*] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard—

CHOPS—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

COURT. [*After deliberating.*] Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

WITNESS. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsom-ever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose—he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but howsom-ever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. And that's all I know about the fight.

## THE PEDDLER.

### A Chapter from an Unpublished Romance.

BY S. G. GOODRICH (PETER FARLEY). 1841.

I WAS now the proprietor of a book-store in Pearl street, my establishment being devoted chiefly to the selling of school books, and such books as were in large demand; psalms and hymns, bibles, and Webster's spelling-books, constituted a large portion of the articles in which I dealt. Thaddeus of Warsaw, the Scottish Chiefs, Young's Night Thoughts, Sanford and Merton, Paradise Lost, Mysteries of Udolpho, Caleb Williams, Lady of the Lake, Cælebs in search of a Wife, and the Castle of Otranto, were the class of books which constituted the belles-lettres part of my stock in trade.

My dealings were chiefly with country merchants and Connecticut peddlers, who operated in the southern and western States. A sketch of a single cus-

tomers will throw light upon this portion of my life.

"Good morning, Doctor,"—for the title I had acquired in the apothecary's shop, still adhered to me;—"how are you, my old cock?"

The man who entered my shop, and addressed me in these words, was tall, thin, with lank hair, and a pair of wide drab corduroy pantaloons, and a butternut-colored coat, of ample width and prodigal length of skirts. His dress was loose as that of a Turk's, and the motions of the man within were as free as a wild-cat's. There was a careless ease in his gait, which seemed to show that he had not been accustomed to either the restraints of nicely-adjusted garments or tight-laced breeding.

My reply to the man was hearty. "Good-morning, God bless you! how are you, Mr. Fleecer?" This was said while a mutual grapple of the hands took place, attended by an undulating motion of the whole frame.

After a few more congratulatory words, we proceeded to business. With a vast deal of higgling, the peddler laid out a variety of articles, generally selecting them with a reference to two points, bulk and cheapness. The idea he entertained of his customers seemed to be, that they would buy books as they would load a boat, by the measure of size only. So nice a test as weight, even, was in his experience too subtle and delicate a principle to be used in the purchase of these articles. The subject, the manner in which it was treated, the name of the author, the quality of paper and print, were all considerations either secondary or overlooked.

Having made up the bulk of his purchases in this way, Mr. Fleecer looked over my shelves, and poked about in every nook and corner, as if searching for something he could not find. At length, taking me to the farther end of my shop, and stealing a heedful glance around, to see that no one could overhear us, he spoke as follows, in a low tone.

"Well, Doctor—you're a doctor, you know,—now let me see some books in the doctors' line. I suppose you've got Aristotle's ———?"

"No, indeed!" said I.

"Oh! none of your gammon; come, out with it! I'll pay a good price."

"Upon my word I haven't a copy!"

"You have! I know you have!"

"I tell you I have not."

"Well, haven't you got Volney's Ruins?"

"No."

"Nor Tom Paine?"

"No."

"Nor ———?"

"No, not a copy."

"Are you in airnest, Doctor?"

"Yes, I never keep such books."

"Who said you did? You don't keep 'em, ha? Nor I nother; I only axed you to let me see 'em! Aint my father a deacon in Pokkytunk, and do you suppose I want to meddle with such infidel trash? Not I. Still there's no harm in looking, I suppose. A cat may look on a king, mayn't she, Doctor?"

"Yes, no doubt."

"Well, well, that's settled. Have you got Young's Night Thoughts?"

"Plenty."

"Let me see one."

Here I showed Mr. Fleecer the book.

"This is not the right kind," said he. "I want that edition that's got the picter at the beginning of a gal walken out by starlight, called Contemplation."

I handed my customer another copy. He then went on,—

"Aye, this is it. That are picter there, is a very material pint, Doctor. The young fellers down in Kentucky think it's a wolloping kind of a story, you know, about some gal that's in love. They look at the title-page, and see, 'NIGHT THOUGHTS, BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.' Well, that seems as if it meant something queer. So they look to the frontispiece and see a female all wrapped up in a cloak, goen out very sly, with nothing under heaven but the stars to see what she's about. 'Hush, hush,' I say, and look round as if afraid that somebody



would hear us. And then I shut up the book, and put it into my chist, and deliberately lock the lid. Then the feller becomes rampacious. He begs, and wheedles, and flatters, and at last he swears. I shake my head. Finally he takes out a five-dollar bill; I slip it into my pocket, and hand him out the book as if I was stealin, and tell him not to let anybody know who sold it to him, and not to take off the brown paper kiver till he gets shut up tight in his own room. I then say, 'Good-day, mister,' and clear out like chain lightning, for the next county."

"You seem to be pleased with your recollections, Fleecer."

"Well, I can't help snickering when I think of them fellers. Why, Bleech, I sold more than tew hundred o' them Night Thoughts, for five dollars a-piece, in Kentucky, last winter, and all the fellers bought 'em under the idea that 'twas some queer story, too good to be altogether decent."

"So you cheated 'em, ha?"

"I cheated 'em? not I, indeed! If they were cheated at all, they cheated themselves, I guess? I didn't tell 'em a lie. Couldn't they see for themselves? Haven't they got eyes? Why, what should a feller du? They come smelling about like rats arter cheese, and ax me if I haint got some rowdy books: I show 'em the Sky Lark, and Peregrine Pickle, and so on, but they want something better. Well, now, as I told you afore, I'm a deacon's son, and I don't like to sell Tom Paine, and Volney's Ruins, and that sort o' thing. So, thinks I to myself—I'll play them sparks a Yankee trick. They want some rowdy books, and I'll sell 'em something pious. In this way they may get some good, and in the course of providence, they may be converted. Well, the first one I tried, it worked like ginger. He bought the book at a tavern. Arter he'd got it he couldn't hardly wait, he was so fairste to read it. So he went into a room, and I peeped through the key-hole. He began at the title-page, and then he looked at the figger of Miss Contemplation walking forth among the stars. I could see his



mouth water. Then he turned to the first part, and begun to read. I heard him as plain as Dr. Belcher's sermon; it went pretty much like this,—

(*Reads.*)

'THE COMPLAINT. NIGHT I.'—

"'Good—that's natural enough,' says he. (*Reads.*)

'ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.'—

"'Whew? I suppose it's some feller in love, and is going to cut his throat.' (*Reads.*)

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,  
When fortune smiles;—'

"'That's all gammun!' (*Reads.*)

'Night! sable goddess—from her ebony throne,'—

"'What in nater is the fellow at?' (*Reads.*)

'The bell strikes one; we take no note of time,'—

"'Why that's exactly what the parson said in his sermon last Sunday!' He turns over several pages. (*Reads.*)

'NIGHT II. ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

'When the cock crowed, he wept,'—

"'By Saint Peter, I'm gummed! That d—d Yankee peddler has sold me a psalm-book, or some-

thing of the kind, and made me believe it was a rowdy. The infernal hypocrite! And so I've paid five dollars for a psalm-book! Well, it's a good joke, and the fellow deserves his money for his ingenuity. He, he, he! ho, ho, ho! I must laugh, tho' I'm as mad as a snapping-turtle. Zachary! if I could get his nose betwixt my thumb and finger, I'd make him sing every line in the book to a tune of my own. To sell me a psalm-book!—the canting, whining, blue-light peddler! Fire and brimstone! It makes me sweat to think on't. And he did it so sly, too—the wooden-nutmeg rascal! I wish I could catch him!'

"By this time, I thought it best for me to make myself scarce. I had paid my bill, and my horse and wagon were all ready, for I had calculated upon a bit of a breeze. I mounted my box, and having axed the landlord the way to Lexington, I took the opposite direction to throw my psalm-book friend off the scent, in case he was inclined for a chase; so I pursued my journey and got clear. I met the fellow about six months arter, at Nashville; I was goin to ax him if he had a psalm-book to part with, but he looked so plaguey hard at me, that I cocked my beaver over my right eye, and squinted with the left, and walked on. Sen that, I haint seen him."

## WOMAN; AN APOLOGUE.

BY LAUGHTON OSBORNE. 1841.

WHEN from the ever-blooming bowers were driven  
Our great first parents, thus, by Heaven's command,  
The expelling angel spake to weeping Eve:

"On thee, unhappy Eve, has God bestow'd,  
Above all else that moves beneath the skies,  
Beauty, for Man's attraction. Nor does God  
Recall what he hath given. But, seeing that thou  
For Adam's ruin hast misus'd the gift,  
To counteract it, lo! the Omnific adds  
What shall make Man despise its power,—Caprice."

Then, when without the Garden gate mov'd Eve,  
With step irresolute and head deject,  
In the broad shadow of her husband's form,—  
Who walk'd a pace before, in solemn thought,  
Sad, but submissive to his Maker's will,—  
The Devil, in likeness of a sparrow, lit  
Upon her roseate shoulder's comely slope,  
Which, here and there, between the glistening waves  
Of her down-floating and dishevell'd hair,  
Shone like the almond's blossoms 'mid its boughs,  
And said:

"Though God hath given thee caprice,  
And it shall weary Man, and make him yearn  
To break from his inthralment, fear not thou;  
For I will cause that it shall bind him more.  
Lo, I will put into thine eyes desire,  
And hesitation on thy lips. Thou shalt  
Affect deep passion, and shalt feel it not,  
Feel it and shalt deny it; thy life shall be  
A daily lie; thine eyes shall lie; thy smile  
Shall be deceitful, and thy frown deceitful;  
And Man, though struggling, shall be still thy  
slave."

Then through her tears, and through her cluster-  
ing locks,  
Smil'd Eve, well-pleas'd, and, parting from her lips,  
And from her blushing cheek, with gesture sweet,  
The natural veil of shadowing tresses bright  
That o'er the roses of her bosom hung  
Down to her swelling loins, the sparrow kiss'd.

And, from that time, Man's wedded days were days  
As those of April, sunshine half, half shower.

THE NANTUCKET PRIVATEER.—During the Revolutionary war, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers; they cruised together and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy, and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment, found her to be a frigate in disguise.—A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different direc-

tions. Only one could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on her. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to a stratagem. On a sudden he hauled in every sail, and all hands were employed in setting poles, as if shoving his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce:" as soon as night rendered it prudent for him he hoisted sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

## A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE. 1841.

Intensos rigidam in frontem ascendere canos  
 Passus erat——LUCAN—*De Catona.*

——a bristly bore.—*Translation.*

"Let us hurry to the walls," said Abel-Phittim to Buzi-Ben-Levi, and Simeon the Pharisee, on the tenth day of the month Thammuz, in the year of the world three thousand nine hundred and forty-one—"let us hasten to the ramparts adjoining the gate of Benjamin, which is in the city of David, and overlooking the camp of the uncircumcised—for it is the last hour of the fourth watch, being sunrise; and the idolaters, in fulfilment of the promise of Pompey, should be awaiting us with the lambs for the sacrifices."

Simeon, Abel-Phittim, and Buzi-Ben-Levi were the Gizbarim, or sub-collectors of the offering, in the holy city of Jerusalem.

"Verily," replied the Pharisee—"let us hasten: for this generosity in the heathen is unwonted; and fickle-mindedness has ever been an attribute of the worshippers of Baal."

"That they are fickle-minded and treacherous is as true as the Pentateuch"—said Buzi-Ben-Levi—"but that is only towards the people of Adonai. When was it ever known that the Ammonites proved wanting to their own interest? Methinks it is no great stretch of generosity to allow us lambs for the altar of the Lord, receiving in lieu thereof thirty silver shekels per head!"

"Thou forgettest, however, Ben-Levi," replied Abel-Phittim—"that the Roman Pompey, who is now impiously besieging the city of the Most High, has no surety that we apply not the lambs thus purchased for the altar, to the sustenance of the body rather than of the spirit."

"Now, by the five corners of my beard"—shouted the Pharisee, who belonged to the sect called the Dashers (that little knot of saints whose manner of *dashing* and lacerating the feet against the pavement was long a thorn and a reproach to less zealous devotees—a stumbling-block to less gifted perambulators)—"by the five corners of that beard which as a priest I am forbidden to shave!—have we lived to see the day when a blaspheming and idolatrous upstart of Rome shall accuse us of appropriating to the appetites of the flesh the most holy and consecrated elements? Have we lived to see the day when?"

"Let us not question the motives of the Philistine"—interrupted Abel-Phittim—"for to-day we profit for the first time by his avarice or by his generosity. But rather let us hurry to the ramparts, lest offerings should be wanting for that altar whose fires the rains of Heaven cannot extinguish—and whose pillars of smoke no tempest can turn aside."

That part of the city to which our worthy Gizbarim now hastened, and which bore the name of its architect, King David, was esteemed the most strongly fortified district of Jerusalem—being situated upon the steep and lofty hill of Zion. Here a broad, deep, circumvallatory trench—hewn from the solid rock, was defended by a wall of great strength erected upon its inner edge. This wall was adorned at regular interspaces, by square towers of white

marble—the lowest sixty—the highest one hundred and twenty cubits in height. But in the vicinity of the gate of Benjamin, the wall arose by no means immediately from the margin of the fosse. On the contrary, between the level of the ditch and the basement of the rampart, sprang up a perpendicular cliff of two hundred and fifty cubits—forming part of the precipitous Mount Moriah. So that when Simeon and his associates arrived on the summit of the tower called Adoni-Bezek—the loftiest of all the turrets around about Jerusalem, and the usual place of confidence with the besieging army—they looked down upon the camp of the enemy from an eminence excelling, by many feet, that of the pyramid of Cheops, and, by several, that of the Temple of Belus.

"Verily"—sighed the Pharisee, as he peered dizzily over the precipice—"the uncircumcised are as the sands by the sea-shore—as the locusts in the wilderness! The valley of the King hath become the valley of Adommin."

"And yet"—added Ben-Levi—"thou canst not point me out a Philistine—no, not one—from Aleph to Tau—from the wilderness to the battlements—who seemeth any bigger than the letter Jod!"

"Lower away the basket with the shekels of silver!"—here shouted a Roman soldier in a hoarse, rough voice, which appeared to issue from the regions of Pluto—"lower away the basket with that accursed coin, which it has broken the jaw of a noble Roman to pronounce! Is it thus you evince your gratitude to our master Pompeius, who, in his condescension, has thought fit to listen to your idolatrous importunities? The god Phœbus, who is a true god, has been charioted for an hour—and were you not to be on the ramparts by sunrise? Ædopol! do you think that we, the conquerors of the world, have nothing better to do than stand waiting by the walls of every kennel, to traffic with the dogs of the earth? Lower away! I say—and see that your trumpety be bright in color, and just in weight!"

"El Elohim!" ejaculated the Pharisee, as the discordant tones of the centurion rattled up the crags of the precipice, and fainted away against the temple—El Elohim!—*who* is the god Phœbus?—*whom* doth the blasphemous invoke? Thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi! who art read in the laws of the Gentiles, and hast sojourned among them who dabble with the Teraphim!—is it Nergal of whom the idolater speaketh?—or Ashimah?—or Nibhaz?—or Tarta?—or Adramalech?—or Anamalech?—or Succoth-Benoth?—or Dagon?—or Belial?—or Baal-Perith?—or Bael-Peor?—or Baal-Zebub?"

"Verily—it is neither—but beware how thou lettest the rope slip too rapidly through thy fingers—for should the wicker-work chance to hang on the projection of yonder crag, there will be a woful outpouring of the holy things of the sanctuary."

By the assistance of some rudely constructed machinery, the heavily-laden basket was now lowered carefully down among the multitude—and, from

the giddy pinnacle, the Romans were seen crowding confusedly around it—but owing to the vast height and the prevalence of a fog, no distinct view of their operations could be obtained.

A half-hour had already elapsed.

"We shall be too late," sighed the Pharisee, as at the expiration of this period he looked over into the abyss—"we shall be too late—we shall be turned out of office by the Katholim."

"No more"—responded Abel Phittim—"no more shall we feast upon the fat of the land—no longer shall our beards be odorous with frankincense—our loins girded up with fine linen from the Temple."

"Raca!" swore Ben-Levi—"Raca!—do they mean to defraud us of the purchase-money?—or, Holy Moses! are they weighing the shekels of the tabernacle?"

"They have given the signal at last!"—cried the Pharisee—"they have given the signal at last!—pull away, Abel Phittim!—and thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi, pull away!—for verily the Philistines have either still hold upon the basket, or the Lord hath softened their hearts to place therein a beast of good weight!" And the Gizbarim pulled away, while their burthen swung heavily upwards through the still increasing mist.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Booshoh he!"—as, at the conclusion of an hour, some object at the extremity of the rope be-

came indistinctly visible—"Booshoh he!"—was the exclamation which burst from the lips of Ben-Levi.

"Booshoh he!—for shame!—it is a ram from the thickets of Engedi, and as rugged as the valley of Jehosaphat!"

"It is a firstling of the flock,"—said Abel Phittim—"I know him by the bleating of his lips, and the innocent folding of his limbs. His eyes are more beautiful than the jewels of the Pectoral—and his flesh is like the honey of Hebron."

"It is a fattened calf from the pastures of Bashan"—said the Pharisee—"the heathen have dealt wonderfully with us—let us raise up our voices in a psalm—let us give thanks on the shawm and on the psaltery—on the harp and on the huggab—on the cythern and on the sackbut."

It was not until the basket had arrived within a few feet of the Gizbarim, that a low grunt betrayed to their perception a *hog* of no common size.

"Now El Emanu!"—slowly, and with upturned eyes ejaculated the trio, as, letting go their hold, the emancipated porker tumbled headlong among the Philistines—"El Emanu!—God be with us!—it is the unutterable flesh!"

"Let me no longer," said the Pharisee, wrapping his cloak around him and departing within the city—"let me no longer be called Simeon, which signifieth 'he who listens,' but rather Boanerges, 'the son of Thunder.'"

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY. 1842.

Out on the waters, without sail or oar,  
Boldly it launch'd. A flame within its breast  
Impelled it to such feats, as wise men held  
Incredible. Yet strangely on it went,  
Furrowing old Hudson's tide, while wreaths of smoke  
Above the palisaded Highlands curled.

"*Fire walks the water!*" said the moody chief  
Of the red men, still keeping wonder down  
With the strong arm of pride. But as it cut,  
Panting and groaning, its laborious way,  
Still belching flame,—from many a cultured field  
And quiet farm-house, the Mynheers came forth,  
Gazing with speechless awe, and the good vrows  
Cast down the scrubbing-brush, or from the tub  
Taking their half-webbed \* fingers, dripping ran  
To see the monster.

One distinguished man,  
Held as an oracle, who seldom spoke  
From Candlemas to Christmas, drew his pipe  
From his pouched lips, and said,—in olden times  
There was a mighty Dutchman, of his line,

\* Some historian of the ancient Dutch dynasty asserts, that their domestic neatness was so perfect, and the females maintained it by such perpetual scouring and scrubbing that their hands, so constantly in water, became webbed like the claws of a duck.

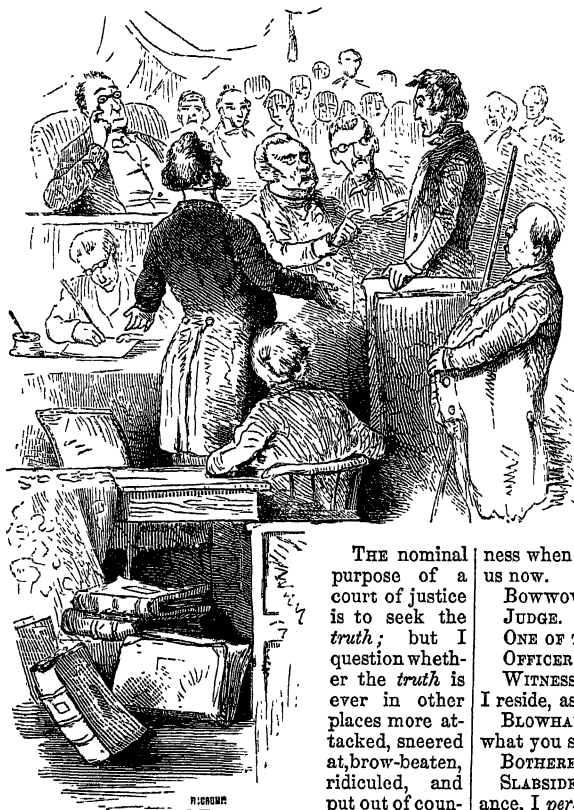
Who had a pipe that reached from Scaghtacoke  
Quite to the Mohawk, and its flame and smoke  
Frightened the Yankees well. But since his death  
They came like locusts up, and took the land,  
And multiplied exceedingly. Perchance  
That ancestor had risen again, to smoke  
His monstrous pipe. And then he seized his own,  
And grieving to have been thus long disjoined  
From his chief joy, replenished it, and whiffed  
With an unwonted vigor.

On it went,  
That strange, dark being, pouring streams of fire  
Into the startled flood. The finny race  
Gathered in tribes, and their chief orators,  
With strong gesticulation, spoke of change,  
And usurpation, and unheard-of deeds,  
And voted all should send a delegate  
To the trout Congress, when it next convened  
For wise deliberation on such things  
As touch'd the public weal.

With dauntless course,  
Still on it went, precursor of a race  
That should defy the winds, and boldly throw  
A gauntlet to old Neptune, and enforce  
New laws, in spite of him, and swiftly bind  
Earth's distant realms in closer brotherhood.

## THE WITNESS BOX.

ANON. 1840.



The nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the truth; but I question whether the truth is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is

the truth which in this place, every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is the truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude the truth from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. One of the most ridiculous things in the world is a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and, doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and at the bottom of the Lake. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged, if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He

thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane—

COUNSELLOR BLOWHEARD. Stop, sir. COUNSELLOR BOTHEREM. Don't interrupt the witness.

COUNSELLOR BOWWOW (*briefly and indignantly*), we want the fact.

JUDGE. Let the witness tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane, where I live—

BLOWHEARD. We don't want to know where you live, sir.

BOTHEREM. That is a part of his testimony.

SLABSIDES. You can have the witness when we have done with him; he belongs to us now.

BOWWOW (*sarcastically*). Very well, sir.

JUDGE. Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS. Officer, keep order.

OFFICER (*as loud as he can bawl*). Silence.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—

BLOWHEARD. You don't come here, sir, to repeat what you said before!

BOTHEREM. I beg—

SLABSIDES (*starting to his feet*). No intemperance, I persist on't!

BOWWOW. Your honor, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

All the Counsellors and Judges together. The witness must be com—

OFFICER (*in a voice of thunder*). Silence! Silence!

JUDGE. Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth, is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty. Witness!

WITNESS. Your honor.

JUDGE. Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. Raise your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commenced, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man cannot get a chance to say any thing. At length, bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted, and indignant—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once and to

every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then came the cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool, impudent, and vulgar lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger—perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur and astonishment of the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that “the defendant wore a little rimmed hat,” when he acknowledged subsequently, off his guard, that the hat had “a tolerably large rim.” Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labor, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in the court who does not, in a greater or less degree, merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, mumble his character to pieces with glorious turns of rhetoric, and yet more glorious gesticulations.

“What, gentlemen of the jury,” says Counsellor Blowhard, beating the table in fury, and heaving his body like some wood-sawyer under the operation of an emetic, “what does the next witness, this Mr. John Raw, say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. ‘He claps perjury to his soul,’ as Dr. Watts says. A dark mystery conglutinates his motives, which I don’t think proper to disentangle; but he comes forward, and without the least back-ardness, and he takes his place in that are witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undignified, the undisguised, the unaffected, the diabolical, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured, the suffering, the cruelly-tortured Mr. Funk, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. Didn’t you see, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, how he trembled under my eye? you saw him prevaricate and how pale he turned at my voice. You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did ‘not recollect.’ Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an honest witness? The language of *truth* is plain and simple—it don’t require no previous calkulation. If I ask you if you saw the sun rise yesterday, you answer, unless you are given to that horrible, detestable, abominable, infernal vice of drunkenness, and never kidnapped niggers, yes or no—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You don’t say ‘yes, I did,’ and in the very next breath, ‘no, I didn’t.’ You don’t at first tell me, ‘I walked ten miles on Monday,’ and say, afterwards, in a jerk, ‘I was all day on Monday, ill in bed with the dysentery.’”

(Here one of the jurors puts his nose to that of another, and utters something in approbation of this profound argument, and the other nods his head, and looks at the speaker, as much as to say, “there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen old fellow. The witness had much better have told the truth.”)

“Now, gentlemen, what does this here witness say? He began by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-lane; that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault took place; that he saw a crowd, that he approached; that he saw Mr. Funk, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Sam Wiggins, and give him, Wiggins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I came to look into this cock-and-bull story, you saw him equivocate, and heard him change color,

and contradict himself. ‘What sort of a hat had Mr. Funk on?’ ‘A black one?’ ‘Of what broadness was the rim?’ ‘About an inch.’ He thought, doubtless, that he was to have every thing his own way, till I brought into the witness-box to confute him the hatter, yes, gentlemen, the very hatter who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You, therefore, must believe, you cannot do otherwise, that the hat worn on that day by Mr. Funk was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Johnny Raw himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it *might* have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. ‘What color was Mr. Funk’s pantaloons?’ ‘Black,’ said this bloody Mr. John Raw, (a great laugh at this stroke of wit.) Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen, the pantaloons were *pepper and salt*.”

A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries order.

The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.

“Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. ‘Had it ivory or horn on the handle?’ He could not tell. ‘Was there a piece of brass on the end?’ Did not know. ‘Was it heavy?’ ‘Yes.’—Had he ever handled it?’ ‘No.’ ‘How in the name of the heavens above and the earth below, how, upon your oaths, gentlemen, how could he tell the left of a thing if he had never handled it?’ (another buzz of admiration.) ‘Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Funk?’ ‘No.’ ‘Had he ever seen him before?’ ‘No.’ ‘Since?’ ‘No.’ ‘Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not?’ ‘No.’ ‘Was he not a friend of Sam Wiggins?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case?’ ‘Yes; he had said the scoundrel ought to be ashamed of himself.’ ‘Was Sam Wiggins’s hat knocked off?’ ‘No.’ But before he left the witness-box, he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff’s head. How, upon your oaths, again, gentlemen, how could he see the top of his head unless the hat had been knocked off?”

(Another buzz.) The witness here rose and said, ‘Mr. Wiggins took it off to show me.’

OFFICER. Silence, there!

JUDGE. Witness you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had the opportunity of saying whatever you pleased. If you are guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

OFFICER. Sit down! (in a tone of indignant command).—Witness sits down; the officer scowling at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether it is not the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it? Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could any where else be so deliberately rejected, and whether when this poor, belabored, mutilated truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect, so disguised that its own mother might not have known it.

## THE MILITIA TRAINING.

BY JOHN FROST. 1842.

CAPTAIN DUNNING was one of the magnates of the little county town of Greenville, situated in one of the fairest and most fertile plains of New England. The captain was proprietor of an extensive farm, and kept a variety store, which supplied the villagers with all kinds of European and West India goods, from a silk gown to a pound of sugar. He was the most thriving farmer and the most prosperous trader in the whole country. He was, moreover, a justice of the peace, and a militia captain. His authority as a magistrate was unusually respected; and his company was the most numerous and best equipped in the whole brigade.

The captain had a son, an only child, about thirteen years old, who was the pride of his heart. Indeed, Master George was a noble-spirited little fellow, whose talents and frank-hearted disposition fully justified his parents' partiality. This youth had attached himself to one of the hired men of his father, a sturdy teamster, who aided him in all his sports, and often took him with him into the forest in his wood-cutting expeditions; George making havoc with his fowling-piece among the birds, woodchucks and squirrels, while Jerry was cutting down and trimming saplings.

At the period when our tale commences, it was the autumn of the year, and both the allies were looking forward to that anniversary, dear and delightful to boys and militia captains—the General Muster. A whole regiment of men were to be paraded on the great plain, a mile from the village; the major-general, accompanied by his staff, was to review the chivalry of the county in solemn state. There were to be such drumming and fifing, such countermarching, in platoons, in solid columns, in hollow squares, such firing, and charging with the bayonet, as the world, that is to say the world of Greenville, had never seen before. Then there were to be the tents and booths for furnishing the respectable yeomanry with refreshments, the show-boxes for the entertainment of young gentlemen and ladies at two cents a head, with a view of all the cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the continent of New Holland, besides the show of the great calf and the learned pig. Truly, it was to be a General Muster of no ordinary pretensions. Pocket-money would be at a premium. To crown the whole, and give this General Muster a decisive advantage over all others in its interest for Master George, Jerry himself was to keep a tent—all his own speculation—on his own hook. He was to sell gingerbread and drinkables on his own account, for his own individual profit, and his sister Sally was to come in from their father's cottage, and assist in tending it.

Great were the preparations for the occasion. Jerry's wages were paid up for the last six months, and an unlimited credit was given him at "the store," in order that he might provide himself with the requisite stock. The tent was all planned out and set up in the back yard, by way of experiment, just to see how it would look, and George walked up to the counter and went through the motions of buying a cake of gingerbread of Jerry, by way of rehearsal.

"It will do, Jerry; you'll make your fortune!"

"Won't I, Mister George?"

"Larry O'Brien's tent is a mere circumstance to it!"

"He has got nothing but whiskey, Medford crackers, and salt fish."

"Besides, he is not the gentleman that you are, Jerry. He don't know how to be polite, and draw the custom."

"To-morrow, folks shall see what they shall see."

"Won't they, Jerry?"

Such were the anticipations of George and his friend, on the day preceding the General Muster.

On the morning of the auspicious day, the two friends were at their post before daybreak; and ere the sun rose, the tent was completed, all the refreshments being set out in tempting array. Sally had brought the drapery of the tent,—a patchwork bed-quilt, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow,—and by ingeniously hanging it over the top, had produced a most brilliant and imposing effect. It was decidedly the most magnificent tent on the field; and drew to its neighborhood the miscellaneous crowd of idlers who had come to witness the show, and enjoy the festivities of the day.

Having assisted his friend to complete his arrangements, George prepared to enter, with the full zest of frolicsome youth, into all the humors of the scene.

One must see a militia training, or, at least, Clonney's picture of one, to understand what these humors were. The earnestness, the zeal, the perfect abandonment with which some hundreds of men, women, and children enter into the fun and frolic, each according to his own particular fancy, furnish pictures of character of the liveliest sort. Close by the tent of Jerry was a four-wheeled wagon, literally the family carriage of a thrifty farmer in the neighborhood. The horses had been detached from the vehicle, and were munching their oats under a tree in rear of the tent, while the whole household of honest Mr. Giles, including his wife, mother, daughter, and son, were taking a comfortable breakfast in the wagon itself; and the head of the family was contemplating, with the most edifying gravity, the spirited performance of a genuine African reel, or *pas de deux*, executed with wonderful grace and agility, by some Sambo and Cuffee, to the lugubrious music drawn by an old gray-haired performer from a cracked fiddle, the musician beating time with his foot with great emphasis and solemnity.

A little further from the tent of Jerry, was a handcart, loaded with a barrel of new cider, the stock in trade of a countryman, the centre of attraction for other groups of revellers. Astride of the barrel sat a boy who was drinking healths with an old man. Behind the cart was enacted a highly characteristic scene. A country fellow had invited another to drink a glass of cider with him; and when it had been ordered and drawn, even to running over, (the luckless tapster urchin being unable to turn back the spigot,) Mister Hodge made the discovery that his money was all gone, greatly to the discomfiture of the recipient of the treat, who stood gap-

ing with evident embarrassment at the inverted pocket of his *liberal* friend. Farther on, towards that part of the field where the grand review was taking place, some wags were carrying a drunken soldier, astride of his own musket, singing obstreperously the *Rogue's March*, all the while.

In a little grove, contiguous to the scene of all these episodes, an impromptu auction was going forward, a crowd of rustics eagerly bidding for the miscellaneous contents of a peddler's cart.

As a background to the whole of this picture, extended the beautiful plain, covered with the marching train-bands, the village of Greenville, with its neat white houses, in the far distance, and a glorious range of mountains skirting the horizon.

George rambled over the field, and surveyed the whole with unbounded delight. He witnessed the scenes we have described, after spending a half hour in gazing at the well-appointed company of his

the unfortunate man as rather a subject of sorrow than of mirth. But boys are apt to be thoughtless; and George had nearly paid dear for his want of consideration on this occasion.

It so happened that the young man had a brother, a hot-headed, passionate youth, much younger than himself. This stripling being attached to one of the companies of soldiers, had obtained a short furlough, and going to one of the tents, had drank just enough whiskey to make him riotous and ready for any mischief. Approaching that part of the field where Jerry's tent was situated he had lost his balance and tumbled on the ground, dropping his musket in front, and his whiskey bottle in the rear. He soon recovered himself, and gathering up his scattered goods, reeled on towards the tent of Jerry, where he arrived just in time to witness the scene which was passing between his brother and George.



father. There was not one on the field which could compare with it in numbers, or equipments, or discipline. Captain Dunning bore away the palm.

As the day advanced, George returning from his rambles over the field, found reclining near the tent of Jerry, a young man, who, by indulging in a great number and variety of potatoes, had brought himself to that pleasurable relaxation of the nerves and muscles in which repose is decidedly preferable to action. Seated on a low chair, with his head gently declined upon his breast, he had become oblivious of all sublunary cares and sorrows. The General Muster with all its humors and glories was as nothing to him. His spirit had gone to the land of dreams.

George being a member of the temperance society himself, considered the inebriate fair game. He was resolved to have some fun with him. Providing himself, therefore, with a long straw, he began to tickle his nose. This was, it must be acknowledged, a thoughtless proceeding on the part of our hero. He should have regarded the situation of

Our hero, by dint of repeated thrusts with the straw, had just succeeded in bringing the drunken man to that state of half-consciousness, in which he could barely testify his perception that some one was teasing him by a muttered imprecation, and an uneasy shake of the head, which drew peals of merry laughter from his tormentor. Great was the wrath and indignation of the brother at this sight, and terrible was the revenge which he instantly resolved upon. Without a moment's hesitation, he ran towards George, who was too much engaged with his fun to observe his approach, and raising the butt of his musket, he aimed a blow at the boy's head, which, if it had taken effect as intended, would undoubtedly have fractured his skull. But Jerry, observing from his tent the mad action of the young soldier, sprang forward just in time to receive the whole force of the blow upon his outstretched arm, and save the life of his young friend at the expense of a broken limb. The action, prompted by the imminent danger, was so sudden, that in throwing himself forward, Jerry

overturned the counter of his tent, which, being connected with the supporting posts, brought down the whole structure upon their heads, smashing the decanters, bottles, and glasses, pulverizing the gingerbread and crackers, and burying the unfortunate proprietor, his sister, George, the soldier, and his drunken brother, in the ruins.

Fortunately, no part of the frail building was very heavy; and when the spectators who crowded round the scene of action had succeeded in disentangling the fallen and wounded from the mass of superincumbent rubbish, it was found that none but Jerry had suffered much injury. The soldier had got a smart thump on the head with a tent-pole, Sally had her arm scratched with a broken bottle, and George had his elegant green velvet jacket dyed a rich purple, by the spilling of two gallons of cherry bounce.

But the glory of the day was departed. The soldier was apprehended by a corporal's guard, and put under arrest for outstaying his furlough; his brother was taken up by the heels and flung into a baggage-wagon; George was picked up, reeking from the ruins, by an acquaintance of his father, and hurried off to the village in a gig; and Jerry, after having his arm set by the regimental surgeon, abandoned the ruins of his grand speculation to the care of his sister and a kind-hearted friend, who undertook to "see after the things," and made the best of his way home.

Truly hath it been said that great effects result from little causes. Certain gentlemen's amusing themselves with flying a kite over the Atlantic, was the cause of tumbling the great credit system to the ground; and Master George's tickling the nose of a drunkard with a straw, was not less certainly the cause of smashing Jerry's tent. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

We must not waste time in moralizing, however; but follow the course of events. On the evening of the eventful day, George, divested of his dishonored Sunday suit, and arrayed in a sober school-going dress, repaired to the apartment of Jerry, for the purposes of condoling with him on their joint misfortunes, and comparing notes of their experience.

Jerry lived in the attic story of the captain's house. His single dormer window looked out over the trim garden and ample meadows of his patron's estate, and commanded a view of the broad, quiet river, and the Blue Mountains beyond. George found his friend seated before this window, with his arm in a sling, calmly contemplating the scene before him, admiring the golden radiance left in the western sky by the departed sun. His countenance wore the tranquillity of a philosopher untroubled by the vexations of a transitory world. Epictetus or Marcus Antoninus himself could not have borne misfortune with a more magnanimous spirit.

Struck with the dignified composure of the worthy teamster, George approached him with a degree of reverence which he had never felt before. He forgot his own trifling annoyances in the more serious disasters of his companion in misfortune, and resolved to do all in his power to evince his gratitude and affection towards one who had so richly deserved them. The wounded arm, as was natural enough, first attracted his attention and engaged his sympathy.

"Ah, Jerry!" said he, "I'm afraid you are dreadfully hurt!" and the little fellow could not refrain

from bursting into tears, when he thought of the pain which is consequent upon mashed bones and tortured flesh.

"Oh! don't mention it, Mister George. It is a mere trifle. Never take on about it. The doctor sot it all to rights in five minutes. I wish I had hold of that Jake Varney's throat with my other hand, though," he continued, setting his teeth firmly. "The good-for-nothing varmint! To go for to lay a little boy over the head with the stock of a musket, as a man would beat the brains out of a mad dog!"

"It was all my own fault, Jerry, and I have brought you into a world of troubles by my folly. I could pull all the hair out of my head with sheer vexation."

"Never do you mind, Mister George. We'll fix it all right, as soon as the limb gets healed. If I don't hammer that Jake Varney—"

"But what I am thinking about is your heavy loss on the tent, and your broken limb."

"Oh that's no great matter. Yankee boys, you know, Mister George, are never down-hearted at losing their money, or having their bones broken a little. It only just serves to raise their pluck, and make 'em work a trifle harder, for a spell; and then it all comes round right again. There's a good deal of fun in store for you and me yet, Mister George, if the tent is smashed."

And so, he that came to console, received consolation himself. George was comforted, but by no means satisfied; and he returned to his own chamber to devise some means of reparation for his disinterested friend.

Turning over the matter in his mind, after he had gone to bed, and was vainly trying to sleep, an expedient occurred by which he thought it possible for him to make up to Jerry his pecuniary loss. It was by digging up Greek roots; and this is probably the only example on record of such an obligation being discharged by the same means. George's mother happened to be a lady of superior education and of excellent judgment, and she had arranged a system of discipline and instruction for her son, which was well suited to make him understand the necessity of labor and economy, as well as of the value of money and of learning. No pocket-money was ever given to George as a free gift; but he was permitted to earn tickets, by reciting lessons to his mother, whenever he pleased; and these tickets were redeemed in hard cash. A certain number of tickets (value one cent,) was allowed for a hundred lines of Virgil translated; a certain number for a chapter in the Greek Testament, and so on with sums in arithmetic, and every other kind of lesson which he chose to recite. The same system was observed with respect to his working in the garden, so that he could vary the nature of his labor, as his health might require.

A small volume, purporting to contain all the primitive words of the Greek language, had been put into his hands by his mother, on the first day of the autumn vacation of his school, (the day before the general training,) and a liberal price offered to him if he would commit the whole to memory. This he now resolved to do before the month should expire, and he hoped that the sum thus earned would make up Jerry's loss.

Accordingly, giving up a design, which he had previously entertained, of spending a great part of the vacation in shooting and fishing, he applied



himself during the whole month, alternately to digging upon his Greek roots, and laboring in the garden, and even among the men upon the farm. Regularly every evening he received his day's wages, and laid up the tickets with all the care and anxiety of a confirmed miser. His mother wondered what had come over the boy. The worthy captain quizzed him every morning at the breakfast-table, by asking him how he intended to invest his increasing capital, and offering him some excellent timber lots in Maine, which he had received in payment of a desperate old debt. George, however, kept his own counsel, and labored on with a cheerful resolution, which made his trial a pleasure.

One evening, at the end of the month, having turned his tickets into money and put the whole amount in his pocket, he repaired to Jerry's attic for the purpose of ascertaining how much of his task was accomplished, and paying in an instalment.

He found Jerry recovered from his hurt, and busily engaged with slate and pencil at a little table in one corner of his room. He was teaching himself arithmetic.

"Well, now," said he, as soon as George entered, "well, now, I'm glad you're come, Mister George, for I reckon you can help me."

"I dare say I can."

"Here's a mighty ugly sum in 'double position,' which has bothered me beyond all account."

George, having explained the principle of the sum, and worked it out, said carelessly, "Did you ever cast up, Jerry, the items of loss and gain by that business of the tent?"

"Oh, yes! there was very little loss, because, you know, I had taken a good deal of money, and most of it profit, before we upst the tent."

"Well, how much was the actual loss?"

"Only five dollars and forty-four cents."

George was delighted. This was but a small part of his month's wages. "Now," said he, "tell me how much you would have made by selling out your whole stock."

This required ciphering and examining of papers, but the result was soon ascertained, and George saw at a glance that he could cash the whole. Instantly pulling out his purse, he counted out the gold and silver upon the table, and gravely pushing it towards the astonished Jerry, he said, "There it is—the exact amount. Take it, Jerry!"

"Not as you knows on, Mister George. Do you suppose," said he, drawing out the words through his nose with great emphasis and deliberation, "that I would go, for to come, for to take your hard earnings for to pay for that tarnal tent? Why, I have repented of ever having had a tent. I begin to believe the smashing of it was a judgment upon me for selling liquor, or rather it was the nateral consequence of selling the good-for-nothin' pizen. Any how, it was a just punishment upon me, and will teach me never to do so no more. So I won't touch your money."

In fact, George was compelled to yield the point for the time, and afterwards effected the object which he had in view, by laying out the money in presents to the sister and parents of Jerry.

Twelve years after the great training, George having completed his college course, and studied the profession of law, was just about to embark from New York to make the tour of Europe. His father had become very rich, and George had plenty

of money in his pocket, and letters of credit, letters of introduction—every thing to smoothe the long, rough road he was to travel.

Rambling about the city, the day before that on which he was to embark, he was nearly run over by a man walking with long swinging strides, and apparently in a prodigious hurry. On receiving an apology for the rudeness of the encounter, he discovered that the person was no other than his old friend Jerry. The recognition was delightful on both sides.

"Is it you, Jerry?"

"Well, if ever!—Mister George, do tell me where you rained down from?"

"I have just come from Greenville. As you seem to be in a hurry, Jerry, I'll walk down the street with you, and tell you all about it. But first tell me what you are in such a hurry about?"

"Why, the fact is, I'm in a sort of a fix. My clerk has just robbed me and run away. I'm short, and I'm mightily afraid I shan't get made up before three o'clock."

"Your clerk!" said George, hurrying along the street by his side; "are you a merchant?"

"Yes, a sort of a one. I carry on a wholesale business in pork, and have made a nice little fortune; but I am extended a little just now, and this scamp running off with my ready cash, intended to meet notes to-day, may smash up all my arrangements."

"Just as I did your tent. How much have you to pay to-day?"

"Five hundred dollars, and that is a good deal to raise between now and three o'clock."

"How much will take you out of the whole scrape high and dry?"

"A leetle short of a thousand dollars."



"Well, then, don't be in such a confounded hurry. Stop a minute, and I'll give you the thousand," pulling out his pocket-book and producing the bills.

"You don't say so, Mister George," said Jerry, unable so suddenly to change his former conception of the playmate of old times; "how come you by sich a power of money?"

"I am on my travels."

"Then I won't take it. You'll want it for pocket-money."

"I have plenty besides, with which I am going to buy sovereigns. I have letters of credit, too. Take the bills, and say no more about it."

"How shall I return it to you?"

"I'll be sure to call for it the minute I want it."

"Well, if ever!—this *is* luck."

"It isn't luck, it's Providence. It's poetical justice. Run to the bank and pay your notes."

And thus one good turn was repaid by another. Jerry's smashed tent and broken arm, occasioned by an act of disinterested generosity, saved his credit and his fortune. He insisted upon repaying the loan on George's return from abroad; but he soon after learnt that it had been settled upon one of his children—a piece of intelligence which occasioned the worthy Jerry to hold up his hands and exclaim, "Well, that is just like Mister George. There is no such thing as getting round him. His perseverance beats all natur."

## COUNTRY BURIAL-PLACES.

FROM "SKETCHES OF NEW ENGLAND," BY JOHN CARVER. 1842.

IN passing through New England, a stranger will be struck with the variety, in taste and feeling, respecting burial-places. Here and there may be seen a solitary grave, in a desolate and dreary pasture lot, and anon under the shade of some lone tree, the simple stone reared by affection to the memory of one known and loved by the humble fireside only. There, on that gentle elevation, sloping green and beautiful towards the south, is a family enclosure, adorned with trees, and filled with the graves of the household. How many breaking hearts have there left the loved till that bright morning! Here in this garden, beside the vine-covered arbor, and amidst the shrubbery which her own hand planted, is the monument to the faithful wife and loving mother. How appropriate! How beautiful! And to the old landholders of New England, what motive to hold sacred from the hand of lucre, so strong as the ground loved by the living as the burial-place of *their* dead!

Ap'pos to burying in gardens, I heard a story of an old man, who was bent on interring his wife in his garden, despite of the opposition of all his neighbors to his doing so. Indeed, the old fellow avowed this as his chief reason, and to all their entreaties, and deprecations, and earnest requests, he still declared he would do it. Finding everything they could do to be of no avail, the people be-thought themselves of a certain physician, who was said to have great influence over the old man, and who owned an orchard adjoining the very garden; so, going to him in a body, they besought him to attempt to change the determination of his obstinate friend. The doctor consented to do so, and went. After offering his condolence on the loss of his wife, and proffering any aid he might be able to render at the funeral, the Doctor said, "I understand you intend to bury your deceased wife in your garden."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I do. And the more people object, the more I'm determined to do it!"

"Right!" replied the doctor, with an emphatic shake of the head, "right! I applaud the deed. I'd bury her there, if I was you. The boys are always stealing the pears from my favorite tree that overhangs your garden, and by and by you'll die, Uncle Diddle, and they'll bury you there too, and then I'm sure that the boys will never dare steal another pear."

"No!" I'll be hanged if I bury her there," said

the old man, in great wrath. "I'll bury her in the grave-yard!"

New England can boast her beautiful places of sculpture, but as a common thing, they are too much neglected, and attractive only to the lover of oddities, and curious old epitaphs. Occasionally you may see a strangely-shaped tomb, or as in a well-known village, a knocker placed on the door of his family vault by some odd specimen of humanity. When asked the reason for doing so singular a thing, he gravely replied, that "when the old gentleman should come to claim his own, the tenants might have the pleasure of saying, 'not at home,' or of fleeing out of the back door."

In passing through these neglected grounds, you will often find some touchingly beautiful scriptural allusion—some apt quotation, or some emblem, so lovely and instructive, that the memory of it will go with you for days. Here in a neglected spot, and amid a cluster of raised stones, is the grave of the stranger clergyman's child, who died on its journey. The inscription is sweet, when taken in connection with the portion of sacred history from which the quotation is made. "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." Again, the only inscription is an emblem,—a butterfly rising from the chrysalis. Glorious thought, embodied in emblem so singular! "Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption!"

Then come you to some strangely odd, as for instance,

Here lies John Auricular,  
Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular.

Again,

Many a cold wind o'er my body shall roll,  
While in Abraham's bosom I'm a feasting my soul;

appropriate certainly, as the grave was on a cold north east slope of one of our bleak hills.

Again, a Dutchman's epitaph for his twin babes:

Here lies two babes, dead as two nits,  
Who shook to death mit ague fits.  
They was too good to live mit me,  
So God he took 'em to live mit he."

There is the grave of a young man, who dying suddenly, was eulogized with this strange aim at the sublime:

He lived,  
He died!

Not a hundred miles from Boston, is a gravestone,

wrinkle. But all that ain't neither here nor thar. But, as I was sayin' afore, the dogs they smelt bar sine, an' wouldn't budge a peg, an' arter Ike had almost cussed the bark off'n a dog-wood saplin' by, he lent his old flint lock rifle up agin it, and then he pealed off his old blanket an' laid her down, too. I diskivered mischief was er cumin', fur I never see a critter show rathy like he did. Torectly I see him walk down to the creek bottom, 'bout fifty yards from where his gun was, and then he 'gin pickin' up rocks an' slingin' um at the dogs like bringer! Cracky! didn't he link it into um? It minded me o' David whalin' Goliath, it did! If you'd er seed him, and hearn them holler, you'd er thought he'd er knocked the nigh sites off'n every mother's son of 'em!

"But that ain't the fun yet. While Ike was er lammin' the dogs, I hearn the alfireddest crackin' in the cane, an' I looked up, and thar was one of the eternalest whollopin' bars cummin' crack, crack,

the saplin', and walked on his hind legs jist like any human. Then, you see, I gin to get sorter jelus, and sez I to myself, 'Mister Bar,' sez I, 'the place whar you's er stanin' ain't prezactly healthy, an' if you don't wabble off from that purty soon, Mizis Bar will be a widder, by gum!' With that, Ike grabbed up old Mizis Rifle, and tuk most pertickler aim at him, and by hokey, she snapped! Now, sez I, 'Mister Bar, go it, or he'll make bacon of you!' But the varmint didn't wink, but stood still as a post, with the thumb of his right paw on the cend of his smeller, and wiglin' his t'other finger thus:— (Mike went through with the gyration.) All this time, Ike he stood thar like a fool, er snappin' and er snappin', an' the bar he lookin' kinder quare like, out er the corner o' his eye, an' sorter laffin at him. Torectly I see Ike take down the ole shooter, and kinder kersamine the lock, an' when he done that, he laid her on his shoulder, and shook his fist at the bar, and walked towards home, an' the bar he



through the cane an' kerslesh over the creek, and stopped right plumb slap up whar Ike's gun was. Torectly he tuck hold er the old shooter, an' I thought I see him tinkerin' 'bout the lock, an' kinder whisin', and blowin' into it. I was 'stonished, I tell you, but I wanted to see Ike outdone so bad that I lay low and kep' dark, an' in about a minit Ike got done lickin' the dogs, an' went to git his gun. Jeemeny, criminy! if you'd only bin whar I was! I do think Ike was the maddest man that ever stuk an axe into a tree, for his har stuck right strait up, and his eyes glared like two dogwood blossoms! But the bar didn't seem to care shucks for him, for he jist sot the old rifle rite back agin

shuk his fist, an' went into the cane brake, and then I cum off."

Here all the Yazoo boys expressed great anxiety to know the reason why Ike's gun didn't fire. "Let's lick'er fust," said Mike, "an' if you don't caterpillar, you can shoot me. Why, you see," concluded he, "the long and short of it is this, that the bar in our neck o' woods has a little human in um, an' this feller know'd as much about a gun as I do 'bout preachin'; so when Ike was lickin' the dogs, he jist blowed all the powder outen the pan, an' to make all safe, he tuk the flint out too, and that's the way he warn't skeered when Ike was snappin' at him."

**A STRETCHER.**—The reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall is, because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It's dreadful stretching work!

**TEETOTALISM.**—Miss Martineau relates an anecdote, in her *Travels*, of a clergyman, who was so strict a temperance member that he refused to drink water out of the Brandywine river, but enjoyed the wine sauce eaten with plum-pudding.

## THE STANDING CANDIDATE.

BY JOHN S. ROBB, (SOLITAIRE.) 1843.

At Buffalo Head, Nianga County, State of Missouri, during the canvass of 1844, there was held an extensive political *Barbecue*, and the several candidates for Congress, legislature, county offices, etc., were all congregated at this southern point, for the purpose of making an *immense* demonstration. Hards, softs, whigs and Tylerites were represented, and to hear their several expositions of State and general policy, a vast gathering of the Missouri sovereigns had also assembled. While the impatient candidates were awaiting the signal to mount the "stump," an odd-looking old man made his appearance at the brow of a small hill bounding the place of meeting.

"Hurrah for old *Sugar*!" shouted an hundred voices, while on, steadily, progressed the object of the cheer.

*Sugar*, as he was familiarly styled, was an old man, apparently about fifty years of age, and was clad in a coarse suit of brown linsey-woolsey. His pants were patched at each knee, and around the ankles they had worn off into picturesque points—his coat was not of the modern close-fitting cut, but hung in loose and easy folds upon his broad shoulders, while the total absence of buttons upon this garment, exhibited the owner's contempt for the storm and the tempest. A coarse shirt, tied at the neck with a piece of twine, completed his body covering. His head was ornamented with an old woollen cap, of divers colors, below which beamed a broad, humorous countenance, flanked by a pair of short, funny little gray whiskers. A few wrinkles marked his brow, but time could not count them as sure chroniclers of his progress, for *Sugar's* hearty, sonorous laugh oft drove them from their hiding-place. Across his shoulder was thrown a sack, in each end of which he was bearing to the scene of political action, a keg of *bran new whiskey*, of his own manufacture, and he strode forward on his moccason-covered feet, encumbered as he was, with all the agility of youth. *Sugar* had long been the *standing candidate* of Nianga county, for the legislature, and founded his claim to the office upon the fact of his being the first "squatter" in that county—his having killed the first *bar* there, ever killed by a white man, and, to place his right beyond cavil, he had 'stilled' the first keg of whiskey! These were strong claims, which urged in his comic, rhyming manner, would have swept the "diggins," but *Sugar*, when the canvass opened, always yielded his claim to some liberal purchaser of his *fluid*, and duly announced himself a candidate for the *next* term.

"Here you air, old fellar!" shouted an acquaintance, "allays on hand 'bout lection."

"Well, Nat," said *Sugar*, "you've jest told the truth as easy as ef you'd taken sum of my mixtur—

Whar politicians congregate,  
I'm allays thar, at any rate!

"Set him up!—set the old fellar up somewhar, and let us take a univarsal liquor!" was the general shout.

"Hold on, boys,—keep cool and shady," said old *Sugar*, "whar's the candidates?—none of yonr splurgin round till I get an appropriation for the

sperits. Send 'em along, and we'll negotiate fur the *fluid*, arter which I shall gin 'em my instructions, and they may then *per-cede* to

Talk away like all cre-a-tion,  
What they knows about the nation.

The candidates were accordingly summoned up to pay for *Sugar's* portable grocery, and to please the crowd and gain the good opinion of the owner, they made up a purse, and gathered round him. *Sugar* had placed his two kegs upon a broad stump, and seated himself astride of them, with a small tin cup in his hand, and a paper containing brown sugar lying before him—each of his kegs was furnished with a *spigot*, and as soon as the money for the whole contents was paid in, *Sugar* commenced addressing the crowd as follows:

"Boys, fellars, and candidates," said he, "I, *Sugar*, am the first white man ever seed in these your diggins—I killed the furst *bar* ever a white skinned in this county, and I kalkilate I hev hurt the feelings of his relations sum sence, as the *bar-skin* linin' of my cabin will testify;—sides that, I'm the furst manufacturer of whiskey in the range of this district, and powerful mixture it is, too, as the bilin' of fellars in this crowd will declar';—more'n that, I'm a candidate for the legislatur', and intend to gin up my claim *this* term, to the fellar who can talk the *pooteyst*;—now, finally at the eend, boys, this mixtur' of mine will make a fellar talk as iley as goose-grease,—as sharp as lightnin', and as *persuadin'* as a young gal at a quilting, so don't spar it while it lasts, and the candidates can drink furst, 'cause they've got to do the talkin'!"

Having finished his charge, he filled the tin cup full of whiskey, put in a handful of brown sugar, and with his forefinger stirred up the sweetening, then surveying the candidates, he pulled off his cap, remarking, as he did so:

"Old age, allays, afore beauty!—your daddy furst, in course," then holding up the cup he offered a toast, as follows:

"Here is to the string that binds the states; may it never be bit apart by political *rats*!" Then holding up the cup to his head, he took a hearty swig, and passed it to the next oldest looking candidate. While they were tasting it, *Sugar* kept up a fire of lingo at them:

"Pass it along lively, gentlemen, but don't spar the *fluid*. You can't help tellin' truth arter you've swaller'd enough of my mixtur', jest fur this reason, its been 'stilled in honesty, rectified in truth, and poured out with wisdom! Take a *leetle* drop more," said he to a fastidious candidate, whose stomach turned at thought of the way the "mixtur" was mixed. "Why, Mister," said *Sugar*, coaxingly,

Ef you war a habby, just new born,  
'Twould do you good, this juley corn!

"No more," I thank you," said the candidate, drawing back from the proffer.

"*Sugar* winked his eye at some of his cronies, and muttered—"He's got an *a-ristocracy* stomach, and can't go the *native* licker." Then, dismissing the candidates, he shouted,—"*crowd up, constitoo—*

ents, into a circle, and let's begin fair—your daddy furst, allays; and mind, no changin' places in the circle to git the sugar in the bottom of the cup. I know you're arter it, Tom Williams, but none on your Yankeein' round to get the sweetnin'—it's all syrup, fellars, 'cause *Sugar* made and mixed it. The gals at the frolicks allays git me to prepar' the cordials, 'cause they say I make it mighty drinkable. Who next? What *you*, old Ben Dent!—Well, hold your hoss for a minit, and I'll strengthen the tin with a speck more, jest because you can kalkilate the valsee of the lickar, and do it jestiss!"

Thus chatted *Sugar*, as he measured out and sweetened up the contents of his kegs, until all who would drink had taken their share, and then the crowd assembled around the speakers. We need not say that the virtues of each political party were duly set forth to the hearers—that follows as a matter of course, candidates dwell upon the strong points of their argument, always. One among them, however, more than his compeers, attracted the attention of our friend *Sugar*, not because he had highly commended the contents of his kegs, but because he painted with truth and feeling the claims of the western *pioneers*! Among these he ranked the veteran Col. Johnson and his compatriots, and as he rehearsed their struggles in defence of their firesides, how they have been trained to war by conflict with the ruthless savage, their homes oft desolated, and their children murdered,—yet, still ever foremost in the fight, and last to retreat, winning the heritage of these broad valleys for their children, against the opposing arm of the red man, though aided by the civilized power of mighty Britain, and her serried cohorts of trained soldiery! We say, as he dwelt upon these themes, *Sugar's* eye would fire up, and then at some touching passage of distress dwelt upon by the speaker, tears would course down his rude cheek. When the speaker concluded, he wiped his eyes with his hard hand, and said to those around him:—

"That are true as the yearth!—thar's suthin' like talk in that fellar!—he's the right breed, and his old daddy has told 'em about them times. So did mine relate 'em to me, how the ony sister I ever had, when a babby, had her brains dashed out by one of the red-skinned devils! But didn't we pepper them fur it? Didn't I help the old man, afore he grew too weak to hold his shootin' iron, to send a few on 'em off to rub out the account? Well, I *did*!—*Hey!*" and shuttin' his teeth together he yelled through them the exultation of full vengeance.

The speaking being done, candidates and hearers gathered around old *Sugar*, to hear his comments upon the speeches, and to many inquiries of how he liked them, the old man answered:—

"They were all pooty good, but that tall fellar they call Tom, from St. Louis; *you*, I mean, *stranger*," pointing at the same time to the candidate, "you jest scart up my feelin's to the right pint—you jest made me feel wolfish as when I and old dad war arter the red varmints; and now what'll *you* take? I'm goin' to publicly *de-cline* in your favor."

Pouring out a tin full of the liquor, and stirring it as before, he stood upright upon the stump, with a foot on each side of his kegs, and drawing off his cap, toasted:—

"The memory of the Western *pioneers*!"

A shout responded to his toast, which echoed far away in the depths of the adjoining forest, and



seemed to awaken a response from the spirits of these departed heroes.

"That's the way to sing it out, boys," responded old *Sugar*, "sich a yell as that would *scar* an inimy into ager fits, and make the United States Eagle scream, 'Hail Columby!'"

"While you're up, *Sugar*," said one of the crowd, "give us a stump speech yourself."

"Bravo!" shouted a hundred voices, "a speech from *Sugar*."

"Agreed, boys," said the old man, "I'll jest gin a few words to wind up with, so keep quiet whילו your daddy's talkin';

Sum tell it out jest like a song,  
I'll gin it to you sweet and strong.

"The ony objection ever made to me in this arr county, as a legislatur', was made by the *wimin*' 'cause I war a *bachelor*, and I never told you afore why I *re-mained* in the state of number *one*—no fellar stays single *pre-meditated*, and, in course, a hansum fellar like me, who all the gals declar' to be as enticin' as a jay bird, warn't goin' to stay alone, ef he could help it. I did see a creatur' once, named *Sofy Mason*, of the Cumberland, nigh unto Nashville, Tennessee, that I took an orful hankerin' arter, and I sot in to lookin' anxious fur matrimony, and gin to go reglar to meetin', and took to dressin' tremenigious finified, jest to see ef I could get her good opinion. She did git to lookin' at me, and one day, eumin' from meetin', she did'nt know then, nuther! Well, we larfed and talked aleetle all the way along to her daddy's, and thar I gin her the best bend I had in me, and raised my bran new hat as peert and perlite as a minister, lookin' all the time so enticin' that I sot the gal tremblin'. Her old daddy had a a powerful numerous lot of healthy niggers, and

lived right adjinin' my place, while on tother side lived Jake Simons—a sneakin' cute varmint, who war wusser than a miser for stinginess; and no sooner did this cussed sarpint see me sidlin' up to Sofy, than he went to slikin' up, too, and sot himself to work to cut me out. That arr war a struggle ekill to the battle of Orleans. Furst sum new fixup of Jako's would take her eye, and then I'd sport suthin' that would outshine him, until Jake at last gin in tryin' to outdress me, and sot thinkin' of suthin' else. Our farms wur just the same number of acres, and we both owned three niggers a-piece. Jake knew that Sofy and her dad kept a sharp eye out fur the main chance, so he thort he'd clar me out by buyin' another nigger; but I jest follor'd suit, and bought one the day arter he got his, so he had no advantage thar; he then got a *cow*, and so did I, and jest about then both on our *pusses* gin out. This put Jake to his wit's eend, and I war a wonderin' what in the yearth he would try next. We stood so, hip and thigh, fur about two weeks, both on us talkin' sweet to Sofy, whenever we could git her alone. I thort I seed that Jake, the sneakin' cuss, wur gittin' a mite ahead of me, 'cause his tongue wur so iley; however, I didn't let on, but kep a top eye on him. One Sunday mornin' I wur a leetle mite late to meetin', and when I got thar, the first thing I seed war Jake Simons, sittin' close bang up agin Sofy, in the same pew with her daddy! I biled a spell with wrath, and then tarned sour; I could taste myself! Thar they wur, singin' *himes* out of the same book. Je-e-minny, fellars, I war so *enormous* mad that the new silk handkercher round my neck lost its color! Arter meetin', out they walked, linked arms, a smilin' and lookin' as pleased

as a young couple at thar furst christenin'; and Sofy tarned her 'cold shoulder' at me so orful pinte, that I wilted down, and gin up right straight—Jake had her, thar wur no disputin' it! I headed toward home, with my hands as fur in my trowsers pockets as I could push 'em, swarin' all the way that she war the last one would ever git a chance to rile up my feelin's. Passin' by Jake's plantation I looked over the fence, and thar stood an explanation of the matter, right facin' the road whar every one passin' could see it—his consarned *cow* was tied to a stake in the gardin' with a most *promising calf* along side of her! That *calf* jest soured my milk, and made Sofy think, that a fellar who war allays gittin' ahead like Jake, wur a rightsmart chance for a lively husband!"

A shout of laughter here drowned *Sugar's* voice, and as soon as silence was restored he added, in a solemn tone, with one eye shut, and his forefinger pointing at his auditory:—

"What is a cussed sight wusser than his gettin' Sofy war the fact, that he *borrowed that calf the night before from Dick Hardley!* Arter the varmint got Sofy hitched, he told the joke all over the settlement, and the boys never seed me arterwards that they didn't *b-a-h* at me fur lettin' a *calf* cut me out of a gal's affections. I'd a shot Jake, but I thort it war a free country, and the gal had a right to her choice without bein' made a widder, so I jest sold out and travelled! I've allays thort sence then, boys, that *wimin* were a good deal like *licker*, ef you love 'em too hard thar sure to throw you some way:

Then here's to *wimin*, then to *licker*,  
Thar's nuthin' swimmin' can be slicker!

## SWALLOWING AN OYSTER ALIVE.

### A Story of Illinois.

BY JOHN S. ROBB, (SOLITAIRE). 1843.

At a late hour the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-wolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funnest little seal-skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—"isters?"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator,—  
"and fine ones they are, too."

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," says he, "but this is the first time I've seed 'em, and *pre-haps* I'll know what *thar* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate, and scrutinized the

uncased shell-fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed any thin' hold on so—takes an amazin' site of screwin, hoss, to get them out, and aint they slick and slip'ry when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgin', jist to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about speckalation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, "now come, that's stickin' it on rite strong, hoss, for *isters*. A dozen on 'em aint nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune apiece for *them*. I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by, indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're a witness, mister,"

turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your tricks, for I've heard that your city fellers are mity slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal-skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork, with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open.



**A FIGHTING FOWL.**—During Colonel Crockett's first winter in Washington, a caravan of wild animals was brought to the city and exhibited. Large crowds attended the exhibition; and, prompted by common curiosity, one evening Colonel Crockett attended. "I had just got in," said he: "the house was very much crowded, and the first thing I noticed was two wild cats in a cage. Some acquaintance asked me, 'if they were like the wild cats in the backwoods?' and I was looking at them, when one turned over and died. The keeper ran up and threw some water on it. Said I, 'stranger, you are wasting time. My look kills them things; and you had much better hire me to go out here, or I will kill every varmint you've got in your caravan.' While I and he were talking, the lions began to roar. Said I, 'I won't trouble the American lion, because he is some kin to me, but turn out the African lion—turn him out—turn him out—I can whip him for a ten-dollar bill, and the zebra may kick occasionally during the fight.' This created

fear—a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Get a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O gracious!—what'll I do?—It's got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—dout't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,—

"How are you now, old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss!—ugh, ugh o-o-o my innards. If that ister critter's dyin' agonies didn't stir a 'ruption in me equal to a small earthquake, then 'tain't no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a serpent, when that killin' stuff touched it; hu!"—and here with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "If you git two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and seizing his seal-skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this finale, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been *swallowing oysters alive*.

some fun; and I then went to another part of the room, where a monkey was riding a pony. I was looking on, and some member said to me, 'Crockett, don't that monkey favor General Jackson?' 'No,' said I, 'but I'll tell you who it does favor. It looks like one of your boarders, Mr. —, of Ohio.' There was a loud burst of laughter at my saying so; and, upon turning round, I saw Mr. —, of Ohio, within about three feet of me. I was in a right awkward fix; but bowed to the company, and told 'em, 'I had either slandered the monkey, or Mr. —, of Ohio, and if they would tell me which, I would beg his pardon.' The thing passed off; the next morning, as I was walking the pavement before my door, a member came up to me, and said, 'Crockett, Mr. —, of Ohio, is going to challenge you.' Said I, 'Well, tell him I am a fighting fowl. I'spose if I am challenged, I have the right to choose my weapons?' 'Oh yes,' said he. 'Then tell him,' said I, 'that I will fight him with bows and arrows.'

## A GOOD FEED, DULY DEFENDED!

FROM "MY SHOOTING BOX." BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT (FRANK FORESTER.) 1843.

"Now, Timothy," exclaimed Harry Archer, as he dismounted from the seat of his wagon at the door, "run in, and see what o'clock it is; and then ask Mrs. Deighton if dinner will be punctual."

"It's haaf paast faive, sur," answered Timothy from the hall, "and t'dinner 'll be upon t' teable at six, and no mistaek!"

"That's well—for I'm as hungry as a hawk"—said Archer. "We shall have just enough time to make ourselves comfortable, Fred. Where the deuce do you mean to stow yourself, Frank?"

"Oh! never fear. I have arranged that with Timothy—I shall take possession of his room to-night."

"Very well—now lose no time, lads; for Mrs. Deighton's six is sharp six, you'll remember. Look here, Tom, you will find this week's Spirit here, and the last Turf Register; can you amuse yourself with them, 'till we get fixed, as you'd call it, I suppose?"

"Yes! yes!"—answered Tom, "I'll amuse myself, I promise you; but it won't be with no sperrit but Jamaiky sperrits—them's the best sperrits for an afternoon. Come, Timothy, you lazy injun, where are you snoopin' off to, cuss you? Git me the sperrits and ice-water—your master haint got sense to order up no lickier."

brains in his head, though it beant no bigger than a nutshell—but it does take a belly, and a good, rousin', old, biggest kind o' belly, to hold mine. And the rum will find them torights, and sharp them up too wust kind, I reckon."

"You do not make much toilet, Harry, I presume," asked Fred, as he sauntered away towards his bed-room, after staring at old Tom in a vain attempt to make him out, for half a moment.

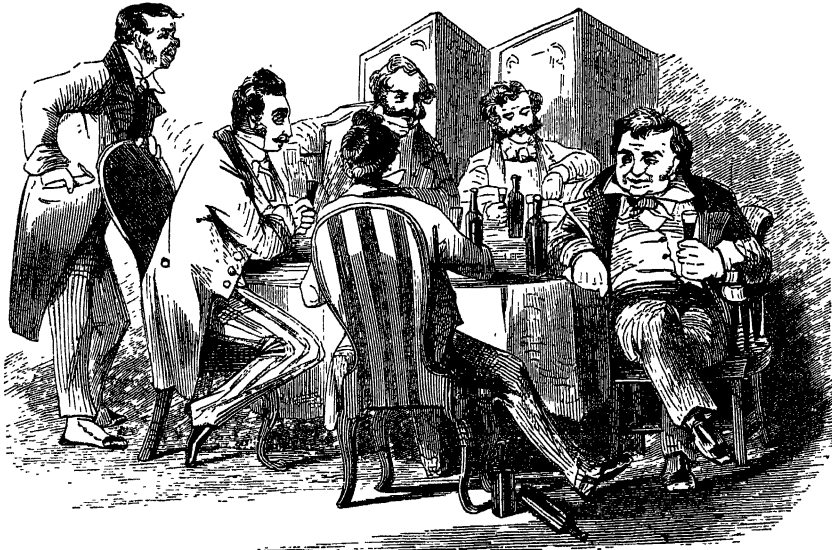
"Just as you please about that, Fred. This is liberty-hall. But I do always dress for dinner even when I am quite alone."

"The deuce you do! That must be a monstrous bore!"

"Have you known Archer so long," asked Frank Forester, "and not discovered yet that his greatest pleasure in life is boring himself?"

"It's very well his greatest pleasure in life aren't in borin' other people, as you calls it," interposed Tom, who was growing a little crusty at the non-appearance of the ardent—"Least ways I know whose is—hey? Little wax skin?"

"I do not find it so," continued Harry, without taking heed of the by-play between Forester and old Draw, who were for ever sparring one with the other—"on the contrary! I think life is not worth having if we strip it of the decencies; and, living



"If you have not got sense to order what you want in my house, I am not bound to find you in brains."

"The rum will find his brains, I'll warrant it," said Forester, "for I am certain whatever brains he's got, are in his belly."

"Sartain!"—responded Tom—"Sartain they be—that's why its sich a nice, fat round one. No head wouldn't hold *my* brains! a stoopid little know nauthen, like you be, may keep his small mite o'

as I do in the country, three-fourths of the year, and more than half the time alone, I find there is much more danger of becoming somewhat slovenly and careless, than of being over nice. When you don't meet a lady three times in a year, or a man who shaves above twice a week, unless on special occasions, it is easy enough to degenerate into a mere boor. I at least will keep clear of that. Some folks think it manly and knowing to assimilate themselves to the roughest and the rudest of



the rough and rude, because they chance to live in remote rural districts, I am not one of them."

"I don't think no one will find fault with you for that, no how," interposed Tom, "no one who knows you. The darned critter's allus dressed as neat as a new pin. And his dinner table, oh, h—, it's just like a jeweller's shop in Broadway."

"Yes—and of that more anon—I have been attacked for that too, before now. But we'll talk about that, while we are feeding; hey, Tom?"

"I'm willin' so as you aren't over long a dressin'."

"Well, here comes the Jamaica for you; and I will not be a quarter of an hour."

Nor was he; for in a little more than ten minutes he returned, neatly attired in a puce-colored cut-away coat, white waistcoat, and black trousers, as natty and well-dressed as possible, but without a shade of foppery—the thing which of all he most abhorred—perceptible either in his exterior or his manner.

A moment afterward, Frank Forester made his entrée, and as usual his practice was as different from his principle, as any thing in nature could be. To judge him from his talk, you would have supposed that a red flannel shirt and tow trousers, were his ultimatum and beau ideal in the way of dress; yet forth he came, very fine—to say the truth, a little too fine!—so fine, indeed, that it required all his remarkably good looks and quiet manner, to redeem his attire from the charge of being *kiddy* at least, if not tigerish.

He wore the full dress blue coat of his old corps—the first dragoons—a crack royal regiment, which he had left but a year or two before—with its richly embossed gold buttons, and black velvet cuffs and collar. His shirt was rich with open work and mechin lace, and fastened in front by enamelled studs of exquisite workmanship connected by slight chains of Venetian gold. His crimson velvet waistcoat was adorned with garnet buttons, and his trousers of Inkson's most elaborate cut, fitting his shapely leg as if they had been made upon it, displayed his high instep *très bien chaussée* in a black gauze silk stocking, and patent leather pumps.

Tom Draw stared somewhat wildly at this display, of which he certainly had never seen before, even the counterfeit presentment; and, though he was rigged himself in his best swallow-tailed sky-blue, canary-colored waistcoat, and gray inexpressibles, he began to think, as he afterward expressed himself, that he had naught on him, no how, barrin' his skin, and that rather o' the thinnest, and the dirtiest at that.

Scarcely was Frank well established in Harry's best arm-chair, before Fred made his appearance in a plain snuff-colored dress coat, and the rest of his garb quiet, dark, and unpretending.

"Why, what's all this about, in the name of wonder?" he exclaimed, looking at Frank attentively.

"Only a little of the heavy dragroon breaking out, Fred," answered Archer; "it does so periodically—like the fever and ague—and like it, thank heaven! it is not catching. If I were to live a thousand years I never should forget the first day I saw my gentleman in this country. He was walking up Broadway, arm in arm with poor Power, who had just landed on his second visit to this country. They had two of the narrowest pinch up hats—Tom Duncombe's, only *more so*!—stuck in the most jaunty style on the opposite sides of their heads—each had his outer hand, as they swaggered along

arm in arm, stuck in the hind pocket of his coat, and the skirt well brought round on the opposite hip—each, to complete the picture, at every second pace, gave the genuine sabretash kick with the outer leg—unluckily in poor Power's case it was the right leg—but that made no difference in life—and then the toggery! Only conceive Master Frank, in a bright pea-green body coat, with large basket buttons of solid silver—a crimson cachemire neckcloth—elastic tartan pantaloons, a little tighter than his skin, alternate checks, each check two inches square of black and the brightest azure, and to conclude, more chains and spurs and iron boot heels—more clash and clang, in walking along the street, than there are to be found in a squadron of cuirassiers. By Jove! It was inimitable!"

"What did you do, Harry?" asked Fred, laughing while Frank tried to grin, though not with the best grace in the world.

"Do? Bolted to be sure! what would you have had me do? I would not have spoken to him in the street in that rig for any sum! I was not very well known in New York myself at that time, and I saw old Hays on the other side of the street quietly contemplating my friend there, with a cool confidential nod of the head, and wink addressed to his own other eye—as who should have said, 'Aha! my fine fellow, it will not be many days, before you and I shall be better acquainted!'"

What exclamation or asseveration would have followed can never now be known, for just as Forester stood up, not a little nettled, Timothy threw the door open, and said,

"T' dinner's upon t' teable, please, sur."

And thereupon Frank's face relaxed into a mild and placid smile, and drawing Tom's arm under his own,

"Allow me the honor," he said, "Mistress Draw, to hand you in to dinner."

"No you don't, little wax skin—no you don't—not through that door, no how, we'd git stuck there, boy,—and they'd never pull us out; and we'd starve likely with the smell o' the dinner in our noses, and the champagne a bustin' under our eyes out o' the very bottles to be drank, and us not there to drink it. No, no, we'll run no resks now."

And with the words they passed into the dining-room, arranged as on the previous evening, except that, for two covers, four were now laid on the white damask cloth, and that a pair of tall silver wine-coolers occupied the centre of the table, with the long necks of hock and champagne flasks protruding.

At the left of each guest, stood a pint decanter of delicate straw-colored sherry; and at his right, four glasses, a long stalked beaker of old-fashioned Venice crystal, a green German hock glass, embossed with grapes and vine leaves, a thin capacious sherry glass with a curled lip so slender that it almost bent as you drank from it, and a slim-shanked shallow goblet for Bordeaux or Burgundy.

There was but one comestible, however, on the table, a deep silver tureen, with a most savory and game-like odor exuding from the chinks of its rich cover.

"I would have given you some raw natives to begin with," said Harry, "knowing how much Tom likes them, but we can't get the crustaceous bivalves up hither with distinguished success, until the frost sets in."

"I'm right glad on't, by the Eternal!" exclaimed

ed Tom, "nasty, cold, chillin', watery trash! just blowin' out your innards for no good, afore you git to the grist o' dinner—what kind o' soup's that, Timothy?"

"A soup of my own invention," answered Harry, "and the best soup in the world, *me judice*. Strong venison soup, made as we make hare soup at home—a good rich stock to begin with, about ten pounds of the lean from the haunch brayed down into the pottage, about a dozen cloves and a pint of port, and to conclude, the scrag of the neck cut into bits two inches square, done brown in a covered stewpan, and thrown in with a few forced meat balls when the soup is ready. You can add, if you please, a squeeze of a lemon and a dash of cayenne, which I think improve it. It is piping hot; and not bad I think."

"I have tasted something of the kind in the Highlands, at Blair Athol," said Frank Forester.

"I have not," replied Harry. "The Scotch venison soup is made *clear*, and though a capital thing, I like this *purée* better."

"So do I, Harry," said Fred Heneage—"and I should think by the gusto with which you speak of it, that you not only invented, but made it."

"You'd think just about right, then," answered Tom, as he thrust out his plate for a second ladle-full. "He and I did make the first bowl of it, as iver was made. And it tuk us a week—yes, a fortnight, I guess, before we got it jest right. I will say that for Harry, the darned critter is about as good at bringing game *up* right on the table, as he is at bringing them *down* right in the field."

"Yes! and for that very thing I have been assailed," said Harry, laughing, "as lacking the true spirit of a sportsman, as not enjoying the thing in its high ennobling spirit, as not a pure worshipper in heart and intellectual love of the divine Artemis, but a mere sensualist and glutton, making my belly a god, and degrading my good gun into a mere tool for the slaves of Epicurus!"

"Treason! high treason! name the rash man! Hold him up bodily to our indignation!"

"First let us drink! That pale sherry is delicate and very dry. Will you have champagne, Tom? No—very well. Here is a health then to C. E., of the Buffalo Patriot."

"C. E.! Who the devil is C. E.?" cried all three in a breath.

"Alias, J. B."

"And who then is J. B.?"

"The man wot stabbed me in the tenderest part, which he, I suppose, would say is my abdomen."

"Are you in earnest, Harry?"

"I am gravely in earnest, when I say that he taxed me seriously, though sportively, with all that I have stated. He said, that in my admiration of good things, in dwelling on the melting richness of a woodduck, or the spicy game flavor of a grouse, in preferring a silver plate whereon to eat my venison to an earthen trencher, in carrying out a bottle of champagne and cooling it in a fresh spring for my luncheon, instead of trusting to execrable rye or apple whiskey, I prove myself degenerate, and no true votary of the gentle woodcraft. He is *afraid* that I cannot rough it!"

"Is he, indeed? Poor devil!"

"He don't know much, then, no how, that chap!" answered Tom, as he went largely into the barbecued perch, which had taken the place of the pottage. "Least ways he don't know much, if he

thinks as a chap can't rough it because he knows how to eat and drink, when there is no need of roughing it. I've seen fellows as niver had seen nauten fit to eat nor drink in their lives, turn up their darned nasty noses at a good country dinner in a country tavern, where a raal right down gentleman, as had fed allus on the fat of the land, could dine pleasantly. Give me a raal gentleman, one as sleeps soft, and eats high, and drinks highest kind, to stand roughing it—and more sense to C. E., next time he warnts to teach his grandmother."

"How do you like this fish?"

"Capital—capital!"

"Well, all its excellence, except that it is firm, lies in the cookery. It is insipid enough and tasteless, unless barbecued."

"Then you were wise to barbecue it."

"And how should I have learned to barbecue it; if I had not thought about such things? No, no, boys—I despise a man very heartily, who cannot dine just as happily upon a bit of salt pork and a biscuit, and perhaps an onion, aye! and enjoy it as well, washed down with a taste of whiskey qualified by the mountain brook—or washed down with a swallow of the brook unqualified—as he would enjoy canvass-back and venison with champagne and Bordeaux;—who cannot bivouac as blithely, and sleep as soundly under the starlit canopy of heaven as under damask hangings—when there is cause for dining upon pork, and for bivouacking. But there is one thing, boys, that I despise a plaguy sight more—and that is a thick-headed fool, who likes salt pork as well as canvass-back and turtle; who does not see any difference between an ill-cooked dish swimming in rancid butter, and a *chef d'œuvre* of Carême or Ude, rich with its own pure gravy. And yet more than the thick-headed fool, do I abhor the pig-headed fool, who thinks it brave, forsooth, and manly and heroic withal, and philosophical, to affect a carelessness, which does not belong to him, and to drink cider sperrits when he can drink *Sillery* see of the first growth! And that being said, open that champagne, Timothy."

"So much for C. E.?" inquired Forester.

"No, no!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly. "I deny any such sequitur as that, C. E. is a right good fellow; or was, at least, when I knew him. It is a weary while ago since he supped with me in New York, the very night before he left it—never I believe to return—at least, since then I have never seen him—and many a warm heart has grown cold, and many a brown head gray in the interim. But when I knew C. E. he would never drink bad liquor when he could come by good—and right well did he know the difference—and by the way, while vituperating me for my gourmandize, he shows that he is tarred a little with the same stick. He abuses me for saying that the woodduck is as good a bird as flies, except the canvass-back, asserting that the blue-winged teal is better."

"Out upon him!" exclaimed Forester, "the blue-winged teal is fishy, nine times out of ten."

"Aye! Frank—but he is speaking of the teal on the great lakes; and I dare say he is right. It is to the fact that he is the only duck seen on the sea-board, who eschews salt water and salt sedges, that the summer duck—for that is his proper name—owes his pre-eminence over all the other wild fowl of this region. Now, as the blue-winged teal, or Garganey, is int he same predicament on the lakes, I think it very questionable whether in that coun-

try he may not be as good, nay, better than my favorite."

"Are you in earnest? Do you think that the diet of ducks makes so much difference in their quality?" asked Heneage.

"So much? It makes *all* the difference. What renders the canvass-back of the waters of the Chesapeake, the very best bird that flies; while here, in Long Island sound, or on the Jersey shore, he is, at the best, but a fourth-rate duck? The wild celery, which he eats there, and which he cannot get here, for his life."

"A roast leg of mutton?—by no means a bad thing, Harry," said Fred Heneage, "when it is old enough and well roasted."

"This is six years old," answered Archer. "Black faced, Scotch mountain, of my own importation, my own feeding, and my own killing. It has been hanging three weeks, and, by the way it cuts, I believe it is in prime order—done to a turn, I can see that it is. Will you have some?"

"Will a fish swim? Where is the currant jelly?"

"On the sideboard. I don't consider currant jelly orthodox with mutton, which is by far too good a thing to be obliged to pass itself for what it is not."

"I agree with you," said Frank. "I hate any thing that is like something else."

"Of course—all good judges do. That puts me in mind of what Washington Irving once told me, that he never ate *clams*, by any chance, because he was quite sure that they would be *oysters* if they could!"

"Excellent! excellent!" said Fred and Forester, both in a voice; whereupon Tom added,

"They can't come it though; stewed clams is not briled iseters!"

"No more than mosquitoes are lobsters, which was John Randolph's sole objection to the insects."

"And do you really prohibit currant jelly with roast mutton?"

"I don't prohibit any thing; but I don't eat it, and I think it bad taste to do so. Venison, I think the only thing that is improved by it. Canvass-back ducks I think it ruins. Nor should I think C. E.'s plum jelly with grouse, one whit better. The sharpness of currant jelly is very suitable to the excessive fat of English park-fed venison; but with any lean meat I think it needless, to say the best. There is but one sauce for any kind of gallinaceous game, when roasted, whether his name be grouse, partridge, pheasant, quail, or wild turkey."

"Right, Harry, and that is bread sauce."

"And that is bread sauce; made of the crumb of a very light French roll, stewed in cream and passed through a tamis, one small white onion may be boiled in it, but must be taken out before it is served up to table; a lump of fresh butter as big as a walnut may be added, and a very little black pepper. Let it be thick and hot, and nothing else is needed; unless, indeed, you like a few fried crumbs, done very crisp and brown."

"Open that other flask of champagne, Timothy. Tom's glass is empty, and he begins to look angry. Will you take wine with me?" said Heneage, who had hit Tom's feelings to a hair.

"In course, I will," replied Tom, joyously. "When Harry gets a talking about his darned stews and fixins, he niver recollects that a body will git dry."

"Pass it round, Timothy," said Harry; "that's

not a bad move of old Tom's by any means. I believe I was riding one of my hobbies a little hard. But it provokes me to see the good things which are destroyed in this country by bad cookery; and it provokes me yet worse, to hear hypocrites and fools talk as if it were wrong for the creature to enjoy the good things designed for his use by a good Creator."

"It is about as rational, truly, as to assert that it is impious to plant a tree or cultivate a bed of exotics in order to make finer a view naturally beautiful; because Providence did not plant them originally there."

"Yes! sartain! yes, I go that," said old Tom, who was always death agin humbugs, as he would have said himself; "or wicked to wear breeches because natur did not fix them on our hinder eends in the creashun. I do think, too, though I niver hearn of it 'till Archer come up this a-way, and larned us how to eat and drink, as bread sauce doos go jist as nat'rally with roast quails, as breeches on a —"

"Shut up, you old sinner," said Harry, laughing. "Here come the ruffed grouse, larded and boiled, for boiling which Fred so abused me this morning."

"He won't abuse you, when he has once tasted them," said Forester. "It is the best way of cooking them."

"Well, yes; they bees kind o' dry meat, roasted; but then I don't find no great faults with the dryness—specially when one's got tist this wine, to wrench his mouth with arter."

"They are good—with this celery sauce especially."

"As is bread sauce to roast, so is celery sauce to boiled game—Q-e-d."

"There is a *soupçon* of onion in this also, is there not?"

"Just enough to swear by—do you think it too much?"

"I did not say a taste, I said a *soupçon*—are you answered?"

"There aint no Souchong in it, no how—nor no Hyson, nother. He'll be a swearin' it's Java coffee next," said Tom, waxing again somewhat wrathly.

"He is thirsty again," said Frank—"what shall it be; I say hock after this boiled white meat."

"Right, Frank, for a thousand!" said Harry, "and after the woodcock, which Tim is bringing in, we'll broach a flask of Burgundy. Hock with your white game, Burgundy with your brown! But hold, hold! Timothy, Mr. Draw will not touch that hock—it's too thin and cold for his palate."

"Rot-gut!" replied Tom. "None o' your hocks nor your clarets for me; there aint no good things made in France except champagne wine and old Otard brandy."

"Well, which of the two will you have, Tom?"

"That 're champagne's good enough for the likes of me."

"Oh! don't be modest, pray. It will hurt you!" "What, this here wine?—not what I've drank on it, no how. I could drink all of a dozen bottles of it, without its hurtin' me a mite."

The woodcock followed, were discussed, and pronounced perfect; they were diluted with a flask of *Nuits Richelieu*, so exquisitely rich and fruity, and of so absolute a bouquet, that even the hostility of fat Tom toward all French wines was drowned in the goblet, thrice the full of which, mantling to the brim, he quaffed in quick succession.

The Stilton cheese, red herring, and caviare, which succeeded, again moved his ire, and were denounced as stinkin' trash, fit for no one to eat but a darned greedy Englishman; but the bumper of port again mollified him, and he said that if they ate them cussed nasty things jist to make the wine taste the better for the contrast, he didn't see no sense in that, for it was mazin' nice without no nastiness afore it.

The devilled biscuits he approved mightily, as creating a wholesome drought, which he applied himself to assuage by emptying three bottles of

pale sherry to his own cheek, while the three young men were content with one double magnum of Chateau Latour. But when he emptied the third bottle, he was as cool and collected as if he had not tasted a single drop, and was half disposed to run rusty, at being summoned into the library to take a cup of coffee and an old cheroot; but here again his wrath was once more assuaged by the curaçao, of which he drank off half a tumbler, and then professed himself ready for a quiet rubber, while Tim was getting supper.

## A BEAR STORY.

BY WM. P. HAWES, (CYPRESS). 1843.

"THAT puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heerd tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the North Pole on a walen' voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Oncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and oncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captin Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned,—"that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it—although Peter had his doubts."

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can; but I've no 'jections to tell it my way, no how. So, here goes—thats great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a gurgling sound of "something-to-take," running.

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegen bays at the north, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountains o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales,—all except the captin, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinking, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em slumpen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old captin wanted to kill one o' them varments most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now then, he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc'tal, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a skiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long 'fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrar piece o' water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked fust strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecorn-

ed-like—likes's if he was drivin for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captin stopped and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was agoin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack again under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinte, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walkin slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, just by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs, and his head riz up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there ain't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his

gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swallowed along on his hinder end, comen at him. He kept getten weaker, tho', and comen slower and slower all the time, so that at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down onto his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captain and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscot or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, just so near that when they both reached forrads, they could jist about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite nayt'l to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by being so cloast to him, and breathe hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he just tuk his ramrod and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderat and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there a'n't much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em south, but they went south mostly; and so it went on until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon—"

"But, Venus, stop: tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind of life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost—"

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd liked to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's—what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to

say, 'Captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sitten looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then, the captin said, he giv him the wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal, not thinken nothin o' them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fish's flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail end, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn't say so much for himself.

"Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his natural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he couldn't reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till by-and-by (jist as the captin said he expected) the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he raaly felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear.



But either because it wan't enough for him, or else on account o' his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the beast wouldn't touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and t'other 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he raaly thought he'd a g'in in

and died, if they hadn't pick'd him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They didn't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off—expecten it was the sea-serpent, or an old mare-maid. They woudn't believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly believe it nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore he come to."

"Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No, sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose: for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulaten on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard-biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Can't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all, boys. How many's asleep?"

## MY FIRST VISIT TO PORTLAND.

BY SEBA SMITH. 1843.

In the fall of the year 1829, I took it into my head I'd go to Portland. I had heard a good deal about Portland, what a fine place it was, and how the folks got rich there proper fast; and that fall there was a couple of new papers come up to our place from there, called the "Portland Courier," and "Family Reader," and they told a good many queer kind of things about Portland, and one thing and another; and all at once it popped into my head, and I up and told father, and says:

"I am going to Portland, whether or no; and I'll see what this world is made of yet."

Father stared a little at first, and said he was afraid I would get lost; but when he see I was bent upon it, he give it up, and he stepped to his chist, and opened the till, and took out a dollar, and gave to me; and says he:

"Jack, this is all I can do for you; but go and lead an honest life, and I believe I shall hear good of you yet."

He turned and walked across the room, but I could see the tears start into his eyes. And mother sat down, and had a hearty crying spell.

This made me feel rather bad for a minit or too, and I almost had a mind to give it up; and then again father's dream came into my mind, and I mustered up courage, and declared I'd go. So I tackled up the old horse, and packed in a load of axe-handles, and a few notions; and mother fried me some dough-nuts, and put 'em into a box, along with some cheese, and sausages, and ropped me up another shirt, for I told her I didn't know how long I should be gone. And after I got rigged out, I went round, and bid all the neighbors good-bye, and jumped in, and drove off for Portland.

Aunt Sally had been married two or three years before, and moved to Portland; and I inquired round till I found out where she lived, and went there, and put the old horse up, and eat some supper, and went to bed.

And the next morning I got up, and straightened right off to see the editor of the "Portland Courier," for I knew by what I had seen in his paper, that he was just the man to tell me which way to steer. And when I come to see him, I knew I was right; for soon as I told him my name, and what I wanted, he took me by the hand as kind as if he had been a brother, and says he:

"Mister," says he, "I'll do any thing I can to assist you. You have come to a good town; Portland is a healthy, thriving place, and any man with a proper degree of enterprise may do well here. But," says he, "stranger," and he looked mighty kind of knowing, says he, "if you want to make out to your mind, you must do as the steamboats do."

"Well," says I, "how do they do?" for I didn't know what a steamboat was any more than the man in the moon.

"Why," says he, "they go ahead. And you must drive about among the folks here, just as tho' you were at home, on the farm among the cattle. Don't be afraid of any of them, but figure away, and, I dare say, you'll get into good business in a very little while. But," says he, "there's one thing you must be careful of; and that is, not to get into the hands of those are folks that trades up-round Huckler's Row, for there's some sharpers up there, if they get hold of you, would twist your eye-teeth out in five minits."

Well, arter he had giv me all the good advice he could, I went back to Aunt Sally's agin, and got some breakfast; and then I walked all over the town, to see what chance I could find to sell my axe-handles and things, and to get into business.

After I had walked about three or four hours, I come along towards the upper end of the town, where I found there were stores and shops of all sorts and sizes. And I met a feller, and says I:

"What place is this?"

"Why this," says he, "is Huckler's Row."

"What," says I, "are these the stores where the traders in Huckler's Row keep?"

And says he, "Yes."

Well, then, says I to myself, I have a pesky good mind to go in and have a try with one of these chaps, and see if they can twist my eye-teeth out. If they can get the best end of a bargain out of me, they can do what there ain't a man in our place can do; and I should just like to know what sort of stuff these ere Portland chaps are made of. So in I goes into the best-looking store among 'em. And I see some biscuit lying on the shelf, and says I:

"Mister, how much do you ax apiece for them ere biscuits?"

"A cent a piece," says he.



"Well," says I, "I shan't give you that, but if you've a mind to, I'll give you two cents for three of them, for I begin to feel a little as tho' I would like to take a bite."

"Well," says he, "I wouldn't sell 'em to anybody else so, but seeing it's you, I don't care if you take 'em."

I knew he lied, for he never seen me before in his life. Well, he handed down the biscuits, and I took 'em, and walked round the store a while, to see what else he had to sell. At last, says I:

"Mister, have you got any good cider?"

Says he, "Yes, as good as ever ye see."

"Well," says I, "what do you ax a glass for it?"

"Two cents," says he.

"Well," says I, "seems to me I feel more dry than I do hungry now. Ain't you a mind to take these ere biscuits again, and give me a glass of cider?" and says he:

"I don't care if I do."

So he took and laid 'em on the shelf again, and poured out a glass of cider. I took the cider and drinkt it down, and to tell the truth, it was capital good cider. Then says I:

"I guess it's a time for me to be agoing," and I stept along towards the door; but says he:

"Stop, Mister, I believe you haven't paid me for the cider."

"Not paid you for the cider!" says I; "what do you mean by that? didn't the biscuits that I give you just come to the cider?"

"Oh, ah, right!" says he.

So I started to go again, and says he:

"But stop, Mister, you didn't pay me for the biscuit."

"What!" says I, "do you mean to impose upon me? do you think I am going to pay you for the biscuits, and let you keep them too? Ain't they there now on your shelf? What more do you want? I guess, sir, you don't whittle me in that way."

So I turned about and marched off, and left the feller staring and scratching his head, as tho' he was struck with a dunderment.

Howsomever, I didn't want to cheat him, only jest to show 'em it wa'n't so easy a matter to pull my eye-teeth out; so I called in next day, and paid him two cents.

A COLD MAN AND A WARM REJOINDER.—County court was sitting awhile ago, in —, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin, in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand. He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, "with tears in his fist and his eyes doubled up"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrantee deed, as if he was the judge to decide the

matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him. "You look like a traveller." "Wall, I s'pose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot, 'tany rate." "From Wisconsin! that's a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the 'lower regions' in your travels?" "Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogany, "I ben through the outskirts." "I thought it likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know." "O," said the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig-tail, appeared through the slit in his cheek—"you'll find them much the same as in this region—the lawyers sit nighest the fire."

## A GENUINE HOOSIER.

BY D. CORCORAN. 1843.

AN original character is your genuine Hoosier. By genuine, we mean such a one as has all the attributes that peculiarly belong to the back-woodsmen of the West—one whose manners have suffered neither change nor modification by connection or association with men of more conventional habits; one, in a word, who, like the trees of his native forest, had no other culture than that bestowed on him by nature. He may well be called a genuine Hoosier. There is an originality in his phraseology, which, being the imitation of no other known idiom, by none can it be successfully imitated; and there is a primitive freshness in his manner and appearance, which show that while the fetters of fashion and etiquette enchain their millions among what is called the "enlightened classes," he, disdaining all such artificial incumbrances of both limb and language, dresses as he willet, and talks as he pleaseth. Indeed, with the future antiquarian, it must be a matter of mystery, to account for the noble stand taken by the Hoosier against the effeminate frivolity of our times, when almost all of those who pique themselves on being more refined than their fellows, are the victims of its enervating embraces.

So much for the Hoosier in general, and now for the Hoosier in particular. One of them—a fellow with thews and sinews sufficiently strong to cope with a bear—visited the city last week, and here he still remains. As he is no bad specimen of the class, we mean to chronicle, in part, his sayings and doings. But first of his appearance, as he jumped from his flatboat on to the Levee, when by the way, he was heard to remark, that he "didn't see the reason of folks livin' in a heap this way, where they grew no corn and had no *bars* to kill."

He wore a clay-colored linsey coat and pants, neither of which were cut on the new system, or geometrical principles. The woollen hat of opaque crown had been originally a muddy white, but from exposure to the sun it had become a clay-color too; his brogans were of a uniform color—so was his beard—and so was his hair. Though not the "embodiment," perhaps, of "Clay principles," he was certainly the embodiment of clay coloring.

After being in the city some days; after, in looking for the "lions," having seen the "elephant," and after his funds had become nearly exhausted—or "whittled down to the small end of nothing," as he himself classically expressed it—he thought he'd look out for a job to recruit his wasted finances. With this view he was directed to an extensive contractor, and we might add, as extensive an expander; for he has men in almost all parts of the city, repairing the older streets, re-paving and expanding the newer ones. He met this *McAdam* of the Western world on Sunday last, standing near the entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, or, to use his own words, "he dropped on him like a catamount on a coon." Of course, the tedious formula of an introduction was dispensed with, and our western hero bounded at once to matters of business.

He commenced—"How are you, Squire—how d'ye rise?"

CONTRACTOR. "I am well, sir. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"



HOOSIER. "Why, Squire, my name's Ruth—Ben Ruth; but you know, as I heard the player fellow say in Louisville, 'there aint nothin' in a name.' Now you be a tolerable slick-lookin' feller yourself, but I'd have jest as great a respect for you if your name was Smith—John Smith. Names aint nothin', no how."

CONTRACTOR. "Your liberality does you great credit. But can I do any thing for you?"

HOOSIER. "I reckon. You see, the fact is, Squire, they had an *al*-mighty deal to say up in our parts about Orleans, and how *all*-fired easy it is to make money in it, but it's no 'ham' and all 'hominy,' I reckon. But now, to skin the *bar* at once, can you give me and five other gentlemen employment?"

CONTRACTOR. "If you and five other gentlemen will work at the labor which I am having done, and for the wages which I pay, five other gentlemen and you may go to work to-morrow."

HOOSIER. "Good as pork, Squire—what do you give?"

CONTRACTOR. "Ten bits a day."

HOOSIER. "Why, Squire, I was told you'd give us two dollars a day and *eat us*."

CONTRACTOR. "Two dollars a day and *eat you*! Why zounds, man, do you take me for a cannibal? Eat you!"

HOOSIER. "Oh, hold your hosses, Squire. There's no use gettin' riled, no how. I meant that I heerd you'd give us two dollars a day and throw in the 'chicken fixins' and 'corn doins.' But you can't give it, you say?"

CONTRACTOR. "No, *sir*."

HOOSIER. "Well, as I aint flush in the financial way, I accept. Let there be no mussing between us."



The hoosier then learned from the contractor where his office was, and at what hour he would be there next morning; and there *he* was before the appointed time. Now it happens that the bed-room of the contractor is immediately over his office. He was yet in bed, and indeed asleep, when the hoosier reached there, for it was not well five o'clock; but he was soon awoke by a very loud, if not a very musical matin effort of his western employé, singing:

Hurrah! hurrah! the country's risin'  
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

"Let the country rise and be d—!" said the contractor, in a loud and petulant manner. "Who is that making such a confounded noise there?"

HOOSIER. "A good mornin', Squire. Why, what on airth keeps you in bed so long? It's a right nice mornin' to be about, I tell *you*—a fust rate mornin' to go on a hunt."

CONTRACTOR. "O you be shot! Are you prepared to go to work?"

HOOSIER. "I'm just awaitin' the word, as Sal Cummins said when she was asked why she didn't marry. You didn't know Sal, Squire—did you? She was an uncommon nasty-lookin' gal, and —"

CONTRACTOR. "O I have not time to hear her history. Have you a shovel?"

HOOSIER. "No."

CONTRACTOR. "Then you can't go to work."

HOOSIER. "But s'pose I buy one. What will it cost, Squire?"

CONTRACTOR. "Ten bitts."

HOOSIER. "Ten bitts!—why that's a day, Squire—ten bitts—three hundred and sixty-five days—fifteen years—why, Squire, I think I ain't worth more than five thousand shovels at that kalk'lation."

CONTRACTOR. "I didn't send for you, my friend, to study Cocker's arithmetic. Get a shovel and go to work, if you will; if not, go about your business."

HOOSIER. "'Nuff sed."

He went, bought the shovel, and was shown the scene of his labor, which was to be rooting or ripping up the old paving stones in — street. Before commencing operations, however, he went into a merchant's office hard by, deliberately stripped off the coat, vest and pantaloons he had on—hung them up, (giving the place the appearance of an old clothes' shop,) and taking his working suit out of his saddle-bags, put them on instead of those taken off. The owner of the office came in, and, of course, expressed his displeasure that such a liberty should be taken by a stranger in his office. The hoosier asked him if he thought him "darn'd fool enough to dirty his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes?"—said he was a goin' to take a glass of ginger-pop, and that if he'd jine him, he'd "sport ten cents!"

He is now working away—*mending our ways* daily. He complains that it don't come natural to him. "The Irishers," he says, "can beat him at it;" but at making a "clearance," chopping wood, or working a flatboat, he boasts that he could beat a dozen of them.

## A PHILADELPHIA PUN-GENT.

FROM "BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

JUDGE PETERS, a Philadelphian and a punster, has left behind him a countless host of well remembered puns. Some few of his rarest are well worth recording.

A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said, "Here is my *all*." The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father, "Your *awl*, and your *last* too, I should suppose, but I cannot call him a *strapping* fellow."

When on the District Court Bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carrot* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look."

During one of the public days connected with La Fayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust. "I am used to it," said Peters, "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

When practising as a lawyer, he had a case on trial before a judge who was well known to indulge in extraordinary derelictions from the truth. This judge was evidently biassed against Peters' ease, and while the jury were absent, and considering their verdict, he wished to postpone the cause, pleading

illness as an excuse, and declared that he was unable to sit on the bench. Peters saw his manoeuvre, and said, "If your worship cannot sit, *we know that you can lie*, and therefore you can receive the verdict in a recumbent posture."

He was appointed member of a building committee connected with the affairs of a new church. A wine merchant had made an excellent offer for the use of the vaults of the building, intending to use them as the place of deposit for some of his immense stock. The liberal party were for accepting his offer, but the strict church-goers thought the affair was something of a desecration, and wished to decline it. Peters sided with the latter party, and when his surprised friends demanded his reasons, "I have always thought it wrong," said he, "to allow *any preaching over good wine*."

He attended the anniversary dinner at the Cincinnati Society, on the fourth of July, 1828; and when about to retire, he was assisted towards the door of the room by one of the colored waiters on his left, and a gentleman, a member of the Society, supported his tottering steps upon the right. The judge turned round to say farewell to his old acquaintances, and, looking at his supporters, said—"My friends, I take leave of you in *black and white*." This was his last pun in public, for he died in the course of the succeeding month.

## A PRAIRIE JUMBIE.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. 1844.



**JUMBIE!**—That word puzzles you, reader. You think it's Indian for a prairie-dog or some other animal peculiar to those grassy wilds; or, if not that, it must be border slang for a bivouac, or a breakdown, or a feat or adventure of some kind that, happening only to the rovers of the prairie, requires some *outré* and new-fangled phrase to characterize it! My dear sir, you were never more mistaken in your life; a jumbie is nothing of the kind. Nor are jumbies in any way necessarily connected with prairies. The word sounds oddly to your ears, and your matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon mind may be startled at the idea it is intended to represent. Yet if you have one particle of imagination drawn from Norman or Danish origin, I care not how many thousand years ago, if you have the least droplet of Scandinavian blood to vivify the Anglo-Saxon canal-current in your veins, you will acknowledge at once the excellence of the word and the *image-fact* of which it is the symbol. Nay, more, after being convinced that you have more than once in your life encountered a jumbie, and that jumbies do, moreover, abound in every scene and condition of civilized life; you will have a half-mortified, half-compassionating feeling, both for the people among whom you live, and the poverty-stricken, unimagin-

ative, unphilosophical language that you speak, both of which are content to flourish in blind conceit of their scope of thought and power of expression, though this all-important word and the idea it represents, are alike unknown among them!

But you grow impatient. I must elucidate a little, or you will jump at once to the conclusion of this paper without giving me a fair reading. Yet, remember, if I reveal to you here the external characteristics of a jumbie, it is on the implied condition that you read fairly through the singular illustration of its spiritual mystery which suggested this sketch.

Did you ever have a doggerel couplet fasten so perversely upon your memory, that it kept gnawing there for days together?

Did you ever have a Jim Crow bar of music rattling in your ear, like a pebble in a calabash, so incessantly, that the remembered strains of Malibran or Pedrotti seemed banished thence for ever, to give full scope to the solo of this jingling intruder?

Did you never, while writing, cast your eye up accidentally upon some trivial object, either in your room, or seen through the window, to which your gaze still recurred involuntarily, till it began to blend its material form with other images passing through your fancy, and ultimately became a source of fretful annoyance?

Did you never, while duck-shooting, in some long interval of a flight of fowl, have the monotonous bobbing up and down of your wooden decoy upon the waves afflict you with a sort of sea-sickness, yet be unable, without leaving the spot, to keep your eyes long away from it?

Did you ever—but once getting out of doors, the instances of eye or ear being thus afflicted crowd

innumerable upon me—a tree toad, when the senses fairly ache in hours of still watching for deer, a single groaning bough when sleeping in the deep and quiet woods, a half-submerged lotus-leaf that flaps its speckled edges ever and anon upon the ripple, where twice already you have thrown your fly for a breaking trout, and which still again you must try;—these, reader, all of these, these and the whole family of such “annoyances of fancy,” as they might be called, in a loose attempt to define them, these are all veritable *jumbies*!

But 'tis very arbitrary, say you, to fix such an outlandish epithet upon those well-known mental phenomena.

Excuse me: the epithet, as you disdainfully call it, is a real word—a word some thousands of years old, probably. It expresses, too, a distinct idea; it has a definite meaning; and thus fulfilling a clear mission of thought, it is to my mind, uncouth as it seems, far more respectable than your generalizing phrase of “mental phenomenon.” At all events, the manner in which I first became acquainted with the full dignity of the term, can never be effaced from my memory.

Many years since I found myself, one dismal autumn day, on the edge of one of the largest prairies of our Northwest Territory, debating with a fellow-traveller the expediency of attempting to cross it so late in the season. The objections were threefold. In the first place, the prairie had been lately burned, and it would be necessary to carry all our provender with us. In the next, the season was so late that there was danger of snow, and there being no islands of timber to shelter us, no means of guidance save a compass, in case of a storm of any violence, we should almost inevitably lose our way, and starve, or perish from exposure to the elements. The third objection was the condition of my own health—for, though my spirits were tolerably good, my strength had been lately much prostrated by an attack of ague, in which my nervous system suffered not a little. Indeed, my acquaintance with the gentleman who was now my companion, commenced in the kind offices I received from him, in permitting his black West India servant to devote his whole care to me, at the miserable cabin where his master had lighted upon me, soon after I was overtaken with indisposition.

The stranger had started originally to make a tour of the prairies, and as crossing the one before us would, by bringing him to a trading post and navigable water, thus complete his intended circuit of the western frontier, it will seem perfectly natural that I would not permit considerations for my comfort to induce him to take “the back track,” and retrace the scenes he had already visited. He had waited for me when unfit for travel; he was still unwilling to leave me,—and I was determined he should make his sweep round to the settlements by the course he had originally laid out for himself. In a word, we started from Fiddler's Grove, the “station” where my friend, as I may venture to call him, had exhausted the single source of amusement it offered, by shooting some hundreds of prairie chickens from the leafless trees with the settler's rifle, whose use he had appropriated to himself, during the tedious days that I was confined to the cabin. We started on a bright, clear November morning, my friend and myself lightly mounted on the long-limbed horses of the country, and his negro man, fitted with one tough Indian pony for himself,

and leading another as a sumpter-horse with our luggage.

Within an hour, we had lost sight of the nearest spurs of woodland. But though nothing save the sky and the monotonous plain before us was visible, we were still, speaking in reference to its size, on the edge of this immense prairie. The sky, too, as is common after a bright morning in November, was overcast and dismal-looking,—threatening no immediate storm, but ungenial and forbidding, a fitting dome for the black and cindery waste beneath it.

My friend, who was even of more mercurial temperament than myself, soon became silent, as if oppressed by the scene: and instead of continuing to ride abreast with me, gradually pushed his horse a little in advance. As he carried the compass, there could be no inconvenience in this, and I found a resource meanwhile in conversing with his simple-minded black servant, about the many grotesque and amusing superstitions of the Caribbee Islands, of which he was a native. Then after a time, when upon referring to my watch I found that I had passed a full hour in the same unsocial mood as my friend, I thought it well to remind him that we would have a still more monotonous day to-morrow. For he already knew, that while it would take three days to cross the prairie, a certain hollow, spring, and thicket, to which we could look forward as a bourne, offering some variety to the fortunes of to-day's travel, would be wholly wanting on the second day, when we must “camp down” upon the level plain. While speaking thus, being still in the rear of my friend, his horse, as he turned around to reply, put one of his fore feet in a gopher-hole, and was thrown upon his knees with a violence which dislodged his rider without injuring him, laming the brute at the same time, not seriously, but enough to make him unpleasant riding.

This incident compelled us to stop, and make a new arrangement; my friend taking the sumpter-pony, and transferring the luggage to the lame horse. While the negro attended to this, we both dismounted. The opportunity seemed a favorable one for refreshment. My companion, after swallowing a glass of old Santa Cruz, which he carried already mixed with water, announced himself decidedly hungry. The cold ham and buffalo-tongue must be got at. To do this conveniently, the horses must be tethered. It would not be safe to trust the negro with holding all four of them, while we were dining. To tether the horses, the stakes we had brought with us must be driven,—a nallet, which had been provided in the entire absence of all stones upon the prairie, being used for that purpose. All this takes time. And time is nowhere more valuable than in the middle of a burned prairie, which it would be wise, in spite of the tendency of all things to the centre, to get away from as quickly as possible. But the sun has come out, the day is closing beautifully, there will be a moon to-night, and my West India friend derides any anxiety to repack our necessaries and get under way as quickly as possible, upon the barren sea of cinders that stretches before us.

I can recall nothing more beautiful than the sunset of that day, more singularly grand—more excitingly *spectacular*,—more like a vision of rare things in some other planet. Sunset at sea seems to mingle the waters with the sky by the reflected glow—sunset among mountains also shares its glory



with the earth, as the golden beams revel around their summits, and linger as if they had no right to rob them of light, even at the last. But sunset upon a burned and blacked prairie, is a creation of the skies only. Earth seems to have no share in it. There is no fusing of tints and colors, no rose-hued paths leading from one to the other. No tissue of rays inwoven so closely with things of touch around, that fancy glides at once from earth to heaven. You stand on the bare black ground, a lonely helpless man, and look as it were right into a paradise, without for an instant forgetting that you are outside of it. You thrill with awe—you do not melt with admiration. In a word, you see two clear and distinct creations before you, and the naked reality of the one seems to stun conviction into you of the vivid actuality of the other.

But now these splendors, so rich, warm, and magnificent, are passing away. The moon has come out. She is near the zenith. The clouds which gave such gorgeous effect to the crimson rays that but now laced them, have sunk below the horizon. Yet prodigal in grandeur, profuse in beauty as was the scene but now, there is even a mightier loveliness, a more complete, intense, and concentrated lavishness of the beautiful, a more majestic *oneness* of sentiment in that clear, calm, radiant dome, whose pearly rim rests upon the black prairie like infinitude in repose. My ideas of physical grandeur have hitherto been all drawn from "cloud-capped mountains," but surely never did I see the earth wear such an aspect of dignity as in this apparent meek yet firm upholding of that magnificent vault.

We had ridden long in silence—a silence that was at first broken only by whispers—and why?—I care not who laughs at the extravagance of the fancy—but, though neither of us cared to define the feeling at the time, I have no question that both my friend and myself unconsciously deemed ourselves gliding over the floor of some vast and solemn temple.

I remember well it was the negro who first spoke,

and his tone of voice was suppressed as if in awe; while it was in an actual whisper, my friend referred to me in replying to his remark. Yet the conversation had nothing to do, either with the grandeur of the scene or the emotions it inspired. The lame horse it seems showed signs of weariness, and the black called our attention to the fact that we ought before that time to have reached the hollow, where we expected to pass the night. It was certainly so. The night was wearing on, yet the shrubbery indicating a marshy swale in the prairie was nowhere visible. The fickle November wind began now to rise, and the clouds which rose like apparitions from the black prairie horizon might soon climb upwards and obscure the moon. Decision is all-important at such a moment. Nothing could be bleaker than the spot where we had halted. But the horses must be fed and cared for; they had drank from a rain-water pool within the last hour; we must abandon our search for the spring to-night, and use whatever light was left to secure them properly.

I slept well that night, as, wet or dry, I always sleep in the open air, whatever may be the consequences of the exposure afterwards: a hint that may be of service to the faculty when want of sleep is the prominent evil with a patient.

"Well, Frank," said his master to the negro, as he jerked him to his feet at daybreak,—"tis full as well that we didn't find that spring last night, for it will be just the place to breakfast at."

"Better not look for him, massa; dat spring jumbie—prairie jumbie—jumbie all around us."

My friend laughed, and I scarcely noticed the remark, in the hurried preparations for starting which followed. We rode on for hours, discovering not the slightest indication of the spring and thicket, but encountering every few miles one of the shallow rain-water pools which from time to time had broken the perfect monotony of our yesterday's travel—I should not say "*broken* the monotony," for they were so unmarked by any shape or expression, and were all so perfectly alike, that they seemed rather to impress one more strongly with the unvarying sameness of the scene. Near one of these limpid shallows, that like all of them seemed scarcely a hand's-breadth in depth, I suggested, as the sun was now several hours high, that we should halt for breakfast.

"Well, Frank," said I to the negro, who eat a little apart from us, while we helped ourselves to the fare that was spread out upon a bison-skin used by way of table-cloth—"Well, Frank, don't you think this pool will answer as well as the spring would, to wash your dishes in?"

"Pool jumbie—jis' as spring jumbie—prairie all jumbie—nebbor get away from him."

I was about to ask an explanation of the word—"Pray you, pardon me," cried my friend, laying his hand upon my arm—"Frank, how the deuce do you make out the spring to be a jumbie?"

"Cause Frank tink—tink of him all day long—tink ob him, nebbor find him—but still can't help tink ob him. What dat but jumbie spirit trouble Frank so, massa?"

"But this puddle of water," laughed my friend, "you find plenty like it, how is that a jumbie too?"

"No find but one puddle from de fust. He be same old puddle. Come, come, again. Tire nigger wid looking at him, yet he can't help look for some difference dro' he know always turn out de same. What dat but jumbie spirit?"

"And the prairie," cried I, almost screaming with laughter at the grotesque whimsicality of the superstition, then perfectly new to me—"The prairie, Frank, what do you make of that?"

"He be all jumbie—de biggest jumbie of de world—always de same, and you nebber, nebber get rid of him."

Then the poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously—"Oh, massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks—but here we be on de back ob great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot, for ebber, for ebber. Oh de poor nigger will nebber see de trees, nor de hills, nor de running water of Gorra Mighty's yarth. Nebber see any ting but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more."

I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of his poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse, among those of the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with the same superstitious feelings, that they now were re-awakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with mirth, by such absurd credulity.

I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' subsequent travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissible where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminably dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limpid shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre color.

We talked but little during that day. About sunset a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But, indeed, neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to, at one remark of Frank's when we came to camp down for the night. The poor fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame.

"What do you sit so stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?" said his master.

"No use yet—no use jes now, please, massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping."

"Slipping!—why what do you mean now, Frank?"

"Gorra, massa, what make dat great wind but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes' where we started in de mornin'—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out?"

The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist, was not a bad preparation

for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out for more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have been laid truly, yet the single fact of having, in our first day's travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became colored by the scene and circumstances around us; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro.

The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm, and about noontide the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate, upon that dreary heath, which the next year's summer would alone freshen with a blade of herbage. He followed us for awhile, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view; but pain or a feebleness of disposition which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look for him afterwards, but he always stood planted in the same spot, fixed there beneath that glaring noonday sun as immovably as the gnome upon a dial.

I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this painful abandonment of the poor animal.

"Why Frank be sorry?" said he in reply; "when de jumbie-back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den me see him ebbery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes' as now, and always see him de same hour."

We now rode forward rapidly; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and, notwithstanding the heat of the "Indian summer" weather, had accomplished a very long stage, a full day's journey in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought, we surely ought to be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend, and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove, or timber-land in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bush-ranger as perished among the hardy Texans who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont! and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities which it suggests. For three days, I had gazed only upon limitless monotony; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes! I forgot; on the first morning, and soon after we got out of sight of the timber-land, a

solitary raven rose screaming from the carcass of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me that if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible; for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of the timber-swamps, to which they are flying for refuge.

"Upon my soul, this is an ugly business," said my friend, after a few moments' painful musing. "Can you see nothing—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?"

"From the earth, most assuredly nothing; you know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way—and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie from what he does elsewhere; but that Indian summer mist which is now gathering about him makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country."

"Good God! what will become of us? what shall we do? what can you think of? what suggestion have you? For me, my brain is dizzy with looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony—suggesting ever the one same idea of poor Frank's jumble."

We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was nothing to reach—looking back, there were no vestiges of our having accomplished any thing! "Still," I thought, "while there was nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear the waste; if that course was laid wrongly, it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on—on—and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straight-forward direction."

I explained this to my friend much in the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The whole proposition was so plain to him that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain, which soon after set in, did not prevent us from keeping the saddle, until the vapor became so thick that we could not see twenty yards in advance; when, it

being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp.

Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine game spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts, and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of "Massa Jumble," soon made him desist; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affliction of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe, slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features and eyes almost starting from their sockets, was gazing before him.

"Oh, massa, massa—I told um so—here we be—oh Gorra Mighty, hab mercy on us—here we be slipped back, slipped clean, clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss and all—and all got to do the same over again every day—every day till kingdom come."

I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow of a tall wood exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay, more, the lame horse stood there on its verge as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied.

"It is a jumble, by heaven!" burst at last from the lips of my West India friend. Never shall I forget the expression of honest awe, of desperate conviction, upon his features as he uttered the words; and should his eye chance to fall upon these pages, I know that he will forgive this allusion to its ludicrous effect upon me, with the same frank generosity that he did the uncontrollable merriment with which I made the woods ring on the instant.

The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the farther bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we nearly despaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was yet fairly off the *jumble-back*.

STATE'S EVIDENCE.—A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester Co., Mass. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, when it was supposed he was connected with an extensive gang, which was laying contributions upon all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained that he should be discharged, upon which he made oath to reveal all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand then that the devil is the only accomplice I ever had—we have been a great while in partnership—you have acquitted me, and you may hang him if you can catch him."

THE GRANDILOQUENT CAPTAIN.—A captain in the U. States Infantry, when serving with Gen. Jackson against the Indians, was put under arrest, and not being brought to a court-martial for a considerable time, he tendered his resignation:—"In leaving the service, I am not abandoning the cause of republicanism, but yet hope to brandish the glittering steel in the field, and carve my way to a name which shall prove my country's neglect; and when this mortal part shall be closed in the dust, and the soul shall wing its flight to the regions above, in passing by the pale moon, I shall hang my hat on brilliant Mars, and make a report to each superlative star! and arriving at the portal of heaven's chancery, shall demand of the attending angel to be ushered into the presence of Washington."

## THE FIRE-HUNT.

BY W. T. THOMPSON. 1844.

SAMUEL SIKES was one of the most inveterate hunters I ever knew. He delighted in no other pursuit or pastime, and though he pretended to cultivate a small spot of ground, yet so large a portion of his time was spent in the pursuit of game, that his agricultural interests suffered much for the want of proper attention. He lived a few miles from town, and as you passed his house, which stood a short distance from the main road, a few acres of corn and a small patch of potatoes might probably attract your notice, as standing greatly in need of the hoe; but the most prominent objects about Sam's domicile pertained to his favorite pursuit. A huge pair of antlers—a trophy of one of his proudest achievements—occupied a conspicuous place on the gable end: some ten or a dozen tall fishing-poles, though modestly stowed behind the chimney, projected far above the roof of the little cabin; and upon its unchinked walls, many a 'coon and deer-skin were undergoing the process of drying. If all these did not convince you that the proprietor was a sportsman, the varied and clamorous music of a score of hungry-looking hounds, as they issued forth in full cry at every passer-by, could not fail to force the conviction.

Sam had early found a companion to share with him his good or ill luck; and though he was yet on the green side of thirty, he was obliged to provide for some five or six little tallow-faced "responsibilities;" so he not only followed the chase from choice, but when his wife—who hated "fisherman's luck" more than Sam did a "miss" or a "nibble"—took him to account for spending so many broken days, Saturday afternoons, rainy days and odd hours, to say nothing of whole nights, in the woods, without bringing home so much as a cut-squirrel or horney-head, his ready reply was, that he was "bleeged" to do the best he could to get meat for her and the "childer."

The fire hunt was Sam's hobby; and though the legislature had recently passed an act prohibiting that mode of hunting, he continued to indulge, as freely as ever, in his favorite sport, resolutely maintaining that the law was "unconstitootional and agin reason." He had often urged me to accompany him, just to see how "slick" he could shine a buck's eyes; and such were the glowing accounts he had from time to time given me of his achievements in that way, that he had drawn from me a promise to go with him "some of these times."

I was sitting one evening, after tea, upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the cool autumnal breeze, when my friend Sam Sikes suddenly made his appearance. He had come for me to go with him on a fire-hunt, and was mounted on his mule Blaze, with his pan upon one shoulder and his musket on the other. Determined to have every thing in readiness before calling on me, he had gone to the kitchen and lit a few light-wood splinters, which were now blazing in his pan, and which served the double purpose of lighting him through the enclosure, and of demonstrating to me the manner of hunting by night. As he approached the house, his light discovered me where I was sitting.

"Good evenin', major," said he, "I've come out

to see if you've a mind to take a little hunt to-night."

"I believe not, Mr. Sikes," I replied, feeling entirely too well satisfied with my pleasant seat in the cool breeze, to desire to change it for a night-ramble through the woods. "Not to-night, I thank you—it looks like rain."

"Oh, 'shaw, 'taint gwine to rain, no how—and I'm all fixed—come, come along, Major."

As he spoke, he rode close to the porch, and his mule made several efforts to crop the shrubbery that grew by the door, which Sam very promptly opposed.

"How far are you going, Mr. Sikes?" I inquired, endeavoring to shake off the lazy fit which inclined me to keep my seat.

"Only jest up the branch a little bit—not beyant a mile from your fence, at the outside. Look at him!" he exclaimed in a louder tone, as he gave the reins a jerk. "Thar's deer a plenty up at the forks, and we'll have r'al sport. Come, you better go, and— Why, look at him!" giving the reins another jerk, at the same time that he sent a kick to his mule's ribs that might have been heard a hundred yards—"and I'll show you how to shine the eyes of a buck."

As he sat in his saddle persuading me to go, his mule kept frisking and turning in such a manner as to annoy him exceedingly. Upon his left shoulder he bore his blazing pan, and upon his right he held his musket, holding the reins also in his right hand; so that any efforts on his part to restrain the refractory movements of his animal were attended with much difficulty. I had about made up my mind to go, when the mule evinced a more resolute determination to get at the shrubbery.



"Whoa! wha, now!—blast your heart—now, look at him!"—then might be heard a few good lusty kicks. "Come, major, git your gun, and let's— will you hold up yer head, you 'bominable fool?— and let's take a little round— it'll do you good."

"As I only go to satisfy my curiosity, I'll not take a gun. You will be able to shoot all the deer we meet."

"Well, any way you mind, major."

We were about to start, when suddenly the mule gave a loud bray, and when I turned to look, his heels were high in the air, and Sam clinging to his neck, while the fire flew in every direction. The mule wheeled, reared and kicked, and still Sam hung to his neck, shouting—"Look at him!—whoa!—will you mind!—whoa!—whoa, now!"—but all to no purpose, until at length the infuriated animal backed to the low paling fence which enclosed a small flower-garden, over which he tumbled—Sam, pan, gun and all, together!

When Sam had disengaged himself, he discovered that the saddle-blanket was on fire, which had been the cause of the disaster.

"Cus the luck," said he, "I thought I smelt somethin' burnin'." Then addressing himself to the mule in a louder tone, he continued—"That's what comes o' jerkin' yer dratted head about that-a-way. Blast your infernal heart, you've spilt all my fixins—and here's my pan, jest as crooked as a fish-hook!"—then there was a kick or two and a blow with the frying-pan—"take that, you bowdacious fool, and hold yer head still next time, will you? And you've skinned my leg all to flinders, daddetch your everlastin' picter to dingnation!—take that under your short ribs, now, will you— whoa, I've a great mind to blow yer infernal brains out this very night! And you've broke the major's palins down, you unnatural cus. Whoa! step over now, if you's satisfied."

By this time Sam had got the mule out of the enclosure, and had gathered up most of his "fixins." The whole scene, after the upsetting of the pan, had transpired in the dark, but from the moment I saw the mule's heels flying and Sam clinging to his neck, it was with the utmost difficulty I restrained my laughter. During his solo in the enclosure, I was absolutely compelled to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth to prevent his hearing me.

"Did you ever see the likes o' that, major?" exclaimed Sam, as I approached the spot where he was engaged in readjusting his saddle, and putting other matters to rights, that had been deranged by the struggles of the mule to free himself from the burning blanket.

"I am very sorry it happened," I replied, "as it will prevent us from taking our hunt."

"No, I'll be daddetcht if it does, tho'—I aint to be backed out that-a-way, major, not by no means. You know 'a bad beginnin' makes a good endin', as the old woman said. He isn't done sich a monstrous sight o' harm, nohow,—only bent the handle of my pan a little, and raked some skin off one o' my shins—but that's neither here nor thar. So if you'll jest hold Blaze till I go and git a torch, we'll have a shoot at a pair o' eyes yit, to-night."

I took the bridle while Sam procured a torch, and after he had gathered up the fagots which he had brought to burn in his pan, we set off for the branch—Sam upon his mule, with a torch in one hand, while I walked by his side.

It was only necessary for us to go a short distance, before we were at the designated spot.

"Thar," said Sam, as he dismounted, "here's as good a place as any—so I'll jest hitch Blaze here, and light our pan."

Accordingly Blaze was made fast to a stout sapling, and Sam proceeded to kindle a fire in his pan, at the same time explaining to me, in a low voice, the *modus operandi* of the fire-hunt, which he accompanied with sundry precautionary hints and directions for my own special observance on the present occasion.

"Now, major," said he, "you must keep close to me, and you musn't make no racket in the bushes. You see, the way we does to shine the deer's eyes is this—we holds the pan so, on the left shoulder, and carries the gun at a trail in the right hand. Well, when I wants to look for eyes, I turns round slow, and looks right at the edge of my shadder, what's made by the light behind me in the pan, and if ther's a deer in gun-shot of me, his eyes 'll shine 'zactly like two balls of fire."

This explanation was as clear as Sam could make it, short of a demonstration, for which purpose we now moved on through the woods. After proceeding a few hundred yards, Sam took a survey as described, but saw no eyes.

"Never mind, major," said he, "we'll find 'em—you see."

We moved on cautiously, and Sam made his observations as before, but with no better success. Thus we travelled on in silence, from place to place, until I began to get weary of the sport.

"Well, Mr. Sikes," I remarked. "I don't see that your bad beginning to-night is likely to insure any better ending."

"Oh, don't git out of patience, major—you'll see."

We moved on again. I had become quite weary, and fell some distance behind. Sam stopped, and when I came up, he said in a low voice—"You better keep pretty close up, major, 'case if I should happen to shine your eyes, you see, I moughtn't know 'em from a deer, and old Betsey here toats fifteen buckshot and a ball, and slings 'em to kill."

I fell behind no more.

We had wandered about for several hours, and the sky, which had not been the clearest in the commencement, now began to assume the appearance of rain. I had more than once suggested the propriety of going home—but Sam was eager to show me how to shine the eyes of a buck, and no argument or persuasion could win him from his purpose. We searched on as before, for another half hour, and I was about to express my determination to go home, when Sam suddenly paused—

"Stop, stop," said he, "thar's eyes, and whappers they is to—now hold still, major."

I raised on tiptoe with eager anticipation—I heard the click of the lock—there was a moment of portentous silence—then the old musket blazed forth with a thundering report, and in the same instant was heard a loud squeal, and the noise like the snapping of bridle reins.

"Thunder and lightnin'!" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped gun, pan and all, and stood fixed to the spot—"I've shot old Blaze!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot, and, sure enough, there lay the luckless mule, still floundering in the agonies of death. The aim had been but too good, and





poor Blaze was hurt "past all surgery." Sam stood over him in silent agony, and, notwithstanding the bitter maledictions he had so recently heaped upon him, now that he saw the poor animal stretched upon the ground in death, and knew that his "infernal picter" would greet him no more for ever, a flood of tender recollections of past services poured over his repentant heart. He uttered not a word until after the last signs of life were extinct—then, with a heavy sigh, he muttered—

"Pore old cretur!—well, well, I reckon I's done the business now, sure enough. That's what I calls a *pretty* night's work, anyhow!"

"A 'bad beginning doesn't always make a good ending,' Mr. Sikes," I remarked.

"'Cus the luck, it will run so, sometimes," said he in a sullen tone, as he commenced taking the saddle off his deceased donkey. "I'm blamed if I see how I got so turned round."

By this time it had commenced to rain, and we were anxious to get home; but Sam had dropped his gun and pan, as the awful truth rushed upon him, that he had killed the only mule he possessed in the world, and we now found it difficult to recover them. After searching about for near half an hour in the drizzling rain, Sam chanced to come upon the spot from which he had taken the hapless aim, and having regained his gun and pan, we endeavored to strike a fire; all our efforts, however, to produce a light, proved ineffectual, and we essayed to grope our way amid the darkness.

"Hello, major, whar is you?"

"Here!"

"Whar you gwine?"

"Home."

"Well, that aint the way."

"Why, we came this way."

"No, I reckon not."

"I'm sure we didn't come that way."

"Whar, in the devil's name, is the branch?" petulantly inquired Sam. "If I could only see the branch, I could soon find the way."

"It must be down this way," I replied.

"Somehow or other I'm tetotatiously deluded,

to-night," remarked Sam, as he came tearing through the briers with his stirrup-irons dangling about him, his gun in one hand and frying-pan in the other. "If I hadn't a been completely dumfounded, I'd never a killed Blaze like I did."

I volunteered to carry his gun, but he was in no humor for the interchange of civilities—"still harping" on his mule, he trudged on, grumbling to himself—

"What," he muttered, "will Polly say now—I'll never hear the last of that critter the longest day I live. That's worse than choppin' the coon-tree across the sittin' hen's nest, and I liked never to hearn the eend o' that."

After groping through the brush and briers, which seemed to grow thicker the further we proceeded, for some time, Sam stopped—

"I swar, major, this aint the way."

"Well, then, lead the way, and I'll follow you," I replied, beginning, myself, to think I was wrong.

Changing our direction, we plodded on, occasionally tumbling over logs and brush, until Sam concluded that all our efforts to find the way were useless.

"Oh, thunderation!" said he, as he tore away from a thick jungle of briers, in which he had been rearing and pitching for more than a minute, "it aint no manner of use for us to try to find the way, major—so let's look out a big tree, and stop under it till morning."

Seeing no alternative, I reluctantly acceded to his proposal.

Accordingly, we nestled down under the shelter of a large oak. For a time neither spoke, and all was still, save the incessant buz of the countless hosts of mosquitoes that now seemed intent upon devouring us. At length I broke silence, by remarking—at the same time that I gave myself a box upon the ear, intended for the mosquito that was biting me—

"I think this will be my last fire-hunt, Mr. Sikes."

"The fact is," replied Sam, "this 'ere aint very

incouragin' to new beginners, major, that's a fact—but you musn't give it up so. I hope we'll have a better shovin' next time."

"My curiosity is satisfied," I remarked. "I wouldn't pass such another night in the woods for all the deer in Georgia."

"'Shaw, I wouldn't care a tinker's cus," said Sam, "if I only jest hadn't killed Blaze. That's what sets me back, monstrous."

"That was indeed an unlucky mistake. I should think a few such exploits as that would cure you of your fire-hunting propensity. But I expect you never had such luck, before to-night."

"No, not 'zactly—tho' I've had some monstrous bad luck in my time, too. I reckon you never heard about the time I got among the panthers."

"No—how was that?"

"Why, it was 'bout this time last fall, I and Dudley went out and 'camped on Sperit Creek. Well, he took his pan and went out one way, and I went another. I went shinin' along jest like you seed me to-night, till I got a good bit from the camp, and bimeby, shore enough, I sees eyes not more'n forty yards off. I fotched old Betsey up to my face and cut loose, and the deer drapped right in his tracks, but somehow in my hurryment I drapt my pan, jest like I did to-night when I heard old Blaze squeel. While I was tryin' to kindle up a light, what should I see but more eyes shinin' way down in the holler. I drapt the fire and loaded up old Betsey as quick as I could, to be ready for the varmint, whatever it was. Well, the eyes kep comin' closer and closer, and gettin' bigger and brighter, and the fust thing I know'd ther was a whole grist of 'em all follerin' right after the fust ones, and dodgin' up and down in the dark like they was so many dancin' devils. Well, I began to feel sort o' jubous of 'em, so I raised old Betsey and pulled at the nearest eyes, but she snapped—I primed her agin, and she flashed—and when I flashed, sich another squallin' and yellin' you never did hear, and up the trees they went all round me. Thinks I them must be somethin' unnatural, bein' as my gun wouldn't shoot at 'em—so I jest drapt old Betsey, and put out for the camp as hard as I could split. Well, we went back the next mornin', and what do you think them infernal critters had done?—eat the deer up slick and clean, all but the bones and horns, and a little ways off lay old Betsey, with four fingers of buck-shot and bullets, but not a bit of powder in her. Then I know'd they was panthers."

"Why, they might have eaten you too."

"That's a fact. Dudley said he wondered they didn't take hold of me."

The drizzling shower which had already nearly

wet us to the skin, now turned to a drenching storm, which continued for more than an hour without intermission. When the storm abated, we discovered the dawn approaching, and, shortly after, were enabled to ascertain our whereabouts. We were not more than five hundred yards from the clearing, and probably had not been, during the night, at a greater distance than a mile from the house which we had left in the evening.

As we stepped from the wood into the open road, I contemplated, for a moment, the ludicrous appearance of my unfortunate companion. Poor Sam!—daylight, and the prospect of home, brought no joy to him—and as he stood before me, with the saddle and bridle of the deceased Blaze girded about his neck, his musket in one hand, and pan in the other, drenched with rain, his clothes torn, and a countenance that told of the painful conflict within, I could not but regard him as an object of sympathy rather than ridicule.

"Well," said he, with a heavy sigh, and without looking me in the face—"good mornin', major."

"Good morning," I replied, touched with sympathy for his misfortune, and reproaching myself for the mirth I had enjoyed at his expense—"Good morning, Mr. Sikes, I am very sorry for your loss, and hope you will have better luck in future."

"Oh, major," said he, "it aint the vally of the mule that I mind so much—though old Blaze was a monstrous handy cretur on the place. But thar's my wife—what 'll she say when she sees me comin' home in this here fix? Howsomedever, what can't be cured must be endured, as the feller said when the monkey bit him."

"That's the true philosophy," I remarked, seeing that he endeavored to take courage from the train of reasoning into which he had fallen; "and Mrs. Sikes should bear in mind that accidents *will* happen, and be thankful that it's no worse."

"To be sure she ought," replied Sam, "but that aint the way with her—she don't believe in accidents, nohow; and then she's so bowdacious unreasonable when she's raised. But, she better not," he continued, with a stern look as he spoke—"she better not come a cavortin' 'bout me with any of her rantankerous carryin's on this mornin', for I aint in no humor nohow!" and he made a threatening gesture with his head, as much as to say he'd make the fur fly if she did.

We parted at the gate, Sam for his home, and I for my bed—he sorely convinced that "a bad beginning" does not *always* "make a good ending," and I fully resolved that it should be my first and last FIRE-HUNT.

THE "NYMPH ECHO."—I stood in the deep gorge of the cloud-capped mountain, and in the profound stillness of undisturbed and original chaos, brooded over the surrounding scene. There was not a breath to stir the ambient air, not the twinkling of a rill, the twitter of a bird, or the humming pipe of a single individual of the insect tribe. At that moment, sweet girl, I thought of thee; and, under the dear influence, I called aloud: "Oh, my adored one, that thou wert now here!" and Echo answered, "Vel, vot of it?"

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.—A robber, condemned to be hanged, refused the assistance of a clergyman, on the ground that he himself had led the life of an apostle, and drew the parallel as follows: "They were wanderers on the earth, without lands or tenements; so was I. They were despised by many, and, at all hazards, unalterably attached to their principles; so was I. They were thrown into jails and prisons, and underwent many hardships; so did I. And as they all came to untimely deaths, I am likely to imitate them in that also."

## A GEORGIAN IN NEW YORK.

FROM "MAJOR JONES'S SKETCHES OF TRAVEL." BY W. T. THOMPSON. 1844.

It was 'bout three o'clock when I got to the Hotel, and after brushin' and scrubbin' a little of the dust off, and gittin' my dinner, I tuck a turn out into the great Broadway, what I've heard so much about, ever sence I was big enuff to read the newspapers, to see if it was what it's cracked up to be. Well, when I got to the door of the Hotel, I thought ther must be a funeral or something else gwine by, and I waited some time, thinkin' they would all git past; but they only seemed to git thicker, and faster, and more of 'em, the longer I waited, till bimeby I begun to discover that they was gwine both ways, and that it was no procession at all, but jest one everlastin' stream of people passin' up and down the street, cumin' from all parts of creation, and gwine Lord only knows whar.

I mix'd in with 'em, but I tell you what, I found it monstrous rough travellin'. The fact is, a chicken-coop mought as well expect to float down the Savannah river in a freshet, and not git nocked to pieces by the drift-wood, as for a person what aint used to it to expect to git along in Broadway without gittin' jostled from one side to tother at every step, and pushed into the street about three times a minit. A body must watch the currents and eddies, and foller 'em and keep up with 'em, if they don't want to git run over by the crowd, or nocked off the sidewalk, to be ground into mince-meat by the everlastin' omnybusses. In the fust place, I undertuck to go up Broadway on the left hand side of the pavement, but I mought jest as well tried to paddle a canoe up the falls of Tallula. In spite of all the dodgin' I could do, sumbody was all the time bumpin' up agin me, so that with the bumps I got from the men, and givin' back for the wimmin, I found I was losin' ground instead of gwine ahead. Then I kep "to the right as the law directs," but here I like to got run over by the crowd of men and wimmin, and children, and niggers, what was all gwine as fast as if ther houses was afire, or they was runnin' for the doctor. And if I happened to stop to look at any thing, the first thing I knowed I was jammed out among the omnybusses, what was dashin' and whirlin' along over the stones like one eternal train of railroad cars, makin' a noise like heaven and yeath was cumin' together. Then ther was the carriages, and hacks, and market-wagons, and milk-carts, rippin' and tearin' along in every direction—the drivers hollerin' and poppin' ther whips—the peeples talkin' to one another as if ther lungs was made out of sole leather—soldiers marchin' with bands of music, beatin' ther drums, and blowin' and slidin' ther tromboons and trumpets with all ther might—all together makin' noise enuff to drive the very Old Nick himself out of his senses. It was more than I could stand—my dander begun to git up, and I rushed out into the fust street I cum to, to try to git out of the racket before it sot me crazy sure enuff, when what should I meet but a dratted grate big nigger with a bell in his hand, ringin' it rite in my face as hard as he could, and hollerin' something loud enuff to split the hed of a lamp-post. That was too much, and I made a lick at the feller with my cane that would lowered his key if it had hit him, at the same time that I grabbed him by the

collar, and ax'd him what in the name of thunder he meant by such impudence. The feller drapped his bell and shut his catfish mouth, and rollin' up the whites of his eyes, 'thout sayin' a word he broke away from me as hard as he could tear, and I hastened on to find some place less like bedlam than Broadway.

By this time it was most dark, and after walkin' down one street till I cum to a grate big gardin with trees in it, whar it was so still that noises begun to sound natural to me agin, I sot down on the railin's and rested myself awhile, and then sot out for my hotel. I walked and walked for some time, but somehow or other I couldn't find the way. I inquired for the American Hotel two or three times, and got the direction, but the streets twisted about so that it was out of the question for me to foller 'em when they told me, and I begun to think I'd have to take up my lodgin's somewhar else for that night, I was so tired. Bimeby I cum to a street that was very still and quiet, what they called Chambers street, and while I was standin' on the corner, thinkin' which way I should go, 'long cum a pore woman with a bundle under her arm, creepin' along as if she wasn't hardly able to walk. When she seed me she cum up to me and put her hankerchief to her eyes, and ses she:

"Mister, I'm a pore woman, and my husband's so sick he aint able to do any work, and me and my pore little children is almost starvin' for bred. Won't you be good enuff to give me two shillin's?"

I looked at her a bit, and ses I:

"Haint you got no relations nor neighbors that can help you?"

"Oh no, sir; I'm too poor to have relations or neighbors. I was better off once, and then I had plenty of friends."

That's the way of the world, thinks I; we always have frends till we need 'em.

"Oh, sir, if you only know'd how hard I have to work you'd pity me—I know you would."

"What do you do for a livin'?" ses I, for she looked too delicate to do much.

"I do fine washin' and ironin'," ses she; "but I'm sick so much that I can't make enuff to support us;" and then she coffered a real graveyard coff.

"Why don't you git some of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup?" ses I.

"Oh, sir," ses she, "I'm too pore to buy medicin', when my pore little children is dyin' for bred."

That touched me—to think sich a delicate young cretur as her should have to struggle so hard, and I tuck out my purse and gin her a dollar.

"Thar," ses I, "that will help you a little."

"Oh, bless you, sir, you're so kind. Now I'll buy some medicin' for my pore husband. Will you be good enuff to hold this bundle for me till I step back to that drug-store on the corner? It's so heavy—I'll be back in a minit," ses she.

I felt so sorry for the pore woman that I couldn't refuse her sich a little favor, so I tuck her bundle to hold it for her. She sed she was 'fraid the fine dresses mought git crumpled, and then her customers

wouldn't pay her; so I tuck 'em in my arms very careful, and she went to the store after the medicin'.

Ther was a good many people passin' by, and I walked up from the corner a little ways, so they shouldn't see me standin' thar with the bundle in my arms. I begun to think it was time for the woman to cum back, and the bundle was beginnin' to git pretty heavy, when I thought I felt something movin' in it. I stopped rite still, and held my breth to hear if it was any thing, when it begun to squirm about more and more, and I heard a noise jest like a tom-cat in the bundle. I never was so surprised in my life, and I cum in an ace of lettin' it drap rite on the pavement. Thinks I, in the name of creation what is it? I walked down to the lamp-post to see what it was, and, Mr. Thompson, would you be-



lieve me, it WAS A LIVE BABY! I was so completely tuck aback that I staggered up agin the lamp-post, and held on to it, while it kicked and squalled like a young panter, and the sweat jest poured out of me

in a stream. What on yeath to do I didn't know. Thar I was in a strange city, whar nobody didn't know me, out in the street with a little young baby in my arms. I never was so mad at a female woman before in all my life, and I never felt so much like a dratted fool as I did that minit.

I started for the drug-store, with the baby squallin' like rath, and the more I tried to hush it the louder it squalled. The man what kep the store sed he hadn't seed no such woman, and I mustn't bring no babys in thar.

By this time a everlastin' crowd of peeples—men and wimmin—was gathered round, so I couldn't go no whar, all gabblin' and talkin' so I couldn't hardly hear the baby squall.

I told 'em how it was, and told 'em I was a stranger in New York, and ax'd 'em what I should do with the baby. But ther was no gettin' any sense out of 'em, and none of 'em wouldn't touch it no mor'n if it had been so much pisen.

"That won't do," ses one feller. "You can't come that game over this crowd."

"No, indeed," ses another little runty-lookin' feller—"we've got enuff to do to take care of our own babys in these diggin's."

"Take your baby home to its ma," ses another, "and support it like an 'onest man."

I tried to git a chance to explain the bisness to 'em, but drat the word could I git in edgeways.

"Take 'em both to the Tooms," ses one, "and make 'em giv a account of themselves."

With that two or three of 'em cum towards me, and I grabbed my cane in one hand, while I held on to the bundle with the other.

"Gentlemen," ses I—the baby squeelin' all the time like forty cats in a bag—"Gentlemen, I'm not gwine to be used in no sich way—I'll let you know that I'm not gwine to be tuck to no Tooms. I'm a stranger in your city, and I'm not gwine to support none of your babys. My name is Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia, and anybody what wants to know who I am, can find me at the American—"

"Majer Jones," ses a clever-lookin' young man, what pushed his way into the crowd when he heard my name. "Majer, don't be disturbed in the least," ses he, "I'll soon have this matter fixed."

With that he spoke to a man with a lether ribbon on his hat, who tuck the baby, bundle and all, and carried it off to the place what they've got made in New York a purpose to keep sich pore little orfans in.

#### TAXES.

A MERRY fellow, whose hard lot

It was, in old Vermont to gather taxes,  
Stopped near a shed where carts, ploughs,  
saws, and axes,

Showed the proprietor some cash had got.

Then, entering, said, "your taxes, if you please."

"What!" quoth the owner, very ill at ease,

"Taxes again! 'tis tarnal hard, I vow;

A man can scarce afford to keep a cow.

I r'ally believe you'll tax my eyes!"

"Sir," quoth the man of law, in great surprise,

"Your railing is unreasonable,

Sure the main comforts of your house and table

Are never taxed—for instance, sir, your wife—

We ask no tax on her." "You don't, odds life!

No thanks for that!" rejoined the grumbling elf,

"Good reason why! she's tax enough herself!"

A CLERICAL WIT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford, who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

*Impromptu, addressed by a Priest to the Legislature of Connecticut.*

For cutting all *connections* famed,  
*Connect-i-cut* is fairly named;  
I twain *connect* in one, but you  
*Cut* those whom I *connect* in two;  
Each legislator seems to say  
What you *connect-i-cut* away.

## MY FIRST CALL IN THE SWAMP.

BY MADISON TENSAS. 1845.

"Come quick, Mass' Doctor! ole missus got a fit!" aroused me from my poetical reverie, and brought the invocation to Esculapius to an abrupt termination.

I was just apostrophizing "High Heaven" when the voice outspoke; laughing at the ludicrous transition of sounds and ideas, I rolled up my manuscript and turned to take a survey of the speaker.

He presented nothing remarkable in his appearance, being only a negro messenger, belonging to a small planter living at the extremity of what I regarded as my legitimate circuit of practice; from the appearance of the mule he bestrode, he had evidently ridden in great haste.

Perceiving me to be laughing, and not knowing of any thing in his annunciation to create mirth, he thought I had not heard him when he first spoke, and therefore repeated, "Come quick, Mass' Doctor! ole missus got a fit, an' I'spec is monstus low, for as I come by de lot, I hear Mass' Bill holler to Mass' Bob, and tell him, arter he got dun knockin' de horns off the young bull, to cum in de house, and see his gran'-mammy die." But still I laughed on—there was such an odd mingling of poetry, Esculapius, missus, fit, Mass' Bob, and knocking the horn off the young bull, as to strike full my bump of the ludicrous, and the negro sitting on his little crop-eared mule, gazed at me in perfect astonishment, as a monument of unfeelingness.

Suddenly the recollection that this was my "first call," came over and sobered me in a second; my profession with all its sober realities and responsibilities, was again triumphant, and I stood a serious "Swamp Doctor."

Ordering a servant to catch my horse, I began to prepare for the ride, by questioning the negro as to the nature of the disease, age of the patient, and other circumstances of the case, that might enable me to carry medicines along suitable to the occasion, as my saddlebags were of limited capacity, and none of the people kept medicines at home, except a few of the simplest nature.

"You say your mistress has fits! Does she have them often?" The object of my inquiries will be apparent to the professional reader.

"Not as I nose on, Mass' Doctor, although I did hearn her say when she lived in Georgy, she was monstrous narvous-like at de full of de moon."

"How old is your mistress? do you know, boy?"

"How ole! why, Mass' Doctor, she's a bobbulushonary suspensioner, an' her hare is grayar dan a 'possum's. Ole missus ole for a fak!"

"Has any thing happened lately that could have given your mistress the fit?"

"Nuffin', Mass' Doctor, as I nose on, 'cept pr'haps day 'fore yisterday night ole missus private jug guv out, an' she tole wun of the boys to go in de smoke-house and draw him full: de fule chile stuck de lite tu nere de baril, de whiskey cotch, an' sich a 'splosh-un never war heard as de old smoke house guvin' up de goast!"

"Your old mistress drinks whiskey, then, and has been without any two days?"

"Yes, Mass' doctor, an' I'spec it's that what's usen her up, for she'd sorter got 'customed to de 'stranger."

I had learned enough of the case to give me a suspicion of the disease; the verification must be deferred until I saw the patient.

She being very old, nervous, and excitable, accustomed to alcoholic stimulation, suddenly deprived of her usual beverage, and brought under the depressory influences of losing her smoke-house and barrel of whiskey, was sufficient cause to produce a case of disease formed by an amalgamation of *sub-hysteria* and *quasi delirium tremens*; a not very flattering diagnosis, considered in a moral point of view, to the old lady whose acquaintance I was yet to make. Knowing how much depended upon the success with which I treated my first cases, it was unnecessary to give me a serious and reflective air, that I should remember how much people judged from appearances, and that mine were any thing but indicative of the doctor; whiskers or beard had I none, and even when wearing the most sober mask, a smile would lurk at the corner of my mouth, eager to expand into a laugh.

But I must start. Labelling a bottle of brandy "Arkansas Fitifuge," I slipped it in my pocket, and mounting my horse, set off upon the fulfilment of my "first call."

When we reached the house, my horse reeking with sweat, from the haste with which we had traversed the muddy roads, I introduced myself, as I had never seen one of the family before, nor they me—as Doctor Tensas, and required to be shown the patient. I saw from the countenances of the assembly, which was more numerous than I had expected to find, that they were disappointed in the appearance of the new doctor, and that my unstriking and youthful visage was working fatally against me. In fact, as I approached the bed, which was surrounded with women, I heard one old crone remark, "*sotto voce*," "Blessed J—s! is that *thing* a doctor? why, his face's as smooth as an egg-shell, an' my son John 'peers a heap older than him, an' he's only been *pupped* ateen years; grashus nose sich a young lookin' critter as that shouldn't gin me doctor's truck; he can't have 'sperience, but sens he's here we'll have to let him go on; half a 'pology is better, 'an no commisseration is an aggravated insult."

Paying no attention to her depreciatory remarks, but determined to show them that I knew a thing or two, I commenced examining the patient.

Had I not been prepared by the negro's description, I would have been surprised at the example of longevity in that insalubrious country which the invalid presented. Judging from external appearances, she must have had the opportunity of doing an immensity of talking in her time; her hair was whiter than the inside of a persimmon seed, and the skin upon her face resembled a piece of corrugated and smoky parchment, more than human cuticle; it clove tightly to the bones, bringing out all their prominences, and showing the course of the arteries and veins beneath; her mouth was partly open, and on looking in I saw not the vestige of a tooth: the great dentist Time had succeeded in extracting the last. She would lie very quietly in a dull comatose condition for a few moments, and then giving a loud speech, attempt to rub her

stomach against the rafters of the cabin, mumbling out something about "Whiskey spilt—smoke-house ruined—and General Jackson fit the Injuns—and she haddent the histericks!" requiring the united strength of several of the women to keep her on the bed.

The examination verified my suspicion as to the nature of the disease, but I had too much knowledge of human nature to give the least intimation to the females of my real opinion. I had been told by an old practitioner of medicine, "if you wish to ruin yourself in the estimation of your female patients, hint that the disease they are laboring under is connected with hysterics:" what little knowledge I had acquired of the sex during my student life went to confirm his observations. But if the mere intimation of hysteria produced such an effect, what would the positive pronouncing that it was not only hysterics but a touch of drunken mania? I had not courage to calculate upon such a subject, but hastily dismissed it. Pronouncing that she had *fits*, sure enough, I commenced the treatment. Brandy and opium were the remedies indicated; I administered them freely at half-hour intervals, with marked benefit, and towards midnight she fell into a gentle slumber. As I heard her quiet breathing, and saw the rise and fall of her bosom in regular succession, indicating that the disease was yielding to my remedies, a gleam of pleasure shot over my face, and I felt happier by the bedside of that old drunken woman, in that lowly cabin, in that obscure swamp, than if the many voices of the city were shouting "*laus*" unto my name. I was taking the first round in the race between medicine and disease, and so far was leading my competitor.

It was now past midnight: up to this time I had kept my place by the bedside of the patient, and began to get wearied. I could with safety transfer her care now to one of the old dames, and I determined to do so, and try and obtain some sleep. The house consisted of a double log-cabin, of small dimensions, a passage, the full depth of the house, running between the "pens." As sleep was absolutely required for the preservation of the patient, and the old dames who were gathered around the fire, discoursing of the marvels of their individual experience, bid fair to step over the bounds of proper modulation in their garrulity, I proposed, in such a way that there was no withstanding the appeal, that we should all, except the one nursing, adjourn to the other room. The old ladies acquiesced without a single demurrer, as they were all dying to have a talk with the "young doctor," who hitherto absorbed in his patient, had shown but little communicativeness.

The male portion of the family had adjourned to the fodder-house to pass the night, so my once fair companions and myself had the whole of the apartment to ourselves. Ascertaining by actual experiment that it was not sufficiently removed by the passage to prevent ordinary conversation from being audible at the bed-side of the invalid, the old ladies, in despite of my hints of "being very tired," "really I am very sleepy," and "I wish I hadn't such a long ride to take to-morrow," commenced their attack in earnest, by opening a tremendous battery of small talk and queries upon me. The terrible breaches that it made, had the effect of keeping *mine* on, and I surrendered at discretion to the ladies, *almost* wishing, I must

confess, that they were a bevy of young damsels, instead of a set so antiquated that their only knowledge of love was in seeing their grand-children. Besides, they were only exacting from me the performance of one of the prescribed duties of the country physician, performed by him from time immemorial; and why should they not exact it of me? The doctor of a country settlement was then—they have become so common now as to place it in the power of nearly every planter to own a physician, and consequently they attract little regard—a very important character in the community. Travelling about from house to house, he became the repository of all the news, scandal, and secrets of the neighborhood, which he was expected to retail out as required for the moral edification of the females of his "beat;" consequently, his coming was an event of great and exciting interest to the womenkind generally.

It is a trite observation "that when you have rendered yourself popular with the wife, you are insured of the patronage of the husband;" apply it to the whole sex of women, and it still holds good—married or single they hold the men up, and without their support, no physician can succeed. I had imagined, in my youthful simplicity, that when I entered the swamp, I had left female curiosity—regarding it as the offspring of polished society—behind; but I found out my mistake, and though I was very sleepy, I loved my profession too well not to desire to perfect myself in all the duties of the calling. I have often had a quiet laugh to myself, when I reflect upon the incidents of that night, and what a ludicrous appearance I must have presented to a non-participant, when, on a raw-hide-bottomed chair, I sat in that log cabin, directly in front of a cheerful fire—for though spring, the nights were sufficiently cool to render a fire pleasant—the apex of a pyramid of old women, who stretched in two rows, three on each side, down to the jambs of the chimney.

There was *Miss Pechum*, and *Miss Stivers*, and *Miss Linsey*, on one side, and *Miss Dims*, who unfortunately, as she informed me, had had her nose bit off by a wild hog, and *Miss Ripson*, and *Miss Tillot*, on the other. Six old women, with case-hardened tongues, and only *one* poor humble "Swamp Doctor," whom the verdict of one, at first sight, had pronounced a *thing*, to talk to them all! Fearful odds I saw, and seeing trembled; for the fate of the adventurous Frenchman came fresh to my mind, who proposed for a wager to talk twelve hours with an old widow, and who at the expiration of the time was found dead, with the old lady whispering vainly "frog soup" in his ear. There it was one against one, here it was six versus one, and a small talker at that; but the moments were flying, no time was to be lost, and we commenced. What marvellous stories I told them about things I had seen, and what wonderful recitals they gave me in return! How first, I addressed my attention to one side of the pyramid, and then bestowed a commensurate intensity upon the other! How learnedly we discoursed upon "yarbs," and "kumfrey tea," and "sweet gum sav!" How readily we all acquiesced in the general correctness of the broken-nose lady's remark, "Bless Jesus! we must all die when our time kums;" and what a general smile—which I am certain had it not been for the propinquity of the invalid, would have amounted to a laugh—went round the pyramid, when *Miss Pechum*, who talked



through her nose, snuffled out a witticism of her youngest son, when he was a babe, in which the point of the joke lay in *bite*, or *right*, or *fight*, or some word of some such sound, but which the imperfection of her pronunciation somewhat obscured! How intently we all listened to Miss Stiver's ghost-story! what upholding of hands and lap-dropping of knitting, and exclamations of fear and horror and admiration, and "Blessed Master!" and "Lordy Grashus!" and "Well, did you ever!" and "You don't say so!" and "Dear heart do tell!" and what a universal sigh was heaved when the beautiful maid that was haunted by the ghost was found drowned in a large churn of buttermilk that her mother had set away for market next day! How profuse in my expressions of astonishment and admiration I was when after a long comparison of the relative sufferings of the two sexes, Miss Stivers—the lady who talked through her nose, in reply to Miss Dims, the lady who had no nose at all—declared that "Blessed Master permittin', arter all their talk 'bout women's sufferings, she must say that she thought men had the hardest time of it, for grashus knows she'd rather have a child every nine months than scour a skillet, and she ought to know!" How we debated "whether the 'hives' were catchin' or not?" and were perfectly unanimous in the conclusion that "Sheep safern" were wonderful "truck!"

Suddenly one of those small screech, or horned owls, so common in the South and West, gave forth his discordant cry from a small tree, distant only a few feet from the house; instantaneously every voice was hushed, all the lower jaws of the old women dropped, every eye was dilated to its utmost capacity, till the whites looked like a circle of cream around a black bean, every forefinger was raised to command attention, and every head gave a commiserative shake, moderating gradually to a solemn settling. After a considerable pause, Miss Ripson broke the silence. "Poor creetur! she's gone, doctor, the Fitifuge can't cure her, she's

knit her last pair of socks! Blessed Master! the *screech owl* is hollered, and she's bound to die, certin!" "Certin!" every voice belonging to the females responded, and every head, besides, nodded a mournful acquiescence to the melancholy decision.

Not thoroughly versed in the superstitions of the backwoods, I could not see what possible connexion there could be between the screech of the owl, and the fate of the patient. Desirous of information upon the subject, I broke my usual rule, never to acknowledge ignorance upon any matter to ladies—from the first eruption of Vesuvius to the composition of a plumptitudinizer—and therefore, asked Miss Ripson to enlighten me.

I shall never forget the mingled look of astonishment and contempt that the old lady to whom the query was propounded, cast upon me as she replied:—

"How dus screech owls hollerin' make sick people die? Blessed Master! you a doctor, and ax sich a question! How is enny thing fotch 'bout 'cept by sines an' awgrese, an' simbles, an' figurashuns, an' hiramgluptix, and sich like vareus wase that the Creator works out his design to man's intimashun and expoundin'. Don't spose there's conjurashun an' majestix in the matter, for them's agin scriptur; but this much I do no—I never sot up with a sick body, and heard a screech owl holler, or a dog howl, or a scratchin' agin the waul, but what they dide; ef they diddent then, they did 'fore long, which proves that the sine war true; Blessed Master! what weke cee-tur's we is, sure enuf! I reculleck when I lived down to Bunkum County, North Carliny—Miss Dims you node Miss Plyser, what lived down to Zion Spring?" —(Miss Dims being the noseless lady, snuffled out, that she did as well as one of her own children, as the families were monstrous familiar, and seed a heap of one another.) "Well, Miss Plyser war takin awfil sick arter etin a bate of cold fride collards—I alwase told her cold fride collards warn't 'dapted to the delicases of her constytushun, but the poor crittur war indooost to them, and wudden't take my device; an' it woud have been a great dele better for her, ef she had, as the sekil will pruve; poor creetur! ef she oonly had, she mout bin a settin' here to-nite, for her husband shortly arter sed ef sarkumstancis haddent altired his'tarmynashun he didn't know but wat he woud like to take a look at them Luzanny botums, wair all you had to do to clar the land, war to cut down all the tresp and wate for the next overflow to wash them off; but pr'aps she wuddent nethur, for arter all he dident cum, an' you no she cudd'nt kum 'cept with him 'cept-in' she dun like Lizzy Johnson's middle darter, Prinsanna, who left her husband in the State of Georgy, and kum to Luzanny an' got marred to another man, the pisen varmint, to do sich as that and her own laful husband, for I no that he borrerrd a dollar of my sister Janes's sister to pay for the license and eatables for the crowd—but Blessed Master, where is I talking to!—well, as I sed, Miss Plyser made herself monstrous sick etin cold fride collards; wen I got where she was they had sent for the doctor, an' shortly arter I kum he cum, an' the fust thing he axed for arter he got in the house war for a handful of red-pepper pods—it war a monstrous fine time for pepper and other gardin truck that sesun—an' wen he got them he took a handful of lobely an' mixt the pepper-pods with it, an' then he poured hot bilin' water over it, and made a strong

decockshun. Jes as it was got redly for 'ministering, but before it was guv, I heerd a screech owl holler on the gable end of the cabin. I sed then as I say now in the present case, that it was a sine and a forerunner that she was gwine to die, but the doctor in spite of my 'swadements, gin her a tin cup of the pepper and lobely, but I nude it war no use—the screech owl had hollored, and she war called fur; an' jes to think of a nice young 'ooman like her, with the purtiest pair of twins in the world, and as much alike as two pese, only one had black hare and lite ise, an' the other had black eyes and lite hare—bein' carrid to a grave by cold fride collards apeerd a hard case, but the Lord is the Heavens an' he nose! Well, the first dose that he gin her didn't 'fect much, so he gin her another pint, an' then commenst stemin' her, when the pirsuration began to kum out, she sunk rite down, an' begun to siken awful; the cold fride collards began to kum up in gobs, but Blessed Master! it war too late, the screech owl had hollored, an' sheflung up cold fride collards till she dide, poor creetur! the Lord be marsyfull to her poor soul! But I sed from the fust she wood die. Doctor, weed better see how Miss Jimsey is; it's no use to waste the 'Futifuge' on her, the screech owl has hollored, and she must go though all the doctors of a king war here; poor creetur! she has lived a long time, an' I 'speck her Lord and Master wants her."

And thus saying, the old lady preceded the way to the sick-room, myself and the five other old women bringing up the rear.

Somewhat, I thought, to the disappointment of the superstitious dames, we found the invalid still buried in a profound slumber, her regular placid breathing indicating that the proper functions of the system were being restored. I softly felt her pulse, and it, too, showed improvement. Leaving the room, we returned to the other cabin. I informed the family that she was much better, and if she did not have a return of the spasms by morning, and rested undisturbed in the mean time, that she would get well. But I saw that superstition had too deep a hold on their minds for my flattering opinion to receive their sanction. An incredulous shake of the head was nearly my only reply, except from the owl enthusiast.

"Doctor, you're mistaken, certin. The screech-owl has hollored, and she is boun to die—it's a sure sign, and can't fail!"

I saw the uselessness of argument, and therefore did not attempt to show them how ridiculous, nay irreligious, it was to entertain such notions, willing that the termination of the case should be the reply.

It would require a ponderous tome to contain all that passed in conversation during our vigils that night. Morning broke, and I went softly in to see if my patient still slept. The noise I made in crossing the rough floor aroused, and as I reached the bed-side, she half-raised herself up, and to my great delight accosted me in her perfect senses.

"I s'pose young man, you're a doctor, aint you?"

I assured her that her surmise was correct, and pressed her to cease talking and compose herself. She would not do it, however, but demanded to see the medicine I was giving her. I produced the

Arkansas Fitifuge, and as it was near the time that she should take a dose, I poured one out and gave it to her. Receiving it at first with evident disgust, with great reluctance she forced herself to drink a small quantity. I saw pleasure and surprise lighting up her countenance; she drank a little more—looked at me—took another sip—and then, as if to test it by the other senses, applied it to her nose; all the results were satisfactory, and she drank it to the dregs without a murmur.

"Doctor," said she, "ef you're a mineral fissishun, and this truck has got calomy in it, you needn't be afeard of salaratin me, and stop givin' it, for I won't git mad, ef my gums is a leetle touched!"

I assured her that the "Fitifuge" was perfectly harmless.

"It's monstrous pleasant truck, ennyhow!"

What did you say was the name of it?"

"Arkansas Fitifuge, madam, one of the best medicaments for spasmodic diseases that I have ever used. You were in fits last night when I arrived; but you see the medicine is effecting a cure, and you are now out of danger, although extreme quietude is highly necessary."

"Doctor, will you give me a leetle more of the truck? I declare it's monstrous pleasant. Doctor, I'm mity narvous, generally; don't you think I'd better take it pretty often through the day? Ef they'd sent for you sooner I wouldn't bin half as bad off. But, thank the Lord, you has proved a kapable fissishun, sent to me in the hour of need, an' I wont complane, but trust in a mersyful Save-yur!"

"How do you feel now, sister Jimsey? do you think you're looking up this morning?" was now asked by the lady of screech-owl memory.

"Oh, sister Ripson, thank the Lord, I do feel a power better this mornin', an' I think in the course of a day or two I will be able to get about agen."

"Well, mersyful Master, wonders will never stop! last nite I thot sure you cudden stand it till mornin', speshully arter I heerd the screech-owl holler! 'tis a mirrykul, sure, or else this is the wonderfulest doctor in creashun!"

"Did the screech-owl holler mor'n wunst, sister Ripson?"

"No, he only screeched wunst! Ef he'd hollored the second time, I'd defide all the doctors in the created wurd to 'ad cured you; the thing would have bin impossible!"

Now as the aforesaid screech-owl had actually screeched twice, I must have effected an impossibility in making the cure; but I was unwilling to disturb the old lady in her delusion, and therefore, did not inform her of that, which she would have heard herself had she not been highly alarmed.

I directed the "Fitifuge" to be given at regular intervals through the day; and then amidst the blessings of the patient, the congratulations of the family for the wonderful cure I had effected, and their assurances of future patronage, took my departure for home, hearing as I left the house the same old lady who had underated me at my entrance ejaculate, "Well, bless the Lord I didn't die last year of the yaller janders, or I'd never lived to see with my own eyes a doctor who could cure a body arter the screech-owl hollored!"

A Jew was observed noticing very intently a prodigious fine ham. "What are you saying to

that ham, Mr. Jacobs?" "I was saying to it, 'thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.'"



## ANECDOTES OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

ANON. 184-.

AFTER a long and fatiguing day's ride over the prairies of Wisconsin, in the summer of 184-, Judge D\*\*\*, upon his semi-annual circuit through the territory, arrived at a farm house upon the borders of a large prairie, where he proposed passing the night. The proprietor of the establishment was absent, and his worthy spouse was left to do the honors of the house to such travellers as were occasionally forced to put up with the scanty accommodation she could offer.

Settlers were far apart in those days, and she was certain to get a call from all whom night happened to overtake in her vicinity. Mammy R\*\*\*\* was a native of the "Sucker State," and inherited many of the peculiarities of the primitive settlers. She scorned the luxuries and superfluities of the pampered matrons of the older states. Her domestic arrangements were such as to require the least amount of labor or care from her. There were no sofas, carpets, or other useless trumpery about her premises. Her wants were few and easily satisfied. She cared not what was the latest style of hat or dress; and as for shoes and stockings, they were regarded by her with the most "lofty despise." She had never cramped her understanding with any such effeminate finery. She stood five feet eleven, without shoes and stockings; her hair, which was the color of a red fox (in the spring), was allowed to fall loosely about her brown shoulders, very much to the annoyance of her guests, who often fancied they saw the ends of her locks making fantastic gyrations in the dish intended for their repast. The old woman was purely democratic in her domestic economy. She permitted her pigs, chickens, and all other live stock, to have free ingress to her house, and it was sometimes difficult, in a general *mêlée* of pigs, calves, and half-naked children, to distinguish one from the other. All appeared to possess an equal share in her good graces. She was assisted in her *ménage* by a lank, half-starved sucker, who officiated, in the absence of her lord, as major-domo, barkeeper, and hostler.

As the Judge drove up to the door, the old woman came out and said—

"Strang-ger, will ye tell me whar yer mought be gowin to put up, or perhaps you moughtn't?"

"Yes, my dear madam, I fear we shall be under the necessity of throwing ourselves upon your hospitality for the night. I trust you will not put yourself to any inconvenience on our account, as any little spare corner you may be so kind as to allow us, will suffice to make us perfectly snug and comfortable. I hope, madam, your health has been very good, since I had the pleasure of seeing you last; and how are all the little ones? Ah, I see they are looking superbly! Come here, my little man, and give me a kiss."

The mammy twisted her face into what she intended for a smile, at this gracious salutation; but she looked more as if she was attempting Davy Crockett's feat of grinning the bark off a white oak, while she replied—"Wal, old hoss, trot along into the cabin, and I'll yell for Sucker to tote your hanimals to the crib."

At this, she set up a scream that would not have disgraced the lungs of a Sioux warrior.

Sucker soon made his appearance, and assisted

the Judge's servant to attend to the horses. Upon entering the cabin, and inquiring if they could have supper, he was told that such a luxury as meat had not been seen in their larder for several weeks; that corn dodgers and milk were the best fixings the house afforded, and these were very scarce. Fortunately for the Judge, he had provided himself with a ham, to meet such contingencies, before he left home. This was soon drawn from his pannier, and placed in the hands of mammy, to be cooked for supper.

A very savory odor, issuing from the frying pan, soon diffused itself throughout the cabin, and found its way through the chinks of the logs to the olfactories of the Sucker at the stables, and made known to him the fact that a different kind of food was preparing, from what he had seen for a long time. He soon found himself seated near the fire, and cast very significant and approving glances at the meat, as it hissed and burned, over the hot coals of the mammy's fire.

Supper was, in due course of time, upon the table, and the old woman announced the welcome intelligence by saying—"Men, haul up!"

Before the Judge clearly comprehended this singular summons, the sucker was seated near the plate of ham, had commenced operations on the largest slice, and as the Judge drew his chair to the table, he said—

"Stranger, if that thar bacon aint some, may I be choked to death with a raw corn dodger. Don't be bashful, hoss, make a dash and go ahead; don't be backward 'bout goin far'ard!"

The Judge was so much astonished at the impudence of the fellow, that he could say nothing, but looked on in amazement. The sucker laid in lustily—slice after slice disappeared through his voracious jaws, until only one piece remained upon the platter. As bacon was rather scarce at this time of year, he concluded he would, upon this particular occasion, infringe a little upon the rules of etiquette, and made a thrust with his fork at the remaining slice. The Judge, who had been watching his operations in mute astonishment, had hardly commenced. As every slice disappeared from the platter, the chances of going to bed supperless continued to increase; this, together with the fact that his servant had not supp'd, threw him completely off his balance when the last piece was about to be taken. He thereupon seized a fork in both hands, raised it perpendicularly over the meat, and thrust it with tremendous force, just as the sucker was in the act of raising it from the platter, and leaning over the table towards him at the same time, he said—

"Are you aware, sir, that this meat is mine, and that I do not intend you shall have any more?"

"I war not aware of that, hoss, but a harn, like a turkey, are a monstrous inconvenient bird—a little too much for one, and not quite enough for two. I'm done—I'll absquatulate."

He then retired from the table, and left the Judge to finish his supper. This over, they collected around the fire, and passed off the evening in listening to several amusing anecdotes from the Judge. One of them I venture to relate, although it will appear in print but weak and feeble, when compared

to the rich, racy, quaint, and humorous style in which it came from his lips :—

When I came to the Western country, I took the route by New Orleans, and then embarked on a steamboat for St. Louis. Boats were much longer in making the trip then than they are at present, and passengers were compelled to resort to every expedient to while away the dull monotony of the voyage. We had on board a heterogeneous mass of humanity, from all parts of the United States. There was the backwoodsman and the Yankee, whose manners presented a very striking contrast, although originally coming from the same primitive stock. Yet the force of habit, association, and necessity, have made them antipodes. The latter of my countrymen has the reputation for being very inquisitive, yet as far as my experience goes, I must confess the Western man manifests as great a desire to obtain personal information, as his countrymen farther East. For example, I met with one man who approached me, and without any preliminaries, said—

"Wal, steamboat, whar ar you from?"

Knowing from his enunciation that he was a Western man, and might be prejudiced against a Yankee, I replied, "I'm from Virginia."

"What part of Virginia?"

"Let me see—I'm from Norfolk."

"Ah! I know a heap of folks in Norfolk. You know Mike Trotter?"

"No."

"Know Jake Johnson?"

"No, I believe not."

"Don't know Jake? I thought everybody knew Jake. I suppose you know Billy Bennet?"

"I believe I——that is, I presume I do."

"Presume! of course you do, if you war raised in Norfolk. How did Billy get out of that scrape with Sam Smith?"

"Well, I declare I've almost forgotten; but it strikes me that he settled it by arbitration, or something of that sort."

"Settled the devil! Look here, steamboat, I

b'lieve you're a d—d sight more of a Yankee than a Virginian!"

It was not long before another son of the West walked up to me, and said—

"Wal, hoss, I reckon thar's no harm in asking whar you war raised?"

Having a compunctious streak pass over me about this time, I concluded that I would set at defiance local prejudices, and tell the truth; I replied—"Me? I'm from Connecticut, sir."

"Connecticut! Connecticut! Con-net-ti-cut!" Closing up his left eye, and turning up the right towards the hearers—"I never hearn of that place afore, if I did d—n me."

Among the passengers who came aboard at New Orleans was a "split me" young buck from New York, on a tour of pleasure through the Western States. He had never before been far from Broadway, and he regarded the time spent away from that fashionable resort, as so much time thrown away; it was a blank in his existence that could never be filled up. He had been but a few weeks absent, and was already becoming disgusted with the country, and longed to return to the gayeties of the city. His peculiarities were new to the backwoodsmen, and he was looked upon by them as an original, as belonging to a genius of the race biped, of which they had before no conception. He had brought with him from the city, all the paraphernalia of the wardrobe and toilet, and among other things, a very beautiful rose-wood dressing case, one of Tiffany's latest importations. It stood in a conspicuous place in the gents' cabin, and soon attracted the observation of the backwoodsmen.

Their curiosity was raised, and there were numerous speculations as to its use. One thought it a money-box, one a gun-case, and others, and the most knowing ones, thought that it was a Faro-box. The latter opinion, after a good deal of discussion, prevailed, and they arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the Broadway gent was a travelling "Leg" in disguise.

Thereupon they resolved to give him an invitation to "open," and collecting together in the forward cabin, they appointed one of their number to intimate to the gentleman that his presence there with the necessary "tools," would be agreeable to them.

The messenger was a double-fisted Mississippian, who soon found the exquisite, and approaching him, with the right side



of his face screwed up until the eye on that side closed, (intending it for a sly wink,) and beckoning with his finger towards him at the same time, said in a low tone of voice—

"It's all right, my boy; get out your old 'sody box' and come along, and give us a 'turn.'"

The dandy looked in perfect amazement as he said—"Ah—ah—ah!—what do you mean, fellow?"

"I say it's all O. K. down there"—pointing with his finger over his left shoulder—"thar's three or four of us down river boys ready to start the fires with a small pile o' 'chips.' You understand, now, so come along—come along."

"Dem you, sa, what do you mean? I declare I don't comprehend you, fellar."

"Oh, come along, we'll put 'er through straight from the mark, and pile on the chips until we bust you, or get bust ourselves; so don't try to play 'possum on this child. I say it aint no use."

At this, the dandy walked off in a furious passion, considering himself most grossly insulted, saying—"Ah, Captain, I believe—pon me honor I do—that the savage fellar means to blow up the boat!"

The sporting gents could not understand this, and they watched his motions all day, following him from one place to another. Go where he would they were sure to keep him in sight. Having occasion to go to his dressing case before night, they all collected around him, and looked over his shoulder while he was unlocking it. On raising the lid, the first article that presented itself was a pair of boot-hooks. When they saw this, one of them turned away with an air of disgust, saying to the others—"Why, he's one of them d—d dentistry chaps, after all."

Finding that they were not likely to get up a game, they were forced to resort to other expedients to while away the dull monotony of the voyage; and as the New Yorker was very credulous, some of them amused themselves at his expense, by relating to him the most improbable tales of backwoods adventures, hair-breadth escapes from savage wild beasts, the dangers of navigating Western rivers, blowing up of steamboats, running foul of snags, etc. etc. He swallowed them all, and they had such an effect upon his imagination, that he was afraid to venture out of sight of the boat when it stopped to take in wood, for fear, as he said, of "encountering a bear, or some other howible ewecture." He was constantly on the *qui vive* at night, expecting some accident to the boat, and would pace the deck for hours together, trembling at every pull of the engine, as if he expected the next to send him to the bottom. Seeing the captain come on deck one night, he approached him, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Ah—ah—ah, capting, do you really have any sewious accidents on this howible river?"

"Accidents! my dear fellow! as a matter of course we do."

"Ah! and pray, capting! what is the nature of them?"

"Oh, sometimes we run foul of a snag, or sawyer; then again, we occasionally collapse a boiler, and blow up sky high."

"The devwal you do! you don't say so! does anybody ever get killed, capting?"

"Nothing is more common, my good fellow; but we soon get used to such little things, and don't mind them. If we get up to St. Louis without an accident, we may consider ourselves extremely fortunate."

The dandy looked perfectly aghast, and turned blue at this announcement.

"How perfwectly howible, capting! I wish I was back in Bwoadway again, by quist I do."

By the time the Judge had finished this story, it was bedtime, and the mammy made up a field couch upon the floor in front of the fire, to which she consigned all her guests: the Judge took the soft side of a pine puncheon, and ensconcing himself as comfortably as possible, was soon courting the embraces of Morpheus. The family disappeared one by one, until finally none remained. Every thing had become perfectly still and quiet, except the measured and sonorous breathing of the sucker, upon whom the ham appeared to operate as a powerful opiate. The Judge had fallen into a restless doze, and was dreaming of hungry suckers and cannibals. He fancied himself upon a boundless prairie, pursued by a pack of suckers on all fours, following him with the speed of race-horses, and giving tongue at every jump like so many blood-hounds; but instead of unmeaning howls, their enunciation was distinct and audible, every note of which fell upon his ears like a death-knell—it seemed to say "h-a-m! h-a-m! h-a-m!" He exerted himself to the utmost to escape his savage pursuers, but notwithstanding all his efforts, they appeared to gain on him.

And on, on, on! no stop, no stay!  
Up hill, down dale, and far away!

He occasionally cast his eyes back to see if they did not begin to tire, but no; the further they went the faster they came. They bounded over hill and valley, with the constant cry of h-a-m, h-a-m, h-a-m! until finally, the Judge, becoming weak and exhausted, sank down upon the prairie, and awaited the coming of the foremost sucker, who, foaming at the mouth, and snapping his teeth like a hungry wolf, seized him by the thigh with his teeth, and threw him over his head. Turning around, he seized him again, and repeated the operation, until the Judge fancied the features of his face became changed into those of a hog. He ventured to put out his hand to ascertain if it was tangible, when a sensation of cold ran through his frame, and a tremendous punch in the ribs, accompanied with an ugh—ugh—ugh—awoke him.

He found to his great astonishment that his hand was holding a hog by the snout, that had taken possession of the side of his bed nearest the door, and was manifesting his displeasure at the familiarity of the Judge by the savage grunts that had awakened him. Being an old voyager, he did not let this little mishap disturb him in the least, but very quietly and deliberately raised a puncheon which he found loose under his bed, and thrusting down mistler hog, he closed the hole, and slept quietly until morning.

The next morning he arose early and resumed his journey, leaving the sucker and the mammy in great distress at the supposed loss of their pig.

"DEAR SON, come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Your affectionate mother, till death."

"DEAR MOTHER, I won't come home. A sitting hen never gets fat. Your obedient son."

## JOHNNY BEEDLE'S COURTSHIP.

BY J. W. M'CLINTOCK. 184-.

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery tricks I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me rave and take on, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again, to all eternity. Oh, but I was wicked! "Darn their 'ceitful eyes," says I; "blame their skins, torment their hearts, and drot them to darnation!"

Finally, I took an oath, and swore that if I ever meddled, or had any dealings with them again—in the sparking line, I mean—I wish I might be hung and choked. But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house chockfull of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop—it's all smoke.

I held out, and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays, forenoons, a'ernoons, and intermissions, complete; on the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap, about my size, was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on, his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar, his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow-knot. He carried a straight back, and a stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best clothes on, and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look quite straight at Sally Jones.

Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Anyhow, they are so well matched that they have hated and despised each other like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to read the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door.

"Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Git out, Pompey!"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Squire; and how do you do?"

"Why, so as to be crawling. Ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop! Haul up a chair, and sit down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones?"

"Oh, middlin'. How's yer marm?"

"Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle."

This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grandfather; being roused from a doze by the bustle and rattle, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last, he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it, I say? Who in the world is it?"

Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle!"

"Ho, Johnny Beedle! I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."

"No, no, father; bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years!"

"Ho! But where does he come from?"

"Daown taown."

"Ho! And what does he foller for a livin'?"

And he did not stop asking questions after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron, the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow-storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping time with a sappy, yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prim as if she were pinned to the chair-back, her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across her lap; but they would not lay still. It was full twenty-fours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the Fourth Commandment.

For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said, "Hem!" Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use, the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg on the road to the door, and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old Captain all at once sung out:

"Johnny Beedle!"

It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an eend.

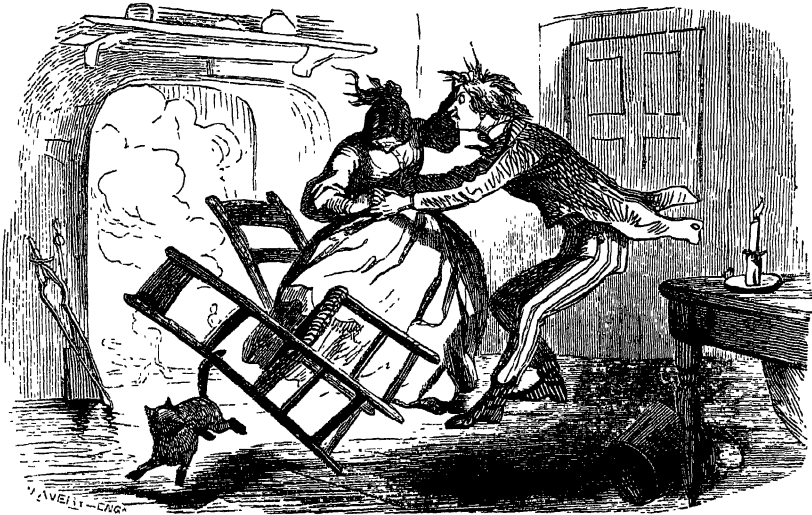
"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if you live to the age of Methuseler. He would toss up his drumsticks, and while it was wheelin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But scull your chair round close alongside er me, so you can hear. Now what have you come arter?"

"I arter? Oh, jist takin' a walk. Pleasant walkin'. I guess I mean, jist to see how ye all do."

"Ho, that's another lie! You've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle, and you're arter our Sal. Say, now, do you want to marry, or only to court?"

This is what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping-cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider, and the ice being broke, plenty of chat with Mammy Jones about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine, but I had



forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse but six.

Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum! there was no getting that out of me.

"Praise to the face, is open disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that at y past, and also made some pretty 'cute guesses as to what it was like to be in future. At first, I gave grotsch up with my chair at every full stop; then, semping saucy, I repeated it at every comma and and colon; and at last, it was hitch, hitch, hitch, I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day, that I wanted to eat you up!"

"Pshaw! get along you," said she.

My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and begun to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. Try it again—no better luck.

"Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropelous; a little old maidish, I guess."

"Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched—it was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me; and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip my arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go to poking out my lips after a kiss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face, that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle, for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the

joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron. The battle now began in the regular way.

"Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha' done with it, now?"

"I won't, so there, nor tech to—"

"I'll take it, whether or no."

"Do it, if you dare!"

And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced; the bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar; and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down come Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill-dam let loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah! came a whole shule of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hookey, if Sally Jones is not real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over her chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plump mouth, all in the air. Lord, did ye ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin, or a bumble-bee upon a clover top? I say nothing.

Consarn it, how a buss will crack of a still, frosty night! Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake.

"There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself, "burst into twenty hundred pieces; and my bread is all dough again."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door; and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve, and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.



Engraved by J. H. Smith

J. H. Smith

N.Y. Appleton & Co.



ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

FROM "THE THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP AND JOURNEWORK OF SOL. SMITH." 1845.

BEHIND THE SCENES

THE MEMBERS of the company were all strangers to me; consequently my free admission did not continue; and as my brothers did not allow me funds for the purpose, I had considerable difficulty in procuring admission. For hours together I have concealed myself behind old pieces of scenery in the carpenter's gallery, waiting for an opportunity to slip into the front of the house, satisfied with what I could hear of the dialogue going on below. At length, of even this poor privilege I was deprived; for the carpenters having discovered my retreat, I was ordered, with awful threatenings, to leave the premises, and never to make my appearance in that part of the house again. I was literally "turned out." But would I *stay* turned out? Not by any manner of means. "Richard the Third" was advertised for performance—Richard, by Mr. Somebody—I forget who, now—but it was some great man. I could not resist the attraction—go I must, and go I did.

About four o'clock, P. M. I entered the back-door, which happened to be unguarded at the time, and went up to my old quarters in the carpenter's gallery. I felt my way in the dark until I found something which appeared to be a large box, into which I popped without the least hesitation, and closed the lid. For more than two hours I lay concealed, safe, as I thought, from discovery. At length the bustle of the carpenters, and tuning of instruments in the orchestra, announced that the operations of the evening were about to commence. The curtain rose, and I ventured to peep down upon the stage. I was delighted; I could see all that was going on—myself unseen. The second act was about to begin, and I was luxuriating on the pleasure I should derive from the "courting scene" of Richard and Lady Anne, when I heard four or five men making their way directly to my hiding-place. I had barely time to enter my box, and close the door, (or lid,) when I found to my utter dismay, that the box was the object of their search; in short, as you will already have anticipated, *I was shut up in King Henry's coffin!* Here was a situation for a stage-struck hero! The coffin was taken up, the men remarking "it was devilish heavy," and I felt myself conveyed downstairs, and placed upon the bier. Since I had been carried so far, I made up my mind to carry the joke a little further. So I laid quiet as the "injured king" would have lain, had he been in my place, and was carried by four strong supernumeraries on the stage, followed by the weeping Lady Anne and all the court. Little did the lady imagine she was weeping over a living corpse! For my part, I perspired most profusely, and longed for an opportunity to escape. When I was carried off "to Whitefriars" to be interred, that is to say, in stage parlance, when the procession moved off, "L. H. U. E." the supers were desired to replace the coffin in the carpenter's gallery. Being awkward, (did you ever see supernumeraries who were not?) and finding their load rather heavy, they turned and tumbled it about in such a way, that I could not bear it any longer, and was obliged to call out. The men

dropped their precious burden, and ran away in affright, which gave me an opportunity to make my escape from the coffin, and exit through the back-door. I afterwards heard that the affair had made a great noise in the theatre at the time of its occurrence; the four men declaring that a hollow voice had issued from the coffin, bidding them to "put it down and be d—d to them!" and the carpenters affirming, on the contrary, that when they opened the coffin, they had found it empty.

The four supernumerary gentlemen never visited the playhouse again, but immediately joined the church. One of them, I believe, has become a notorious preacher, and never spares the theatre or theatrical people in his sermons, telling his hearers that he had a most mysterious warning when he was a young man!

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

I never knew any good to come from Thespian societies; and I have known them to be productive of much harm. Performing plays with success (and Thespians are always successful) inevitably begets, in the performer, a desire for an enlarged sphere of action. If he can please his townsmen and friends, why should he not delight a metropolitan audience? He becomes dissatisfied with his profession or business, whatever it may be; applies to a manager for a first appearance in a regular theatre—appears—fails—takes to drink, and is ruined. Then to see the inordinate vanity of those amateurs who occasionally "volunteer" for some charitable purpose; the airs of consequence they give themselves; the ignorance they betray of a profession which they degrade by adopting even for a single night. The consummate impudence with which they strut before the public in the highest characters! Not a shadow of fright about them—Oh no! Their friends are in the house to applaud them, whether they deserve applause or not. Their success is not doubtful—the thing is settled—they *must* succeed—and they generally *do*; for applause is bountifully and indiscriminately showered upon them, and they are, in their own minds, immensely great actors before they have the slightest knowledge of the first rudiments of the profession.

A gentleman actor once told me that he had asked Mr. Booth's opinion of his acting in the character of Richard, and that Booth had acknowledged *himself beat*.

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.

We had now but four men and two ladies, and, with this number, we played "Pizarro." To those unacquainted with *country theatricals*, the cast will be a curiosity: (1820.)

Pizarro, the Spanish general	}	Mr. S. Drake.
Ataliba, king of Quito,		
Rolla, the Peruvian leader,	}	Mr. Fisher.
Las Casas, a Spanish priest,		
Alonzo, joined with the Peruvians,	}	Mr. A. Drake.
Orozembo, an old cacique,		



High Priest of the Sun,	}	. Mr. Sol. Smith.
Almagro, a Spanish officer,		
Blind man,		
Sentinel,		
Valverde, secretary,		
Guards,	}	. Miss Fisher.
Peruvian boy,		
Elvira,		
Priestess of the Sun,		
Cora,		
Child,	}	. Mrs. Fisher.
		. Mrs. Mongin.
		. Miss A. Fisher.

Thus, Sam Drake, (as Pizarro,) after planning an attack on the unoffending Peruvians while engaged in worship "at their ungodly altars," and assigning his generals (*me*) their "several posts," in the next act is seen (as Ataliba) leading the Indian warriors to battle, declaring that "straight forward will he march, until he sees his people free, or they behold their monarch fall!" He is victorious; and goes to offer up thanks to the gods therefor,—when, presto! on comes the same man again (as Pizarro) smarting under the stings of defeat!

Fisher (as Las Casas) calls down a curse on the heads of the Spaniards—throws off his cloak; drops his cross; doffs his gray wig, and appears in the next scene as the gallant Rolla, inciting his "brave associates" to deeds of valor! Alexander Drake, as Orozembo, in the first scene gives an excellent character of the youth Alonzo, pronouncing him to be a "nation's benefactor"—he is then stuck under the fifth rib by a Spanish soldier, (that's me again,) and is carried off by his murderer;—he then slips off his shirt and scull-cap, claps on a touch of red paint, and behold! he is the blooming Alonzo, and engaged in a quiet *tête-à-tête* with his Indian spouse!

For my own part, I was the Spanish army entire! but my services were not confined to that party.—Between whiles I had to officiate as High Priest of the Sun—then lose both of my eyes, and feel my way, guided by a little boy, through the heat of the battle, to tell the audience what was going on behind the scenes; afterwards, my sight being restored, and my black cloak dropped, I was placed as a sentinel over Alonzo! Besides, I was obliged to find the sleeping child; fight a blow or two with Rolla; fire off three guns at him while crossing the bridge; beat the alarm drum, and do at least two-thirds of the shouting! Some may think my situation was no sinecure; but being a novice, all *my* exertions were nothing in comparison with those of the Drakes—particularly Sam, who frequently played two or three parts in one play, and after being killed in the last scene, was obliged to *fall far enough off the stage to play slow music as the curtain descended!*

Our stage was ten feet wide, and eight feet deep. When we played pieces that required bridges and mountains, we had not much room to spare; indeed I might say we were somewhat crowded.

#### AN ACCIDENTAL APPEARANCE.

On the first night of Cooper's engagement the following whimsical incident occurred—Othello was the play: (Cincinnati.)

The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom (not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the in-

side of a playhouse. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the duke and senators; the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby, until she arrived at the door of the stage box, when a gentleman handed her in, without withdrawing his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till, casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the *step* she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and with all much more sociable—and, as fate would have it, just at the moment, Othello looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed: "Here comes the lady."



The senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona, when lo! the maiden from the country, stepped from the box plump on the stage and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—the duke and senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation—even Cooper himself, could not help joining in the general mirth; the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her in the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on any stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.

#### THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

On our way from Wheeling to Steubenville, we passed through the small village of Wellsburgh, Va. Being urged by the inhabitants to perform one night, and hoping to raise a sufficient sum to pay our carriage-hire, we consented. A room was soon

fitted up, and bills were issued. The time fixed upon for the curtain to rise was "eight o'clock precisely," as the bills have it. "Eight o'clock precisely" came precisely at eight o'clock; but there came not one living being in the shape of an auditor! "Not one by Heavens." On inquiry, our landlord informed us that the price of admission was too high, and the Wellsburghers were unanimously determined that we should come *down* with our price of tickets before they would come *up* to our room. There was no alternative—the price of tickets was reduced to "fifty cents each, children half price," and the Virginians "came at last to comfort us," to the number of full thirty. Between the play and after-piece (the *play* was the "Blue Devils," and the afterpiece the "Poor Soldier") the landlord, who acted as our doorkeeper for the time, informed me the sheriff wished to see me for the purpose of serving a writ, a complaint having been entered that we were *showing* without license. Our receipts were fifteen dollars—the penalty we had unwittingly incurred was forty. *Paying* it was out of the question. I could not think of going to prison. Outwitting the sheriff was my only chance. It was Saturday night. I directed the doorkeeper to invite Mr. Sheriff to take a seat among the auditors, and I would attend him as soon as our performance should conclude. This was satisfactory to the officer. He seated himself, and enjoyed the entertainment very much. By introducing a few additional songs, I contrived that the curtain should not fall until after twelve o'clock. The good-natured sheriff was then invited behind the scenes, and he proceeded to execute the writ, apologizing for the necessity which compelled him to perform the disagreeable duty. "My dear sir," said I, leisurely proceeding with my undressing arrangements, "don't apologize—these things must be done, but why did you not serve your writ some minutes ago? You are now too late." "Too late! How so?"—"Why, my dear sir, it is *Sunday*, and I make it a rule never to transact business, particularly *law* business, on the Sabbath." The sheriff here consulted his watch, and found he had been overreached. "Sure enough, it is past twelve, I do believe, and I don't think I can touch you. Well, curse me if I can be angry with you, Mr. Darby. Come all hands, and take a drink." On Monday morning we were in Ohio, where old Virginia could not reach us.

#### THE LIVE WAX WORK.

A few years since, a Mr. Langton and two or three other "undone devils," had recourse to the following expedient to raise the wind: They engaged themselves to the proprietor of a museum, to dress and stand up in the show cases for *wax figures*! Langton personated the effigy of General Jackson, and was much admired for his *natural* appearance. He has since told me that he never "went on" for a character which proved so difficult to personate as the Old Hero.—He was about "throwing up the part" several times, but the prospect of his dollar and a half restrained him; so he stood out his three hours, and got his money—though he says, "by the eternal," he would not do it again for twice the sum!

\* \* \* \* \*

We next proceeded to Paris, (Ky.) and opened with the "Honey Moon." I observed that a countryman entered the theatre before the candles were

lit, and seated himself on the centre of the front bench; presently, as the audience began to congregate, he became surrounded by ladies, who seated themselves each side of and behind him. He did not turn his eyes to the right or to the left, but kept them fixed on the performers. When I came on as the *Mock Duke*, I observed him sitting in the manner described, with his face leaning on both his hands. As I seated myself to hear the complaint of Juliana against her husband, he and I were not more than five feet apart, facing each other. He leaned further forward than usual, straining his eyes to take a still closer view of my features. All of a sudden, as if he had been convinced of some very important fact, he jumped up, and striking his hands together with great force, exclaimed aloud, "*I'll be d—d if its wae!*" The uproar this occasioned among the audience caused the gentleman to look round; he seemed to be sensible, for the first time, where he was; his ludicrous appearance on making this discovery, caused a still louder laugh, which presently increased into a real *Kentucky yell*; and the uproar did not subside until the cause of all this mirth had made a retreat.

#### GENUINE APPRECIATION OF THE DRAMA.

In Nicleville, we were performing the farce of "*Lovers Quarrels*." The theatre was in the ball-room, and the landlord was in the habit of going *behind the scenes* to witness the performance. On account of *his belonging to the church*, he did not wish to be seen in front. In the first scene, when "Carlos" was making a present of his watch, purse, etc., to Jacinta for her good news, I (as "Sancho") advised him to save something with which to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage and said, "Mr. Smith, don't mind your board, go on with your play just as you would—if you haven't the money at the end of the week, I'll wait." He was honored with a thundering round of applause, and he *backed out*.

While performing the "*Stranger*" at Clarkesville, one of our auditors became so interested in the last scene, that he got up and addressed my brother as follows:—"Come, Smith, look over what's past and take back your wife, for I'll be d—d if you'll get such another in a hurry!"

This reminds me of a similar effect produced by the performance of the "*Gambler's Fate*" in Huntsville, several years afterwards. During the last scene of that most thrilling drama, where Albert Germaine and his family are represented in a state of actual starvation, a country gentleman in one of the side boxes, suddenly rose up,—"I cannot stand this," said he, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the house. "Gentlemen, I propose we make up something for this woman." He was here admonished by certain "hushes," "sit-downs," and "orders," that his proposition did not meet with much favor—on the contrary it was received with considerable laughter, while a whispered intimation came to his ear from a friend at his elbow, that the distress of the family was all *sham*! "Gentlemen," continued the charitable country auditor, "you may 'hush' and 'order' as much as you please—for my part, I don't see any thing to laugh at; you see the woman hasn't any thing to eat; and that poor little child of hers seems almost famished: now I wouldn't give the rascal, her husband, the first red cent; he doesn't deserve any pity; but really the woman hasn't deserved this distress; she has *rolloed* her

husband through all his wanderings; and left her friends, where she was comfortable, to follow this scamp. Gentlemen, you may laugh, but here goes my V!" And sure enough, he threw a pocket-book. "There, my good woman—Mrs. Germaine, or whatever your name may be, take that! Send for something to eat, and make yourself comfortable; but let me advise you not to let your husband know anything about it; or he'll lose it at the first faro-bank he meets with, as sure as h—ll! and now," continued the philanthropist, settling himself in his seat, "now go on with the play."

#### TOM, THE MAN AT THE CURTAIN.

TOM is a character. I remember him when he was a chubby little red-haired boy: he is now a very large freckle-faced man. I cannot call to mind my first acquaintance with him; indeed I don't believe, when I come to think of it, that I *have* any acquaintance with him. All I know of him is, ever since I can remember *he has been within call*, and has obeyed every order given, with the most scrupulous exactness, and at every hazard! Tom is always about the theatre. By some chance or other, he was placed, ten or fifteen years ago, "at the curtain," in St. Louis; that is to say, he was required on some emergency to turn the wheel which draws up the curtain; and he has stuck to that wheel ever since! When I say that wheel, I do not mean the veritable wheel that he was first placed at—no;—he has followed the company to every place and to all places, and has turned every wheel of every curtain that has been drawn up by order and by the direction of the time-honored firm of Ludlow and Smith, through all the turnings of fortune's wheel during a series of eventful years! The old theatre on Second street, commonly called the "Salt House," was probably the first scene of Tom's official duties. There he was, for years, perched upon a platform, about six feet above the prompter's head, grinning at the plays, and ready, without warning, to obey the bell. He was a fixture—always there, and never out of the way when wanted. This was not all. At an early age, I remember he was very watchful of the other officials behind the scenes, and every neglect of duty was duly noticed by Tom, and a juvenile cursing was duly administered to every delinquent. All bore with him—all liked Tom.

A new theatre was built in Mobile, in 1835. In the hurry of business, we neglected to employ a man to raise the curtain; nevertheless, at the ringing of the bell, the curtain went up—Tom was there. I do not know to this day how Tom in those days obtained his bread. He *slept* in the theatre—up by the curtain wheel.

The new St. Louis theatre was erected in 1837—Tom obeyed the bell, and has taken his station at the wheel, and drawn up the curtain every night of every season since. In 1840, another new theatre was built in Mobile. Mr. Ludlow, before the arrival of the company, unthinkingly engaged a man to raise the curtain. On the first night of performance, while the overture was being played, I heard a slight bustle above my head, and was about inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, when a human body fell at my feet, nearly senseless—it was the new curtain man! I looked up, and behold! Tom's face was peeping out from among the pulleys and ropes, like a large pumpkin from its own vines.

"Hollo, above there!" I hailed.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Tom.

"What's the meaning of this?" I inquired.

"The meaning is, sir," replied Tom—"that the fellow who lies there was interloping, sir—pretended he was engaged in *my place*! Ho! ho! ho!"

I pacified the knocked-down individual, and sent him away, leaving Tom in quiet and undisputed possession of his elevated post.

How did Tom travel? He was always on the boats that I travelled on—always looking out for the freight—always seeing to its embarkation and debarkation—and always cursing those who neglected their duty. He was the last to leave the theatre at the closing of a season, and the first to enter it on commencing a campaign. If any one was at a loss for a key—"where's Tom?" was the first inquiry, Tom could tell all about the keys—Tom could open every door.

After a number of years' close attention to business, Tom hinted that he was now "big enough" to receive a salary—so Tom's salary for raising the curtain was fixed at three dollars per week—but he earned something more by carrying to and from the theatre the bundles and boxes of the performers.

In latter years, Tom has been doing a pretty good business. He has earned, on an average, besides his salary for turning the wheel, about four dollars per week. Without orders, he takes the place of any one who happens to be absent, either from sickness or other cause.

On salary days, Tom's face is seen at twelve o'clock, peeping through the banisters, of the stairs leading to the director's room.

"Well, Tom, what do we owe *you* this week?"

"Why, sir," replies Tom—"I have been property man two days, that's three dollars—second carpenter four nights, eight dollars—paint-grinder half a day, fifty cents—back-doorkeeper one night, one dollar—and gas-man two nights and part of another, four dollars—in all, sixteen dollars and fifty cents—my salary added, makes nineteen dollars and fifty cents, sir."

"Very well, Tom, there it is."

"Thank you, sir!" Exit Tom, who is immediately after heard down in the vestibule—"Look here, you loafers! See how a *gentleman* is paid for his services. Ho! ho! ho!—But I'll be liberal—come down with me to the Shades, and I'll treat you all."

To while away the time on board of steamboats, we have frequently established "Courts of *Un-Common Pleas*." The mandates of these courts are generally obeyed with alacrity by the passengers; but once in a while a contumacious individual is found who cannot enjoy a joke, and who objects to be "fooled with." Whenever it has been my fortune to be appointed judge, I have stipulated that the sheriff should appoint Tom one of his deputies; and wo to the man who attempted to resist *him*. A word from me was enough for Tom—"Bring Such-a-one before the court!" "Ay, ay, sir," Tom would answer,—and a "return forthwith" would be made of the corpus required—sometimes minus a coat, which would be sacrificed in the useless struggle. I verily believe if I should command Tom to throw a man overboard, he would not hesitate a moment to obey me!

Tom can speak French as well as English, and can read and write very well in both languages—though where he *learned* to do *any* thing, except wind up curtains, I cannot tell.

Tom's appearance is very much like what we may suppose was that of the "Douglass creature," in Scott's Rob Roy.

A couple of years ago, Tom had some money left him by a relative—no one knew till then that Tom ever had a relative—and after dressing himself in



the best suit that could be had at Martin's, he spent the whole legacy in *hiring horses*!—taking especial care, however, to be at his post in time to wind up the curtain each night.

In the summer of 1843, there occurred a long vacation. On reopening, the bell was rung as usual, and (of course) the curtain rose—but it rose slowly—*very slowly*! "What can this mean?" I asked the master carpenter. "I believe, sir," replied Ellsworth, "Tom is not well—he got in late—he appears hurt." I ascended the winding stairs to the wheel, and there lay poor Tom, holding on to the crank,—which he had not been able to make fast—pale and haggard, and his skin hanging about his bones like—like—I can't think of a simile; but his appearance bore about as much resemblance to his former self as a *raisin* bears to a *ripe grape*. "Why, what's the matter with you, Tom?" I asked, soothingly, after relieving him of the crank; "What is the matter with you?"

Tom looked up gratefully into my face, and replied, "Ah, sir! they've played the d—l with my innards—stabbed me in eleven places!"

"Who have played the d—l with you?—who have stabbed you?" "Those cursed Mexicans, sir—the traders. I started with 'em for Santa Fe, just to fill up the vacation; but I hadn't gone more than seven hundred miles beyond Independence, when the infernal dark-skinned rascals picked a quarrel with me, because I wouldn't worship the Virgin every morning, and all stuck their knives into me."

Poor Tom!

"And didn't you wound any of *them*?" I asked.

"Wound any of 'em?" echoed Tom—"well, I believe you! I WOUND THREE OF THEM UP! They'll

never worship any more Virgins, in this world, I believe," he answered.

Tom recovered—and he continues to wind up the curtain nightly!

PIZARRO—AN UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECT.

"Pizarro" was one of our most popular stock plays. My brother Lem's *Rolla* was his best tragic character; when dressed for the part, he *looked* every inch an Indian chief. At Columbus, Ga., we produced this tragedy with *real Indians* for the *Peruvian army*. The effect was very *striking*, but there were some unrehearsed effects not set down in the bills. I had bargained with a chief for twenty-four Creek Indians, (to furnish their own bows, arrows, and tomahawks,) at 50 cents each, and a glass of whiskey. Unfortunately for the entire success of the performance, the whiskey was paid, and drank, in advance, causing a great degree of exhilaration among our new *supes*. They were ranged at the back of the theatre building in an open lot, during the performance of the first act; and on the commencement of the second, they were marshalled into the back door, and posted upon the stage behind the scenes. The entrance of *Rolla* was the signal for a "shout" by the company, carpenters, and scene-shifters—the Indians, supposing *their time had come*, raised such a yell as I am sure had never before been heard inside a theatre. This outburst being *que'd*, the scene between Alonzo, Cora, and the Peruvian chief was permitted to proceed to its termination uninterrupted; but when the scene changed to the "Temple of the Sun," disclosing the troops of *Rolla* (his "brave associates, partners of his toil, his feelings, and his fame,") drawn up on each side of the stage in battle array, the plaudits of the audience were answered by whoops and yells that might be, and no doubt were, heard a mile off. Order being partially restored, *Rolla* addressed his army, and was greeted with another series of shouts and yells, even louder than those which had preceded. Now came my turn to take part in the unique performance. As *High Priest of the Sun*, and followed by half a dozen virgins, and as many priests, with measured step, timed to slow music, I emerged from behind the scenes, and "with solemn march" perambulated the stage, in dumb show called down a blessing on the swords of King Ataliba and General *Rolla*, and in the usual impressive style, looking up into the front gallery, commenced the INVOCATION TO THE SUN. Before the time for the joining in of the chorus, I found I was not entirely alone in my singing. A humming sound, at first low and mournful, and rising gradually to "*forte*," greeted my ear; and when our chorus *did* join in the strain, it was quite overpowered by the rising storm of "*fortissimo*" sounds which were issuing from the stentorian lungs of the savages; in short, *the Indians were preparing for battle*, by executing in their most approved style, the CREEK WAR-SONG AND DANCE! To attempt stopping them, we found would be a vain task; so that after a moment or two of hesitation, the virgins made a precipitate retreat to their dressing rooms, where they carefully locked themselves in. The King, *Rolla*, and Orano stood their ground and were compelled to submit to the new order of things. The Indians kept up their song and war-dance for full half an hour, performing the most extraordinary feats ever exhibited on a stage, in their excitement scalping King Ataliba,

(taking off his wig,) demolishing the altar, and burning up the Sun! As for Lem and I, (Rolla and the High Priest,) we joined in with them, and danced until the perspiration fairly rolled from our bodies in large streams, the savages all the time flourishing their tomahawks and knives around our heads, and performing other little playfulness not by any means agreeable or desirable. At last, to put an end to a scene which was becoming more and more tiresome as it proceeded, an order was given to *drop the curtain*. This stroke of policy did not stop the ceremonies, which proceeded without intermission until the savages had finished their song and dance, when, each receiving his promised half-dollar, they consented to leave the house, and our play proceeded without them. Next night the same troupe came to the theatre and wanted to "*assist*" in the performance of "*Macbeth*," but I most positively declined their "valuable aid."

#### CURIOUS EFFECT OF MAGNESIA.

The barber who shaved me in this village, (Madison, Ga.,) a very black negro, had a light mulatto wife. They had several children of the proper shade of color, and one, the youngest, almost *white*. Being asked the reason of the last child's being so much whiter than the others, the barber very innocently answered that it was all owing to his wife having followed the advice of a white lady during her pregnancy, and taken a *great deal of magnesia and chalk to cure the dyspepsia*.

#### NEW ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE.

There lived in Macon, a dandified individual, whom we will call JENKS. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt-bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid-gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and, to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *REAL WHISKERS*! Of these whiskers, Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when Jenks came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

"I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it," replied Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one, "not *any* thing; you wouldn't sell your *WHISKERS*!"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. Jenks immediately answered: "I would—but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered Jenks, winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," Jenks answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

"Well, that is cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"Both of them?"

"Both of them."

"*I'll take them!* When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale as follows:

"Received of Sol. Smith, *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn, and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and Jenks left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a week after this, whenever I met Jenks, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that Jenks was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning, I met Jenks in a barber's shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, "perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down, and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked hesitatingly. "There's a *ball* to-night, you know—"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear *my* whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations when I suddenly *changed my mind*.

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said: "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems, the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys—"There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it was about time to *reap my crop*, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop, where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed *shaving operation* in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.*



"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied, coolly, "I'm in no sort of

a hurry myself—and now I think of it, as *your time* must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe *I'll not take the other whisker to-night.*"

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all would'n't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; *I was not obliged to take all at once;* and I chose to take but *half* at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he "*behaved himself,*" perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them, if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—*must* double my money?"

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at *that* price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

#### THE FLOATING THEATRE. 1838.

The "Chapman Family," consisting of old Mr. Chapman, William Chapman, George Chapman, Caroline Chapman, and Harry and Therese Chapman, (children,) came to the West this summer, opened a theatre at Louisville, and afterwards established and carried into operation that singular affair, the "Floating Theatre," concerning which so many anecdotes are told. The "family" were all extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits" the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the Ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," (Act iv., Scene 1,) there was a long stage wait for *Francis*, the servant of the misanthropic *Count Walburgh*.

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger.

No reply.

"Francis! Francis!" (*A pause.*) "Francis!" rather angrily called the Stranger again.

A VERY DISTANT VOICE. "Coming, sir!" (*A considerable pause, during which the Stranger walks up and down, a la Macready, in a great rage.*)

"Francis!"

FRANCIS, (*entering.*) Here I am, sir.

STRANGER. Why did you not come when I called?

FRANCIS. Why, sir, I was just hauling in one of the biggest cat-fish you ever saw!

It was some minutes before the laughter of the audience could be restrained sufficiently to allow the play to proceed.

It was said of this Floating Theatre that it was

cast loose during a performance at one of the river towns in Indiana, by some mischievous boys, and could not be landed for half a dozen miles, the large audience being compelled to walk back to their village.

#### BOY PETER AND THE PREACHER.

Of the various stopping-places, when journeying from town to town in Georgia, I remember none with more pleasure than the "Old Station,"—Capt. Crowell's. The arrival of our company, always announced by an *avant courier*, was the cause of a holiday with the jolly old captain and his amiable family. Such delicious fare as we had at the station! and with it always such a hearty welcome! Ah! I *must* travel through that country again—and *will*, if my life is spared another year.

The captain had a boy named PETER; rather an old *boy*—say between fifty and sixty years of age—a negro, in whose judgment he had great confidence. When in the least doubt on any matter, he always appealed to Peter, who never failed to give his opinion honestly, bluntly, and immediately. Sometimes the travelling community crowded on him in such numbers, that the worthy captain found it difficult, even with his "ample room and verge," to accommodate the late comers. After talking the matter over, he would appeal to his black oracle. "It don't seem to me we can possibly accommodate any more; every bed is engaged. Peter, what do *you* think?" "Put 'em on blankets by the fire," Peter would suggest, if favorably inclined to the travellers; if otherwise, his answer would probably be—"Can't take in anudder one;" and the Captain always confirmed Peter's decision, exclaiming, "Peter is right."

It so happened on one occasion, when we were sojourners with Captain Crowell, that a travelling preacher came along rather late in the evening, and applied for accommodation.

"Don't believe we can take you in, stranger; mighty full to-night—got the play actors here—jolly set! full, jam up!" said the captain.

"I regret exceedingly that you cannot accommodate me, as I am fatigued and hungry, having been in the saddle since sunrise," mildly replied the preacher, as he turned his horse's head to pursue his journey.

The captain relented a little. "Fatigued and hungry! The devil! It won't do to turn a man off fatigued and hungry,—what do *you* say, Peter?"

Peter, who had been waiting for the question, answered,—"Better call um back," which was instantly done.

"Holloo! Stranger! Holloo! you with the saddle-bags! Come back and 'light—we'll see what we can do for you."

The preacher did not wait for a second invitation, but returned and dismounted.

"I don't like preachers much—nor Peter either; but mother and the girls have no objections to 'em," mumbled the captain as he took the saddle-bags and put them safely away. "I'll be dot darned if I know what to do with him, though—every thing is full. What do *you* say, Peter?"

"Put him in de bar," answered Peter, and it was so arranged. "Peter is right!" exclaimed the captain.

After supper, the preacher proposed that we should have family worship, saying that Mrs. Crowell and the young ladies had accorded their consent

to such a proceeding. The captain was taken completely aback. The truth is, he had ordered Peter to make a tremendous bowl of punch, and had calculated on passing the evening in a jolly and convivial way. The proposed, "family worship" didn't seem exactly compatible; yet he disliked to refuse, as the females seemed to favor it.

"Well, stranger," said he, "I don't know what to think about this here business. I didn't expect when we took you in, that you would knock up our fun; that is, I didn't exactly look for you to go in for any of your preachin' fixins; the fact is, we have company to-night, (lowering his voice,) who ain't much used to that sort of thing; in short—What do *you* say, Peter?"

"Let him go it," replied Peter at once, knowing that it would gratify his mistress.

So the travellers and family were gathered together in the bar-room, and the worthy Presbyterian commenced one of those extensively long prayers which appear to have no end, and in which the Almighty is *told what to do* with his creatures in all their varied walks of life. The captain stood it pretty well for the first quarter of an hour, but after awhile he began to get mighty uneasy. Looking first one way and then another, his eye at length rested on Peter, who was standing on the outside of the door, bearing in his arms a large bowl. He had been tempted several times to stop the clergyman, but now he determined to submit the matter to an umpire that never failed to decide correctly—accordingly, in a loud whisper, he propounded the question—"What do you say, Peter?"

"Better quit it," was the decision of Peter, who almost immediately added—"Punch is ready."

The captain gave a gentle jog to the long-winded Presbyterian, and said—"Peter thinks we'd better bring this matter to an end. We've got a splendid bowl of punch; and as soon as you can conveniently come to 'Amen,' perhaps it would be as well to wind up."

The minister did "wind up" rather suddenly, and the "family worship" was over for that night. I feel compelled to add that the preacher, after a little urging, drank his full share of the punch, and the evening passed off pleasantly, ending with the stowing away of the worthy divine in the little room known as the "bar," where he rested as well, probably, as he would have done in the best bed-room—his long ride in a drizzling rain, assisted by the comforting contents of Peter's punch bowl, predisposing him to a sound sleep.

It had been told me for a fact that Capt. Crowell had said no man should marry his daughter who could not *out-jump her*. At the time I travelled in that country, it was said she had out-jumped all the young men who had come to woo her; but the captain felt pretty certain that when the *right one* should come, *she wouldn't jump so well*. More than likely, long before this time she has been "won and wed."

#### APPRECIATION OF A HUSBAND.

Between Caleda Swamp and Line Creek, in the "Nation," we saw considerable of a crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey. The first thing I noticed on alighting, was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and

standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was stone-dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house partially to fall. About five paces from the body of the horse, lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives. As I said, most of the crowd were seated and smoking.

"What is all this?" I inquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter?" after a while, answered one in a drawling voice, giving a good spit, and refilling his mouth with a new cud. "Matter enough; there's been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman—"the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he run his hoss chuck agin the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors *here*," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy couldn't save either of 'em, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife and children?" inquired I.

"No children, that I knows on," answered a female, who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife, then?" I remarked. "What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this most unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female—"it was an unfortunate race—poor man, he lost the whiskey."

"Do you happen to know his wife?—has she been informed of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquiries.

"Do I *know* her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman. "Well, I reckon you



ain't acquainted about these parts. I am the unfortunate widder."

"You, madam! You the wife of this man who has been so untimely cut off?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, and what about it?" said she. "Untimely cut off? His throat's cut, that's all, by that 'tarnal sharp end of a log; and as for its being *untimely*, I don't know but it's as well now as any time—he *warn't of much account no how!*"

She resumed her smoking, and we resumed our journey.

## A BULLY BOAT AND A BRAG CAPTAIN.

### A Story of Steamboat Life on the Mississippi.

BY SOL. SMITH. 1845.

Does any one remember the Caravan? She was what would now be considered a slow boat;—*then* [1827] she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the Caravan ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls, (Louisville), I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a time of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The Captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag*. We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty *above*, (the other pilot held three acres

at the time, and was just calling out the Captain, who "went it strong" on three kings,) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy Captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below*, and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck, where he soon discovered, by the landmarks, that we were about half a mile from a woodyard, which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the Captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed to her utmost, and, in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees, alongside of a good-sized wood-pile.

"Hollo, Colonel! how d'ye sell your wood *this time?*"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two weeks'



beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his arm-pits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat, which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat, and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our “spring line,” answered,

“Why, Capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter* *this time*.”



“The d—l!” replied the Captain—(Captains did swear a little in those days) “what’s the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know? You only charged me *three* as I went down.”

“Why, Capting,” drawled out the wood merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, “wood’s riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are aware that you very seldom stop going *down*—when your’e going *up*, you’re sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current’s aginst you, and there’s no other wood-yard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of foel, why?”

“Well, well,” interrupted the Captain, “we’ll take a few cords, under the circumstances,”—and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour, we felt the Caravan commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-table, where the Captain was deeply engaged, having now the *other* pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly—and seemed to be going at a good rate.

“How does that wood burn?” inquired the Captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

“Tisn’t of much account, I reckon,” answered the mate—“it’s cotton-wood, and most of it green ~~at that~~.”

“Well, Thompson—(three aces, again, stranger—I’ll take that X and the small change, if you please

—it’s your deal)—Thompson, I say, we’d better take three or four cords at the next wood-yard—it can’t be more than six miles from here—(two aces and a bragger, with the age! hand over those V’s.)”

The game went on, and the paddles kept moving. At eleven o’clock, it was reported to the Captain that we were nearing the wood-yard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

“Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords, if it’s good—see to it, Thompson, I can’t very well leave the game now—it’s getting right warm! This pilot’s beating us all to smash.”

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The Captain seemed somewhat vexed, when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last wood-yard—*three and a quarter*; but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no state-rooms *then*), I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the Captain and the pilots, (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag,) *one* of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their “*anties*.” They were anxious to *learn the game*—and they *did* learn it! Once in awhile, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the Captain or pilot—or if they *did* venture to “call out” on “two bullits and a bragger,” they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable*! Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At two o’clock, the Captain asked the mate how we were getting on?

“Oh, pretty glibly, sir,” replied the mate; “we can scarcely tell what headway we *are* making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at yellow-face’s, but we’re nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right—shall we hail?”

“Yes, yes,” replied the Captain, “ring the bell and ask ‘em what’s the price of wood up here?—I’ve got you again; here’s double kings.”

I heard the bell and the pilot’s hail: “What’s *your* price for wood?”

A youthful voice on the shore answered: “Three *and a quarter*!”

“D—n it!” ejaculated the Captain, who had just lost the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—“Three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country?—deal, sir, if you please—better luck next time.” The other pilot’s voice was again heard on deck—

“How much *have* you?”

“Only about ten cords, sir,” was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The Captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the Caravan again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag-party broke

up, and settlements were being made, during which operations the Captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more, if he could have procured good wood. It appears, the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The Captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining, now he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an undertone,—"Forty a-piece for you and I and James (the other pilot) is not bad for one night."

I had risen and went out with the Captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in *my* expectation. We were nearing the shore for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

"There it is!" exclaimed the Captain, "stop her!"—Ding—ding—ding! went the big bell, and the Captain hailed:

"Hollo! the wood-yard!"

"Hollo yourself!" answered a squeaking female

voice, which came from a woman, with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

"What's the price of wood?"

"I think you ought to know the price by this time," answered the old lady in the petticoat—"it's three and a qua-arter! and now you know it."

"Three and the d—!" broke in the Captain—what, have you raised on *your* wood too! I'll give you *three*, and not a cent more."

"Well," replied the petticoat, "here comes the old man—he'll talk to you."

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-colored pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cotton-wood, squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance;

"Why darn it all, Capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you*, I don't care if I do let you have it for *three*—as *you're a good customer*!"

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the Captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that *we had been wooding all night at the same wood-yard!*

## THE FASTEST FUNERAL ON RECORD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE. 1846.

Hurrah! hurrah! the dead ride fast—  
Dost fear to ride with me.—BURGER'S LEONORA.  
This fellow has no feeling of his business.—HAMLET.

I HAD just crossed the long bridge leading from Boston to Cambridgeport, and was plodding my dusty way on foot through that not very agreeable suburb, on a sultry afternoon in July, with a very creditable thunder-cloud coming up in my rear, when a stout elderly gentleman, with a mulberry face, a brown coat, and pepper-and-salt smalls, reined up his nag, and after learning that I was bound for Old Cambridge, politely invited me to take a seat beside him in the little sort of a tax-cart he was driving. Nothing loth, I consented, and we were soon *en route*. The mare he drove was a very peculiar animal. She had few good points to the eye, being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin in the shoulders, bald-faced, and rejoicing in a little stump of a tail which was almost entirely innocent of hair. But there were "lots of muscle," as Major Longbow says, in her hind quarters.

"She ain't no Venus, sir," said my new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny—"but handsome is as handsome does. Them's my sentiments. She's a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, Sir! That there mare, sir, has made good time—I may say, *very* good time before the hearse."

"Before the hearse?"

"Before the hearse! S'pose you never heard of *burying a man on time*? I'm a sexton, sir, and undertaker—JACK CROSSBONES, at your service—"Daddy Crossbones" they call me at PORTER'S."

"Ah! I understand. Your mare ran away with the hearse."

"Ran away! A child could hold her. Oh! yes, of course she ran away," added the old gentleman, looking full in my face with a very quizzical expression, and putting the forefinger of his right hand on the right side of his party-colored proboscis.

"My dear sir," said I, "you have excited my curiosity amazingly, and I should esteem it a particular favor if you would be a little less oracular and a little more explicit."

"I don't know as I'd ought to tell you," said my new acquaintance, very slowly and tantalizingly. "If you was one of these here writing chaps, you might poke it in the 'Spirit of the Times,' and then it would be all day with me. But I don't care if I do make a clean breast of it. Honor bright, you know!"

"Of course."

"Well, then, I live a piece up beyond Old Cambridge—you can see our steeple off on a hill to the right, when we get a little further. Well, one day, I had a customer—(he was carried off by the typhus)—which had to be toted into town—cause why? he had a vault there. So I rubbed down the old mare and put her in the fills. Ah! Sir! that critter knows as much as an Injun, and more than a Nigger. She's as sober 'as be d—d' when she gets the shop—that's what I call the hearse—behind her. You would not think she was a three-minute nag, to look at her. Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort of providential inspiration, the day before, I took off the old wooden springs and set the



body on elliptics. For I thought it a hard case that a gentleman who'd been riding easy all his life, should go to his grave on wooden springs. Ah! I deal well by my customers. I thought of patent boxes to the wheels, but I couldn't afford it, and the parish are so mighty stingy.

"Well, I got him in, and led off the string—fourteen hacks, and a dearborn wagon at the tail of the funeral. We made a fine show. As luck would have it, just as we came abreast of Porter's, out slides that eternal torment, BILL SIKES, in his new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he bought for a fast crab, and is mighty good for a rush, but hain't got nigh so much bottom as the mare. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's a mere feather. Well, sir, Bill came up alongside, and walked his horse a bit. He looked at the mare and then at me, and then he winked. Then he looked at his nag and put his tongue in his cheek, and winked. I looked straight ahead, and only said to myself, 'Cuss you, Bill Sikes.' By and by, he let his horse slide. He travelled about a hundred yards, and then held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It was d—d aggravatin'. Says I to myself, says I—"that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub—but you doesn't do that 'ere again.' The third time he bantered me, I let him have it. It was only saying 'Scat, you brute!' and she was off—that mare. He had all the odds, you know, for I was toting a two hundred pounder, and he ought to have beat me like breaking sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at the first brush, for I told you the brown horse was a mighty fast one for a little ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no whip, and he could use his string—but he had his hands full. Side by side, away we went. Rattle-te-bang! crack! buz! thump! And I afraid of losing my customer on the road. But I was more afraid of losing the race. The re-

putation of the old mare was at stake, and I swore she should have a fair chance. We went so fast that the posts and rails by the road-side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. The hackmen did not know what the — was to pay, and, afraid of not being in at the death, they put the string onto their teams, and came clattering on behind as if Satan had kicked 'em on end. Some of the mourners was sporting characters, and they craned out of the carriage windows and waved their handkerchiefs. The President of Harvard College himself, inspired by the scene, took off his square tile as I passed his house, and waving it three times round his head, cried, 'Go it, boots!' It is a fact. And I beat him, sir! I beat him, in three miles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, in despair.

"His horse was off his feed for a week, and when he took to corn again he wasn't worth a straw. It was acknowledged on all hands to be the fastest funeral on record, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm an undertaker, sir, and I never yet was overtaken."

On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where the sporting sexton left me, I found that his story was strictly true in all the main particulars. A terrible rumpus was kicked up about the race, but Crossbones swore lustily that the mare had run away—that he had sawed away two inches of her lip in trying to hold her up, and that he could not have done otherwise, unless he had run her into a fence and spilled his "customer" into the ditch. If any one expects to die anywhere near the sexton's *dig-gings*, I can assure him that the jolly old boy is still alive and kicking, the very "Ace of Hearts" and "Jack of Spades," and that now both patent boxes and elliptic springs render his professional conveyance the easiest running thing on the road.

"Lawks, sakes, Nancy," said a Lowell factory girl to a friend, just arrived, "you hain't no idee how

tickled I be to see you." "Guess, Betsey, you can't be more *tickleder* nor I be," was the reply.

## LOVE IN THE BOWERY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE. 1846.

The course of true love didn't never run smooth.—SHAKSPEERE—*Bowery Edition.*

I SEEN her on the sidewalk,  
When I run with No. 9:  
My eyes spontaneous sought out hern—  
And hern was fixed on mine.  
She waved her pocket handkerchief,  
As we went rushin' by—  
No boss that ever killed in York  
Was happier than I.  
I felt that I had done it;  
And what had won her smile—  
'Twas them embroidered braces,  
And that 'ere immortal tile.

I sought her out at Wauxhall,  
Afore that place was shet—  
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',  
I recollect it yet.  
I gin her cords of peanuts,  
And a apple and a "wet."  
Oh! that happy, happy evenin',  
I recollect it yet.

I took her out to Harlem—  
On the road we cut a swell,  
And the nag we had afore us  
Went twelve mile afore he fell.  
And though ven he struck the pavement,  
The "Crab" began to fail,  
I got another mile out—  
By twisting of his tail.

I took her to the Bowery—  
She sat long side of me—

They acted out a piece they called,  
"The Wizard of the Sea,"  
And when the sea-fight was fetched on,  
Eliza cried "hay! hay!"  
And like so many minutes there  
Five hours slipped away.

Before the bridle halter,  
I thought to call her mine—  
The day was fixed when she to me  
Her hand and heart should jine.  
The rum old boss, the father, swore  
He'd gin her out er hand,  
Two hundred cash—and also treat  
To number 9's men stand.

But bless me! if she didn't slip  
Her halter on the day;  
A peddler from Connecticut,  
He carried her away.  
And when the news was brought to me,  
I felt almighty blue;  
And though I didn't shed no tear,  
Perhaps I cussed "a few."

Well, let it pass—there's other gals,  
As beautiful as she;  
And many a butcher's lovely child  
Has cast sheep's eyes at me.  
I wears no crape upon my hat,  
'Cause I'm a packin' sent—  
I only takes a extra horn,  
Observing, "LET HER WENT!"

## TIM CRANE AND THE WIDOW.

FROM "THE BEDOTT PAPERS." BY FRANCIS M. WHICHER. 1846.

O no, Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means, 'tain't a minnit tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married agin. I am amazed you should be afeerd I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane ben dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why I've know'd a number of individdiwals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennett's widder t' I was a talkin' about jest now—she't was Louisy Perce—her husband hadent been dead but *ihree* months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry—but for a *man* it's a different thing—circumstances alters cases, you know. And then, sittiwated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a turrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic consarns and tend to the children—to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grievous! Why Squire Titus didnt wait but *six* weeks arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther wa'n't no partickler need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt

out, tew! 't was very unsuitable—but every man to his taste—I hain't no dispersion to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old farmer Dawson, tew—his pardner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure he ain't married yet—but he would a ben long enough ago if somebody I know on'd gin him any incurridgement. But tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter and as rich as a Jew—but—lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr. Smith—Jubiter Smith you know him, Mr. Crane—his wife (she 't was Aurora Pike) she died last summer, and he's ben squintin' round among the wimmin ever since, and he *may* squint for all the good it 'll dew him so far as I 'm consarned—tho' Mr. Smith's a respectable man—quite young and hain't no family—very well off tew, and quite intellectible—but I'm purty partickler. O, Mr. Crane! it's ten year come Jinniuary sence I witnessed the expiration o' my beloved companion!—an oncommon long time to wait, to be sure—but 't ain't easy to find any body to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think *you're* the most like

husband of any individuiwl I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! curus you should be afeard I'd think 'twas tew soon—why I've know'd—"

MR. CRANE. "Well, widder—I've been thinking about taking another companion—and I thought I'd ask you—"

WIDOW. "O, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantlety shelf—I'm ruther faint—dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There—that'll dew—I'm obleeged tew ye—now I'm ruther more composed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane."

MR. CRANE. "Well widder, I was agoing to ask you whether—whether—"

WIDOW. "Continner, Mr. Crane—dew—I knew it's turrible embarrassin'. I remember when my de-zassed husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's ginnerally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're ginnerally oncerting about what kind of an answer they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an individuiwl has reason to suppose his attachment's re-perated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' frustrated—tho' I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me—pray continner."

MR. C. "Well then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?"

WIDOW. "The dragon!"

MR. C. "I hain't said anything to her about it yet.—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didnt go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time and speak to the old woman first—"

WIDOW. "*Old woman*, hey! that's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I *must* confess, I didnt think you was *quite* so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to s'pose she'd look at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat tew! I wonder what this world *is* a comin tew: 't is astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!"

MR. C. "Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls."

WIDOW. "Shet yer head, Tim Crane—nun o' yer sass to me. *There's* yer hat on that are table, and *here's* the door—and the sooner you put on *one* and march out o' t' other, the better it'll be for you. And I advise you afore you try to git married agin, to go out west and see 'f yer wife's cold—and arter ye're satisfied on that pint, jest put a little lamplblack on yer hair—'twould add to yer appearance undoubtedly, and be of service tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when ye've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' yer back—'t woudnt hurt yer looks a



mite—you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a *little* grain straiter."

MR. C. "Well, I never!"

WIDOW. "Hold yer tongue—you consarned old coot you—I tell ye *there's* your hat, and *there's* the door—be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick."

MR. C. "Gimmeni!"

WIDOW, (rising.) "Git out, I say—I ain't agwine to stan' here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so git along—and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the woss for you—that's all."

MR. C. "Treemenjous! What a buster!"

WIDOW. "Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word (stops her ears). I won't, I won't, I won't."

[Exit Mr. Crane.]

(Enter Melissa, accompanied by Captain Canoot.)

"Good evenin', cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? why didnt you stay till mornin'? purty business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you—when I'm eny most tired to death iornin' and workin' like a slave all day;—ought to ben a bed an hour ago. Thought ye left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always despised the critter; always thought he was a turrible fool—and now I'm convinced on 't. I'm completely dizgusted with him—and I let him know it to-night. I gin him a piece o' my mind 't I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I ruther think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why, cappen—did ye ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days? for *him*—Tim Crane—to durst to expire to my hand—the widder o' Deacon Bedott! jest as if I'd condescen' to look at *him*—the old numbskull! He don't know B from a broomstick; but if he'd a stayed much longer, I'd a teachd him the difference, I guess. He's got his *walkin' ticket* now—I hope he'll lemme alone in futur. And where's Kier? Gun home with the





Cranes, hey ! well, I guess it's the last time. And now Melissy Bedott, you ain't to have nothin' more to dew with them gals—d'ye hear? you ain't to sociate with 'em at all arter this—'t would only be incurridgin th' old man to come a pesterin me agin—and I won't have him round—d'ye hear? Don't be in a hurry, cappen—and don't be alarmed at my gittin' in such passion about old Crane's presumption.

Mabby you think 'twas onfeelin' in me to use him so—and I don't say but what 't was *ruther*, but then he's so awful dizagreeable tew me, you know—'tain't *everybody* I'd treat in such a way. Well, if you *must* go, good evenin' ! Give my love to Hanner when you write agin—dew call frequently, Cappen Canoot, dew."

## A MODEST REQUEST.

*Complied with after the Dinner at President Everett's Inauguration.*

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1846.

SCENE,—a back parlor in a certain square,  
Or court, or lane,—in short no matter where;  
Time,—early morning, dear to simple souls  
Who love its sunshine, and its fresh-baked rolls;  
Persons,—take pity on this telltale blush,  
That, like the *Æthiop*, whispers "Hush, O hush !"

Delightful scene ! where smiling comfort broods,  
Nor business frets, nor anxious care intrudes;  
*O si sic omnia !* were it ever so !  
But what is stable in this world below !  
*Medio e fonte*.—Virtue has her faults,—  
The clearest fountains taste of Epsom salts;  
We snatch the cup and lift to drain it dry,—  
Its central dimple holds a drowning fly !

Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial streams,  
But stronger augers pierce its thickest beams;  
No iron gate, no spiked and pannelled door,  
Can keep out death, the postman, or the bore ;—  
O for a world where peace and silence reign,  
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain !  
—The door bell jingles,—enter Richard Fox,  
And takes this letter from his leathern box.



"Dear Sir,  
In writing on a former day,  
One little matter I forgot to say ;  
I now inform you in a single line,  
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.  
The act of feeding, as you understand,  
Is but a fraction of the work in hand ;  
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat  
The papers call 'the intellectual treat' ;  
Songs, speeches, toasts, around the festive board,  
Drowned in the juice the College pumps afford ;  
For only water flanks our knives and forks,  
So, sink or float, we swim without the corks.  
Yours is the art, by native genius taught,  
To clothe in eloquence the naked thought ;  
Yours is the skill its music to prolong  
Through the sweet effluence of mellifluous song ;  
Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy line  
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine ;  
And since success your various gifts attends,  
We,—that is I and all your numerous friends,—  
Expect from you,—your single self a host,—  
A speech, a song, excuse me, *and* a toast .  
Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,  
A few of each, or several of the same.  
(Signed) yours, *most truly*, ———"

No ! my sight must fail,—  
If that ain't Judas on the largest scale !

Well, this is modest ;—nothing else than that ?  
My coat ? my boots ? my pantaloons ? my hat ?  
My stick ? my gloves ? as well as all my wits,  
Learning and linen,—every thing that fits !

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you'll try,  
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you're dry ?  
Ah, said the sailor, though I can't refuse,  
You know, my lady, 't ain't for me to choose ;—  
I'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,  
And drink the toddy while you mix the punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,  
Looks very red, because so very green.)  
I rise—I rise—with unaffected fear,  
(Louder !—speak louder !—who the deuce can  
hear ?)  
I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay—  
—Such are my feelings as I rise, I say !



Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,  
 Already gorged with eloquence and song;  
 Around my view are ranged on either hand  
 The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land;  
 "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed"  
 Close at my elbow stir their lemonade;  
 Would you like Homer learn to write and speak?  
 That bench is groaning with its weight of Greek;  
 Behold the naturalist that in his teens  
 Found six new species in a dish of greens;  
 And lo, the master in a statelier walk,  
 Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of chalk;  
 And there the linguist, that by common roots  
 Through all their nurseries tracks old Noah's  
 shoots,—  
 How Shem's proud children reared the Assyrian  
 piles,  
 While Ham's were scattered through the Sandwich  
 Isles!

— Fired at the thought of all the present shows,  
 My kindling fancy down the future flows;  
 I see the glory of the coming days  
 O'er time's horizon shoot its streaming rays;  
 Near and more near the radiant morning draws  
 In living lustre (rapturous applause);  
 From east to west the blazing heralds run,  
 Loosed from the chariot of the ascending sun,  
 Through the long vista of uncounted years  
 In cloudless splendor (three tremendous cheers).  
 My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,  
 Sees a new advent of the age of gold:  
 While o'er the scene new generations press,  
 New heroes rise the coming time to bless,—  
 Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,  
 Dined without forks and never heard of soap,—  
 Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel brings,  
 Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,  
 Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style,—  
 But genuine articles,—the true Carlyle;  
 While far on high the blazing orb shall shed  
 Its central light on Harvard's holy head,  
 And Learning's ensigns ever float unfurled  
 Here in the focus of the new-born world!

The speaker stops, and, trampling down the pause,  
 Roars through the hall the thunder of applause,  
 One stormy gust of long suspended Ahs!  
 One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs!

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer line,—  
 A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine;—  
 Long metre answers for a common song,  
 Though common metre does not answer long.

She came beneath the forest dome  
 To seek its peaceful shade,  
 An exile from her ancient home,—  
 A poor forsaken maid;  
 No banner, flaunting high above,  
 No blazoned cross, she bore;  
 One holy book of light and love  
 Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,  
 And wider spread the green,  
 And, where the savage used to stray,  
 The rising mart was seen;

So, when the laden winds had brought  
 Their showers of golden rain,  
 Her lap some precious gleanings caught,  
 Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled  
 Among the baser churls,  
 To see her ankles red with gold,  
 Her forehead white with pearls:  
 "Who gave to thee the glittering bands  
 That lace thine azure veins?  
 Who bade thee lift those snow-white hands  
 We bound in gilded chains?"

"These are the gems my children gave,"  
 The stately dame replied;  
 "The wise, the gentle, and the brave,  
 I nurtured at my side;  
 If envy still your bosom stings,  
 Take back their rims of gold;  
 My sons will melt their wedding rings,  
 And give a hundred fold!"

THE TOAST.—O tell me, ye who thoughtless ask  
 Exhausted nature for a threefold task,  
 In wit or pathos if one share remains,  
 A safe investment for an ounce of brains?  
 Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,  
 A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.  
 Turned by the current of some stronger wit  
 Back from the object that you mean to hit,  
 Like the strange missile which the Australian  
 throws

Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the nose.  
 One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt,  
 One trivial letter ruins all, left out;  
 A knot can choke a felon into clay,  
 A not will save him, spelt without the k;  
 The smallest word has some unguarded spot,  
 And danger lurks in i without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal  
 In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;  
 Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood doused,  
 Had saved his bacon, had his feet been soured!  
 Accursed heel, that killed a hero stout!  
 O, had your mother known that you were out,  
 Death had not entered at the trifling part  
 That still defies the small surgeon's art  
 With corns and bunions,—not the glorious John  
 Who wrote the book we all have pondered on,—  
 But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
 To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes!

A health, unmingled with the reveller's wine,  
 To him whose title is indeed divine;  
 Truth's sleepless watchman on her midnight tower,  
 Whose lamp burns brightest when the tempests'  
 lower.

O who can tell with what a leaden flight  
 Drag the long watches of his weary night;  
 While at his feet the hoarse and blinding gale  
 Strews the torn wreck and bursts the fragile sail,  
 When stars have faded, when the wave is dark,  
 When rocks and sands embrace the foundering bark,  
 And still he pleads with unavailing cry.  
 Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die!

A health, fair Themis! Would the enchanted vine  
Wreathed its green tendrils round this cup of  
thine;

If Learning's radiance fill thy modern court,  
Its glorious sunshine streams through Blackstone's  
port!

Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients too,  
Witness at least, if memory serves me true,  
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,  
Where men sought justice ere they brushed their  
boots;—

And what can match, to solve a learned doubt,  
The warmth within that comes from "cold with-  
out"?

Health to the art whose glory is to give  
The crowning boon that makes it life to live.  
Ask not her home;—the rock where nature flings  
Her arctic lichen, last of living things,

The gardens, fragrant with the Orient's balm,  
From the low jasmine to the star-like palm,  
Hail her as mistress o'er the distant waves,  
And yield their tribute to her wandering slaves.  
Wherever, moistening the ungrateful soil,  
The tear of suffering tracks the path of toil,  
There, in the anguish of his fevered hours,  
Her gracious finger points to healing flowers;  
Where the lost felon steals away to die,  
Her soft hand waves before his closing eye;  
Where hunted misery finds his darkest lair,  
The midnight taper shows her kneeling there!

VIRTUE,—the guide that men and nations own;  
And LAW,—the bulwark that protects her throne;  
And HEALTH,—to all its happiest charm that lends;  
These and their servants, man's untiring friends;  
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself lets fall,—  
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

## THE COMET.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Comet! He is on his way,  
And singing as he flies;  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
The spectre of the skies;  
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
And Satellites turn pale,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,  
He flashes and he flames;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names;  
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—  
Away, away they fly,  
Where darkness might be bottled up  
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea,  
If in the bearded devil's path  
Our earth should chance to be?  
Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
Full red the forest gleam;  
Methought I saw and heard it all  
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube  
The Comet's course to spy;  
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays  
Had stewed the tutor's eye;  
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all  
Were armed with goggles green;  
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!  
Bang went the magazine!



I saw a poet dip a scroll  
Each moment in a tub,  
I read upon the warping back,  
"The Dream of Beelzebub";  
He could not see his verses burn,  
Although his brain was fried,  
And ever and anon he bent  
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
The crackling, sweating pines,  
And streams of smoke, like water-sprouts  
Burst through the rumbling mines;  
I asked the firemen why they made  
Such noise about the town;  
They answered not,—but all the while  
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
Upon a baking egg;  
I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
Extinguishing his leg;

I saw nine geese upon the wing  
Towards the frozen pole,  
And every mother's gosling fell  
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
Writhe in the blistering rays,  
The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
Was all a fiery blaze;  
I saw hugh fishes, boiled to rags,  
Bob through the bubbling brine;  
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;  
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!  
Its memory haunts me still,  
The streaming sea, the crimson glare,  
That wreathed each wooded hill;  
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain  
Such midnight visions sweep,  
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,  
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

## HE WANTED TO SEE THE ANIMAL.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM. 1846.

THE publishers of a well known periodical in Boston, have placed in front of their office, in Tremont street, a very extensive sign board, upon which is emblazoned the words—

### "LITTELL'S LIVING AGE."

A green horn, fresh caught—who came to this city to look at the "glorious *Fourth*"—chanced to be passing towards the common, when his attention was arrested by the above cabalistic syllables. Upon one side of Bromfield street he saw the big sign, upon the other the word "MUSEUM."

"Wal," said he to himself, "I've hearn tell o' them museums, but a '*livin'* age,' big or little, must be one o' them curiosities we read about."

He stepped quietly across the street, and wiping his face, approached one of the windows, in which were displayed several loose copies of the work. He read upon the covers, "Littell's Living Age," and upon a card, "Popular Magazine—only one of its kind in the country," etc.

"*Magazine!* Wal, that beats thunder all teu smash! I've hearn about *powder* magazines, an' all that; —wal, I reck'n I'll see the crittur, enny how!"—and thus determined, he cautiously approached the door. A young man stood in the entrance.

"When does it open?" asked the countryman.

"What, sir?"

"Wot time does it begin?"

"*What?*"

"The show!"

"*What show?*"

"Wy, that are—*this*"—continued our innocent friend, pointing up to the sign.

The young man evidently supposed the stranger insane—and turning on his heel, walked into the office.

"Wal, I dun no 'bacut that feller, much—but I

reck'n I hevn't cum a hundred miles to be fooled—I ain't, and I'm goin' teu see the crittur, sure."

"*Hello!* I say, Mr. Wot's-name, there—door-keeper! *Hel-lo!*"

A clerk stepped to the door at once, and inquired the man's business.

"Wot do I want? Wy, I want to see the *animal*, that's all."

"*What animal?*"

"Wy, this crittur——."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Wal—you don't luk as ef you *could* understand nobuddy, enny how. Jes send the doorkeeper yere."

By this time, a crowd had collected in and about the doorway, and the green 'un let off something like the following:—

"That chap as went in fust, thar, ain't nobuddy, ef he has got a swaller-tailed coat on. My money's as good as his'n, and it's a free country to-day. This young man ain't to be fooled easy, now I tell you. I cum down to see the *Fourth*, and I've seen him. This mornin' I see the elephant, naow I'm bound to see *this* crittur. *Hel-lo*—there, mister!"

As no one replied to him, however, he ventured again into the office, with the crowd at his heels, and addressing one of the attendants, he inquired—

"Wot's the price, nabur?"

"The price of *what*, sir?"

"Of the show!"

"There is no show here."

"*No show!* What'n thunder der yer leave the sign out for, then?"

"What would you like to see, sir?" said another gentleman.

"Why, I want to see the *animal*."

"The *animal*?"

"Yes—the crittur."

"I really do not understand, sir."

"Why yes, yer *deu*. I mean the *wol's-name*, out there"—pointing to the door.

"Where?"

"Hevn't yer gut a sign over the door, of a '*little livin*'—sumthin', hereabouts?"

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE?"

"*That's* the crittur—their's um—trot him aout, nabur, and yere's yure putty."

Having discovered that he was right (as he supposed), he hopped about, and got near the door again.

Pending the conversation, some rascally wag in the crowd, had contrived to attach half a dozen lighted fire-crackers to the skirt of our green friend's coat; and as he stood in the attitude of passing to

the supposed doorkeeper a quarter—crack! bang! went the fire-works, and at the same instant, a loafer out at the top of his lungs—"look out! *the crittur's loose!*"

Perhaps the countryman didn't leave a wide wake behind him in that crowd, and maybe he didn't astonish the multitude along Colonnade Row, as he dashed towards the foot of the Common, with his smoking coat-tails streaming in the wind!

Our victim struck a bee-line for the Providence Depot, reaching it just as the cars were ready to go out. The crowd arrived as the train got under way, and the last we saw of the "unfortunate," he was seated at a window whistling most vociferously to the engine, to hurry it on!

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAND-FEVER.

FROM "WESTERN GLEANINGS." BY CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND. 1846.

THE years 1835 and 1836 will long be remembered by the Western settler—and perhaps by some few people at the East, too—as the period when the madness of speculation in lands had reached a point to which no historian of the time will ever be able to do justice. A faithful picture of those wild days would subject the most veracious chronicler to the charge of exaggeration; and our great-grandchildren can hope to obtain an adequate idea of the infatuation which led away their forefathers, only by the study of such detached facts as may be noted down by those in whose minds the feeling recollection of the delusion is still fresh. Perhaps when our literary existence shall have become sufficiently confirmed to call for the collection of Ana, something more may be gleaned from the correspondence in which were embodied the exultings of the successful, and the lamentations of the disappointed.

"Seeing is believing," certainly, in most cases; but in the days of the land-fever, we, who were in the midst of the infected district, scarcely found it so. The whirl, the fervor, the flutter, the rapidity of step, the sparkling of eyes, the beating of hearts, the striking of hands, the utter *abandon* of the hour, were incredible, inconceivable. The "man of one idea" was every where; no man had two. He who had no money, begged, borrowed, or stole it; he who had, thought he made a generous sacrifice, if he lent it at cent per cent. The tradesman forsook his shop; the farmer his plough; the merchant his counter; the lawyer his office; nay, the minister his desk, to join the general chase. Even the schoolmaster, in his longing to be "abroad" with the rest, laid down his birch, or in the hurry of his hopes, plied it with diminished unction.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode  
Splash! splash! along the sea!

The man with one leg, or he that had none, could at least get on board a steamer, and make for Chicago or Milwaukee; the strong, the able, but above all, the "enterprising," set out with his pocket-map and his pocket-compass, to thread the dim woods, and see with his own eyes. Who would waste time in planting, in building, in hammering iron, in making shoes, when the path to wealth lay wide and flowery before him?

A ditcher was hired by the job to do a certain

piece of work in his line. "Well, John, did you make any thing?"

"Pretty well; I cleared about two dollars a day; but I should have made more by *standing round*," i. e., watching the land-market for bargains.

This favorite occupation of all classes was followed by its legitimate consequences. Farmers were as fond of "standing round" as any body; and when harvest time came, it was discovered that many had quite forgotten that the best land requires sowing; and grain, and of course other articles of general necessity, rose to an unprecedented price. The hordes of travellers flying through the country in all directions were often cited as the cause of the distressing scarcity; but the true source must be sought in the diversion, or rather suspension, of the industry of the entire population. Be this as it may, of the wry faces made at the hard fare, the travellers contributed no inconsiderable portion; for they were generally city gentlemen, or at least gentlemen who had lived long enough in the city to have learned to prefer oysters to salt pork. This checked not their ardor, however; for the golden glare before their eyes had power to neutralize the hue of all present objects. On they pressed, with headlong zeal; the silent and pathless forest, the deep miry marsh, the gloom of night, and the fires of noon, beheld alike the march of the speculator. Such searching of trees for town lines! Such ransacking of the woods for section corners, ranges, and base lines! Such anxious care in identifying spots possessing particular advantages! And then, alas! after all, such precious blunders!

These blunders called into action another class of operators, who became popularly known as "land-lookers." These met you at every turn, ready to furnish "water power," "pine lots," "choice farming tracts," or any thing else, at a moment's notice. Bar-rooms and street-corners swarmed with these prowling gentry. It was impossible to mention any part of the country which they had not personally surveyed. They would tell you, with the gravity of astrologers, what sort of timber predominated on any given tract, drawing sage deductions as to the capabilities of the soil. Did you incline to city property? Lo! a splendid chart, setting forth the advantages of some unequalled site, and your confidential friend, the land-

looker, able to tell you more than all about it, or to accompany you to the happy spot; though that he would not advise; "bad roads," "nothing fit to eat," etc.; and all this from a purely disinterested solicitude for your welfare.

These amiable individuals were, strange to tell, no favorites with the actual settlers. If they disliked the gentleman speculator, they hated with a perfect hatred him who aided by his local knowledge the immense purchases of non-residents. These short-sighted and prejudiced persons forgot the honor and distinction which must result from their insignificant farms being surrounded by the possessions of the magnates of the land. They saw only the solitude which would probably be entailed on them for years; and it was counted actual treason in a settler to give any facilities to the land-looker, of whatever grade. "Let the land-shark do his own hunting," was their frequent reply to applications of this kind; and some thought them quite right. Yes, this state of feeling among the hard-handed, was not without its inconvenient results to city gentlemen, as witness the case of our friend Mr. Willoughby, a very prim and smart bachelor, from ———.

It was when the whirlwind was at its height, that a gentleman wearing the air of a bank director, at the very least—in other words, that of an uncommonly fat pigeon—drew bridle at the bars in front of one of the roughest log houses in the county of ———. The horse and his rider were loaded with all those unnecessary defences, and cumbrous comforts, which the fashion of the time prescribed in such cases. Blankets, valise, saddlebags, and holsters nearly covered the steed; a most voluminous envelopment of India-rubber cloth completely enfolded the rider. The gallant sorrel seemed indeed fit for his burden. He looked as if he might have swam any stream in Michigan,

Barded from counter to tail,  
And the rider arm'd complete in mail;

yet he seemed a little jaded, and hung his head



languidly, while his master accosted the tall and meagre tenant of the log cabin.

This individual and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said, of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its "looped and windowed raggedness" rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, open at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend,—" civilly began Mr. Willoughby.

"Oh! friend!" interrupted the settler; "who told you I was your friend? Friends is scuss in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

"I don't know that," was the reply. "What fetch'd you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question."

"Just as you like," said the other, turning on his heel, and walking off.

"I wished merely to ask you," resumed Mr. Willoughby, talking after the nonchalant son of the forest, "whether this is Mr. Pepper's land?"

"How do you know it a'n't mine?"

"I'm not likely to know at present, it seems," said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: "South half of north-west quarter of section fourteen—Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?"

"Where did you get so much news? You a'n't the sheriff, be ye?"

"Pop!" screamed a white-headed urchin from the house, "Mam says supper's ready."

"So ain't I," replied the papa: "I've got all my chores to do yet." And he busied himself at a log pig-stye on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squealing multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr. Willoughby looked at the westerling sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees that shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch, and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament—on the whole, an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment, a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Layard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr. Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air, to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady, as he approached the door, but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children, and Mr. Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband; as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross-looking.

"Malviny Jane!" she exclaimed, in no dulcet treble, "be done a-paddlin' in that 'ere water! If I come there, I'll —"

"You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess!" was the reply.

"Why, what's she a-doin'?"

"Well, I guess if you look, you'll see!" responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff, as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer; "with *my* will, we'll lodge nobody."

This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods; so our traveller persevered, and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And in truth, he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fire-place, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster, (it was his week,) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally, when the children cried *too* loud. An old gray-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger, for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation or the longing for whiskey, to degrade himself by labor. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who, in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favorite ditty of the west:

All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe,  
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding afterward a bowl of salt, and another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy; plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of "Pop! pop!" brought in the host from the pigstye; the heavy rain which had now begun to fall, having, no doubt, expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy assent from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed, and to deposit in a corner his cumbersome outer gear; while the company used in turn the iron skillet, which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket handkerchiefs, contented themselves with a nondescript article, which seemed to stand for the family towel; and when this ceremony was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

"An't my victuals good enough for you?"

"Oh!—the potatoes are excellent, but I'm very fond of tea."

"So be I, but I can't have every thing I want—can you?"

This produced a laugh from the shoemaker, who seemed to think his patron very witty; while the schoolmaster, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain which now poured violently, not only outside but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr. Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccup, he withdrew from the table, and seating himself on the shoemaker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double-beds and the long cradle, seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well stored with the usual articles, among which a teapot and canister shone conspicuous; so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr. Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The eating ceased not until the hoop was empty,



and then the company rose and stretched themselves, and began to guess it was about time to go to bed. Mr. Willoughby inquired what was to be done with his horse.

"Well! I s'pose he can stay where he is."

"But what can he have to eat?"

"I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the mash."

"He would get off, to a certainty!"

"Tie his legs."

The unfortunate traveller argued in vain. Hay was "scuss," and potatoes were "scusser;" and in short the "mash" was the only resource, and these natural meadows afford but poor picking after the first of October. But to the "mash" was the good steed despatched, ingloriously hampered, with the privilege of munching wild grass in the rain, after his day's journey.

Then came the question of lodging for his master. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep "up chamber" with the boys.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"Well! just as you like," said his host; "but Solomon sleeps there, and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than I should."

This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr. Willoughby once more cast woful glances toward the ladder.

But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoemaker to the guest, who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in those times.

The storm continued through the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller slept, it was only to

dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in the loft so thoroughly, that they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr. Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least, hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse, and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house, and inquired what he was to pay for his entertainment—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word.

His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar.

Mr. Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look toward the hearth, and perceiving preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

"I really must say, Mr. Pepper—" he began: his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh.

"If this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you—"

"You'd better tell me what the dickens you are peppering me up this fashion for? My name isn't Pepper, no more than yours is! May be that *is* your name; you seem pretty warm."

"Your name not Pepper! Pray what is it, then?"

"Ah! there's the thing, now! You land-hunters ought to know sich things without asking."

"Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter!"

"Well! you're a land-shark, then—swallowin' up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed warm, "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole State for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?"

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting-party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

"You needn't judge our new-country-folks by me," said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name; "any man in these parts would as soon bite off his own nose, as to snub a civil traveller that wanted a supper and a night's lodging. But somehow or other, your lots o' fixin', and you're askin' after that 'ere Pepper—one of the worst land-sharks we've ever had here—made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian."

"Humph!" said Solomon.

"But," continued the host, "you shall see whether my old woman can't set a good breakfast, when she's a mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you've had breakfast; and just take back this plaguy dollar. I wonder it didn't burn my fingers when I took it!"

Mrs. Handy set forth her very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the times. And before it was finished, the hunting-party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to section corners and town-lines.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Handy, confidentially, as the cavalcade with its baggage-ponies, loaded with tents, gun-cases, and hampers of provisions, was getting into order for a march to the prairies, "I'll tell you what; if you've occasion to stop any where in the Bush, you'd better tell 'em at the first goin' off that you a'n't land-hunters."

But Mr. Willoughby had already had "a caution."

## A "HUNG" JURY.

BY J. M. FIELD (EVERPOINT). 1847.

AMONG the dispensers of justice in a certain central ward of old St. Louis, during its unpretending, "even-handed" days, was 'Squire W—. His astute comprehension of, and rigid adherence to, legal properties are yet recollected. A case was submitted to him, "once on a time;" but, his decision not satisfying *one* of the parties, (very likely to occur, by-the-by, even in primitive ages,) the case was "continued;" which further step, according to the rule in justices' courts, now as then, involves the ceremony and expense of a jury.

The second trial came on, unfortunately, upon a morning which, for some good cause or other, the whole town had devoted to jubilee and rejoicing—whether it was that a great man was to be "received," or another great man dismissed, it is immaterial; suffice it that guns and drums equally did their duty in calling the citizens away from theirs.

Plaintiff and defendant were punctual in their attendance before the justice, anxious to settle their difference—just as anxious to have their share of the show—and the officer was despatched to collect a jury; but after a no less anxious search, he was obliged to return without a man, his summons going for nothing in the general excitement.

Impatient at the delay, the parties litigant agreed to waive the matter of a jury altogether; to just re-argue the matter and abide by "His Honor's" decision. But His Honor had his own more reverend *parade* of the law to enjoy, and therefore, with a *chief justice* air, he declared that inasmuch as that the case had been continued, and that the purpose of said continuance was entirely to obtain the sense of a *jury*, it would be all *nonsense* to proceed in any less regular way. "Therefore, Mr. Constable," continued the 'Squire, "you will, by virtue of your authority, summon and compel the presence of a jury forthwith."

The constable again set forth, the "bench" relapsed into abstruse cogitation, and the plaintiff and

defendant were fain to content themselves with the hope of getting clear "after a while."

Wearily went the moments; but, at length, the indefatigable officer, bathed in perspiration, returned, having secured *one* well-known, easy-going citizen, remarkable as being the largest, loveliest, and *laziest* man about town.

"'Squire," said the panting official, "I've gotten Bob, 'cause he says it don't make much difference to him; but there isn't *nary* nother as don't say they'll see me d—d first, and so the thing's out,





as far as my footin' on it goes, I reckon!" The constable wiped his brow with determination, the justice *began* to foresee a dilemma, and nothing but the "costs" prevented "the parties," in spite of their attorneys, from flipping up "head or tail" for an issue.

At length, the constable made a suggestion, which the parties eagerly consenting to, the 'Squire finally sanctioned. This was, that Bob, the lazy gentleman just mentioned, should serve as jury all alone by himself!"

All was settled at once; the lazy gentleman declared that it "made no difference," and getting a "chew" from the constable, down he sat. The pleadings were despatched; the *jury* was charged; the approaching procession was heard in the distance, and all parties were only waiting to hear the verdict, when the *jury*, after one or two indolent hitches in his chair, and a leisurely discharge of tobacco juice from between his teeth, turned to the court, and said—

"Well, I reckon, 'Squire, the jury 'll have to *retire*."

This was unexpected, and had not been altogether the *mode*, either, in Justice W——'s court, inas-

much as there was no place for the jury to retire to except *within themselves*; but the present body was *unanimously* of opinion that he ought to have a fair shake at the merits of the case, and so the *court* adjourned to the sidewalk, leaving the jury all to himself, with his heels on the table.

Moment after moment passed away; the litigants every now and then cast a glance in at the conscientious umpire; the procession was evidently approaching along the next street, and suddenly, the "opposite counsel" excusing themselves, walked off towards the corner. Drums, hurrahs, etc., now began to swell upon the air, and plaintiff and defendant, after sundry inquiries as to the chances, even marched off also, leaving the 'squire and constable to receive the verdict. The constable next became impatient, and, finally, the 'Squire himself got the fidgets; each moment seemed an age, until the dubious *twelfth* was just asked if he was "going to take the whole day or not?"

"Well, the fact is, 'Squire, the jury *can't agree*, no how. We're just *hung*, and no mistake; and, if you can't let us *stay out*, why you'd better *discharge us*, by thunder!"

The *jury* was discharged!

## HUMBUGGING A TOURIST.

FROM "MADMEN ALL," BY WM. IRVING PAULDING. 1847.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHIL PETERS, *a New Yorker, personating Mr. Bragg, from Vicksburg.*

SAM MARKHAM, *a Philadelphian.*

HUSKISSON HODGSON, *a Brummagem Beau and a Tourist.*

PHIL. Tell me who is this pompous signor, swelling and strutting through the street. By his port and majesty, I should judge him to be the English lion.

SAM. Ay, that's his figure looming up the street. Shall we call him in as he comes this way, and bait the bull?

PHIL. By all manner of means.

SAM. Well, first let me give you a hint or two. I have told you what he is—he has forced his way into good society, nobody can tell how—can see nothing admirable in this country or its institutions, of course—but is eloquent upon oysters. And now, Phil, you must play the "half horse, half alligator," for the nonce. Mind you give it to him in strong doses, and fear not overacting your part; for the poor simpleton has such extraordinary notions of the western country, that he will swallow any thing, however preposterous; and it is a pity he should be disabused, he is so innocent in his belief. (*Knocks at the window.*) Ho, Hodgson, come in, and have a chat with us. (*Turning to PHIL.*) You are now Mr. Bragg, and lo! the victim comes. Oh, I forgot—his only definite idea of a western man is connected with the word *damn*! (*Enter HODGSON.*) Mr. Hodgson, how are you, this morning? Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Bragg, of Vicksburg. (*PHIL turns away, with his hands in his pockets, and whistles "Old Dan Tucker."* *Aside to*

HODGSON.) He is, I assure you, a deuced pleasant fellow—an excellent specimen of the frank western man—and will be delighted to give you any information respecting the country, habits of the people, and so on.

HODGSON (*in a cautious whisper*). But are you sure he is not dangerous? Has he no Bowie knives, pistols, or any thing of the kind about him?

SAM (*in the same tone*). Well—not more than the usual allowance—a "Planter's Protector," or so, perhaps, or a sword-cane—nothing more. But how were you pleased, last night, at Mrs. No-good's?

HODG. Oh—Miss Garafeliaw was pausitively divoigne; she hung upon my aurm, and while I entertained her with the description of my ancestral halls—

SAM (*aside*). Conceited ass!

PHIL (*aside*). Pheugh! ancestral halls! his paternal cotton mills, Heaven save the mark!

HODG. The words of love and mutual affection rising to our lips—

PHIL (*aside hurriedly*). I must stop this, or Sam will be frantic (*walking quickly to the window*). Hell and d——!

SAM. Why, Phil—(excuse me, Mr. Bragg, for being so familiar)—what on earth is the row?

HODG. (*aside*). What is—ah—the savage going to do now?

PHIL. Why, may my boiler be eternally busted, if there isn't that are young lady I was keepin' company with yesterday, a travelling along with another feller. But I'll be down upon him like an Arkansaw flood—I'll be into him like a Mississippi sawyer. Where are my pistols? Whoo-oo-ooop!

HODG. Oh, Mr. Bragg, for Heaven's sake! in the name of mercy, don't, don't!

SAM. Oh pshaw, Bragg, for our sakes now, stay and take a quiet julep, and defer your performances till afterwards.

PHIL. Waal, I suppose I mought as well, specially as I reckon he ain't of no account, any how. I *will* if you'll give us a chaw tabacca.

SAM (*rings the bell. WAITER comes*). John, go across the way, and bring us some juleps, and a paper of tobacco. Don't stand there staring at me, but go—quick—fly—and be back in a theatrical minute.

PHIL (*to SERVANT*). Mind—pigtail! (*Exit SERVANT*).

HODG. (*aside to SAM*). But don't you think?—(*he draws his hand across his throat*).

SAM (*in a whisper to HODG*). Oh, no. I assure you we are perfectly safe; he does not mean any thing by it. (*Juleps are brought; each helps himself. SAM beckons to his servant and whispers*). Now, John, whatever I order you to do when that stout gentleman is here, do it as if it were the commonest thing in the world. You understand me!

JOHN (*grinning*). Yes, sir! (*Exit JOHN*).

HODG (*sipping his julep*). By Gemini, that's good. Are you aware, gents, that this is the finest thing in your country? People talk about your rivers, and all that sort of thing, and they call cotton your staple production, but for my pawt, I consider your juleps and your oysters to be the only things worthy of imitation. Fact is, 'pon honor, I have some idea of taking a few oysters out to improve the breed in England. Oysters, gents, I may say—oysters are the only things which redeem your country.

PHIL. Do you mean, Mr. What's-your-name, to insinuate that this here country, called the United States of Ameriky, requires any thing to redeem its character or any thing else? If you do, maybe I won't be into your eyes in less than no time, like a real Kaintucky porker a-rootin' in the woods.

HODG. (*covering his eyes with his hands*). Oh, no, no, no!

PHIL. Oh, waal, if you didn't mean nothin', Socrates Bragg is not the man to take offence at a trifle; and I reckon, besides, you ain't no great shakes.

HODG. (*aside*). "No great shakes!" I must inquitawr if he means to insult me (*aloud*). But Mr. Markham, I see no spitboxes about your parlors here—auh—as I have been led to expect!

SAM. Oh, we have given them up, and expectorate in the French style into our pocket-handkerchiefs—those, at least, who have enjoyed the advantages of travelling in Europe.

HODG. Indeed! (*aside to SAM*). I would like to ask him (*pointing to PHIL*) about Bowie knives and such things.

SAM (*aside to HODG*). Well, do it. These western fellows like to talk big.

HODG. (*turning to PHIL*). May I inquitawr, Mr. Bragg, whethaw Bowie knives are as common now in Cincinnati and the other frontier towns as they used to be?

PHIL. *May you inquire?* Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Hodgkins? Are we not among gentlemen here? Ain't we all plain spoken?

HODG. I mean no offence, 'pon honor.

PHIL. 'Nuff said. Waal, as to Bowie knives, sir, they're going out—

HODG. (*piously*). Thank Heaven!

PHIL (*pretending not to notice his exclamation*). And now, most use Bolen's six-barrelled revolving, self-cocking pistols, with a small sprinkle of a Bowie knife on the end of them, in case of emergency; though some prefer Colt's repeaters, just for the sake, I calculate, of being singular and uncommon-like.

HODG. Good Lord, have mercy upon us! What a state of society! But are these weapons publicly carried?

PHIL. Oh, yes. We occasionally practice in the streets; and if a little boy or a stranger is once in a while found dead, why it's nobody's business, and the coroner's inquest brings in a verdict of "accidental death."

HODG. The infernal spirit of democracy! Heaven defend me from such a country. But are rifles still in common use?

PHIL. Rifles? Why, what else should we use?

HODG. Auh—I thought perhaps there might be a market there for double-barrelled guns; and—auh—indeed, that is pawt—auh—of my business out here—to dispose of. Hum—hum—(*aside*). By Gemini, I came within an ace of letting the cat out of the bag.

PHIL. Mr. Hodg-podge—

HODG. (*interrupting him*). Hodgson, sir, if you please.

PHIL. Mr. Hodgson, then, take my advice, and, if you hope to escape with any thing left of you, speak not in our Western country of a double-barrelled gun. We don't tolerate 'em, sir.

HODG. Is it pawsible?

PHIL. Yes, sir; I ventured once to purchase one out of curiosity, and the excitement against it, sir, was so intense in my neighborhood, that I had to throw it into the Mississippi. I tried the infernal big-mouthed cretur once, and may I be eternally split up into firewood, sir, if the shot didn't come out just like a fog, and when it disappeared, all that I could find of my bird was the end of his bill. No, sir, the rifle is our weapon; with that we can shoot any thing, from a buffalo down to an Englishman, or a sandpiper.

HODG. (*aside*). How he makes one shiver! Sandpipers with rifles! Good Heavens! the extravagance of these Western people is really awful. No wonder they are obliged to repudiate; and there, by the way, is a hint for my book (*aloud*). But, Mr. Bragg, is tarring and feathering common?

PHIL. Law bless you, yes! Why I myself was tarred and feathered once, and just becoss my bank bust up, and I could not pay my creditors.

SAM (*aside*). That's right, Phil; smite him on the hip, and spare not.

HODG. (*in agitation*). What a land! what a land! But, Mr. Bragg, were you ever blown up?

PHIL. Blown up, sir! Warn't I raised on the Mississippi, and lived on steam since I was a baby? Why, you might as well ask me if I've been weaned. It's the commonest thing in natur. Blown up?—more times than I can count up, sir!

HODG. What, Mr. Bragg, were your sensations?

PHIL. Why, sir, it is the pleasantest and most elevating feeling you can imagine. May I be scalped, sir, if it is not just like being kicked into chaos. No man, sir, knows what the sublimity of life is until he has had a biler bust under him. You may take *my* word for that, sir. And now, good

morning gentlemen. (PHIL rises to depart.) But before I go, I will tell you, sir (*turns to HONG.*), a d——d true and an interesting story; if it isn't, may I be d——d, sir, about a burst up.

Waal, sir, I was going up stream, one day, to St. Louis, and I had a horse on board [a finer horse, by the way, sir, never trod turf. His name was Roanoke—my ancestors came from the Old Dominion, sir], and one day I sees that something was the matter with him, and a knowing hoss he was to smell out mischief. So I goes up, and says I, "Roanoke, what snag ha' you run against now? Do you want some feed, old boy?" says I.

He shook his head.

"Are you cold?" says I.

He shook his head.

"Is the biler going to bust?" says I.

He nods his head.

"Right straight?" says I.

He nods his head again.

I unties the halter as fast as I can, and I sings out, "Gentlemen, I'll bet ten to one this boat's biler busts before sunset." "Done," and "done," shouts a dozen, when *bang* goes both bilers like a clap of thunder run mad. May I be d——d, sir, if I and my horse weren't the only creatures that escaped. So I lost all my bets, and was obliged to resolve myself into a committee, sir, in a cypress swamp, to exonerate the captain, engineer, hands, and biler from all blame, collectively and individually. I tell you what, sir, may I never taste Monongahela again, if I did not get aboard the next up boat in a mighty thick rile. *Good morning, gentlemen!*

SAM (*winks to PHIL.*) Don't go yet, Bragg. Sit down again, now, and tell us a little more about your parts. Mr. Hodgson is very much interested in that section of the country, and a stranger—

PHIL. Oh, waal, I'm always ready cocked to go off, for a *stranger's* information.

HONG. Thank you—auh—what sort of people have you out there?

PHIL. Waal, we've got some o' most all kinds: Pukes, Wolverines, Snags, Hoosiers, Griddle-greasers, Buck-eyes, Corn-crackers, Pot-soppers, Hard-heads, Hawk-eyes, Rackensacks, Linsey-woolseys, Red-horses, Mud-heads, Green-horns, Canada-patriots, Loafers, Masons, Anti-Masons, Mormons, and some few from the Jarseys.

HONG. Heavens! All savage tribes, I presume; but I thought your government—auh—had removed all the Indians beyond the Mississippi.

PHIL. No, sir; there are are still many savages this side the river.

HONG. What is the average product of your lands, per acre. Mr. Bragg, in a good season?

PHIL. Oh—of snakes—ten cords is considered a very fair yield, making two bushels of rattles, or more when threshed out; but that's according to the age of the reptyles—of mosquitoes, four bushels—of other vermin, six bushels is called a tolerable crop.

HONG. Good Lord! Snakes by the cord! But I mean corn and other grain.

PHIL. *Stranger*, in the West we never keep account o' sich things. We save enough to eat, and feed our hogs, and send the rest to market; and if the rivers ain't dry, and the steamboats don't get snagged, run into, blown up, or seized by the sheriff, it gets there in the course of time, and we presume is sold; for that's the last we hear of it.



HONG. And you have no agents to attend to it when it arrives?

PHIL. Oh, yes—we hires agents o' course.

HONG. And you never call upon them to give account of their sales and receipts?

PHIL. No, sir, no—it would be as much as a man's life is worth to do so unpopular a thing. It's an unheard of notion, *stranger*—an obsolete idea. Nobody thinks of sich a thing, except once in a while a mean feller, and he has to cut stick—quit our parts, sir, in short order, I reckon. "Tramp" 's the word, and he emigrates, sir. 'Sides, there's the chance o' your agent's drawin' on you.

HONG. Drawing on you? With funds of yours in his hands, auh?

PHIL. Yes, sir—click! And may be you find half an ounce o' lead lodged in your phrenological developments.

HONG. Shocking!

PHIL. Well, jist to show you the workin' of the thing: you see we made Bill Toddy our agent—good fellow—fust rate chap—great on liquor. Now, supposin' I goes to New Orleans, and says I to Bill, "Look here, young 'un, jist fork over that are change, will you?" What d'ye think Bill does?

HONG. Why, he takes out his ledger, balances his account, and pays you what he owes on your sales.

PHIL. That jist shows how much you know of human natur, Mr. Hodgeskin. Now I should calcerlate that Bill would natrally get his back up at that, and say—"Soc Brag, you're a poor devil,"—or, "Soc Bragg, you're a dirned dropsical water-drinker,"—or, "Soc Bragg, you're everlastin'ly beneath my notice." And then, we'd have one of the awfulest musses that ever *did* take place in New Orleans.

HONG. Mr. Bragg, the state of society in your country is even more disorganized than I had supposed.

PHIL. Yes, sir-r-r, it can't be beat, as you say.

Most people in furrin parts have every kind of amphibious ideas of our diggins. You don't know what a glorious place it is out West. It is of an entire different stripe from our foggy England, where you have to drink port, and ale, and beer, and sich like onnatural tippie. It's another kind of streak, sir-r-r!

HODG. Auh—Mr. Bragg—auh—do you drink much malt liquor in your pawts? auh—I have a brothow—auh—that is—yes—yaas—

PHIL. Look here, *stranger*, why don't you speak as if you warn't afraid o' what you were sayin', instead of coughin' like an old steamboat—puff—auh—puff—auh? Speak out like a ringed pig.

HODG. I merely asked if you drank much malt liquor in your pawts.

PHIL. Do we drink spring water? No, sir; we drink Tom and Jerrys some—gin-cocktails putty considerably—but mostly stone fence barefooted!

HODG. Eh! what! barefooted! I had no idea, I must confess, of the misery of this country. Demme, I'll write a communication, when I get home, to some of the charitable societies. No shoes!—not even moccasins! (*Aside.*) It's a judgment on them for their oppression of their colored brethren.

SAM. I believe, however, Mr. Bragg, that some parts of the country are very poor indeed.

PHIL. Poor, sir! It's considerably the richest country that ever *was* created. Why, I've seen many a tree it took a man and a boy to look to the top of.

HODG. That's a very singular circumstance!

PHIL. Fact, sir!

SAM. But I mean, Mr. Bragg, that meat is sometimes very scarce.

PHIL. Oh, *meat*!—yes. I was out one year in a log cabin, a little out of the common trail, and sometimes we didn't see a piece of meat for three months at a time, and lived perty much on sweet punkins.

HODG. Punkins! Good Heavens! This goes beyond any thing I ever heard or read of before. They may talk about famine in India, and poverty in Ireland, but never can there be greater misery than this. But did you not become very weak under such a diet, Mr. Bragg?

PHIL. Wa-a-l, sir, we fell off some, but were pretty nigh as strong as a ten-horse steam ingyne for all that. Why, stranger, my father that spring swum across the big Satan, in a freshet, with a dead painter in his mouth, and a live alligator full splurge after him. It was a tight race, I tell you,



PHIL. No shoes? What does the man mean, Mr. Markham?

SAM. I fancy Mr. Hodgson doesn't take your meaning.

PHIL. That's it, eh? I was afraid the *stranger* was pokin' fun at me—and then I'm dangerous.

HODG. Oh, no, no, no! I assure you.

PHIL. Well, stranger, whar *was* you raised? I thought even a Yankee knew that "stone fence barefooted" is the polite English for whisky uncontaminated—pure, sir!

HODG. (*aside*). What—auh—a demned patois they speak.

PHIL (*aside* to SAM). Keep him on that track, Sam, and I'll astonish him.

and I *did* laugh, and no mistake, to see the old man puttin' out. The crittur just bit off the heel of his boot as he got ashore. *He did!*

HODG. Horrible! A dead painter between his teeth! And how did he come by this untimely end?

PHIL. What, the painter? how should he? My father shot him, sir, and a most almighty good shot it was, or I'm no judge. He took him sitting, sir, but—

HODG. (*trembling*). And—and—what was the provocation, sir?

PHIL. Why, I rayther allow the animal was just a takin' a sketch of him, and would have had him, sir.

HODG. Good God! shoot a gentleman—an un-offending artist—

PHIL. Shoot what? I'm speakin' of a painter, sir!

HODG. And isn't a painter a fellow Christian—a man as well as you? hasn't he a soul to be saved?

PHIL. Well, that ar' beats—a painter a Christian! Why, sir, we consider them in our parts the worst kind o' heathen!

SAM (*stifling a laugh*). I apprehend, Mr. Bragg, that Mr. Hodgson lies under an error; he thinks you mean a man that paints—signs, you know, and portraits.

PHIL. No, now? does he? Well, I'm durned if he ain't a greenhorn! Why, mister, a painter's a wild animal—a catamount, sir—an exaggerated kind o' Bengal tiger!

SAM. I fancy, too, that Mr. Hodgson misapprehends your account of the lack of meat. I dare say, now, you had plenty of venison.

PHIL. Oh, yes—plenty of venison—no lack of vittels.

HODG. Venison!

SAM. And wild turkeys, perhaps?

PHIL. Wild turkeys! oh, yes—all out doors are full of them; 'sides, 'coons, squirrels, beavers' tails, 'chucks, bear-meat, skunks, and other varmint. Lots of fodder we had, that *are* a fact—but no meat! Tell you what, sir, it's paddling right up stream in a canoe, to live without meat. The old man did grumble some, I tell you!

HODG. What *does* the man mean?—Wild turkeys and venison—and no meat?

SAM. I believe I must explain for you, Mr. Hodgson. The term *meat* in the West is understood to apply solely to *salt pork*.

HODG. (*aside*). What a monstrous slang these savages speak! (*Aloud*). Have you any Englishmen out there?

PHIL. Britishers?—I tell you, sir, we have the scum of all creation in our parts.

HODG. Auh, auh! and—auh—what is the usual currency of that part of the country? Auh—what do you pay your debts with?

PHIL. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs*). Pay our debts with—that's a good joke—may be I won't tell that when I get home. We *slope*, sir! absquatulate!—

HODG. (*to SAM*). What does he mean?

SAM (*to HODG.*). Hush!—don't press him on that point—it's dangerous!

PHIL. As for our currency, it's rayther promiscuous, as I may say, jest now—mostly 'coon-skins, howsomever.—You see the Owl Creek, and the Wild Cat, and the Sore Bear, and the Salt River, and the Alligator banks all went slam-bang to eternal smash, and since then, it's ben very *mixed*!

SAM. Didn't a certain bank, called the Big Riley Bubble, explode also?

PHIL. Take care, Mr. Markham, I don't stand that, sir-r—I have a mighty pisen feelin' about that concern.

HODG. Why, Mr. Bragg, had you any interest—

PHIL. *Stranger*, if you don't shet your mouth a little closer than a Gulf clam, I'll fix your flint in short order.

HODG. Excuse me, Mr. er-eh-Bragg; didn't mean to offend, 'pon honor.

PHIL. Sir-r-r, I was the President of the Big Riley Bubble Bank. I was rode on a sharp rail—and if you allude to it, sir, again, may I be eternally condemned to be fireman to the slowest boat in *all*



creation, if I don't scalp you in several seconds less than no time. We can *do* that, sir-r-r, whar I was raised.

HODG. I'm dumb—auh!

SAM. Lethe shall with me be another name for the Big Riley.

HODG. Have you any knowledge of the State of Arkansas, Mr. Bragg?

PHIL. I've *ben* thar, I reckon—I *have* hunted all over them parts, almost clean out to the jumping off place of creation.

HODG. And—auh—do you know any thing of Ramdown county? Ah, auh—my fauther took some lands there for a debt about ten years ago, and I have some idea of—of going out there to examine the property. There are several flourishing villages upon it, as I perceive by the map I have of it.

PHIL. Do I know Ramdown county? I'd like to see the man would tell me I don't, that's all. I'm getting tired of a peaceful life. It makes me bilious!—(*HODG. edges away from him*). Ramdown county, sir, is an eternal bog—one of the d—dest, ugliest, dirtiest, deepest, nastiest, cussedest swamps that ever *was* created. (*Solemnly*). Mr. Hogskin, you had better venture into New Orleans in yeller fever time than show your face there. Why, sir, the only dry locations in it are taken up by the wust kind o' squatters—and if you escape, sir, the alligators, rattlesnakes, mocassons, bears, painters, quagmires, hurricanes, highwaymen, freshets, Injins, and bilious fevers, you will be murdered by the settlers, and *no* mistake!

SAM (*aside to PHIL*). Phil, that is too bad!

HODG. What a dreadful picture! But the towns—Oxford, Babylon, Sodom, Nineveh, Moscow?

PHIL. *Towns*, sir! There isn't but one log cabin in the lot—at Sodom, sir—and that's a place even the boatmen don't like to stop at. (*In a solemn whisper*). It's a mortal *unhealthy* place for strangers—several have *disappeared* there!

HODG. Dear! dear! dear! catch me there! But Moscow and the others?

PHIL. Moscow is fifty feet above ordinary water mark, and only accessible in wet seasons—and has no inhabitants. Oxford is fifteen feet under water at all times, and death for fever and ague, besides being dreadfully infested with mosquitoes, alligators, and howling savages. Babylon was swallowed up some years ago by an earthquake; and Nineveh was washed away by the Red River last spring, and it deserved to be swept off, sir, for I am credibly informed, there was nothing to drink in the place.—What's the use of such poor places, but to be washed away? Any more inquiries, *stranger*?—happy to give you information.

HODG. No, I thank you, sir—auh—I believe I won't go there.

PHIL. *Stranger*, I wouldn't. It's a powerful sickly country for people who ask too many questions, and ain't satisfied with what they get there—it goes against one's grain when we see a man *stuck up*, I tell you. And now, I'll cut dirt!

HODG. (*producing a note book*). Allow me one—auh—moment, Mr. Bragg—have you any objection to my taking a note of this conversation for a-a-a work I have in contemplation?

SAM (*aside*). He bites by all that is incredible.

PHIL. Why—Mr. Hodgson, it doesn't strike me as exactly the thing to take down a man's words in this way, but if you particularly desire it, d——d if I can refuse such a trifle.

HODG. I should, sir—auh—esteem it as a particular favaw.

PHIL. Then, sir, you have my permission. Good morning, again. (*Aside to SAM, who follows him to the door.*) Didn't I throw a pretty good broadside into the cockney?

SAM. Faith, you gave it to him like Stephen Decatur. And what think you of the beast?

PHIL. That you may safely warrant him at any cattle show as a genuine imported bull?

(*Exit PHIL.*)

HODG. (*aside, writing in his note book*). All the Americans are shockingly profane. (*Rising to take his leave.*) An extraordinary man that, Mr. Markham.

SAM. Very, in his way. There are many such beyond the mountains.

HODG. Well, auh, Mr. Markham, good day. I must go and commit this conversation to writing.

(*Exit HODGSON.*)

SAM. There goes the model of an English tourist in America.

## PICTORIAL BOOKKEEPING.

FROM "LOCKE AMSDEN." BY DANIEL PIERCE THOMPSON. 1847.

At this point in his journey, he overtook a man on foot, of whom, after discovering him to belong somewhere in the neighborhood, he proceeded to make some inquiries relative to the situation of the school.

"Why," replied the man, "as I live out there in the tip of the Horn, which is, of course, at the outer edge of the district, I know but little about the school affairs; but one thing is certain, they have shipped the master, and want to get another, I suppose."

"For what cause was the master dismissed? For lack of qualifications?"

"Yes, lack of qualifications for our district. The fellow, however, had learning enough, as all agreed, but no spunk; and the young Bunkers, and some others of the big boys, mistrusting this, and being a little riled at some things he had said to them, took it into their heads to train him a little, which they did; when he, instead of showing any grit on the occasion, got frightened and cleared out."

"Why, sir, did his scholars offer him personal violence?"

"O no—no violence. They took him up quite carefully, bound him on to a plank, as I understood, and carried him on their shoulders, in a sort of procession, three times around the school-house, and then, unloosing him, told him to go at his business again."

"And was all this suffered to take place without any interference from your committee?"

"Yes, our committee-men would not interfere in such a case. A master must fight his own way in our district."

"Who is your committee, sir?"

"Captain Bill Bunker is now. They had a meeting after the fracas, and chose a new one."

"Is he a man who is capable of ascertaining for himself the qualifications of a teacher?"

"O yes,—at least I had as lief have Bill Bunker's judgment of a man who applied for the school as any other in the district; and yet he is the only man in the whole district but what can read and write, I believe."

"Your school committee not able to read and write?"

"Not a word, and still he does more business than any man in this neighborhood. Why, sir, he keeps a sort of store, sells to A, B, and C., and charges on book in a fashion of his own; and I would as soon trust to his book as that of any regular merchant in the country; though, to be sure, he has got into a jumble, I hear, about some charges against a man at the other end of the Horn, and they are having a court about it to-day at Bunker's House, I understand."

"Where does he live?"

"Right on the road, about a mile ahead. You will see his name chalked on a sort of a shop-looking building, which he uses for a store."

The man here turned off from the road, leaving our hero so much surprised and staggered at what he had just heard, not only of the general character of the school of which he had come to propose himself as a teacher, but of the man who now had the control of it, that he drew up the reins, stopped his horse in the road, and sat hesitating some moments whether he would go back or forward. It occurring to him, however, that he could do as he liked about accepting any offer of the place which might be made him, and feeling, moreover, some curiosity to see how a man who could neither read nor write would manage in capacity of an examining school committee, he resolved to go forward, and present him-

self as a candidate for the school. Accordingly, he rode on, and soon reached a rough built, but substantial-looking farm-house, with sundry out-buildings, on one of which he read, as he had been told he might, the name of the singular occupant. In the last-named building, he at once perceived that there was a gathering of quite a number of individuals, the nature of which was explained to him by the hint he had received from his informant on the road. And tying his horse, he joined several who were going in, and soon found himself in the midst of the company assembled in the low, unfinished room, which constituted the interior, as parties, witnesses, and spectators of a justice's court, the ceremonies of which were about to be commenced. There were no counters, counting-room, or desk; and a few broad shelves, clumsily put up on one side, afforded the only indication, observable in the interior arrangement of the room, of the use to which it was devoted. On these shelves were scattered, at intervals, small bunches of hoes, axes, bed-cords, and such articles as are generally purchased by those who purchase little; while casks of nails, grindstones, quintals of dried salt fish, and the like, arranged round the room on the floor, made up the rest of the owner's merchandise, an annual supply of which, it appeared, he obtained in the cities every winter in exchange for the products of his farm; ever careful, like a good political economist, that the balance of trade should not be against him. The only table and chair in the room were now

session. He was a remarkably stout, hardy-looking man; and although his features were extremely rough and swarthy, they yet combined to give him an open, honest, and very intelligent countenance. Behind him, as backers, were standing in a group three or four of his sons, of ages varying from fifteen to twenty, and of bodily proportions possessing any thing but disparagement to the Herculean stock from which they originated. The parties were now called and sworn; when Bunker, there being no attorneys employed to make two-hour speeches on preliminary questions, proceeded at once to the merits of his case. He produced and spread open his account-book, and then went on to show his manner of charging, which was wholly by hieroglyphics, generally designating the debtor by picturing him out at the top of the page, with some peculiarity of his person or calling. In the present case, the debtor, who was a cooper, was designated by the rude picture of a man in the act of hooping a barrel; and the article charged, there being but one item in the account, was placed immediately beneath, and represented by a shaded, circular figure, which the plaintiff said was intended for a cheese, that had been sold to the defendant some years before.

"Now, Mr. Justice," said Bunker, after explaining in a direct, off-hand manner, his peculiar method of bookkeeping, "now, the article here charged, the man had. I will, and do swear to it; for here it is in black and white. And I having demanded, my



occupied by the justice; the heads of casks, grindstones, or bunches of rakes, answering for seats for the rest of the company. On the left of the justice sat the defendant, whose composed look, and occasional knowing smile, seemed to indicate his confidence in the strength of his defence, as well as a consciousness of possessing some secret advantage over his opponent. On the other hand, sat Bunker, the plaintiff in the suit. Ascertaining from the remarks of the bystanders his identity with the committee-man he had become so curious to see, Locke fell to noting his appearance closely, and the result was, upon the whole, a highly favorable prepos-

pay, and he having not only refused it, but denied ever buying the article in question, I have brought this suit to recover my just due. And now I wish to see if he will get up here in court, and deny the charge under oath. If he will, let him; but may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

"Well, sir," replied the defendant, promptly rising, "you shall not be kept from having your wish a minute; for I here, under oath, do swear, that I never bought or had a cheese of you in my life."

"Under the oath of God you declare it, do you?" sharply asked Bunker.

"I do, sir," firmly answered the other.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the former with looks of utter astonishment, "I would not have believed that there was a man in all of the Horn of the Moon who would dare to do that."

After the parties had been indulged in the usual amount of sparring for such occasions, the justice interposed and suggested, that as the oaths of the parties were at complete issue, the evidence of the book itself, which he seemed to think was entitled to credit, would turn the scale in favor of the plaintiff, unless the defendant could produce some rebutting testimony. Upon this hint, the latter called up two of his neighbors, who testified in his behalf, that he himself always made a sufficient supply of cheese for his family; and they were further knowing, that, on the year of the alleged purchase, instead of buying, he actually sold a considerable quantity of the article.

This evidence seemed to settle the question in the mind of the justice; and he now soon announced, that he felt bound to give judgment to the defendant for his costs.

"Judged and sworn out of the whole of it, as I am a sinner! said the disconcerted Bunker, after sitting a moment, working his rough features in indignant surprise: "yes, fairly sworn out of it, and saddled with a bill of costs to boot! But I can pay it; so reckon it up, Mr. Justice, and we will have it all squared on the spot. And, on the whole, I am not so sure but a dollar or two is well spent, at any time, in finding out a fellow to be a scoundrel who has been passing himself off among people for an honest man," he added, pulling out his purse, and angrily dashing the required amount down upon the table.

"Now, Bill Bunker," said the defendant, after very coolly pocketing his costs, "you have flung out a good deal of your stuff here, and I have borne it without getting riled a hair, for I saw, all the time, that you—correct as folks generally think you—that you didn't know what you was about. But now it's all fixed and settled, I am going just to convince you

that I am not quite the one that has sworn to a perjury in this *ere* business."

"Well, we will see," rejoined Bunker, eyeing his opponent with a look of mingled doubt and defiance.

"Yes, we will see," responded the other, determinedly; "we will see if we can't make you eat your own words. But I want first to tell you where you missed it. When you dunned me, Bunker, for the pay for a cheese, and I said I never had one of you, you went off a little too quick; you called me a liar, before giving me a chance to say another word. And then, I thought I would let you take your own course, till you took that name back. If you had held on a minute, without breaking out so upon me, I should have told you all how it was, and you would have got your pay on the spot; but —"

"Pay!" fiercely interrupted Bunker, "then you admit you had the cheese, do you?"

"No, sir, I admit no such thing," quickly rejoined the former, "for I still say I never had a cheese of you in the world. But I *did* have a small grindstone of you at the time, and at just the price you charged for your supposed cheese; and here is your money for it, sir. Now, Bunker, what do you say to that?"

"Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone!" exclaimed the now evidently nonplussed and doubtful Bunker, taking a few rapid turns about the room, and occasionally stopping at the table to scrutinize anew his hieroglyphical charge: "I must think this matter over again. Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone. Ah! I have it; but may God forgive me for what I have done! It was a grindstone, but I forgot to make a hole in the middle for the crank."

Upon this curious development, as will be readily imagined, the opposing parties were not long in effecting an amicable and satisfactory adjustment. And, in a short time, the company broke up and departed, all obviously as much gratified as amused at this singular but happy result of the law-suit.

## SHARP ON BOTH SIDES.

A CONVERSATION BY TWO YANKEES ON BOARD AN ERIE CANAL BOAT.

"WELL, now, which way may you be traveling?"

"I expect this canal runs pretty nearly west."

"Are you going far with it?"

"Well, now, I don't rightly know how many miles it may be."

"I expect you'll be from New York?"

"Sure enough, I have been in New York often and often."

"I calculate, then, 'tis not there as you stop?"

"Business must be minded in stopping and in stirring."

"You may say that. Well, I look then you'll be making for the Springs?"

"Folks say as all the world is making for the Springs, and I guess a good sight of them is."

"Do you calculate upon stopping long when you get to your journey's end?"

"'Tis my business must settle that, I expect."

"I guess that's true, too; but you'll be for making pleasure a business for once, I calculate?"

"My business don't often lie in that line."

"Then, may be, it is not the Springs as takes you this line?"

"The Springs is a right elegant place, I reckon."

"It is your health, I calculate, as makes you break your good rules?"

"My health don't trouble me much, I guess."

"No? Why, that's well. How is the markets, sir? Are bread stuffs up?"

"I aint just capable to say."

"A deal of money's made by just looking after the article at the fountain's head."

"You may say that."

"Do you look to be making great dealings in produce up the country?"

"Why that, I expect, is difficult to know."

"I calculate you'll find the markets changeable these times?"

"No markets beant very often without changing."

"Why, that's right down true. What may be your biggest article of produce?"

"I calculate, generally, that's the biggest as I makes most by."

"You may say that. But what do you chiefly call your most particular branch?"

"Why that's what I can't justly say."



## BILL DEAN, THE TEXAN RANGER.

BY GEO. W. KENDALL. 1848.

RARE wags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy-go-lucky chap named Bill Dean, one of Chevallier's spy company, and said to be one of the best "seven-up" players in all Texas. While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out on the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk, and accosting us. His speech, or harangue, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible.

"O, yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye: "O, yes; all going down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times *you'll* have, over the left. I've been there myself, and done what a great many of you won't do—I come back; but if I didn't see nateral h—ll,—in August at that—I *am* a teapot. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route, to save us from starvation. The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse give out and broke down, plump out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a nateral death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods; but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and sot it on fire; but it flashed up like powder and went out as quick. But—"

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse-meat after that?"

"How?"

"Yes, how?"

"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streakin' across the prairie. I followed up the fire, holding my chunk of meat directly over the blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to any thing short of locomotive doin's. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lap her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again, nip and chuck. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag, just in season to give him a little breath: "but did you cook your meat in the end?"

"Not bad, I didn't. I chased that d—d fire a mile and a half, the almightyest hardest race you ever heerd tell on, and never give it up until I run her right plump into a wet marsh: there the fire and the chunk of horse-meat came out even—a dead heat, especially the meat."

"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners.

"Cooked!—no!—just crusted over a little. You don't cook broken down horse-flesh very easy, no how; but when it comes to chasing up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is the toughest, the meat or the job. You'd have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me brushin' up on her agin, humpin' and movin' myself as though I was runnin' agin some of those big ten-mile-an-hour Gildersleeves in the old States. But I'm a-goin' over to Jack Haynes's to get a cocktail and some breakfast—I'll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."



## THE YANKEE RECRUIT.

FROM "THE BIGELOW PAPERS." BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 1848.

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. It ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that he went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this time. I bleeve u may put dependunts on his statemence. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cal's a *pongshong* for cocktales, and ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale, onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and I shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few reflecteshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

This kind o', sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin',  
A chap could clear right out from there ef 't only looked like rainin'.  
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,  
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners,  
(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted,) an' a feller could cry quarter,  
Ef he fired away his ramrod artur tu much rum an' water.  
Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n I on' Ezry Hollis,  
Up there to Waltham plain last fall, ahavin' the Cornwallis?  
This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet,—I wish thet I wuz furdur,—  
Nimepounce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low for murder,  
(Wy I 've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,  
An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched ten shillins.)  
There's suthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,  
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;  
It 's glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,  
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.  
But wen it comes to *betin'* killed,—I tell ye I felt streaked  
The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked;  
Here's how it wuz: I started out to go to a fandango,  
The sentinul he ups an' sez "Thet 's furdur 'an you can go."

"None o' your sarse," sez I; sez he, "Stan' back!"  
"Aint you a buster?"  
Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I've ben to muster;  
I know wy sentinuls air sot; you aint agoin' to eat us;  
Caleb haint no monopoly to court the scenoreetas;  
My folks to hum hir full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!"  
An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,  
The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork in me  
An' made a hole right thru my close ez ef I was an in'my.



Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in old Funnel  
Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenan Cunnle,  
(It 's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ the prize peace essay;  
Thet 's wy he did 'nt list himself along o' us, I desay),  
An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put *his* foot in it,  
Coz human life 's so sacred thet he 's principled agin' it,—  
Though I myself can 't rightly see it 's any wus achokin' on 'em  
Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or with a bagnet pokin' on 'em;  
How drefle slick he reeled it off, (like Blitz at our lyceam  
Ahauln' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeerely see 'em,)  
About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be handy  
To du the buryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),

About our patriotic pas an' our star-splangled banner,  
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out ho-sanner,  
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky,—  
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite hister-icky.  
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a drefle kind o' privilege  
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's drivelage;  
I actily thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drum-min',  
An' it did bonyfidy seem millanyum wuz acomin';  
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state prison),  
An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico was hisn.

This 'ere's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver  
(Saltillo's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-river).  
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all nater,  
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-nose tater;  
The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin'  
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.  
He talked about delishes froot, but then it was a wopper all,  
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here an' there a chapparral;  
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you know, a lariat  
Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"  
You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant  
To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* \* big ez a year old elephant),  
The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug  
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,—t wuz jest a common *cimex lectularius*.  
One night I started up on eend an thought I wuz to hum agin,  
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the fisherman hez come agin,  
His bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm a livin' creeter,  
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—t wuz nothin' more 'n a skeeter!  
Then there's the yeller fever, tu, they call it here el vomito,—  
(Come, thet wun't du, you landcrab there, I tell ye to le' go my toe!  
My gracious! it 's a scorpion thet 's took a shine to play with 't,  
I dars n't skeer the tarnel thing fer fear he'd run away with 't.)

\* it wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. I said tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha would n't stan' it no how, idnow as tha wood and idnow as tha wood.—H. B.

Afore I came away from hum I hed a strong persuasion  
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,—an ourang outang nation,  
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter,  
No more 'n a feller 'd dream o' pigs thet he had hed to slarter;  
I'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie fashion all,  
And' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o' national;  
But wen I jined I won't so wise ez thet air queen o' Sheby,  
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent from wut we be,  
An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,  
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,  
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowsis  
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses;  
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!  
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-Saxon.  
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n all the water,  
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet is n't wut they ough' to;  
Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets out o' copper  
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez aint proper;  
He sez they 'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em fairly,  
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he 'll hev to git up airly),  
Thet our nation 's bigger 'n theirn an' so its rights air bigger,  
An' thet it 's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger,  
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee 's abreakin' 'em to pieces,  
An' thet idee 's thet every man doos jest wut he damn pleases;  
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respec I can,  
I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican;  
An' there's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef these creeturs,  
Thet stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto State prison feeturs,  
Should come to Jalam Centre fer to argify an' spout on't,  
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they cleared out on 't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint onc agreeable feetur,  
And' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;  
O, would n't I be off, quick time, ef 't worn't thet I wuz sartin  
They'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer de-sartin!

I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state  
 Our ossifiers aint wut they wuz afore they left the Bay state;  
 Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you're middlin' well now, be ye?"  
 Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm dresse glad to see ye;"  
 But now it's "Ware's my eppylet? here, Sawin, step an' fetch it!"  
 An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spy, or dam ye, you shall ketch it!

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but by mighty,  
 Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,  
 I'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other music follerin'—  
 But I must close my letter here for one on 'em 's a-hollerin',  
 These Anglosaxon ossifiers—wal, taint no use ajawin',  
 I'm safe enlisted for the war,  
 Yours,  
 BIRDFREEDOM SAWIN.

## POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.

BY JOHN B. LAMAR. 1848.

"My stars! that parson is *powerful* slow a-comin'! I reckon he wa'n't so tedious gitting to his own wedding as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them rosy, and peeped into a small looking-glass for the twentieth time.

"He preaches enough about the shortness of a life-time," remarked another pouting Miss, "and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding-party is waiting for him, and the waffles are getting cold, and the chickens burning to a crisp."

"Have patience, girls, maybe the man's lost his spurs, and can't get along any faster," was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking damsel, as she finished the last of a bunch of grapes.

"Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it a-foot," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merriment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being *fidgety*, and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

"Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peablossom, out of doors, to his coppersas-trowered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights—"Floyd, throw down them rocks, and put the bridle on old Snip, and ride down the road, and see if you can't see Parson Gypsey, and tell him hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Saturday in next month,' after the crowd's all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him, go *clean* to his house. I s'pect he's heard that Bushy Creek Ned's here with his fiddle, and taken a scare."

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and "the amiable and accomplished" Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his *intended* the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her Ma, and her Ma, after arguing that it was not the fashion in her *time*, in North Carolina, to dance before the *ceremony*, at last consented.

The artist from Bushy Creek was called in, and after much tuning and spitting on the screws, he struck up "Money Musk;" and away went the

country-dance, Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins next, with Polly's sister, Luvisa, for his partner. Polly danced to every gentleman, and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came George Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process; and "so on through the whole," as Daboll's Arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large light-wood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newnan Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not nor did not desire to get into the dance—probably the former—and who amused themselves by jumping and wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and children of the croup, besides lamenting the misfortunes of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had run away and married a circus-rider. A few pensive couples, eschewing the "giddy dance," promenaded the yard and admired the moon, or "wondered if all *them* little stars were worlds like this." Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the mosquitoes and bugs, which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings scorched and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of "true love," and plighted their vows, for aught we know.

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the centre of a circle in front of the house who had gathered around the old man's arm-chair to listen to his "twice-told tales" of "hair-breadth 'scapes," of "the battles and sieges he had passed;" for you must know the Captain was no "summer soldier and sunshine patriot;" he had burned gunpowder in defence of his beloved country.

At the especial request of Squire Tompkins, the Captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newnan's little band among the Seminoles. How "bold Newnan" and his men lived on alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched barefooted through saw-palmetto; how they met Bowlegs and his warriors near Paine's Prairie, and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin shell, raised shouts of laughter among the young brood, who had flocked around to hear of

the wars. Bill (the "Camden Bard," peace to his ashes), as the Captain familiarly called him, was sitting one day against the logs of the breastwork, drinking soup out of a terrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over the breastwork and sung out, "Oh, you villain, you couldn't do that again if your tried forty times." Then the Captain, after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his throat, and sung

We marched on to our next station,  
The Ingens on before did hide,  
They shot and killed Bold Newnan's nigger,  
And two other white men by his side.

The remainder of the epic we have forgotten.

After calling out for a *chunk* of fire and relighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, and fought the battles of Calebree and Otassee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin County blazed away, and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge that gallant corps. And the squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpoochie Barnard, the Utchee chief.

At this stage of affairs, Floyd (*not the general*, but the ambassador) rode up, with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off in the middle of a set, and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old ladies crowded up, too, and the captain and the squire were eager to hear. But Floyd felt the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divest himself of the momentary dignity.

"Well, as I rode on down to Boggy Gut, I saw—"

"Who cares what the devil you saw?" exclaimed the impatient captain; "tell us if the parson is coming, first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like, afterwards."

"I saw—" continued Floyd, pertinaciously.

"Well, my dear, what did you see?" asked Mrs. Peablossom.

"I saw that some one had *taken* away some of the rails on the cross-way, or they had washed away, or somehow—"

"Did any body ever hear the like?" said the captain!

"And so, I got down," continued Floyd, "and hunted some more, and fixed over the boggy place—"

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm, and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the parson was on the way.

"I'll tell you all about it presently, Polly. And when I got to the run of the creek, then—"

"Oh, the devil!" ejaculated Captain Peablossom, "stalled again!"

"Be still, honey, let the child tell it his own way—he always would have his way, you know, since we had to humor him so when he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newnan Peablossom, at this juncture, facetiously lay down on the ground, with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out, yawningly, to his pa, to "wake him when brother Floyd had crossed over the *run* of the creek, and arrived safely at the parson's." This caused loud laughter.

Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother, "Yes, you think you're *mighty smart* before all these folks!" and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gypsey's, with as little prospect of reaching the end of his story as ever.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to *coax* him to "*jest*" say if the parson was coming or not. Polly begged him, and all the bridesmaids implored. But Floyd "went on his way rejoicing."

"When I came to the Piney-flat," he continued, "old Snip *seed* something white over in the bay-gall, and shy'd *clean* out o' the road, and—" where he would have stopped would be hard to say, if the impatient captain had not interfered.

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked, "well, there's one way I can bring him to a showing," as he took a large horn from between the logs, and rung a "wood-note wild," that set a pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes, as loud as those that issued from "Roland's horn at



Roncesvalles," was sufficient invitation to every hound, foist, and "cur of low degree" that followed the guests, to join in the chorus. The captain was a man of good lungs, and "the way he *did* blow was the way," as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it; and as there were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined better than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell, the first bridesmaid, put her hands to her ears and cried out, "My stars! we shall all git *blow'd* away!"

The desired effect of abbreviating the messenger's story was produced, as that prolix personage in copperas pants, was seen to take Polly aside, and whisper something in her ear.

"Oh, Floyd, you are joking; you oughtn't to serve me so. An't you joking, *bud*?" asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg he would say yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied—"the cake's all dough!"

Polly whispered something to her mother, who threw up her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, my!" and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and eyes, is rarely seen at a quaker meeting. Consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was a very personification of "patience on a monument, smiling green and yellow melancholy."

The captain discovering that something was the matter, drove off the dogs, and inquired what had happened to cause such confusion. "What the devil's the matter now?" he said. "You all look as *down in the mouth* as we did on the *Santafee* (St. Fe), when the quarter-master said the provisions had all give out. "What's the matter—won't somebody tell me? Old 'oman, has the dogs got into the kitchen and eat up all the supper, or what else has come to pass?—out with it!"

"Ah, old man, bad news!" said the wife, with a sigh.

"Well, what is it?" you are *all* getting as bad as Floyd, 'tarryfying' a fellow to death."

"*Parson Gynpsey was digging a new horse trough and cut his leg to the bone with the foot-azze, and can't come—Oh, dear!*"

"I wish he had taken a fancy to 'a done it a week ago, so we 'mout' 'a got another parson, or, as long as no other time would suit but to-day, I wish he had cut his derved eternal head off!"

"Oh, my! husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom. Bushy Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of

We'll dance all night, 'till broad day-light,  
And go home with the *gals* in the morning.

Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing room, among the young people, when the captain, as if waking from a reverie, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Oh, the devil! what are we all thinking of? *Why, here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony.* If a man can't marry folks, what's the use of being squire at all?"

Manna did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than did this discovery of the worthy captain to the company assembled. It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, especially to G. W. Hodgkins and his lady-love.

Squire Tompkins was a newly-elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident of his abilities in this untrod department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the captain only noticed with the exclamation, "hoot toot!"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her *day* the "*quality*," or better sort of people in North Ca'lina, had a prejudice "*agin*" being married by a magistrate; to which the old gentleman replied, "None of your nonsense, old lady; none of your Duplin County aristocracy about here now. The *better sort of people*, I think you say! Now, you know North Ca'lina ain't the best State in the Union, nohow, and Duplin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people, is it? *Quality*, eh? Who the devil's better than we are? An't we honest? An't we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write, and cipher? An't I *fou't* under Newnan and Floyd for the country? Why, darn it! we are the *very best* sort of people. Stuff! nonsense! The wedding shall go on; Polly shall have a husband." Mrs. P.'s eyes lit up—her cheek flashed as she heard "the old North State" spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future curtain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding; and as the old wooden clock on the mantel-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The bridesmaids and their male attendants were arranged in couples, as in a cotillion, to form a hollow square, in the centre of which were the squire and betrothing parties. Each of the attendants bore a candle; Miss Tabitha held hers in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length somewhat resembling "Cleopatra's needle;" Miss Luvisa bore a flat tin one; the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall; and the fourth had a curiously-devised something cut out of wood with a pocket-knife. For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bay flower with its green leaves in her hair, and the whisper went round—"Now *don't* she look pretty?" George Washington Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin stock, and a vest and pantaloons of orange color; the vest was straight-collared, like a continental officer's in the Revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine-looking couple.

When every thing was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the squire, who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as Fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition, when he has to be prompted from behind the scenes. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of forms, but had always taken them from form-books, and never trusted his memory. On this occasion, he had no "Georgia Justice," or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over every thing he had ever learned "by heart," even to

Thirty days hath the month of September,

The same may be said of June, April, November,

but all in vain; he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began,

"*Know all men by these presents that I—*" here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an

audible voice, in a corner of the room was heard to say, "He's drawing up a deed to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"*In the name of God, Amen!*"—he began a second time, only to hear another voice, in a loud whisper, say—"He's making his *will*, now. I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so *powerful bad*."

*Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord—*

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

"*O yes! O yes!*" continued the squire. One voice replied, "Oh no! oh no! don't let's;" another whispered, "No bail!" Some person out of doors sung out, "Come into court!" and the laughter was general. The bridesmaids spilt the tallow from their candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. One of them had a red mark on her lip for a month afterwards, where she had bit it. The bridegroom put his hands in his pockets, and took them out again; the bride looked as if she would faint—and so did the squire!

But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—

"*To all and singular the sher—*" "Let's run! he's going to *level* on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary looked around all at once, with as much satisfaction as Archimedes could have felt, when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner, he said, "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." George Washington obeyed, and held up his hand. "Miss Polly hold up yours." Polly in confusion held up her left hand. "The other hand, Miss Peablossom." And the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them: "*You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform toward each other, all and singular, the functions of husband or wife—as the case may be—to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!*"

"Good as wheat!" said Captain Peablossom. "Polly, my gal, come and kiss your old father; I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out homeward to see your mother."

## PARODY ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ANON. 184—

IN North Carolina, a tavern-keeper having grown rich, grew very careless; and so offended the lawyers, by whom his house had for years been filled, that, during one crowded session of the court, they, with one accord, forsook him, leaving behind them the following parody on the Declaration of Independence:—

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half-hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men, to dissolve the bands of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created with mouths and stomachs; and they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; among which is, that no man shall be compelled to starve out of mere compliance to a landlord; and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion, is a history of repeated insults, exactions, and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over their stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but bald-faced whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner any thing but turnip soup, with a little tough beef and sourcroust, which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant, blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of mosquitoes to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night and eat our substance.

He has kept up, in our beds and bedsteads,

standing armies of merciless savages, with their scalping knives and tomahawks, whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, by taking bitters before breakfast, and making his wife and servant do the same before dinner, whereby there is often the deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself, by feeding our horses with broom-straw, and carrying then off to drink where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villany, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off the trade from foreign port, and brought in his own bald-faced whiskey, when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad; and, with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dire potions.

He has imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount, without our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a master, is unfit to keep a boarding-house for Cherokee Indians.

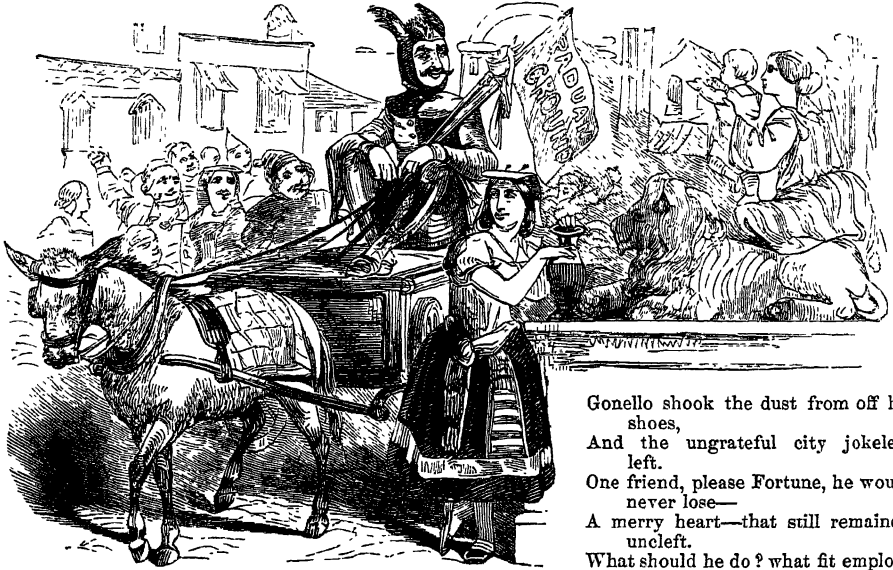
Nor have we been wanting in our attention to Mrs. B. and Miss Sally. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity—we have conjured them to alter a state of things which would inevitably interrupt our connexion and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice. We are, therefore, constrained to hold all three of these parties alike inimical to our well-being, and regardless of our comfort.

We therefore make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our former landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.

## GONELLO.

BY EPES SARGENT. 1849

[THIS is a true story. Gonello, the son of a glover, in Florence, was born between the years 1390 and 1400. While still a young man, he was received into the service of Nicolo the Third, Marquis of Ferrara, who installed him as his Fool, and became so much attached to him, that he surrounded him with favors, and even consulted him, sometimes, in state affairs. The traits of Gonello's character, and the events of his history and death, as metrically described, are almost literally accordant with the historical account. He was convicted of *lèse-majesté*, inasmuch as he had laid violent hands on his sovereign; was seized and punished in the manner narrated in the poem. The Marquis ordered a pompous funeral; nor was any circumstance omitted that could evince his respect for the memory of the jester. The life of Gonello, forming a considerable volume, was written by one Bartolomeo del Uomo.]



Gonello shook the dust from off his shoes,  
And the ungrateful city jokeless left.  
One friend, please Fortune, he would never lose—  
A merry heart—that still remained unleft.  
What should he do? what fit employment choose,—

'Twas in fair Florence, in the olden time,  
A wight, Gonello named, was born and bred;  
A famous jester, an unequalled mime,  
Sworn foe to dulness of the heart and head.  
Sunny his spirits as his own fair clime;  
Mirth was his raiment, and on mirth he fed:  
In truth, he was a most diverting fellow;  
No cross-grained Æsop, but—in short, Gonello.

But dulness holds its treason to be witty;  
And, having ridiculed some dolt of rank,  
Gonello was condemned to leave the city,—  
A hard return for such a harmless prank.  
Neither his jokes nor tears could gain him pity,  
And all his friends were busy or looked blank,  
When he drew near to ask them for assistance,  
Telling him, by their shrugs, to keep his distance.

He turned away in loneliness of heart,  
Bestowing many a bitter gibe on those  
Who, because Folly feared some random dart  
While Wit was foraging, had grown his foes.  
“Dear Florence,” quoth he, “must I then depart?  
O Fun and Fortune, spare me further blows!”  
Was it not Vandal cruelty to pester  
With banishment so capital a jester?

Of home, of patron, and of means bereft?  
At length he recollected a report,  
A fool was wanted at Ferrara's court.

Thither he went to seek the situation,  
And urged his claims with such a comic face,  
That he was made, by formal installation,  
Prime fool and licensed jester to his grace;  
And, having settled down in his vocation,  
He put on motley as became his place;  
And thenceforth passed his precious time in joking,  
Punning and quizzing, revelling and smoking.

His jests, unlike some jests that we might name,  
Had nothing in them of a mouldy savor;  
But fresh, and apt, and tipped with point they came,  
To put grim Melancholy out of favor;  
To drive Imposture to his den of shame,  
To scourge Pretence, and make true Merit braver:  
So that you granted, after you had laughed,  
Though Wit had feathered, Truth had barbed the shaft.

The Marquis held him in esteem so great,  
That, spite of motley wear, the jester soon  
Became a dabster in affairs of state,  
Though frowned upon by many a pompous loon,



'Twas an old combination of his fate—  
A politician, honest man, buffoon!  
But he was frank—rare trait in an adviser;  
And, though a fool, no senator was wiser.

And so, on rapid wing, his days flew by,  
What though a league of dunces might oppose?  
From modest Worth he never drew the sigh,  
And never added to Affliction's woes.  
But, ah! securest joy, mishap is nigh;  
The storm condenses while the noontide glows:  
The marquis failed in health—grew more unwell;  
And, thereupon, a strange event befell.

His grace's illness was a quartan ague,  
Which the physicians tried in vain to cure.  
I hope, dear reader, it may never plague you:  
Doubtless 'tis quite unpleasant to endure.  
Should this digression seem a little vague, you  
Will see how hard it is a rhyme to lure,  
And pardon me the fault; or, what is better,  
Remold the stanza, and make me your debtor

One remedy there was; but who would dare  
Apply it, hazarding the patient's wrath?  
'Twas simply this,—to take him unaware  
And throw him overboard, by way of bath;—  
A liberty he might not tamely bear,  
But sweep the rash adventurer from his path.  
Since the physicians would not then apply it,  
Gonello secretly resolved to try it.

No great regard had he for outward rank;  
And as the marquis strolled with him one day,  
In idle mood, along the river's bank,  
He pushed him over headlong from the quay;  
Then, seeing him drawn out ere thrice he sank,  
Turned a droll somerset, and ran away;  
Knowing, unless he vanished with velocity,  
His priceless ears might pay for the atrocity.

The marquis was pulled out, all wet and dripping,  
Enraged at having been so vilely treated;  
Albeit, indeed, the unexpected dipping  
Had, strange to say, his malady unseated.  
But still he swore, the knave should catch a whip-  
ping.  
In this he quickly found himself defeated;—  
His followers said, Gonello had decamped;  
On learning which, his highness swore and stamped.

All with responsive choler were inflamed—  
At least they said so—at the daring deed;  
And, the next day, an edict was proclaimed,  
In which 'twas by authority decreed,  
Gonello was a traitor, who had aimed  
Even at his liege's life;—and so, "take heed,  
All ye whom it concerns, he dies, if found,  
Ever again, upon Ferrara ground."

Gonello read the merciless decree,  
Then critically conned it o'er and o'er,  
And pondered every syllable, to see  
If no equivocal intent it bore.  
Some subtle quirk, he thought, some jesting plea,  
Might help his fame and favor to restore.  
Yes! he has wrested an equivocation,  
After hard study, from the proclamation.

"'Tis only on *Ferrara* ground," he said,  
"The penalty here threatened can befall:  
On ground of friendly *Padua* if I tread,  
Do I infringe the edict? Not at all!"  
So, without fear of jeopardizing his head,  
He went to give his grace a morning call,  
And crossed in motley state Ferrara's bound,  
Perched on a wagon, labelled "*Paduan Ground*."

By this device, he hoped to have evaded  
The clutches of the prowling men of law:  
But, ah! he did not view the thing as they did,  
Who stood not for entreaty or for flaw,  
But pulled him down, unpitied and unaided,  
And thrust him in a prison's greedy maw,—  
Assuring him that, spite of needful haste,  
The "affair" should be conducted in good taste.

"The affair? Ha! what affair?" Gonello cried;  
"Can it then be I'm under mortal ban?  
Is this the way 'gainst lapses to provide,—  
To cut the head off of the erring man?  
To make the law a ruthless homicide?  
Is this the wisest, most remedial plan?  
If I escape this sentence of impiety,  
I'll found an anti-blood spilling society.

Alas! 'tis only when the mischief reaches  
Our own quick sense of wrong, we feel for others;  
'Tis then Experience, the laggard, teaches  
A truth the unfeeling world too often smothers,—  
And yet a truth which conscience ever preaches,—  
The good of all is lodged in one poor brother's.  
O! when mankind shall feel this truth aright,  
No Fourier need scheme, no Taylor fight.

But where's Gonello? To his dungeon-cell  
A priest has come to give him absolution.  
"Good father," quoth the jester, "all is well;—  
The spirit carries its own retribution;—  
Yes, its own bias is its heaven or hell.  
But hark! the signal for my execution!  
The knell of fun! Lead on! Though I'm a sinner,  
By this fair light, I hope to be the winner!"

There stands the scaffold—there the fatal block!  
What crowds have gathered to the scene of blood!  
Gonello bows his head, and waits the shock  
That shall unseal the life-encircling flood.  
An interval succeeds, that seems to mock  
The horrors of the gasping multitude;  
When, lo! the grinning minister of slaughter  
Dashes upon the block a pail of water!

An uproar of applauses rends the air;—  
"Long live the marquis, and Gonello long!  
'Twas a sham sentence! O, requital fair!  
And Mercy has but worn the mask of wrong!"  
Thus, while rebounding joy succeeds despair,  
Exclaim, 'mid wild hurrahs, the hustling throng;  
And laughter treads on Grief's receding heel,  
Stunning the fugitive with peal and peal.

But soft! the jester—why does he remain,  
On the uncrimsoned platform, mute and still?  
Has agonizing terror stunned his brain,  
Or sudden gladness sent too fierce a thrill?  
Faints he from rapture or excess of pain?  
His heart beats not—his brow is pale and chill—  
Light from his eyes, heat from his limbs has fled;—  
Jesu Maria! he is dead—is dead!

Ay, the wrought spirit, straining for the light,  
 And fixed in its conceit that death was near,  
 Felt the sharp steel in harmless water smite,  
 Heard the air part as no one else could hear.  
 Its own volition was its power of flight  
 About this gross, material atmosphere.  
 A phantom axe was wielded to forestall  
 The stroke it deemed the headsman would let fall.

And so the farce became a tragedy,  
 The moral of it you may briefly read;—  
 Carried too far, jokes practical may be  
 Edged tools to make the meddlers' fingers bleed.

But, poor Gonello! spendthrift child of glee!  
 Wit's bounteous almoner! 'twas hard indeed,  
 That thou, the prime dispenser of good jokes,  
 Should fall at last the victim of a hoax!

And yet the marquis, who had but designed  
 Rough trick for trick, deserves our pity more.  
 For, from that hour of grief, his peace of mind  
 Incurably was wounded at the core.  
 Mirth bade his heart farewell—he pined and pined,  
 As though Life held no further joy in store.  
 Gonello had both balked him of his jest,  
 And himself played his last one and his best.

THE CRITIC.

BY EPES SARGENT. 1849.

ONCE on a time, the nightingale, whose singing,  
 Had with her praises set the forest ringing,  
 Consented at a concert to appear:  
 Of course her friends all flocked to hear,  
 And with them many a critic, wide awake  
 To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake.

She sang as only nightingales can sing;  
 And when she'd ended,  
 There was a general cry of "Bravo! splendid!"  
 While she, poor thing,  
 Abashed and fluttering, to her nest retreated,  
 Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.  
 The turkeys gobbled their delight; the geese,  
 Who had been known to hiss at many a trial,  
 That this was perfect, ventured no denial:  
 It seemed as if the applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground,  
 An ass was present, pompous and profound,  
 Who said,—“My friends, I'll not dispute the honor  
 That you would do our little prima donna:  
 Although her upper notes are very shrill,  
 And she defies all method in her trill,  
 She has some talent, and, upon the whole,  
 With study, may some cleverness attain.  
 Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul;  
 But—but——”  
 “But”—growled the lion, “by my mane,  
 I never knew an ass, who did not strain  
 To qualify a good thing with a but!”  
 “Nay,” said the goose, approaching with a strut,  
 “Don't interrupt him, sire; pray let it pass;  
 The ass is honest, if he is an ass!”

“I was about,” said Long Ear, “to remark,  
 That there is something lacking in her whistle:  
 Something magnetic,  
 To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,  
 And kindle in the breast a spark  
 Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle.”

The assembly tittered, but the fox, with gravity,  
 Said, at the lion winking,  
 “Our learned friend, with his accustomed suavity,  
 Has given his opinion without shrinking;

But, to do justice to the nightingale,  
 He should inform us, as no doubt he will,  
 What sort of music 'tis, that does not fail  
 His sensibilities to rouse and thrill.”



“Why,” said the critic, with a look potential,  
 And pricking up his ears, delighted much  
 At Reynard's tone and manner deferential,—  
 “Why, sir, there's nothing can so deeply touch  
 My feelings, and so carry me away  
 As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray.”

“I thought so,” said the fox, without a pause;  
 “As far as you're concerned, your judgment's  
 true;  
 You do not like the nightingale, because  
 The nightingale is not an ass like you!”

## THE DOG DAYS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. 1849.

Hot!—hot!—all piping hot.—CITY CRIES.

HEAVEN help us all in these terrific days!  
The burning sun upon the earth is pelting  
With his directest, fiercest, hottest rays,  
And every thing is melting!

Fat men, infatuate, fan the stagnant air,  
In rash essay to cool their inward glowing,  
While with each stroke, in dolorous despair,  
They feel the fever growing!

The lean and lathy find a fate as hard,  
For, all a-dry, they burn like any tinder  
Beneath the solar blaze, till withered, charred  
And crisped away to cinder!

E'en Stoics now are in the melting mood,  
And vestal cheeks are most unseemly florid;  
The very zone that girts the frigid prude,  
Is now intensely torrid!

The dogs lie lolling in the deepest shade;  
The pigs are all a-wallow in the gutters,  
And not a household creature—cat or maid,  
But querulously mutters!

"'Tis dreadful, dreadful hot!" exclaims each one  
Unto his sweating, sweltering, roasting neighbor,  
Then mops his brow, and sighs, as he had done  
A quite herculean labor!

And friends who pass each other in the town,  
Say no good morrows when they come together,  
But only mutter, with a dismal frown,  
"What horrid, horrid weather!"



While prudent mortals curb with strictest care  
All vagrant curs, it seems the queerest puzzle  
The Dog-star rages rabid through the air,  
Without the slightest muzzle!

But Jove is wise and equal in his sway,  
Howe'er it seems to clash with human reason,  
His fiery dogs will soon have had their day,  
And men shall have a season!

## THE COLD WATER-MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE. 1849.

It was an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well,—  
And he lived by a little pond,  
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod,—  
So even ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said  
He never had a wish,—  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a school of fish.

He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,  
Nor cared about a name,—  
For though much famed for fish was he,  
He never fished for fame!

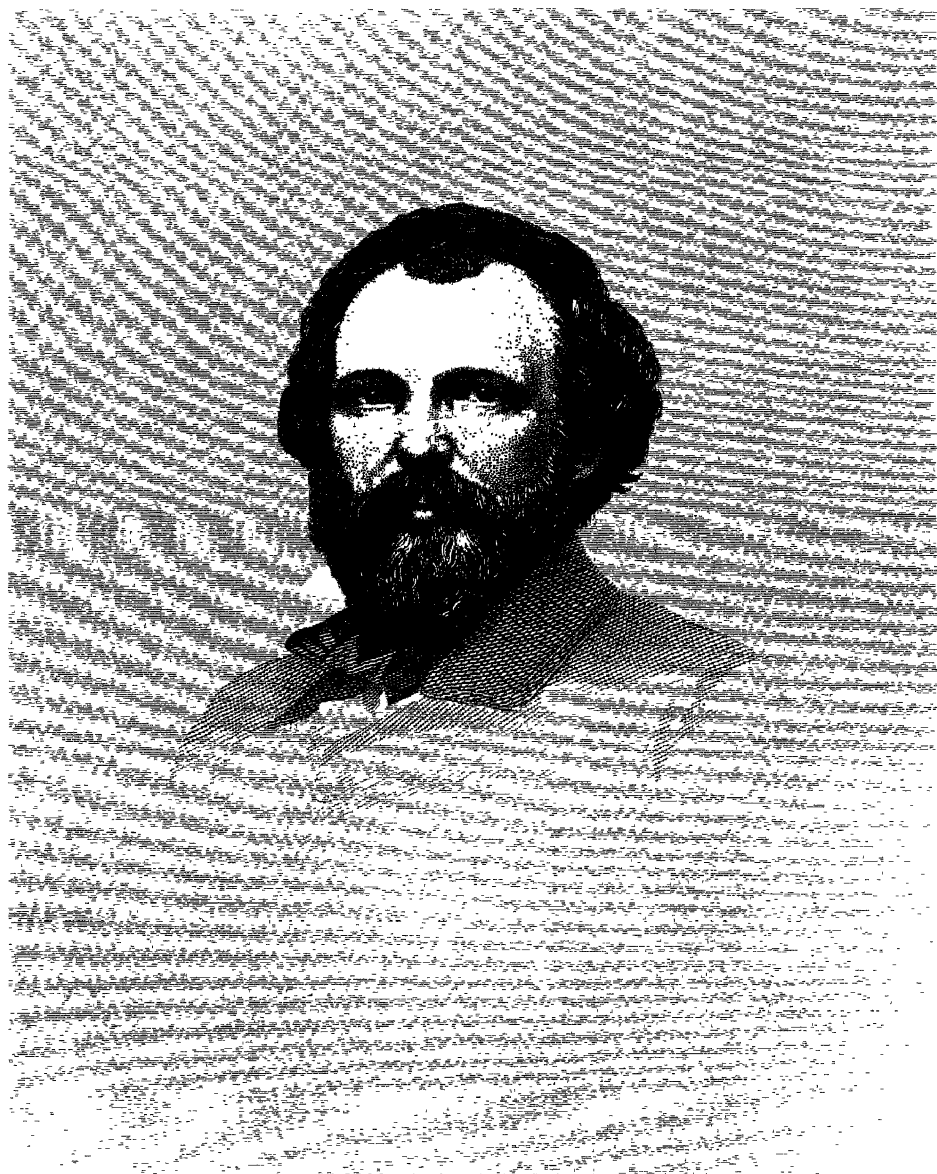
Let others bend their necks at sight  
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,  
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"  
For any thing but eels!

A cunning fisherman was he,  
His angles all were right;  
The smallest nibble at his bait  
Was sure to prove "a bite!"

All day this fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog;

With all the seeming innocence,  
And that unconscious look,  
That other people often wear  
When they intend to "hook!"





*John G. Law.*



To charm the fish he never spoke,—  
Although his voice was fine,  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to drop a line!

And many a gudgeon of the pond,  
If they could speak to-day,

Would own, with grief, this angler had  
A mighty taking way!

Alas! one day this fisherman  
Had taken too much grog,  
And being but a landsman, too,  
He couldn't keep the log!

'Twas all in vain with might and main  
He strove to reach the shore—  
Down—down he went, to feed the fish  
He'd baited oft before!

The jury gave their verdict that  
'Twas nothing else but gin  
Had caused the fisherman to be  
So sadly taken in;

Though one stood out upon a whim,  
And said the angler's slaughter,  
To be exact about the fact,  
Was clearly, gin-and-water!

The moral of this mournful tale  
To all is plain and clear,—  
That drinking habits bring a man  
Too often to his bier;

And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"  
And keep the promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*  
*Cold water-man at last!*

### SOCIALISM. A SCENE FROM A COMEDY.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER. 1849.

SCENE—*A Parlor. Lovel and Frank at Breakfast.*

LOVEL. I am an *individual*, I tell you, and not a *community*.

FRANK. The besetting vice of the old opinions, my dear uncle. Serious doubts are raised whether there are, properly speaking, any individuals; the great human family being composed of communities.

LOVEL. Aye, aye, just as the Menai Bridge is formed of arches.

FRANK. This is an age of movement.

LOVEL. You never said truer words, boy. New names for old ideas. Every thing in progress. Even old age keeps in motion; and I, who was sixty-six last summer, am quite liable to be sixty-seven this.

FRANK. 'Tis the spirit of the times, sir. Progress is all in all just now.

LOVEL. Were it not for my gout—

FRANK. Neuralgia, or inflammatory rheumatism, if you please. There is no longer any gout.

LOVEL. I would be off for some other planet, and get rid of all these innovations. I hate change. There is Venus now—a very good-looking, quiet star; I think I might fancy a peaceable home under *her* auspices for the rest of my days.

FRANK. I am afraid, sir, it is rather late in life; and you might find the door shut in your face on your arrival, after a very fatiguing journey. Besides, the planets have *their* revolutions as well as opinions.

LOVEL. That's true, by George. I did not think of that. I dare say they have their progress; their being up to the time, and all the other non-senses of the day. You are what is called a communist, Frank.

FRANK. I reject the appellation, sir. It is true we recognise the great community principle, as opposed to a narrow, selfish, unnatural individualism; but we admit the rights of property, the relations of society, the—the—a—a—in short, all that, in justice and reason ought to be admitted. This it is which distinguishes the new principles from the old.

LOVEL. Ah! I begin to comprehend—you are only an *uncommon*-ist!

FRANK. Well, sir, as you have promised to attend the school, I shall soon see you added to our number, let me be what I may.

LOVEL. It is useless talking, boy. If I cannot quit the earth altogether, I have discovered—

FRANK. Discovered!—what, my dear sir?—I do doat on discoveries!

LOVEL. I wonder you never discovered that you are a confounded blockhead. You doat on my ward, too; but it's of no use; she'll never have you. She has told me as much.

FRANK. You must excuse my saying, sir, that I think your imagination has a hand in this.

LOVEL. No such thing, sir. It appears to her

to be too selfish and narrow-minded to bestow her affections on an individual, when there is a whole community to love. *She* has made a discovery, too.

FRANK. Of what, sir? I beg you'll not keep me in suspense. Discoveries are my delight.

LOVEL. Suspense!—you deserve to be suspended by the neck for your foolish manner of trifling with your own happiness. Here has Emily found out that she is a social being, and she is not disposed to throw herself away on the best individual that ever lived, that's all.

FRANK. I have unlimited confidence in the principles of Emily—

LOVEL. Her principles!—why, it is on this very community principle, as you call it, that she is for dividing up her heart into homeopathic doses, giving a little here, and a little there, in grains and drachms, eh?

FRANK. We will not talk of Emily, sir; I would prefer to learn this discovery of yours.

LOVEL. Yes; it is a great thought in its way. I call it Perpetual Still-ism. As every thing is in motion, looking anxiously after truth, and opinions are vibrating, I have taken a central position, as respects all the great questions of the day; the human family necessarily passing me once on each oscillation. Truth is a point, and at that point I take my stand. Finding it is a wild goose chase to run after demonstration, I have become a fixture. I'm truth, and don't mean to budge. As you are my nephew and a favorite, I'll give you a friendly word now and then, as you swing past on the great moral pendulum of movement, coming and going.

FRANK. Thank'ee, sir; and as movement is the order of the day, I am off for McSocial's.

LOVEL. Who is a very great scoundrel in my judgment.

FRANK. This of one of the luminaries of the times! He and his sister are blessings to all who listen to their wisdom. But I must quit you, sir. (*Going.*)

LOVEL. Harkee, Frank.

FRANK. Your pleasure, sir.

LOVEL. My ward won't have you.

FRANK. May I ask why not, sir?

LOVEL. She's converted, at last, to your opinions; regards all mankind as brothers, yourself included, and can't think of marrying so near a relative.

FRANK. There is no community on this subject, sir. I shall continue to hope.

LOVEL. You needn't. She has found out what a narrow sentiment it is to love an individual, I tell you, and opens her heart to the whole of the great human family.

FRANK. Love is a passion and not a principle, and I shall trust to nature. My time has come, and I must really go. I shall expect you in half an hour—six, at the latest. (*Exit.*)

LOVEL. This is what he calls keeping pace with the times, I suppose, and progress, and not being behind the age. Since his mind has got filled with this nonsense, I find it hard to give him any sound advice. Poor Emily is taking his folly to heart, besides being a little jealous, I fear, of this unknown sister of McSocial's, whom she hears so much extolled. Here she comes, poor girl, looking quite serious and sad. (*Enter Emily.*)

EMILY. What has become of Mr. Frank Lovel, sir?

LOVEL. Off, like a new idea.

EMILY. It's very early to leave the house—where *can* he have gone at this hour?

LOVEL. I heard him say he had some morning call to make.

EMILY. On whom can he call at nine o'clock?

LOVEL. The great human family. They are always in, my dear. He'll be admitted.

EMILY. Few persons would deny themselves to Frank Lovel.



LOVEL. If they did, he would enter by the key-hole. No such thing as excluding the light.

EMILY. Why allude to him with such severity, my dear guardian?

LOVEL. Because he is a blockhead; and because he makes you sad.

EMILY. Sometimes he makes me very much the reverse. He is generally thought quite clever.

LOVEL. He's new fangled, and that passes for cleverness with most persons. You never can marry him, Emily.

EMILY. Quite likely, sir, as I mean never to marry any one—still, I should like to know the reason why?

LOVEL. He is your brother by the great human family; and you can't marry so near a relative. The church would not perform the ceremony over you; you come within the fifth degree. I suppose you can foresee the consequences were you to marry this *vol-au-vent*, Emily.

EMILY. Not exactly, sir; I suppose, *should* such a thing ever happen, that he would love me dearly, dearly; and that I might return the feeling as far as was proper.

LOVEL. You know that Frank is an uncommonist?

EMILY. Oh, Lord!—you quite frighten me, sir—what is that?

LOVEL. An improvement on the communist.

EMILY. I like the idea of improvement; but what is a communist?

LOVEL. A great social division, by means of which the goods and chattels of our neighbors, wives and children included, are to go share and share alike, as the lawyers say.

EMILY. All this is algebra to me.

LOVEL. It is only arithmetic, my dear; nothing but compound division. Here am I, a bachelor, in my sixty-sixth year, happy and free. If this project succeeds, I may wake up some morning, and find a beloved consort sharing my pillow, and six or eight turbulent members of the great human family squalling in the nursery; children whose names I never even heard—Billies, and Tommies, and Katies. I devoutly hope there won't be any twins. *They* would be the death of me. I detest *twins*.

EMILY. But you need not marry unless you please, sir.

LOVEL. It used to be so, child; but every thing is upside down now-a-days. They may make a code to say I *shall* marry. You, yourself, may be enacted to marry some old fogram, just like me.

EMILY. My dear guardian!—but I would not have him.

LOVEL. Thank you, Miss Warrington. In these unsettled times one never knows what will happen. I was born an individual, have lived an individual, and did hope to die an individual; but Frank denies my identity. He says, that all individuals are exploded. Yes, Emmy, dear, I may be forced, by statute, to offer myself to you, for what I know.

EMILY. Thank you, my dearest guardian; but set your mind at rest—I'll promise not to accept you. How can they make us marry unless we see fit? By what they call the 'right of eminent domain,' I suppose. They are doing all sorts of things up at Albany by means of this right.

LOVEL. That foolish fellow, Frank, is for ever chasing novelties, when Solomon himself tells us there is nothing new under the sun. He's a very great dunce.

EMILY. In my opinion, sir, Frank knows a great deal that Solomon never dreamt of, if the truth were proclaimed. What did Solomon know of the steam engine, the magnetic telegraph, or animal magnetism?

LOVEL. And what does Frank know of the Temple, the Hebrew melodies, and the Queen of Sheba?—An ill-mannered, ill-tempered fellow, to wish to disturb elderly gentlemen in their individuality!

EMILY. Would it not be better than abusing him, sir, for you and me to pursue our scheme, by means of which Frank can be made to see the true character of these McSocials, and be brought back into his old train of opinion and feeling? As long as he thinks and acts as he does at present I am seriously resolved not to marry him—and—and—and—

LOVEL. Go on, my dear; I am all ears when a young woman is seriously resolved not to marry a handsome young fellow, whom she loves as the apple of her eye.

EMILY. I acknowledge the weakness, sir, if it be one; but am not weak enough to link my fortunes to those of a social madman, though I believe this Dr. McSocial has a notion to the contrary.

LOVEL. Whew!—the impudent rascal!—and he Frank's bosom friend all this time! But come this way, Emmy; I mean to go out myself this fine morning, and take a look at the great human family, with my own eyes; maybe we can concoct something to set community in motion in our own way. [Exeunt.]

## THE JOINT EXERTIONS OF A LARGE FAMILY.

WITH MANY CUTS.



A Leg of Mutton as it goes up.



A Leg of Mutton as it comes down.



## THAT GENTLEMAN.

BY EDWARD EVERETT. 1850.

[The following articles, written several years ago, are now printed from an edition of 1850, with additions and corrections by the author.]

AMONG the passengers on board the steamer Chancellor Livingston, on one of her trips up the North River, last year, a middle-aged gentleman was observed by the captain, whose appearance attracted notice, but whose person and quality were unknown to him. The stranger was dressed in clothing of the latest style, but without being in the extreme of fashion, or conspicuous for any thing that he did or did not wear. He had not, however, availed himself of the apology of travelling, as many do, to neglect the most scrupulous care of his person, and seemed rather to be on a visit, than a journey. His equipage had been noticed by the porters to correspond in appearance with its owner. The portmanteau was made to increase or diminish in capacity, the upper part rising on the under by screws, according to the contents; the whole of it was besides enveloped in a firm canvas. A cloak-bag of the best construction; a writing apparatus, with a most inscrutable lock; an umbrella in a neat case, a hat in another, ready to take the place of the travelling seal-skin cap, which the stranger wore during the trip, were so many indications of a man, who placed the happiness of life in the enjoyment of its comforts. The greatest of all comforts is yet to be told, and was in attendance upon him, in the shape of a first-rate servant, a yellow man by complexion, taciturn, active, gentle; just not too obsequious, and just not too familiar; not above the name of servant, and well deserving that of friend.

This strange gentleman was quiet, moderate in his movements, somewhat reserved in his manners; all real gentlemen are so. A shade of melancholy settled over his face, but rather lightening into satisfaction, than dark and ominous of growing sorrow. It was a countenance, which care had slightly furrowed, but in which the springing seeds of grief were not yet planted. There was a timid look of the one, that had been deceived by appearances, and feared to trust himself to an exterior, that might betray his heart into a misplaced confidence. There was an expression, which one might almost call sly, of a man, who had at length found a secret treasure, which he would not expose, lest it should be torn from him, or he should be disturbed in its enjoyment. Of the beauties of the scene, though plainly a man of cultivated mind, he took little notice. He cast an eye of equal indifference on nature's Cyclopean masonry at the Palisades, and on the elegant erections of art on the opposite side of the river. Even the noble entrance into the Highlands scarcely fixed his attention.

With all the appearance of a perfect gentleman, there was nevertheless conspicuous about this personage, a punctuality in obeying the bell which summoned to the meals, and a satisfaction evinced while at them, which evidently proceeded from some particular association of ideas, to which the spectator wanted the key. It was not ravening appetite; it was not for want of being accustomed at home to what are commonly, and we think correctly, called "good things;" his whole appearance negatived such an idea. But he repaired to the

table with a cheerful and active step, as if he were sure he could find things as they ought to be; and he partook of its provisions as if he had found them so. He did not praise the abundance and good quality of what he saw and enjoyed; but maintained the same rather mysterious silence here, as elsewhere on board. But the expression of calm inward satisfaction, which reigned in his face, spoke volumes. In like manner, with respect to every part of the domestic economy of the boat; the commodious berths, the conveniences of the washing apparatus, and of the barber's shop; the boot-brushing quarters, in short, all the nameless accommodations and necessities, which will suggest themselves without being specified. In regard to them all, you might read in the stranger's looks and mien, that he was perfectly satisfied; and for some reason, which did not suggest itself for want of knowledge of his history, he evidently enjoyed this satisfaction, with a peculiar *relish*. In fact, the only words that had been heard to escape from "that gentleman," (for so the captain had called him, in pointing him out to the steward; and so the barber had called him in speaking of him to the cook; and so the engineer had designated him, in describing his looks to the fireman;) the only words which "that gentleman" had been heard to utter to any one on board, were his remarks to the captain, after having finished a tour of observation round the boat,—“Very convenient, very comfortable.”

As they drew near to Albany, this air of satisfaction was evidently clouded. Nothing adverse had happened on board the boat, which was walking cheerily through the water, at the rate of eleven miles and a half per hour. Mr. Surevalve, her engineer, was heard to say that he could double her steam without coming near her proof; "but then," he added to the firemen, "what good would that do, seeing the resistance of the water increases with the velocity of the boat;" a remark, to which the fireman returned, what may be called, a very *unknown* look. The weather was fine; the company generally exhilarated at the thought of arriving at the journey's end; and all but the stranger rising in spirits, as they drew near to the landing place. He, on the contrary, proceeded about the business of disembarking, with the only discontented look he had worn during the trip.

But in the crowd and hurry of landing two hundred and fifty passengers, with as many trunks, carpet-bags, and bandboxes, and the tumult of conflicting porters, draymen, hackmen, and greeting friends, the stranger was lost sight of. Several of the passengers had secretly determined to keep an eye upon him; an idea having got abroad that he was a member of parliament, or some said the Duke of Saxe Weimar, which the engineer averred with an oath to be the case, adding, that "it was hard, if he could not tell a Frenchman." But it so happened that every man on board had an object of greater interest to look after in the crowd, viz. himself; and what course the stranger took on landing, no one could say.

It was not long before the captain discovered that the stranger had not gone on shore, for he perceived him occupying a retired seat on the transom, aft in the cabin; and that he appeared to intend returning to New York the next trip. His countenance had recovered its prevailing expression, and he just opened his lips to say that he "believed he should take the boat back." Various speculations, no doubt, were made by the captain, the steward, the engineer, and the firemen, on a circumstance, upon the whole, so singular; but recollecting his clouded aspect as he approached Albany, they came to the conclusion that he had forgotten something of importance in New York; that the recollection of it did not return to him, till near the arrival of the boat, and consequently he was obliged to go down the river again. "You see *that gentleman* again," says the engineer to the fireman. "I do," replied Mr. Manyscald. "I suppose he has forgotten something in New York," pursued the engineer; and thus closed a dialogue, which a skilful novelist would have spread over three pages.

The stranger's demeanor, on the return, was the exact counterpart of that which he had worn on the ascent; calm, satisfied, retired; perfectly at ease; a mind and senses formed to enjoy, reposing in the full possession of their objects. To describe his manner more minutely, would be merely to repeat what we have already said, in the former part of this account. But the hypothesis, by which the engineer and firemen had accounted for his return, and his melancholy looks, at Albany, was overthrown by the extraordinary fact, that as they drew near to New York, his countenance was overshadowed by the same clouds that had before darkened it. He was even more perplexed in spirit than he had before seemed; and he ordered his servant to look after the baggage, with a pettishness that contrasted strangely with his calm deportment. The engineer who had noticed this, was determined to watch him closely; and the fireman swore he would follow him up to the head of Cortlandt street. But just as the steamboat was rounding into the slip, a sloop was descending the river with wind and tide; and some danger of collision arose. It was necessary that the engineer should throw his wheels back, with all possible expedition. This event threw the fire-room into a little confusion, succeeded by some remarks of admiration at the precision with which the engine worked, and the boast of the fireman, "how sweetly she went over her centres." This bustle below was followed by that of arriving; the usual throng of friends, porters, passengers, draymen, hackmen, and barrowmen breasting each other on the deck, on the plank which led from the boat, on the slip, and in the street, completed the momentary confusion; and when the engineer and fireman had readjusted their apartment, they burst out at once on each other, with the question and reply, "Did you see which way *that gentleman* went?" "Haag it, no." The captain and the steward were much in the same predicament. "I meant to have had an eye after *that gentleman*," said the captain, "but he has given me the slip."

It was, accordingly, with a good deal of surprise, that, on descending to the cabin, he again saw the stranger, in the old place; again prepared to all appearance to go back to Albany, and again heard the short remark, "I believe I shall take the boat back." But the captain was well-bred, and the stranger a good customer; so that no look escaped

the former, expressive of the sentiments which this singular conduct excited in him. The same decorum, however, did not restrain the engineer and fireman. As soon as they perceived the stranger, on his accustomed walk up and down deck, the engineer cried out, with a preliminary obtestation which we do not care to repeat, "Mr. Manyscald, do you see *that gentleman*?" "Ay, ay," was the answer, "who can he be?" "Tell that if you can," rejoined the engineer, "it ain't every man that's willing to be known; for my own part, I believe it's Bolivar come to tap the dam over the Mohawk, and let the kanol waste out." The fireman modestly inquired his reason for thinking it was Bolivar, but the engineer, a little piqued at having his judgment questioned, merely muttered, that "it was hard if a man who had been an engineer for ten years couldn't tell a Frenchman."

During the passage, nothing escaped the stranger that betrayed his history or errand; nor yet was there any affectation of mystery or concealment. A close observer would have inferred (as is said to be the case with free masonry), that no secret escaped him, because there was none to escape; that his conduct, though not to be accounted for by those unacquainted with him, was probably consistent with the laws of human nature, and the principles of a gentleman. It is precisely, however, a case like this, which most stimulates the curiosity and awakens the suspicions of common men. They think the natural unaffected air but a deeper disguise; and it cannot be concealed, that, in the course of the third passage, very hard allusions were made by the engineer and fireman to the character of Major André, as a spy. The sight of West Point probably awakened this reminiscence in the mind of the engineer, who, in the ardor of his patriotic feeling, forgot it was time of peace. The fireman was beginning to throw out a submissive hint, that he did not know, "that in time of peace, even an Englishman could be hung for going to West Point;" but the engineer interrupted him, and expressed his belief with an oath, that "if General Jackson could catch *that gentleman*," (as he now called him with a little sneer on the word,) "he would hang him, under the second article of the rules of war." "For all me," meekly responded the fireman, as he shouldered a stick of pitch-pine into the furnace.

It is remarked by authors, who have spoken on the subject of juggling, that the very intensity with which a company eyes the juggler, facilitates his deceptions. He has but to give their eyes and their thoughts a slight misdirection, and then he may, for a moment, do almost any thing unobserved, in full view. A vague impression, growing out of the loose conversation in the fire-room, had prevailed among the attendants and others in the boat, that the gentleman was a foreigner, going to explore, if not to tap, the canal. With this view, they felt no doubt he would, on the return, land at Albany; a lookout was kept for him, and though he was unnoticed in the throng at the place of debarkation, it was ascribed to the throng that the gentleman was unnoticed. "I tell you, you'll hear mischief from *that gentleman* yet," said the engineer, throwing off his steam.

What then was their astonishment, and even that of the captain and steward, to find the stranger was still in the cabin, and prepared to all appearance for a fourth trip. The captain felt he hardly knew

how; we may call it *queer*. He stifled, however, his uneasy emotions, and endeavored to bow respectfully to the stranger's usual remark, "I think I shall take the boat back." Aware of the busy speculation which had begun to express itself in the fire-room, he requested the steward not to let it be known, that "*that gentleman*" was going down again; and it remained a secret till the boat was under way. About half an hour after it had started, the gentleman left the cabin to take one of his walks on deck, and in passing along was seen at the same instant by the engineer and fireman. For a moment they looked at each other with an expression of displeasure and resolution strongly mingled. Not a word was said by either; but the fireman dropped a huge stick of pine, which he was lifting into the furnace; and the engineer as promptly cut off the steam from the engine, and brought the wheels to a stand. The captain of course rushed forward, and inquired if the boiler had *collapsed* (the modern polite word for *bursting*), and met the desperate engineer coming up to speak for himself. "Captain," said he, with a kind of high-pressure movement of his arm, "I have kept up steam ever since there was such a thing as steam, on the river. Copper boiler or iron, high pressure or low; give me the packing of my own cylinder, and I'll knock under to no man. But if we are to have '*that gentleman*' up and down, down and up, and up and down again, like a sixty horse piston, I know one that won't raise another inch of steam if he starves for it."

The unconscious subject of this tumult had already retreated to his post in the cabin, before the scene began, and was luckily ignorant of the trouble he was causing. The captain, who was a prudent man, spoke in a conciliating tone to the engineer; promised to ask the stranger roundly who he was, and what was his business, and if he found the least cause of dissatisfaction, to set him on shore at Newburgh. The mollified engineer returned to his department; the fireman shouldered a huge stick of pine into the furnace, the steam rushed hissing into the cylinder, and the boat was soon moving her twelve knots an hour on the river.

The captain, in the extremity of the moment, had promised what it was hard to perform; and now experienced a sensible palpitation, as he drew near to the stranger, to fulfil the obligation he had hastily assumed. The gentleman, however, had begun to surmise the true state of the case; he had noticed the distrustful looks of the crew, and the dubious expressions of the captain and steward. As the former approached him, he determined to relieve the embarrassment, under which, it was plain, he was going to address him; and said, "I perceive, sir, you are at a loss to account for my remaining on board the boat for so many successive trips, and, if I mistake not, your people view me with suspicious eyes. The truth is, captain, I believe I shall pass the summer with you."

The stranger paused to notice (somewhat wickedly) the effect of this intelligence on the captain, whose eyes began to grow round at the intimation; but in a moment pursued:—"You must know, captain, I am one of those persons,—favored I will not say,—who being above the necessity of laboring for a subsistence, are obliged to resort to some extraordinary means to get through the year. I am a Carolinian, and pass my summers in travelling. I have been obliged to come by land, for the sake of seeing friends, and transacting business by the way. Did you ever, captain, travel by land from Charleston to Philadelphia?"

The captain shook his head in the negative. "You may thank Heaven for that. O! captain, the crazy stages, the vile roads, the rivers to be forded, the sands to be ploughed through, the comfortless inns, the crowd, the noise, the heat; but I must not dwell on it. Suffice it to say, I have suffered every thing, both moving and stationary. I have been overturned, and had my shoulder dislocated in Virginia; I have been robbed between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. At Philadelphia, I have had my place in the mail coach taken up by a way passenger; I have been stowed by the side of a drunken sailor in New Jersey; I have been beguiled into a fashionable boarding-house in the crowded season, in New York. Once I have had to sit on a bag of turkeys, which was going to the



stage proprietor, who was also keeper of a hotel; three rheumatic fevers have I caught, by riding in the night, against a window that would not close; near Elkton, I was washed away in a gully, and three horses drowned; at Saratoga, I have been suffocated; at Montreal, eaten of fleas; in short, captain, in the pursuit of pleasure I have suffered the pains of purgatory. For the first time in my life, I have met with comfort, ease, and enjoyment, on board the Chancellor. I was following the multitude to the Springs. As I drew near to Albany, my heart sunk within me, as I thought of the little prison in which I should be shut up, at one of the fashionable hotels. In the very moment of landing, my courage failed me, and I returned to the comforts of another trip in your excellent boat.

We went down to New York; I was about to step on shore, and saw a well-dressed gentleman run down by a swine, in my sight. I shrunk back again into your cabin, where I have found such accommodations as I have never before met away from home; and if you are not unwilling to have a season passenger, I intend to pass the ensuing three months on board your boat."

The captain blushed and bowed; gratified and ashamed of his suspicions. He hurried up to put the engineer at ease, who was not less gratified at the high opinion the stranger had of the Chancellor; and as long as the boat continued to ply for the rest of the season, remarked, at least once a trip to the fireman, "'that gentleman' knows what's what."

## SHAKING HANDS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT. 1850.

MR. EDITOR,—There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile matters the attention of writers and readers has often been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a subject as this; and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a subject on which I have myself reflected a good deal, and I beg leave to offer you a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find among the ancients any distinct mention of *shaking hands*. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients confined the business of salutation to the hands alone, they *joined* but did not *shake* them. Although I find frequently such phrases as *jungere dextras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dextras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this rudimentary stage, it is impossible in the silence of history to say; nor is there anything in the English chroniclers, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without, therefore, availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the want of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which de-

serves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its true nature, force and distinctive character, this shake should be performed with a fair, steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried, have universally resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the *pump-handle* shake, should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should, on no account, be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character, but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal, instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed, by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and, after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use, which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the *pump-handle* shake. It is well-known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two uncles, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the *pump-handle* shake, and another had brought home the *pendulum* from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavored to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened,—the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was at last a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal; in which line they ever afterwards shook;—but it was plain to see there was no cordiality in it, and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instruments made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood,



in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasp ing the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose. Particular care ought to be taken if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist, by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion, gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake with such severity as reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder, for which my friend had the satisfaction of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the *cordial grapple*. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild, subsultory motion, a cast-down

look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the *prude major* allows you to touch even them only down to the second joint. The *prude minor* gives you the whole of the fore-finger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or having a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a long list, sir, of the *gripe-royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice-prepense*; but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described, as the *pump-handle*, the *pendulum*, and the *tourniquet*. In like manner, the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic* and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the *cordial grapple*, *Peter Grievous touch*, and the *prude major* and *minor*. I should trouble you with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the *pump-handle*. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

**QUITS.**—A coroner's inquest was held upon the body of a man who died from taking Vegetable Pills. On opening the body, the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage, but dead, to its core, from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient, unfortunately, never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "*quits*." "Quits, gentlemen!" exclaimed the dismayed coroner—"never heard of such a thing! What do you mean?" "Why," replied the foreman, "we find that, if the cabbage killed the man—the man most certainly killed the cabbage, and if that ain't quits, blow me!"

**A RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.**—It is related that an old negro, who was generally hired out to different masters, was once asked by a white gentleman to what Church he belonged. To this interrogatory he thus responded: "When I is hired out to a master dat is a Presbyterian, I is a Presbyterian. When I is hired out to a master dat is a Mefodist, I is a Mefodist. When I is hired out to a master dat is a United Bredren, I is a United Bredren. De fact is, I is whatever 'ligion master is."

## THE THIMBLE GAME.

BY T. W. LANE. 1850.

Forty years ago, Augusta, Ga., presented a very different appearance from the busy and beautiful city of the present day. Its groceries, stores, and extensive warehouses were few in number, and the large quantities of cotton, and other produce, which are still conveyed thither, were transported entirely by wagons. The substantial railroad, which links it with the richest and most beautiful regions of the empire state of the South, was a chimera, not yet conceived in the wild brain of fancy herself; and many of the improvements, luxuries, and refinements, which now make it the second city in the state, were then "in the shell." Yet, by the honest yeomanry of forty years ago, Augusta was looked upon as Paris and London are now viewed by us. The man who had never been there, was a cipher in the community—nothing killed an opinion more surely, nothing stopped the mouth of "argymment" sooner, than the sneering taunt, "Pshaw! you ha'n't been to *Augusty*." The atmosphere of this favored place was supposed to impart knowledge and wisdom to all who breathed it, and the veriest ass was a Solon and an umpire, if he could discourse fluently of the different localities, and various wonders, of *Augusty*.

The farmers of the surrounding country paid a yearly visit to Augusta, and having sold their "*crap*" of the great Southern staple, and laid in their stock of winter necessities, returned home with something of that holy satisfaction with which the pious Mohammedan turns his face homeward from Mecca. The first step upon arriving in the city was to lay aside their "*copperas-coloureds*," fabrics of the wife's or daughter's loom, and purchase a new suit of "*store-clothes*." These were immediately donned, and upon returning home, were carefully embalmed, nor again permitted to see the light until the next Sunday at "meetin'," when the farmer, with head erect and ample shirt-collar, strutted up the aisle, the lion of the occasion, the "observed of all observers" till the next Sabbath, when his neighbor returning with his new suit, plucked off his laurels and twined them green and blooming upon the crown of his own shining beaver. These annual trips were the event and era of the year, and the farmer returned to his home, big with importance and news. The dishonesty and shrewdness of "them Gimblit fellers," (Cotton-Buyers,) the extortions of hotel-keepers, the singular failures of warehouse steelyards to make cotton-bales weigh as much in Augusta as at home, the elegant apparel of the city belles and beaux, and the sights and scenes which greeted their astonished gaze, formed the year's staple of conversation and discussion; and it would be difficult to say who experienced the greater delight—the farmer in relating his wondrous adventures, or his wife and daughters in listening to them with open mouths, uplifted hands, and occasional breathless ejaculations of "Good Lord, look down!" "O! go away!" or "Shut up!" "You don't see so!"

Early in the fall of 18—, Farmer Wilkins announced to his son Peter, that as he, "his daddy," would be too busy to make the usual trip in "*propria persona*," he, Peter, must get ready to go down to *Augusty* and sell the "first load." Now,

Peter Wilkins, Jr., a young man just grown, was one of the celebrities of which his settlement (neighborhood) boasted. He was supposed to have cut his eye-teeth—to have shaken off that verdancy so common to young men; and while he filled up more than half his father's capacious heart, to the discomfiture of Mahaly (his mother), and Suke and Poll (his sisters), he was the pet and darling of the whole neighborhood. An only son, the old man doted upon him as a chip of the old block, and was confident that Peter, in any emergency of trade, traffic, or otherwise, would display that admirable tact, and that attentive consideration for "No. One," for which Mr. P. Wilkins, Sr., was noted. A horse-swap with a Yankee, in which Peter, after half an hour's higgling, found himself the undisputed owner of both horses and ten dollars boot, was the corner-stone of his fame. Every trip to Augusta added another block; and by the time Peter arrived at the years of discretion, he stood upon a lofty structure with all the green rubbed off, the pride of his family, and the universal favorite of his acquaintances. The night before his departure, the family were all gathered around the roaring fire, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkins engaged in ironing and mending our hero's Sunday apparel, the old man smoking his pipe, and occasionally preparing Peter for the ordeal in Augusta, by wholesome advice, or testing his claim to the tremendous confidence about to be reposed in him, by searching questions, as to how he would do in case so-and-so was to turn up. To this counsel, however, our hero paid less attention than to the preparations making around him for his comely appearance in the city. Nor, until he got upon the road, did he revolve in his mind the numerous directions of his father, or resolve to follow to the letter his solemn parting injunction to "beware of them gimblit fellers down to *Augusty*." "Durn it," said he to himself, as the thought of being "sold" crossed his mind, "durn it, they'll never made gouds out o' me. *I've ben to Augusty before*, and ef I don't git as much fur that thur cotton as anybody else does fur thurn, then my name aint Peter Wilkins, and that's what the old 'ooman's slam book says it is."

Arrived in the city, he drove around to one of the warehouses, and stood against the brick wall, awaiting a purchaser. Presently, a little man with a long gimlet in his hand came out, and bade our hero a polite "Good morning."

"Mornin'," said Peter, with admirable coolness, as he deliberately surveyed the little man from head to foot, and withdrew his eyes as if not pleased with his appearance. The little man was dressed in the "shabby-genteel" style, a costume much in vogue at that day among men of his cloth, as combining plainness enough for the country-folk, with sufficient gentility to keep them on speaking terms with the more fashionable denizens of the then metropolis. The little man seemed in no way disconcerted by Peter's searching gaze, and a close observer might have perceived a slight smile on his lip, as he read the thoughts of our hero's bosom. His self-confidence, his pride, his affected ease and knowing air, were all comprehended, and ere a word had passed, the lion knew well the character of his

prey. In the purchase of the cotton, however, the little man sought no advantage, and even offered our hero a better price than any one else in the city would have given him. To our hero's credit be it said, he was not loth to accept the offer; 15½ cents was above the market, by at least a quarter, and the old man had told him to let it slide at fifteen rather than not sell, so the bargain was closed, and our hero and the "Gimblit-man" went out into the yard to settle.

Seating himself on a cotton bale, the buyer counted out the money, which our hero made safe in his pocket, after seeing that it was "*giniwine*," and tallied with the amount stated in the bill of sale. A few sweet pills of flattery administered to our hero, soon made him and the Gimblit-man sworn friends; and it was in consideration of his high regard, that the Gimblit-man consented to initiate him into the mysteries of a certain game, yelegt "Thimble Rig," a game which, our hero was told, would yield him much sport, if successfully played up at home among the boys; and would, when properly managed, be to him a never-failing source of that desirable article, "pocket-change." To this proposition our hero readily assented, delighted with the idea of playing off upon the boys up at home, who hadn't been to Augusty: and already began to revel in the visions of full pockets, when, to his silent horror, the little man took from his pocket a hundred-dollar bill, and very irreverently rolled it into a small round ball.

Three thimbles were next produced, and the game began.

"Now," said the little man, "I am going to hide this little ball under one of these thimbles, all before your eyes, and I want you to guess where it is."

"Well," said Peter, "go it—I'm ready," and the shifting game began. To the apparent astonishment of the little man, our hero guessed right every time. No matter how rapid the changes, Peter invariably lifted the thimble from the ball, and had begun to grow disgusted with the game, little dreaming how soon he was to prove its efficacy as a source of revenue, when the little man suddenly checked his hand.

"Wrong," said he, with a friendly smile; "the ball is not under the middle thimble, but under that next you."

"Darned ef it is though!" responded Peter; "I ain't as green as you Gusty folks thinks. Blamed ef I don't know whar that ball is just as well as you does, and doddrapped ef I don't bet four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents (the price of the cotton) agin the load o' cotton, that it's under the middle thimble."

"No, *sir*," said the little man, with another smile, "you are wrong, and I'd hate to win your money."

That smile deceived Peter—it manifested a friendly consideration for his welfare, which he felt he did not need, and after bullying the "Gimlet-man" for a few minutes, he succeeded in inveigling him (as he thought) into a bet, which was duly closed and sealed, to the entire satisfaction of his *friend*! Alas for poor Peter! he had awakened the wrong passenger. But the idea of being too smart for an Augusty feller, and he was sure he had cornered one this time, was too great a temptation for him to withstand. "Drot it," said he to himself, "I seen him put it under that ere middle thimble, I seen it myself, and I know it's thar, and why not win the old man's cotton back when it's jest as easy

as nothin'?" And ef I do win it, why in course the old man can't claim more'n four hundred and fifty-one dollars, no how. (Peter forgot that the profits to be realized ought, of course, to belong to the owner of the capital invested.) The time me and that Yankee swapped critters, warn't I thar? Hain't I got my gums? Don't the old man, yes, and all the settlement, say I'm smart, and then thar's Kitty Brown, I reckon she ort to know, and don't she say I'm the peertest feller in our parts? *I've* bin to Augusty, and this time, dod-drapped ef I don't leave my mark."

The result we need hardly relate. Peter was tempted—tempted sorely—and he fell. Sick at heart, he ordered Bob, the driver, to turn his mules homeward, and late on Saturday evening he entered the lane which led to his father's house. The blow was now to come; and some time before the wagon got to the house, Peter saw his father, and mother, and sisters, coming out to meet him. At last they met.

"Well, son," said the old man, "I s'pose you've been well." Here Mrs. Wilkins and the gals commended hugging and kissing Peter, which he took very coolly, and with the air of a man who felt he was getting a favor which he didn't deserve.

"Reasonably well," said Peter, in reply to his father's question; "but I've lost it."

"Lost what?" said his father.

"Lost it."

"Lost the dockyments?" said the old man.

"No, here they are," said Peter, handing the papers containing the weights of his cotton to his father, who began to read, partly aloud, and partly to himself—

"Eight bags of cotton—350—400—448—550—317—15½ cents a pound—sold to Jonathan Barker. Very good sale," said he; "I know'd you'd fix things rite, Peter."

The wagon by this time had reached the house, and, turning to Bob, the old man told him to put the molasses in the cellar, and the sugar and coffee in the house.

"Ain't got no 'lasses, massa," said Bob, grinning from ear to ear.

"No," said Peter, "we havn't got none; we lost it."

"Lost it! How on airth could you lose a barrel of molasses?"

"We never had it," said Bob.

"Heavens and airth!" said the old man, turning first to Bob and then to Peter, "what do you mean? What do you mean? *What, what, w-h-a-t* in the d-e-v-i-l do you mean?"

"Gracious, marster! Mr. Wilkins, don't swar so," said his wife, by way of helping Peter out.

"*Swear*!" said the farmer, "do you call *that* swearing? Darned ef I don't say wussin that d'recley, ef they don't tell me what they mean."

"Why, father," said Peter, "I've lost it. I've lost the money."

"Well, and couldn't you find it?"

"I didn't lose it that way," said Peter.

"You ain't been a gamblin', I hopes," said the old man; "you ain't been a runnin' agin none of them Pharo banks down to Augusty, is you?"

"Bring me three thimbles," said Peter, "and I'll show you how I lost it."

The thimbles were brought, and Peter sat down to explain. It was a scene for a painter: there sat our hero, fumbling with the thimbles and the ball,



but too much frightened to have performed the trick if he had known how; his father sat next him, with his chin upon his hands, looking as if undecided whether to reprimand him at once, or to give him a "fair showin'." Mrs. Wilkins stood just behind her husband, winking and smiling, gesturing and hemming, in order to attract Peter's attention, and indicate to him her willingness to stand between him and his father. The girls, who always sided with their mother, followed her example in this case. But their efforts to attract his attention were useless; they could not even catch his eye, so busy was he in trying to arrange the ball and thimbles; but every time he got them fixed, and told his father to guess, the old man would guess right, which, while it astonished Peter, incensed the old man against him. It looked so easy to him, that he could not help "blaming Pete fur bein' sich a fool."

"Shorely," said the farmer, after Peter had finished his explanation, "shorely, it ain't possible that you've bin to Augusty so often and didn't know no better. Didn't I tell you not to have nothin' to do with them *Gimblit fellers*? Ther ain't one of 'em honest, not one. Like a fool, you've gone and lost jest four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents. It ain't the munny that I keers for, Peter, it's you bein' sich a fool—*four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents*! I'll go rite down to Augusty next Monday, and find this here Barker, and ef he don't give up the munny I'll have a *say so* (ca. sa.) taken agin him, and march him rite off to jail—no deaf-allication about that. The theavin' rascal, gwine about cheetin' people's sons outin four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents! How often is you bin to Augusty, Peter?"

"Sixteen times," said Peter.

"Well, I declare," said the old man, "bin to Augusty sixteen times, and didn't know no better than to go thar agin and lose four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents."

Early on Monday morning, the old man started to Augusta with another load of cotton. Bob driv-

ing as before, and his master riding his gray mare, "Bets." Mr. Wilkins had a great many little commissions to execute for his wife and the "*gals*." The old lady wanted a pair of spectacles, and the gals a bonnet each—ribbons and flowers, thread, buttons, etc., had to be purchased, and the good farmer was nearly crazed by the loss he had met with, and the multiplicity of things to be attended to. Ever and anon, as he trotted along the road, he would mutter to himself something as follows:

"Leghorn bonnet for Sal—12 skeins of flax thread—2 dozen pearl buttons for pants—one gross horn buttons for shirts—5 grass petticoats—100 pounds coffee—451 dollars no cents—Jonathan Barker—bin to Augusty sixteen times—1 bolt kaliker—Pete's a fool—lost one barrel of molasses and 451 dollars no cents." With such words as these he would while away the time, apparently unconscious of the presence of Bob, who was much diverted by his master's soliloquy. As they approached Augusta, his wrath seemed to increase, and he vented his spleen on his old mare and Bob. "Bob," said he, "you dad-dratted rascal, why don't you drive up—you don't do nothin' but set thar and sleep. Take *that*, and *that*, and *that*," he would say to his mare, accompanying each word with a blow; "*git up, Miss, and go 'long to Augusty*."

When they had come in sight of Augusta, Bob struck a camp, and his master rode on into town. Having eaten his supper, and put up his horse, he retired for the night, and early in the morning started out to look for Jonathan Barker. He caused not a little laughter as he walked along the streets, relating his troubles, and inquiring of everybody for Jonathan Barker.

"Where's Jonathan Barker?" he would cry out, "The Gimblit Feller what cheeted Pete out'n 451 dollars no cents. Jes show me Jonathan Barker."

As a last hope, he went around to the warehouse, where his son had lost the cotton. Walking out into the yard, he bawled out the name of Jonathan Barker. A little man with a long gimlet in his hand, answered to the name, and our farmer attacked him as follows:

"Look a here, Mr. Barker, I wants that money."

"What money?" said Barker, who had no acquaintance whatever with the farmer, "what money is it, sir?"

"Oh, no," said the old man, perfectly furious at such barefaced assurance, "*Oh, no! you don't know nuthin now*. Blame your pieter, you're as inner-cent as a lam'. Don't know what munny I MEEN? It's that four hundred and fifty-one dollars, and no cents, what you cheeted Pete out'n."

"I recollect now," said Barker, "that was fairly done, sir—if you'll just step this way I'll show you how I got it, sir."

A bright idea struck the old man. I've seen Pete play it, thought he to himself, and I guessed *rite every time*. "Well," said he, "I'll go and see how it was dun, enny how." The two walked along to the same bale of cotton which had witnessed the game before, and the gimlet-man took the identical thimbles and ball which had served him before, from his pocket, and sat down, requesting the farmer to be seated also.

"Now, sir," said Barker, "when your son was here, I bought his cotton and paid him for it—just as he was going away, I proposed showing him a trick worth seeing. I took this little ball and put it under this middle thimble; now, said I to him,



you see it, and now you don't see it, and I'll bet you you can't tell where the little joker is."

"Well," said the farmer, "all's rite—the ball's now under the middle thimble."

"When I had put it under there," continued Barker, "your son wanted to bet me that it was under the middle thimble."

"So it is," said the old man, interrupting him.

"No," returned Barker, "it's under the one next you."

"I tell you it ain't," said Mr. Wilkins, who strongly advocated the doctrine that 'seeing is believing.' He was sure he was right, and now a chance presented itself of regaining his former load of cotton. "I tell you it ain't. I'm harder to head than Pete wus, and blamed ef I don't bet another load o' cotton that's at the dore by this time."

"You are mistaken," said Barker, smiling; "but if you wish it, I'll bet."

"Let's understand one nuther fust," said the farmer. "You say that ere little ball you had jes now, ain't under the little thimble in the middle—I say it is. Ef it ain't, I'm to give you the load o' cotton—ef it is, you're to give me four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents."

"Exactly so," said Barker.

"Well, I'll bet," said the farmer, "and here's my hand."

The bet was sealed, and with a triumphant air which he but poorly concealed, the farmer snatched up the middle thimble, but no ball was there.

"Well, I'll be dod drapt!" he exclaimed, at the same time drawing a long breath, and dropping the thimble. "Derned ef it's *thar*! Four hundred and fifty-one dollars and no cents gone *agin*! Heven and airth, what'll Mabaly and the gals say! I'll never heer the eend of it tel I'm in my grave. Then thar's Pete! *Gee-mi-ny*! *jest*, to think o' Pete—fur him to know his ole daddy wus made a fool of too! four hundred and fifty-one dollars and no cents! but I wouldn't keer *that* for it," snapping his fingers, "ef it wern't fur Pete."

The Gimlet-man reminded our friend of the re-

sult of his bet, by telling him that the sooner he unloaded the better.

"Now you ain't, shore nuff, in *yearnest*," said the old man.

"Dead earnest," returned Barker.

"Well, stranger," added our friend "I'se a nonest man, and stands squar' up to my contract."

With this he had his cargo discharged into the street, and ordering Bob to drive on, he mounted his mare, and set out for home with a heavier heart than he had ever known before. 'Twere useless to attempt a description of the scene which transpired on the farmer's return home. The first words he uttered were, "Pete, durned ef I hain't lost it too." The misfortunes of his trip were soon all told, after which Peter and his father wisely resolved never to bet on any thing again, especially "them blamed Yankee Thimbles." It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Wilkins, Pete, or the gals, could help teasing the old man occasionally on the result of his trip. Whenever he became refractory, his wife would stick her thimble on the end on her finger, and hold it up for him to look at—it acted like a charm! His misadventure, too, raised higher than ever his opinion of the cunning and sagacity of "*them Augusty Fellers*!"

A few years succeeding the events which we have attempted to narrate, and Farmer Wilkins was gathered to his fathers; but his trip to Augusta is still preserved as a warning to all honest and simple-hearted people. The last words of the old man to his son were, "Peter, Peter, my son, always be honest, never forgit your ole daddy, and *allers* beware of them Gimblit Fellers, *down to Augusty*."

Reader! every tale has its moral, nor is ours without one. Not only did Peter learn from his adventure in Augusta, the evils of betting, but ever since the time to which we have alluded, he always allows his factor to sell his cotton for him. Whatever you may think of it, both Peter and his father came to the conclusion that there was "no use in tryin' to git the upper hand of one o' them *Gimblit Fellers* down to Augusty."

## THE PARSON AND WIDOW.

From the Hampshire Gazette.

A WORTHY, pious clergyman of late,  
Who ranked it with his gospel labors  
To guard his flocks, and visit off his neighbors;—  
(A practice now grown something out of date:)

Good faithful man, with unremitting zeal,  
From house to house would daily go;  
Eager his Master's duty to fulfill,  
And curious his parishioners to know.

Full off the cot of wretchedness he sought  
When death or pale disease had brought distress,  
With many a balmy consolation fraught,  
To cheer the widow and the fatherless.

Abroad, o'er mug of cider or his pipe,  
Would he inculcate lessons moral;  
From misery's cheek the tear of anguish wipe,  
Decide a cause, or terminate a quarrel.

One day, on his important charge intent,  
His mind to unburthen and his man to feast,  
To a poor widow's house the Parson went  
Whose spouse had recently deceased.

John to a small estate was rightful heir,

But lived an idle, dissipated life;  
Would fight, get drunk, and rave, and swear,  
Abuse his family and maul his wife;  
Indulged his vices, till his all was spent,  
Got drunk, and died a pite impenitent.

Down sat his reverence and began his theme—  
"Afflictions, woman, spring not from the dust;  
Our life's a vapor—'tis an airy dream;  
Death is the lot of all, but God is just.

"Your husband's gone, alas! we know not where;  
The yawning grave doth every man await;  
Pray, can you tell me, did he not despair?  
Was he concerned about his *future state*?"

"*Future state*!" exclaimed poor Joan,  
With squeaking tone;  
Then wiped her eyes and sighed;  
"Future estate! why, ducky man, he'd none,  
He spent it long enough before he died!"

## OVER A CIGAR.

FROM "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR." BY DONALD G. MITCHELL. 1850.

## LIGHTED WITH A COAL.

I take up a coal with the tongs, and setting the end of my cigar against it, puff—and puff again; but there is no smoke. There is very little hope of lighting from a dead coal,—no more hope, thought I, than of kindling one's heart into flame, by contact with a dead heart.

To kindle, there must be warmth and life; and I sat for a moment thinking—even before I lit my cigar—on the vanity and folly of those poor, purblind fellows, who go on puffing for half a lifetime, against dead coals.

The thought of this image made me search for a new coal that should have some brightness in it. There may be a white ash over it indeed—as you will find tender feelings covered with the mask of courtesy, or with the veil of fear; but with a breath it all flies off, and exposes the heat, and the glow that you are seeking.

At the first touch, the delicate edges of the cigar crimple, a thin line of smoke rises, doubtfully for a while, and with a coy delay; but after a hearty respiration or two, it grows strong, and my cigar is fairly lighted.

That first taste of the new smoke, and of the fragrant leaf, is very grateful; it has a bloom about it, that you wish might last. It is like your first love,—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the craving of your soul; and the light, blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in.

I do not speak now of those later, and manlier passions, into which judgment must be thrusting its cold tones, and when all the sweet tumult of your heart has mellowed into the sober ripeness of affection. But I mean that boyish burning, which belongs to every poor mortal's lifetime, and which bewilders him with the thought that he has reached the highest point of human joy, before he has tasted any of that bitterness, from which alone our highest human joys have sprung. I mean the time when you cut initials with your jack-knife on the smooth bark of beech trees; and went moping under the long shadows at sunset; and thought Louise the prettiest name in the wide world; and picked flowers to leave at her door; and stole out at night to watch the light in her window; and read such novels as those about Helen Mar, or Charlotte, to give some adequate expression to your agonized feelings.

At such a stage, you are quite certain that you are deeply and madly in love; you persist in the face of heaven and earth. You would like to meet the individual who dared to doubt it.

You think she has got the tidiest and jauntiest little figure that ever was seen. You think back upon some time, when, in your games of forfeit, you gained a kiss from those lips; and it seems as if the kiss was hanging on you yet, and warming you all over. And then again, it seems so strange that your lips did really touch hers! You half question if it could have been actually so—and how you could have

dared; and you wonder if you would have courage to do the same thing again? and, upon second thought, are quite sure you would—and snap your fingers at the thought of it.

What sweet little hats she does wear; and in the school-room, when the hat is hung up, what curls, golden curls, worth a hundred Golcondas! How bravely you study the top lines of the spelling-book, that your eyes may run over the edge of the cover, without the schoolmaster's notice, and feast upon her!

You half wish that somebody would run away with her, as they did with Amanda, in the Children of the Abbey; and then you might ride up on a splendid black horse, and draw a pistol, or blunderbuss, and shoot the villains, and carry her back, all in tears, fainting and languishing, upon your shoulder; and have her father (who is Judge of the County Court) take your hand in both of his, and make some eloquent remarks. A great many such re-captures you run over in your mind, and think how delightful it would be to peril your life, either by flood or fire; to cut off your arm, or your head, or any such trifle, for your dear Louise.

You can hardly think of any thing more joyous in life, than to live with her in some old castle, very far away from steamboats and post-offices, and pick wild geraniums for her hair, and read poetry with her, under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And you would have such a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and books bound in gilt, with cupids on the cover; and such a fairy couch, with the curtains hung—as you have seen them hung in some illustrated Arabian stories—upon a pair of carved doves!

And when they laugh at you about it, you turn it off perhaps with saying—"it isn't so;" but afterward, in your chamber, or under the tree where you have cut her name, you take Heaven to witness, that it is so; and think, what a cold world it is, to be so careless about such holy emotions! You perfectly hate a certain stout boy, in a green jacket, who is for ever twitting you, and calling her names; but when some old maiden aunt teases you in her kind, gentle way, you bear it very proudly; and with a feeling as if you could bear a great deal more for *her* sake. And when the minister reads off marriage announcements in the church, you think how it will sound one of these days, to have your name and hers read from the pulpit; and how the people will all look at you, and how prettily she will blush; and how poor little Dick, who you know loves her, but is afraid to say so, will squirm upon his bench.

Heigh-ho! mused I, as the blue smoke rolled up around my head, these first kindlings of the love that is in one are very pleasant—but will they last?

You love to listen to the rustle of her dress, as she stirs about the room. It is better music than grown-up ladies will make upon all their harpsichords, in the years that are to come. But this, thank Heaven, you do not know.

You think you can trace her foot-mark, on your way to the school; and what a dear little foot-mark it is! And from that single point, if she be out of



your sight for days, you conjure up the whole image—the elastic, lithe, little figure, the springy step; the dotted muslin so light and flowing, the silk kerchief, with its most tempting fringe playing upon the clear white of her throat; how you envy that fringe! And her chin is as round as a peach; and the lips—such lips!—and you sigh and hang your head, and wonder when you *shall* see her again!

You would like to write her a letter; but then people would talk so coldly about it; and beside, you are not quite sure you could write such billets as Thaddeus of Warsaw used to write; and any thing less warm or elegant would not do at all. You talk about this one, or that one, whom they call pretty, in the coolest way in the world; you see very little of their prettiness; they are good girls, to be sure, and you hope they will get good husbands some day or other; but it is not a matter that concerns you very much. They do not live in your world of romance; they are not the angels of that sky which your heart makes rosy, and to which I have likened the blue waves of this rolling smoke.

You can even joke as you talk of others; you can smile, as you think, very graciously; you can say laughingly that you are deeply in love with them, and think it a most capital joke; you can touch their hands, or steal a kiss from them in your games, most imperturbably—they are very dead coals.

But the live one is very lively. When you take the name on your lip, it seems, somehow, to be made of different materials from the rest; you cannot half so easily separate it into letters; write it, indeed, you can, for you have had practice—very much private practice on old scraps of paper, and on the fly-leaves of Geographies, and of your Natural Philosophy. You know perfectly well how it looks; it seems to be written, indeed, somewhere behind your eyes; and in such happy position with respect to the optic nerve, that you see it all the time, though you are looking in an opposite direction; and so distinctly, that you have great fears lest people looking into your eyes, should see it too!

My cigar is burning with wondrous freeness; and

from the smoke flash forth images bright and quick as lightning, with no thunder but the thunder of the pulse. But will it all last? Damp will deaden the fire of a cigar; and there are hellish damps—alas, too many—that will deaden the early blazing of the heart.

She is pretty—growing prettier to your eye, the more you look upon her, and prettier to your ear, the more you listen to her. But you wonder who the tall boy was whom you saw walking with her two days ago? He was not a bad-looking boy; on the contrary, you think (with a grit of your teeth) that he was infernally handsome! You look at him very shyly, and very closely, when you pass him, and turn to see how he walks, and to measure his shoulders, and are quite disgusted with the very modest, and gentlemanly way, with which he carries himself. You think you would like to have a fisticuff with him, if you were only sure of having the best of it. You sound the neighborhood cooily, to find out who the strange boy is; and are half ashamed of yourself for doing it.

You gather a magnificent bouquet to send her, and tie it with a green ribbon, and a love knot, and get a little rosebud in acknowledgment. *That* day, you pass the tall boy with a very patronizing look, and wonder if he would not like to have a sail in *your* boat?

But by and by you find the tall boy walking with her again; and she looks sideways at him, and with a kind of grown-up air, that makes you feel very boy-like, and humble, and furious. And you look daggers at him when you pass; and touch your cap to her, with quite uncommon dignity, and wonder if she is not sorry, and does not feel very badly, to have got such a look from you?

On some other day, however, you meet her alone; and the sight of her makes your face wear a genial sunny air; and you talk a little sadly about your fears and your jealousies; she seems a little sad, and a little glad together, and is sorry she has made you feel badly—and you are sorry too. And with this pleasant twin sorrow you are knit together again

closer than ever. That one little tear of hers has been worth more to you than a thousand smiles. Now you love her madly; you could swear it—swear it to her, or swear it to the universe. You even say as much to some kind old friend at nightfall; but your mention of her is tremulous and joyful, with a kind of bound in your speech, as if the heart worked too quick for the tongue; and as if the lips were ashamed to be passing over such secrets of the soul, to the mere sense of hearing. At this stage, you cannot trust yourself to speak her praises; or, if you venture, the expletives fly away with your thought, before you can chain it into language; and your speech, at your best endeavor, is but a succession of broken superlatives, that you are ashamed of. You strain for language that will scald the thought of her; but hot as you can make it, it falls back upon your heated fancy like a cold shower.

Heat so intense as this consumes very fast; and the matter it feeds fastest on is—judgment; and, with judgment gone, there is room for jealousy to creep in. You grow petulant at another sight of that tall boy; and the one tear which cured your first petulance will not cure it now. You let a little of your fever break out in speech—a speech which you go home to mourn over. But she knows nothing of the mourning, while she knows very much of the anger. Vain tears are very apt to breed pride; and when you go again with your petulance, you will find your rosy-lipped girl taking her first studies in dignity.

You will stay away, you say—poor fool, you are feeding on what your disease loves best! You wonder if she is not sighing for your return, and if your name is not running in her thought, and if tears of regret are not moistening those sweet eyes.

And wondering thus, you stroll moodily and hopefully toward her father's home; you pass the door once—twice; you loiter under the shade of an old tree, where you have sometimes bid her adieu; your old fondness is struggling with your pride, and has almost made the mastery; but, in the very moment of victory, you see yonder your hated rival, and beside him, looking very gleeful and happy, your perfidious Louise.

How quick you throw off the marks of your struggle, and put on the boldest air of boyhood; and what a dexterous handling to your knife, and a wonderful keenness to the edge, as you cut away from the bark of the beech tree all trace of her name! Still there is a little silent relenting, and a few tears at night, and a little tremor of the hand, as you tear out, the next day, every fly-leaf that bears her name. But, at sight of your rival, looking so jaunty, and in such capital spirits, you put on the proud man again. You may meet her, but you say nothing of your struggles—oh no, not one word of that!—but you talk with amazing rapidity about your games, or what not; and you never, never give her another peep into your boyish heart!

For a week you do not see her—nor for a month—nor two months—nor three.

Puff—puff once more; there is only a little nauseous smoke; and now—my cigar has gone out altogether. I must light again.

#### WITH A WISP OF PAPER.

THERE are those who throw away a cigar when once gone out; they must needs have plenty more. But nobody, that I ever heard of, keeps a cedar box

of hearts, labelled at Havana. Alas, there is but one to light!

But can a heart once lit be lighted again? Authority on this point is worth something; yet it should be impartial authority. I should be loth to take in evidence for the fact—however it might tally with my hope—the affidavit of some rakish old widower, who had cast his weeds, before the grass had started on the mound of his affliction; and I should be as slow to take, in way of rebutting testimony, the oath of any sweet young girl, just becoming conscious of her heart's existence, by its loss.

And, with a little suddenness of manner, I tear off a wisp of paper, and holding it in the blaze of my lamp, relight my cigar. It does not burn so easily perhaps as at first; it wants warming before it will catch; but presently, it is in a broad, full glow, that throws light into the corners of my room.

Just so, thought I, the love of youth, which succeeds the crackling blaze of boyhood, makes a broader flame, though it may not be so easily kindled. A mere dainty step, or a curling lock, or a soft blue eye are not enough; but in her, who has quickened the new blaze, there is a blending of all these, with a certain sweetness of soul, that finds expression in whatever feature or motion you look upon. Her charms steal over you gently, and almost imperceptibly. You think that she is a pleasant companion—nothing more; and you find the opinion strongly confirmed day by day—so well confirmed, indeed, that you begin to wonder why it is that she is such a delightful companion? It cannot be her eye, for you have seen eyes almost as pretty as Nelly's; nor can it be her mouth, though Nelly's mouth is certainly very sweet. And you keep studying what on earth it can be that makes you so earnest to be near her, or to listen to her voice. The study is pleasant. You do not know any study that is more so; or which you accomplish with less mental fatigue.

Upon a sudden, some fine day, when the air is balmy, and the recollection of Nelly's voice and manner more balmy still, you wonder—if you are in love? When a man has such a wonder, he is either very near love, or he is very far away from it: it is a wonder that is either suggested by his hope, or by that entanglement of feeling which blunts all his perceptions.

But if not in love, you have at least a strong fancy—so strong, that you tell your friends carelessly, that she is a nice girl; nay, a beautiful girl; and if your education has been bad, you strengthen the epithet on your own tongue, with a very wicked expletive, of which the mildest form would be—“deuced fine girl!” Presently, however, you get beyond this; and your companionship and your wonder relapse into a constant, quiet habit of unmistakable love—not impulsive, quick, and fiery, like the first, but mature and calm. It is as if it were born with your soul; and the recognition of it was rather an old remembrance than a fresh passion. It does not seek to gratify its exuberance and force with such relief as night serenades, or any Jacques-like meditations in the forest; but it is a quiet, still joy, that floats on your hope into the years to come, making the prospect all sunny and joyful.

It is a kind of oil and balm for whatever was stormy or harmful; it gives a permanence to the smile of existence. It does not make the sea of your life turbulent with high emotions, as if a strong wind

were blowing; but it is as if an Aphrodite had broken on the surface, and the ripples were spreading with a sweet, low sound, and widening far out to the very shores of time.

There is no need now, as with the boy, to bolster up your feelings with extravagant vows: even should you try this in her presence, the words are lacking to put such vows in. So soon as you reach them they fail you; and the oath only quivers on the lip, or tells its story by a pressure of the fingers. You wear a brusque, pleasant air with your acquaintances, and hint, with a sly look, at possible changes in your circumstances. Of an evening you are kind to the most unattractive of the wall-flowers, if only your Nelly is away; and you have a sudden charity for street beggars with pale children. You catch yourself taking a step in one of the new polkas, upon a country walk; and wonder immensely at the number of bright days which succeed each other, without leaving a single stormy gap for your old melancholy moods. Even the chambermaids at your hotel, never did their duty one-half so well; and as for your man, Tom, he is become a perfect pattern of a fellow.

My cigar is in a fine glow; but it has gone out once, and it may go out again.

You begin to talk of marriage; but some obstinate papa or guardian uncle thinks it will never do—that it is quite too soon; or that Nelly is a mere girl. Or some of your wild oats—quite forgotten by yourself—shoot up on the vision of a staid mamma, and throw a very damp shadow on your character. Or the old lady has an ambition of another sort, which you, a simple, earnest, plodding bachelor can never gratify; being of only passable appearance, and unschooled in the fashions of the world, you will be eternally rubbing the elbows of the old lady's pride.

All this will be strangely afflictive to one who has been living for quite a number of weeks, or months, in a pleasant dream land, where there were no five per cents. or reputations, but only a very full and delirious flow of feeling. What care you for any position, except a position near the being that you love? What wealth do you prize, except a wealth of heart that shall never know diminution—or for reputation, except that of truth and of honor? How hard it would break upon these pleasant idealities, to have a weazen-faced old guardian set his arm in yours, and tell you how tenderly he has at heart the happiness of his niece; and reason with you about your very small and spare dividends, and your limited business; and caution you—for he has a lively regard for your interests—about continuing your addresses!

The kind old curmudgeon!

Your man, Tom, has grown suddenly a very stupid fellow; and all your charity for withered wall-flowers is gone. Perhaps in your wrath the suspicion comes over you, that she too wishes you were something higher, or more famous, or richer, or any thing but what you are!—a very dangerous suspicion; for no man with any true nobility of soul can ever make his heart the slave of another's condescension.

But no; you will not, you cannot believe this of Nelly; that face of hers is too mild and gracious; and her manner, as she takes your hand, after your heart is made sad, and turns away those rich blue eyes, shadowed more deeply than ever by the long and moistened fringe, and the exquisite softness and meaning of the pressure of those little fingers; and the low half sob, and the heaving of that bosom, in

its struggles between love and duty, all forbid. Nelly, you could swear, is tenderly indulgent, like the fond creature that she is, toward all your shortcomings; and would not barter your strong love, and your honest heart, for the greatest magnate in the land.

A clandestine meeting from time to time, and a note or two tenderly written, keep up the blaze in your heart. But presently, the lynx-eyed old guardian—so tender of your interests and hers—forbids even this irregular and unsatisfying correspondence. Now you can feed yourself only on stray glimpses of her figure, as full of sprightliness and grace as ever; and that beaming face, you are half sorry to see from time to time, still beautiful. You struggle with your moods of melancholy, and wear bright looks yourself—bright to her, and very bright to the eye of the old curmudgeon, who has snatched your heart away. It will never do to show your weakness to a man.

At length, on some pleasant morning you learn that she is gone—too far away to be seen, too closely guarded to be reached. For a while you throw down your books, and abandon your toil in despair, thinking very bitter thoughts, and making very helpless resolves.

My cigar is still burning; but it will require constant and strong respiration to keep it in a glow.

A letter or two, despatched at random, relieve the excess of your fever; until, with practice, these random letters have even less heat in them than the heat of your study, or of your business. Grief, thank God, is not so progressive or so cumulative as joy. For a time there is a pleasure in the mood, with which you recall your broken hopes, and with which you selfishly link hers to the shattered wreck; but absence and ignorance tame the point of your woe. You call up the image of Nelly, adorning other and distant scenes. You see the tearful smile give place to a blithesome cheer; and the thought of you that shaded her fair face so long, fades under the sunshine of gayety; or, at best, it only seems to cross that white forehead like a playful shadow, that a fleecy cloud-remnant will fling upon a sunny lawn.

\* \* \* \* \*

And when, years after, you learn that she has returned, a woman, there is a slight glow, but no tumultuous bound of the heart. Life and time have worried you down like a spent hound. The world has given you a habit of easy and unmeaning smiles. You half accuse yourself of ingratitude and forgetfulness; but the accusation does not oppress you. It does not even distract your attention from the morning journal. You cannot work yourself into a respectable degree of indignation against the old gentleman, her guardian.

You sigh, poor thing!—and in a very flashy waistcoat you venture a morning call.

She meets you kindly—a comely, matronly dame in gingham, with her curls all gathered under a high-topped comb; and she presents to you two little boys in smart crimson jackets, dressed up with braid. And you dine with Madame—a family party; and the weazen-faced old gentleman meets you with a most pleasant shake of the hand, hints that you were among his niece's earliest friends, and hopes that you are getting on well?

—Capitally well

And the boys toddle in at dessert, Dick to get a plum from your own dish, Tom to be kissed by his rosy-faced papa. In short, you are made perfectly at home; and you sit over your wine for an hour, in

a cozy smoke with the gentlemanly uncle, and with the very courteous husband of your second flame.

It is all very jovial at the table; for good wine is, I find, a great strengthener of the bachelor heart. But afterward, when night has fairly set in, and the blaze of your fire goes flickering over your lonely quarters, you heave a deep sigh. And as your thought runs back to the perfidious Louise, and calls up the married and matronly Nelly, you sob over that poor dumb heart within you, which craves so madly a free and joyous utterance! And as you lean over with your forehead in your hands, and your eyes fall upon the old hound slumbering on the rug, the tears start, and you wish that you had married years ago; and that you too had your pair of prattling boys to drive away the loneliness of your solitary hearth-stone.

My cigar would not go; it was fairly out. But with true bachelor obstinacy I vowed that I would light again.

#### LIGHTED WITH A MATCH.

I hate a match. I feel sure that brimstone matches were never made in heaven; and it is sad to think that, with few exceptions, matches are all of them tipped with brimstone.

But my taper having burned out, and the coals being all dead upon the hearth, a match is all that is left to me.

All matches will not blaze on the first trial; and there are those, that with the most indefatigable coaxings, never show a spark. They may indeed leave in their trail phosphorescent streaks; but you can no more light your cigar at them, than you can kindle your heart at the covered wife-trails, which the infernal, gossiping, old match-makers will lay in your path.

Was there ever a bachelor of seven and twenty, I wonder, who has not been haunted by pleasant old ladies, and trim, excellent, good-natured, married friends, who talk to him about nice matches—"very nice matches,"—matches which never go off? And who, pray, has not had some kind old uncle, to fill two sheets for him (perhaps in the time of heavy

postages) about some most eligible connection—"of highly respectable parentage?"

What a delightful thing surely, for a withered bachelor, to bloom forth in the dignity of an ancestral tree! What a precious surprise for him, who has all his life worshipped the wing-heeled Mercury, to find on a sudden, a great stock of preserved and most respectable Penates!

Heaven help the man who having wearied his soul with delays and doubts, or exhausted the freshness and exuberance of his youth, by a hundred little dallies of love, consigns himself at length to the issues of what people call a nice match, whether of money or of family.

Heaven help you (I brushed the ashes from my cigar) when you begin to regard marriage as only a respectable institution, and under the advices of staid old friends, begin to look about you for some very respectable wife. You may admire her figure, and her family, and bear pleasantly in mind the very casual mention which has been made by some of your penetrating friends—that she has large expectations. You think that she would make a very capital appearance at the head of your table; nor in the event of your coming to any public honor, would she make you blush for her breeding. She talks well, exceedingly well; and her face has its charms, especially under a little excitement. Her dress is elegant and tasteful, and she is constantly remarked upon by all your friends as a "nice person." Some good old lady, in whose pew she occasionally sits on a Sunday, or to whom she has sometimes sent a papier maché card-case for the show-box of some Dorcas benevolent society, thinks, with a sly wink, that she would make a fine wife for—somebody.

She certainly *has* an elegant figure; and the marriage of some half dozen of your old flames warn you that time is slipping and your chances failing. And in the pleasant warmth of some after-dinner mood, you resolve, with her image in her prettiest pelisse drifting across your brain, that you will marry. Now comes the pleasant excitement of the chase; and whatever family dignity may surround her, only adds to the pleasurable glow of the pursuit. You



give an hour more to your toilette, and a hundred or two more a year to your tailor. All is orderly, dignified, and gracious. Charlotte is a sensible woman, every body says; and you believe it yourself. You agree in your talk about books, and churches, and flowers. Of course she has good taste—for she accepts you. The acceptance is dignified, elegant, and even courteous.

You receive numerous congratulations; and your old friend Tom writes you, that he hears you are going to marry a splendid woman; and all the old ladies say, what a capital match! And your business partner, who is a married man, and something of a wag, "sympathizes sincerely." Upon the whole, you feel a little proud of your arrangement. You write to an old friend in the country, that you are to marry, presently, Miss Charlotte of such a street, whose father was something very fine, in his way; and whose father before him was very distinguished; you add, in a postscript, that she is easily situated, and has "expectations." Your friend, who has a wife that he loves, and that loves him, writes back kindly, "hoping you may be happy;" and hoping so yourself, you light your cigar—one of your last bachelor cigars—with the margin of his letter.

The match goes off with a brilliant marriage, at which you receive a very elegant welcome from your wife's spinster cousins, and drink a great deal of champagne with her bachelor uncles. And as you take the dainty hand of your bride—very magnificent under that bridal wreath, and with her face lit up by a brilliant glow—your eye and your soul, for the first time, grow full. And as your arm circles that elegant figure, and you draw her toward you, feeling that she is yours, there is a bound at your heart, that makes you think your soul-life is now whole and earnest. All your early dreams and imaginations come flowing on your thought, like bewildering music; and as you gaze upon her—the admiration of that crowd—it seems to you, that all that your heart prizes is made good by the accident of marriage.

Ah, thought I, brushing off the ashes again, bridal pictures are not home pictures; and the hour at the altar is but a poor type of the waste of years!

Your household is elegantly ordered; Charlotte has secured the best of housekeepers, and she meets the compliments of your old friends who come to dine with you, with a suavity that is never at fault. And they tell you—after the cloth is removed, and you sit quietly smoking, in memory of the old times—that she is a splendid woman. Even the old ladies who come for occasional charities, think Madame a

pattern of a lady; and so think her old admirers, whom she receives still with an easy grace that half puzzles you. And as you stand by the ball-room door, at two of the morning, with your Charlotte's shawl upon your arm, some little panting fellow will confirm the general opinion, by telling you that Madame is a magnificent dancer; and Monsieur le Comte will praise extravagantly her French. You are grateful for all this; but you have an uncommonly serious way of expressing your gratitude.

You think you ought to be a very happy fellow; and yet long shadows do steal over your thought; and you wonder that the sight of your Charlotte in the dress you used to admire so much, does not scatter them to the winds, but it does not. You feel coy about putting your arm around that delicately robed figure; you might derange the plaitings of her dress. She is civil towards you, and tender towards your bachelor friends. She talks with dignity; adjusts her lace cape, and hopes you will make a figure in the world for the sake of the family. Her cheek is never soiled with a tear; and her smiles are frequent, especially when you have some spruce young fellows at your table.

You catch sight of occasional notes, perhaps, whose superscription you do not know; and some of her admirers' attentions become so pointed and constant, that your pride is stirred. It would be silly to show jealousy; but you suggest to your "dear," as you sip your tea, the slight impropriety of her action.

Perhaps you fondly long for some little scene, as a proof of wounded confidence; but no, nothing of that; she trusts (calling you "my dear,") that she knows how to sustain the dignity of her position.

You are too sick at heart for comment or for reply.

And is this the intertwining of soul of which you had dreamed in the days that are gone? Is this the blending of sympathies that was to steal from life its bitterness, and spread over care and suffering the sweet, ministering hand of kindness and of love? Aye, you may well wander back to your bachelor club, and make the hours long at the journals, or at play, killing the flagging lapse of your life! Talk sprightly with your old friends, and mimic the joy you have not, or you will wear a bad name upon your hearth and head. Never suffer your Charlotte to catch sight of the tears, which in bitter hours may start from your eye; or to hear the sighs, which in your times of solitary musings may break forth sudden and heavy. Go on counterfeiting your life, as you have begun. It was a nice match; and you are a nice husband!

KISSING IN THE UNITED STATES.—When a wild lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "Come sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say, "I think you ought to be ashamed."—*Boston Transcript*. When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week.—*Irainton Herald*. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes deeply, and says—nothing. We think our girls have more taste and sense than those of down-east and Alabama. When a man is smart enough to steal the divine luxury from them, they

are perfectly satisfied.—*N. O. Picayune*. When a female is here saluted with a buss, she puts on her bonnet and shawl, answereth thus,—“I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up.”—*Lynn Record*. The ladies in this village receive a salute with Christian meekness: they follow the Scripture rule,—When smitten on the one cheek they turn the other also.—*Bungtown Chronicle*. When a Bergen girl gets kissed she very calmly remarks, "Hans, tat ish good;" and when a Block Island girl receives a buss, she exclaims with considerable animation, "Well, John, you've wiped my chaps off beautiful."—*N. Y. Evening Star*.

## MY LITTLE DAUGHTER'S SHOES.

BY CHARLES JAMES SPRAGUE. 1850.

Two little rough-worn, stubbed shoes,  
A plump, well-trodden pair;  
With striped stockings thrust within,  
Lie just beside my chair.

Of very homely fabric they,  
A hole is in each toe,  
They might have cost, when they were new,  
Some fifty cents or so.

And yet, this little worn-out pair  
Is richer far to me  
Than all the jewelled sandals are  
Of Eastern luxury.

This mottled leather, cracked with use,  
Is satin in my sight;  
These little tarnished buttons shine  
With all a diamond's light.

Search through the wardrobe of the world!  
You shall not find me there,  
So rarely made, so richly wrought,  
So glorious a pair.

And why? Because they tell of her,  
Now sound asleep above,

Whose form is moving beauty, and  
Whose heart is beating love.

They tell me of her merry laugh;  
Her rich, whole-hearted glee;  
Her gentleness, her innocence,  
And infant purity.

They tell me that her wavering steps  
Will long demand my aid;  
For the old road of human life  
Is very roughly laid.

High hills and swift descents abound;  
And, on so rude a way,  
Feet that can wear these coverings  
Would surely go astray.

Sweet little girl! be mine the task  
Thy feeble steps to tend!  
To be thy guide, thy counsellor,  
Thy playmate and thy friend!

And when my steps shall faltering grow,  
And thine be firm and strong,  
Thy strength shall lead my tottering age  
In cheerful peace along!

## THE YANKEE ZINCALI.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER. 1850.

HARK! a rap at my door. Welcome any body, just now. One gains nothing by attempting to shut out the sprites of the weather. They come in at the key-hole; they peer through the dripping panes; they insinuate themselves through the crevices of the casement, or plump down the chimney astride of the rain-drops.

I rise and throw open the door. A tall, shambling, loose-jointed figure; a pinched, shrewd face, sun-brown and wind-dried; small, quick-winking, black eyes. There he stands, the water dripping from his pulpy hat and ragged elbows.

I speak to him, but he returns no answer. With a dumb show of misery, quite touching, he hands me a soiled piece of parchment, whereon I read what purports to be a melancholy account of shipwreck and disaster, to the particular detriment, loss and damnification of one Pietro Frugoni, who is, in consequence, sorely in want of the alms of all charitable Christian persons, and who is, in short, the bearer of this veracious document, duly certified and endorsed by an Italian consul in one of our Atlantic cities, of a high-sounding, but, to Yankee organs, unpronounceable name.

Here commences a struggle. Every man, the Mahometans tell us, has two attendant angels, the good one on his right shoulder, the bad on his left. "Give," says Benevolence, as with some difficulty I fish up a small coin from the depths of my pocket. "Not a cent," says selfish Prudence, and I drop it from my fingers. "Think," says the good angel, "of the poor stranger in a strange land, just

escaped from the terrors of the sea-storm, in which his little property has perished, thrown half naked and helpless on our shores, ignorant of our lan-





guage, and unable to find employment suited to his capacity." "A vile impostor!" replies the left-hand sentinel. "His paper, purchased from one of those ready writers in New York, who manufacture beggar credentials at the low price of one dollar per copy, with earthquakes, fires, or shipwrecks, to suit customers."

Amidst this confusion of tongues, I take another survey of my visitant. Ha! a light dawns upon me. That shrewd, old face, with its sharp, winking eyes, is no stranger to me. Pietro Frugoni, I have seen thee before! *Si, Senor*, that face of thine has looked at me over a dirty white neckcloth, with the corners of that cunning mouth drawn downwards, and those small eyes turned up in sanctimonious gravity, while thou wast offering to a crowd of half-grown boys an extemporaneous exhortation, in the capacity of a travelling preacher. Have I not seen it peering out from under a blanket, as that of a poor Penobscot Indian, who had lost the use of his hands while trapping on the Madawaska? Is it not the face of the forlorn father of six small children, whom the "mercury doctors" had "pisen-ed" and crippled? Did it not belong to that down-east unfortunate, who had been out to the "Genesee country," and got the "fevern-nager," and whose hand shook so pitifully when held out to receive my poor gift? The same, under all disguises—Stephen Leathers of Barrington—him and none other! Let me conjure him into his own likeness.

"Well, Stephen, what news from old Barrington?" "O, well I thought I knew ye," he answers, not the least disconcerted. "How do you do, and how's your folks? All well, I hope. I took this 'ere paper, you see, to help a poor furriner, who couldn't make himself understood any more than a wild goose. I thought I'd just start him for'ard a little. It seemed a marcy to do it."

Well and shiftily answered, thou ragged Proteus. One cannot be angry with such a fellow. I will just inquire into the present state of his gospel mission, and about the condition of his tribe on the Penobscot; and it may not be amiss to congratulate him on the success of the steam-doctors in sweating the "pisen" of the regular faculty out of him. But he evidently has no wish to enter into idle conversation. Intent upon his benevolent errand, he is already clattering down stairs. Involuntarily I glance out of the window, just in season to catch a single glimpse of him ere he is swallowed up in the mist.

He has gone; and, knave as he is, I can hardly help exclaiming, "Luck go with him!" He has broken in upon the sombre train of my thoughts, and called up before me pleasant and grateful recollections. The old farm-house nestling in its valley; hills stretching off to the south, and green meadows to the east; the small stream, which came noisily down its ravine, washing the old garden wall, and softly lapping on fallen stones and mossy roots of beeches and hemlocks; the tall sentinel poplars at the gateway; the oak forest, sweeping unbroken to the northern horizon; the grass-grown carriage path, with its rude and crazy bridge; the dear old landscape of my boyhood lies outstretched before me like a daguerreotype from that picture within, which I have borne with me in all my wanderings. I am a boy again; once more conscious of the feeling, half terror, half exultation, with which I used to announce the approach of this very vagabond, and his "kindred after the flesh."

The advent of wandering beggars, or "old stagglers," as we were wont to call them, was an event of no ordinary interest in the generally monotonous quietude of our farm-life. Many of them were well known; they had their periodical revolutions and transits; we could calculate them like eclipses or new moons. Some were sturdy knaves, fat and saucy; and, whenever they ascertained that the "men-folks" were absent, would order provisions and cider like men who expected to pay for it, seating themselves at the hearth or table with the air of Falstaff—"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" Others, poor, pale, patient, like Sterne's monk, came creeping up to the door, hat in hand, standing there in their gray wretchedness with a look of heart-break and forlornness, which was never without its effect on our juvenile sensibilities. At times, however, we experienced a slight revulsion of feeling, when even these humblest children of sorrow somewhat petulantly rejected our proffered bread and cheese, and demanded instead a glass of cider. Whatever the temperance society might in such cases have done, it was not in our hearts to refuse the poor creatures a draught of their favorite beverage; and wasn't it a satisfaction to see their sad melancholy faces light up as we handed them the full pitcher, and, on receiving it back empty from their brown, wrinkled hands, to hear them, half breathless from their long, delicious draught, thanking us for the favor, as "dear, good children!" Not unfrequently these wandering tests of our benevolence made their appearance in interesting groups of man, woman and child, picturesque in their squalidness, and manifesting a maudlin affection, which would have done honor to the revellers at Pooisie-Nansies,—immortal in the cantata of Burns. I remember some who were evidently the victims of monomania, haunted and hunted by some dark thought, possessed by a fixed idea. One, a black-eyed, wild-haired woman, with a whole tragedy of sin, shame, and suffering written in her countenance, used often to visit us, warm herself by our winter fire, and supply herself with a stock of cakes and cold meat, but was never known to answer a question or to ask one. She never smiled; the cold, stony look of her eye never changed; a silent impassive face, frozen rigid by some great wrong or sin. We used to look with awe upon the "still woman," and think of the demoniac of Scripture, who had a "dumb spirit."

One—(I think I see him now, grim, gaunt, and ghastly, working his slow way up to our door)—used to gather herbs by the wayside, and call himself Doctor. He was bearded like a he-goat, and used to counterfeit lameness; yet when he supposed himself alone, would travel on lustily as if walking for a wager. At length, as if in punishment of his deceit, he met with an accident in his rambles, and became lame in earnest, hobbling ever after with difficulty on his gnarled crutches. Another used to go stooping, like Bunyan's pilgrim, under a pack made of an old bed-sacking, stuffed out into most plethoric dimensions, tottering on a pair of small meagre legs, and peering out with his wild, hairy face from under his burden like a big-bodied spider. That "Man with the pack" always inspired me with awe and reverence. Huge, almost sublime in its tense rotundity—the father of all packs—never laid aside and never opened, what might not be within it? With what flesh-creeping curiosity I used to walk round about it at a safe distance, half



R. CRUMP 2c

expecting to see its striped covering stirred by the motions of a mysterious life, or that some evil monster would leap out of it, like robbers from Ali Baba's jars, or armed men from the Trojan horse.

Often, in the gray of the morning, we used to see one or more of these "gaberlunzie men," pack on shoulder and staff in hand, emerging from the barn or other outbuildings, where they had passed the night. I was once sent to the barn to fodder the cattle late in the evening, and climbing into the mow to pitch down hay for that purpose, I was startled by the sudden apparition of a man rising up before me, just discernible in the dim moonlight streaming through the seams of the boards. I made a rapid retreat down the ladder; and was only reassured by hearing the object of my terror calling after me, and recognizing his voice as that of a harmless old pilgrim whom I had known before. Our farm-house was situated in a lonely valley, half surrounded with woods, with no neighbors in sight. One dark, cloudy night, when our parents chanced to be absent, we were sitting with our aged grandmother in the fading light of the kitchen fire, working ourselves into a very satisfactory state of excitement and terror, by recounting to each other all the dismal stories we could remember of ghosts, witches, haunted houses, and robbers, when we were suddenly startled by a loud rap at the door. A stripling of fourteen, I was very naturally regarded as the head of the household; and with many misgivings I advanced to the door, which I slowly opened, holding the candle tremulously above my head, and peering out into the darkness. The feeble glimmer played upon the apparition of a gigantic horseman, mounted on a steed of a size for such a rider—colossal, motionless, like images cut out of the solid night. The strange visitant gruffly saluted me; and after making several ineffectual efforts to urge his horse in at the door, dismounted, and followed me into the room, evidently enjoying the terror which his huge presence excited. Announcing himself as "Dr. Brown, the great Indian

doctor," he drew himself up before the fire, stretched his arms, clenched his fists, struck his broad chest, and invited our attention to what he called his "mortal frame." He demanded in succession all kinds of intoxicating liquors; and, on being assured that we had none to give him, he grew angry, threatened to swallow my younger brother alive, and seizing me by the hair of my head, as the angel did the prophet at Babylon, he led me about from room to room. After an ineffectual search, in the course of which he mistook a jug of oil for one of brandy, and, contrary to my explanation and remonstrances, insisted upon swallowing a portion of its contents, he released me, fell to crying and sobbing, and confessed that he was so drunk already that his horse was ashamed of him. After bemoaning and pitying himself to his satisfaction, he wiped his eyes, sat down by the side of my grandmother, giving her to understand, that he was very much pleased with her appearance; adding, that, if agreeable to her, he should like the privilege of paying his addresses to her. While vainly endeavoring to make the excellent old lady comprehend his very flattering proposition, he was interrupted by the return of my father, who, at once understanding the matter, turned him out of doors without ceremony.

On one occasion, a few years ago, on my return from the field at evening, I was told that a foreigner had asked for lodgings during the night; but that, influenced by his dark, repulsive appearance, my mother had very reluctantly refused his request. I found her by no means satisfied by her decision. "What if a son of mine was in a strange land?" she inquired, self-reproachfully. Greatly to her relief, I volunteered to go in pursuit of the wanderer, and, taking a cross-path over the fields, soon overtook him. He had just been rejected at the house of our nearest neighbor, and was standing in a state of dubious perplexity in the street. His looks quite justified my mother's suspicions. He was an olive-complexioned, black-bearded Italian, with an eye like a live coal—such a face as perchance looks out on the traveller in the passes of the Abruzzo—one of those bandit visages which Salvator has painted. With some difficulty I gave him to understand my errand, when he overwhelmed me with thanks, and joyfully followed me back. He took his seat with us at the supper table; and when we were all seated around the hearth that cold autumnal evening, he told us, partly by words and partly by gestures, the story of his life and misfortunes, amused us with descriptions of his grape gatherings and festivals of his sunny clime, edified my mother with a recipe for making bread of chestnuts; and in the morning, when, after breakfast, his dark, sullen face lighted up, and his fierce eye moistened with grateful emotion, as in his own silvery Tuscan accent he poured out his thanks, we marvelled at the fears which had so nearly closed our door against him; and, as he departed, we all felt that he had left with us the blessing of the poor.

It was not often that, as in the above instance, my mother's prudence got the better of her charity. The regular "old stragglers" regarded her as an unfailing friend; and the sight of her plain cap was to them an assurance of forthcoming creature comforts. There was indeed a tribe of lazy strollers, having their place of rendezvous in the town of Barrington, N. H., whose low vices had placed them beyond even the pale of her benevolence. They were not unconscious of their evil reputation, and

experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless ragabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching," as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish looking bird, who,

when in humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say, he could "do nothin' at extortin' without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gypsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

## THE MANAGER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

### A Ballad.

BEING A VOICE FROM THE HOMES OF THE POETS.

FROM "BARNUM'S PARNASSUS." BY WILLIAM A. BUTLER. 1850.

I'm a famous Cantatrice, and my name it is Miss Jenny,  
And I've come to these United States to turn an honest penny.  
Says Barnum, "If you'll cross to the mighty Yankee nation,  
We can make in that Republic, a royal speculation;  
Just resign yourself to me, and we will raise the wind,  
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!

"I'm proprietor," says he, "of a splendid institution,  
Ahead of all that's English, French, Austrian, or Russian;  
It's nearly half a century since first it was created,  
And just below the Park the building is located;  
A marble structure, proof 'gainst lightning, rain, or wind,  
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!

"Tis our country's proudest boast—the American Museum!  
Its flags are all day floating; a mile off you can see 'em;  
It's the refuge of the Drama, both moral and domestic,  
The home of Nature's works, rare, monstrous, and majestic,  
Including every wonder, from poles to hottest Ind,  
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!

"I've got the public sympathies; there's not another man,  
Can get up entertainments on my peculiar plan,  
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Because they have to add,—how monstrously it pays.  
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The chance must not be lost, my sails must catch the wind,  
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"So Jenny, come along! you're just the card for me,  
And quit these kings and queens, for the country of the free.  
They'll welcome you with speeches, and serenades, and rockets,  
And you will touch their hearts, and I will tap their pockets;  
And if between us both, the public isn't skinned,  
Why my name isn't Barnum, nor your name Jenny Lind!"

"All very well, Mein herr," says I, "but then Mein herr, you see,  
I shall have to ask at first, a trifling guaranty,  
Because a poor lone woman, that earns her daily bread  
By singing songs in public, must see that she gets fed,  
And on my own exertions you know my fortune's pinned,  
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Why that’s a different matter, and before I budge  
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I must save myself the risk of getting in a pinch,  
And close with you a bargain that neither may rescind,  
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“First of all, then, my expenses, and a suite of two-  
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Who must board at first-rate houses where every  
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For myself a stylish mansion, or a neat suburban  
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With a coach and four in hand, and a service all of  
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And a pony for my riding, to be warranted in wind,  
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Then the privilege of singing whenever I’ve a mind  
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For which I should expect (to make the terms quite  
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At least a thousand pounds in cash for every night;  
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Says he, “That’s mighty liberal, and added to it  
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A CARPET IN THE BACKWOODS.—About this time an incident occurred which was somewhat amusing, and will serve to give a further illustration of the backwoods. Colonel Crockett’s opponent was an honorable man, but proud and lofty in his bearing. This of course was laid aside, as much as practicable, while he was electioneering. Standing one day at his window, he observed several of his friends passing along the road, and familiarly hailed them to call in and take a drink. They called, and upon going into the house, there was a handsome tray, with choice liquors, set out on a table standing in the middle of the room, which was furnished with a new carpet, not large enough to cover the floor, but leaving on each side a vacant space around the room. On this vacant space walked B——’s friends without ever daring to approach the table. After

many and frequent solicitations, and seeing B—— upon the carpet, they went up and drank; but left him manifestly with displeasure. Calling at the next house to which they came, where happened to live one of Crockett’s friends, they asked what kind of a man was the great bear-hunter; and received for answer that he was a good fellow, but very poor, and lived in a small log cabin, with a dirt floor. They all cried out he was the man for them, and swore they would be licked sooner than support a man as proud as B——. Never having seen a carpet before, they swore that B—— had invited them to his house to take a drink, and had spread down one of his best bed quilts for them to walk upon, and that it was nothing but a piece of pride.

experience had taught them the necessity of concealing, under well contrived disguises, their true character. They came to us in all shapes, and with all appearances save the true one, with most miserable stories of mishap and sickness, and all "the ills which flesh is heir to." It was particularly vexatious to discover, when too late, that our sympathies and charities had been expended upon such graceless vagabonds as the "Barrington beggars." An old withered hag, known by the appellation of "Hipping Pat,"—the wise woman of her tribe—was in the habit of visiting us, with her hopeful grandson, who had "a gift for preaching," as well as for many other things not exactly compatible with holy orders. He sometimes brought with him a tame crow, a shrewd, knavish looking bird, who,

when in humor for it, could talk like Barnaby Rudge's raven. He used to say, he could "do nothin' at extortin' without a white handkercher on his neck and money in his pocket;" a fact going far to confirm the opinions of the Bishop of Exeter and the Puseyites generally, that there can be no priest without tithes and surplice.

These people have for several generations lived distinct from the great mass of the community, like the gypsies of Europe, whom in many respects they closely resemble. They have the same settled aversion to labor, and the same disposition to avail themselves of the fruits of the industry of others. They love a wild, out-of-door life, sing songs, tell fortunes, and have an instinctive hatred of "missionaries and cold water."

## THE MANAGER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

### A Ballad.

BEING A VOICE FROM THE HO(L)MES OF THE POETS.

FROM "BARNUM'S PARNASSUS." BY WILLIAM A. BUTLER. 1850.

I'm a famous Cantatrice, and my name it is Miss Jenny,  
And I've come to these United States to turn an honest penny.  
Says Barnum, "If you'll cross to the mighty Yankee nation,  
We can make in that Republic, a royal speculation;  
Just resign yourself to me, and we will raise the wind.  
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!

"I'm proprietor," says he, "of a splendid institution,  
Ahead of all that's English, French, Austrian, or Russian;  
It's nearly half a century since first it was created,  
And just below the Park the building is located;  
A marble structure, proof 'gainst lightning, rain, or wind,  
As sure as my name's Barnum, and yours is Jenny Lind!

"Tis our country's proudest boast—the American Museum!  
Its flags are all day floating; a mile off you can see 'em;  
It's the refuge of the Drama, both moral and domestic,  
The home of Nature's works, rare, monstrous, and majestic,  
Including every wonder, from poles to hottest Ind,  
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## "DOING" A SHERIFF.

## A Georgia Sketch.

BY T. A. BURKE. 1851.

MANY persons in the county of Hall, State of Georgia, recollect a queer old customer who used to visit the county site regularly on "General Muster" days and Court week. His name was Joseph Johnson, but he was universally known as Uncle Josey. The old man, like many others of that and the present day, loved his dram, and was apt, when he got among "the boys" in town, to take more than he could conveniently carry. His inseparable companion on all occasions was a black pony, who rejoiced in the name of "General Jackson," and whose diminutiveness and sagacity were alike remarkable.

One day, while court was in session in the little village of Gainesville, the attention of the Judge and bar was attracted by a rather unusual noise at the door. Looking towards that aperture, "his honor" discovered the aforesaid pony and rider deliberately entering the Hall of Justice. This, owing

had that much money in a coon's age, and as for the Gin'ral here, I know he don't deal in no kind of quine, which he hain't done, 'cept fodder and corn, for these many years."

"Very well, then, Mr. Sheriff," continued his honor, "in default of the payment of the fine, you will convey the body of Joseph Johnson to the county jail, there to be retained for the space of twenty-four hours."

"Now, Judge, you ain't in right down good yearnest, is you? Uncle Josey hain't never been put into that there boardin' house yet, which he don't want to be, neither," appealed the old man, who was apparently too drunk to know whether it was a joke or not.

"The sheriff will do his duty immediately," was the Judge's stern reply, who began to tire of the old man's drunken insolence. Accordingly, Uncle Josey and the "Gin'ral" were marched off towards



to the fact that the floor of the court house was nearly on a level with the ground, was not difficult.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, "see who is creating such a disturbance of this court."

"It's only Uncle Josey and Gin'ral Jackson, Judge," said the intruder, looking up with a drunken leer, "jest me an' the Gin'ral come to see how you an' the boys is gettin' along."

"Well, Mr. Sheriff," said the Judge, totally regardless of the interest manifested in his own and the lawyers' behalf, by Uncle Josey, "you will please collect a fine of ten dollars from Uncle Josey and the General, for contempt of court."

"Look-a-here, Judge, old feller," continued Uncle Josey, as he stroked the "Gin'ral's" mane, "you don't mean to say it, now do yer? This child hain't

the county prison, which stood in a retired part of the village. Arriving at the door, the prisoner was commanded by the sheriff to "light."

"Look-a-here, Jess, horse-fly, you ain't a gwine to put yer old Uncle Josey in there, is yer?"

"Bliged to do it, Uncle Josey," replied the sheriff, "ef I don't, the old man (the Judge) will give me goss when I go back. I hate it powerful, but I must do it."

"But, Jess, couldn't you manage to let the old man git away? Thar ain't nobody here to see you. Now do, Jess, you know how I *fit* for you, in that last run you had 'long er Jim Smith, what like to a beat you for sheriff, which he would a done it, if it hadn't been for yer Uncle Josey's influence."

"I know that, Uncle Josey, but thar ain't no

chance. My oath is very panted against allowin' any body to escape. So you must go in, cos thar ain't no other chance."

"I tell you what it is, Jess, I'm afeard to go in thar. Looks too dark and dismal."

"Thar ain't nothing in thar to hurt you, Uncle Josey, which thar hain't been for nigh about six months."

"Yes, thar is, Jess, you can't fool me that a-way. I know thar is somethin' in thar to ketch the old man."

"No thar ain't, I pledge you my honor thar ain't."

"Well, Jess, if thar ain't, you jest go in and see, and show Uncle Josey that you ain't afeard."

"Certainly, I ain't afeard to go in."

Saying which, the sheriff opened the door, leaving the key in the lock. "Now, Uncle Josey, what did I tell you? I know'd thar wan't nothing' in thar."

"May be thar ain't where you are standin', but jest le's see you go up into that dark place, in the corner."

"Well, Uncle Josey," said the unsuspecting sheriff, "I'll satisfy you thar ain't nothin' thar either," and he walked towards the "dark corner." As he did so, the old man dexterously closed the door and locked it.

"Hello! thar," yelled the frightened officer,

"none o' yer tricks, Uncle Josey; this is carryin' the joke a cussed sight too fur."

"Joke! I ain't a jokin', Jess; never was more in yearnest in my life. Thar ain't nothin' in thar to hurt you though, that's one consolation. Jest hold on a little while, and I'll send some of the boys down to let you out."

And before the "sucked in" sheriff had recovered from his astonishment, the pony and his master were out of hearing.

Uncle Josey, who was not as drunk as he appeared, stopped at the grocery, took a drink, again mounted the Gin'ral, and called the keeper of the grocery to him—at the same time drawing the key of the jail from his pocket. "Here, Jeems, take this ere key, and ef the old man or any them boys up thar at the Court-House inquires after Jess Runion, the sheriff, jest you give 'em this key and my compliments, and tell 'm Jess is safe. Ketch 'em takin' in old Uncle Josey, will yer? Git up, Gin'ral, these boys here won't do to trust; so we'll go into the country, whar people's honest if they is poor."

The sheriff, after an hour's imprisonment, was released, and severely reprimanded by the judge, but the sentence of Uncle Josey was never executed, as he never troubled the Court again, and the judge thought it useless to imprison him with any hope of its effecting the slightest reform.

## THE YOUNG TRAGEDIAN.

FROM "NOUVELETTES OF THE MUSICIANS." BY ELIZABETH F. ELLET. 1851.

ONE morning, in the summer of 1812, the busy manager of an Italian theatrical company returned to his lodgings in a hotel in one of the principal streets of Naples. His brow was contracted, and an air of disquietude spread over his whole countenance. He announced to the landlord that he was in an hour to leave the city with his company. Mine host divined that he would not depart in the sunniest of humors.

"So, you have not been successful in your search, Master Benevolo?" he asked.

"Mille diavoli! there never was such luck!" was the petulant reply. "Here I have stayed three days beyond my time, in the hope of finding what Naples, it seems, does not afford; and now I must begone to play at Salerno, without an actor of tragedy in my company!"

"And such a company!" echoed Boniface.

"Such a one, indeed! though I say it, it is the pride of Italy! a magnificent princess! Did not the Duke of Anhalt swear she was as ravishing in beauty as exquisite in performance—with eyes like diamonds, and a figure superb as that of Juno herself?"

"Enough to make the fortune of a whole troop!" cried the landlord.

"Well—and then such an admirable comic actor; with a figure that is all one laugh, and a wit like Sancho Panza's! A genius, too, for the pathetic; he will make you sigh an instant after a convulsion of mirth; and he weeps to enchantment. He is Heracitus and Democritus in one."

"He is an angel!" cried the landlord with enthusiasm.

"An unrivalled troupe—a perfect coronet of gems

—with but one wanting—the tragic. Ah, me! what shall I do without a Geronimo, or a Falerio?" and the Impressario wrung his hands.

"Do not despair, maestro," said the good-natured host; "you may find one yet to your mind."

"And whence is he to come? from the clouds? He must fall directly; for in two hours I must be on my way to Salerno. Some of my friends are there already; and the performance has been twice postponed, waiting for me. I might have made such sums of money! Saint Antonio! how provoking to think of it!"

"You are disturbed, Signor Impressario," said the fat hostess, who had stood in the door during the preceding conversation, and now waddled forward, her hands placed on her hips, with an air of importance,—“because you have not been able to find a tragedian for your excellent company?"

"Assuredly, buona mia donna."

"And you have tired yourself out with running about the city in search of one; and now are going to leave us disappointed, in hopes that one will drop from the clouds for you on the way!"

"Ah! there is no hope of that."

"No—for the heavens do not rain such good things at Salerno. But here—Signore—here is one already fallen for you; and a capital fellow he is."

"Who!—what do you mean?" exclaimed both manager and landlord in a breath.

"Ah, there is a secret about it that I know, but shall tell no one!" cried the hostess, with looks of triumph. "You must not even know his name. But you shall have your tragedian."

"My tragedian?"

"Yes. He is a young man of prodigious genius,



He came to us last night. Oh, if you had but heard and seen him! All the maids were in tears. If he had only a robe and poniard, he would be absolutely terrific. Then he sang droll songs, and made us laugh till my sides ached. I should have brought him to you before, but you went out so early."

"Whence did he come?—at what theatres has he appeared?"

"Oh, as to practice, he has had none of it; he has never been on the stage; but he has a genius and passion for it. He has left his home and friends to become an actor."

"Hem!"—mused the Impresario. "Let us see him. Perhaps—"

The landlady had already quitted the room. She returned in a few minutes, leading, or rather pulling forward a lad apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age. He was tall and stout for his years; but his beardless face and boyish features, together with a shuffling bashfulness in his gait, caused the hopes of the manager to fall to the ground more rapidly than they had risen.

"Him!" he exclaimed in utter astonishment; "him!—why, he is a child!"

"A child!" repeated the landlady;—"and must not every thing have a beginning? He is a child that will make his own way in the world, I promise you."

"But he is not fit for an actor," said the director, surveying, with a look of disappointment, the youth who aspired to represent the Emperors of Rome and the Tribunes of the Italian republics.

"Have a little patience," persisted the dame. "When you see his gestures—his actions, you will sing another song. Come forward, Louis, my boy, and show the Signore what you can do."

The overgrown lad cast his great eyes to the ground, and hung his head; but on further urging from his patroness, he advanced a pace or two, threw over his arms the somewhat frayed skirt of his great coat to serve as a drapery, and recited some tragic verses of Dante.

"That is not bad!"—cried the Impresario, drawing his breath. "What is your name, my lad?"

"Luigi," was the reply, with a not ungraceful bow.

"What else?"

"He is called simply Luigi," interposed the hostess, with an air of mystery; "he has reasons at present for concealing his family name; for you see—he has broken bounds—"

"Exactly, I comprehend; and the runaway would fare hardly, if he were caught again. But I should like to hear him in Otello."

Thus encouraged, Luigi recited a brilliant tragic scene from Otello. The eyes of the director kindled; he followed with hands and head the motions of the youthful performer, as if carried away by sympathetic emotion, and applauded loudly when he had ended.

"Bravo—bravissimo!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands; "that is something like—it is just the thing! You will make a capital Moor, when you are set in shape a little. Come, my fine fellow, I will engage you at once, and you shall not find me a bad master. I will give you fifteen ducats a month, and here is the first month's pay in advance, to furnish your outfit. You must appear like a gentleman, and your clothes are shabby. Go now, make your purchases, pack up, and let us be gone. I will have a mule ready for you."

The hostess led off her *protégé* in triumph, while the Impresario busied himself in preparations for immediate departure. Poor Luigi, being new to the city and its pleasures, had contracted sundry debts the day before, which honor bade him pay before he made other use of his money. By the time these demands were satisfied, a round bill paid to the hostess, and a new coat, with change of linen, provided for himself, not a fraction was remaining of his fifteen ducats. But it was no less with a light heart and smiling face that he joined his employer, and the whole troop was soon on the road out of Naples.

On their arrival at Salerno, the Impresario had advertisements struck off, announcing that a young tragic actor would appear in an extremely popular part. He presented him to the public as a *phenomenon*—as an example of the most wonderful genius, developed at a tender age.

The Impresario was walking briskly about giving directions, in the happiest mood imaginable, rubbing his hands, and congratulating himself on the possession of such a prize. Visions of wealth in prospect rose before his eyes, as he saw the treasurer counting out the piles of gold just received. But alas, for the deceptions of the world, his present joy and bright anticipations for the future! Fate breathed on his magic castle, and the fabric melted into thin air.

Luigi was behind the scenes, arrayed in an imperial costume of the middle ages, endeavoring, by the practice of action and gesture, to habituate himself to the feeling that he was sustaining the part of a sovereign. He was partly encouraged, partly abashed by the comments of one of the chorus, a young and lovely creature, whose expanding talents gave promise of future eminence. The name of Rosina, though not her own, will suit here as well as any other.

"That will not do, your majesty!" she cried, correcting an awkward movement Luigi had just made. "Only think of such an Emperor!" and she began to mimic his gestures with the prettiest air of mock dignity in the world—so saucy and provoking at the same time, that the lad rowed he would have his revenge in a kiss; and presently the little maid was chased around the scenes by Luigi, to the great disorder of his imperial robes and the discomfiture of his dignity.

Suddenly there was an unusual bustle, and the sound of steps and voices without. "The curtain is going to rise!" cried Luigi in consternation. "Give me my sword, quick!" But the noise came nearer, and was in the direction opposite to the audience. What was his astonishment and dismay when he saw advancing towards him the vice-rector, followed by six *sbirri*, with the manager giving expression to the utmost grief and despair. The young *debutant* stood petrified, till the vice-rector advanced, and laying his hand on his shoulder, arrested him by virtue of an order from His Majesty the King of Naples. It was his business—so he proclaimed to the astonished bystanders—the whole company having rushed together at the news of this intrusion—to secure the person of the fugitive Luigi, and carry him back to the *Conservatorio della Pietà de' Turchini*, where he would be remanded to his musical studies under the direction of the famous master, Marcello Ferrino.

The disappointment was too much for the dignity of the Emperor *in petto*. Luigi burst into tears,

and blubbered sadly: the pretty Rosina cried out of sympathy, and there was a general murmur of dissatisfaction.

"Signore,—Signore—" remonstrated the Impresario,—“such a genius—he must not be restrained; tragedy is his vocation!”

“His vocation just now is to go back to school,” returned the vice-rector, gruffly.

“But, Signore, you are robbing the public; you are robbing me!”

“Has not the worthless boy been robbing His Majesty, who was graciously pleased to send him to the Conservatorio after his father's death? How has he repaid His Majesty's protection?”

“He is engaged in my service. I have advanced him a month's pay.”

“You should have thought twice before employing a raw youth, whom you knew to have run away from his guardians. Come, boy.”

The *sbirri* laid hold of Luigi, and somewhat

hers into his hands. The lad understood her, and pressed the keepsake to his lips.

“At least,” said the manager, recovering a little from his disappointment, “I have not lost everything. The vagabond has left his trunk behind,” and he went to make his peace with his impatient audience.

Next morning he ordered the trunk brought to him. It was very large, and so heavy that the servants who carried it imagined it to be filled with gold. The Impresario, having called together some of his friends to make an inventory of its contents, caused the lock to be broken. It was found filled with—sand. The young debutant, anxious to make a favorable impression, and not being in possession of a wardrobe, had had recourse to this piece of deception in order to command respect and attention at the inns where they stopped on the way from Naples.

Words cannot describe the rage of the manager.



roughly disencumbered him of his imperial robes. The audience without the curtain at the same time manifested unequivocal symptoms of impatience. The manager was in absolute despair.

“Let him only remain, and play in this piece.”

“Not a moment,” said the vice-rector; “we have no time to lose.”

“Dear Master Benerolo,” entreated Luigi, who had dried his tears, “be not troubled about me; I will have my revenge yet. I will be a tragedian in spite of them.”

“But my losses?”

“I will make them up—I pledge you my word.”

“My fifteen ducats paid in advance?”

“You shall have them again.”

“If not in this world”—added the vice-rector, with a sullen laugh—“you may keep your account open for another.”

“Stay, Luigi,” cried little Rosina, as the men led him off, “here is your handkerchief,” and she put

He vented it in execrations against Luigi, whom he denounced as a cheat, an impostor, and a thief. And his fifteen ducats—they had been thrown away! The only retaliation in his power was to write a letter full of violent abuse to the shameless offender, ending his invectives with the assurance that so base a fellow need never aspire to the honors of tragedy. Luigi said not a word when he read this missive. From that time he applied himself with so much diligence to his studies, that his masters had no reason to complain of him. He bade fair, they all said, to rival Bohrer on the violoncello, and Tulon on the flute. And for his encouragement and that of his comrades, a hall of representation was constructed in the interior of the Conservatorio, where those who desired might gratify a passion for the stage.

Late in the autumn of 1830, it was announced that a new artist, of great reputation in Italy, would

appear at the *Theatre Italien* in Paris. Great expectation was excited, as his progress through the cities beyond the Alps had been a continued triumph. The immense audience was hushed in suspense. Even after the curtain had risen, the connoisseurs seemed resolved that their applause should not be bestowed till it was fairly earned. But when the deputant appeared, there was a hum of admiration at sight of his majestic, imposing figure and noble countenance, expressive not only of power, but of frank good humor; and the first tones of that magnificent voice, swelling above the orchestra in lordly music, "like thunder amid a tempest," yet piercing to the very depths of pathos, called forth a burst of rapturous applause. At the close of the piece the spectators vied with each other in his praises, and voted him by acclamation the first *bassetaile* of the age.

The tragic opera of *Otello* was announced for representation, amid the shouts of admiring thousands.

"I will go to hear *Otello* since you bid me, madonno," said the ex-manager of an Italian opera company to the fair Rosina, now an admired singer, but in the midst of fortune and fame retaining the same excellent heart; "but I have no pleasure in listening to these French actors. They do not fill my idea of tragedy. Ah! the best days of the art are gone by!"

"But, Master Benevolo, you have not seen the new artist?"

"No, nor do I care to see him. I should not like what pleases these fantastical Parisians."

"But you must hear him. He is an Italian. I have an invitation for you, written in his own hand."

"Ah! that is courteous and attentive, seeing I am a stranger in Paris. How came he to send it to me?"

"He knew you to be a friend of mine," answered the lady rather embarrassed.

"*Ebbene*, I will attend you, my lady." And at the appointed time the ex-manager escorted the fair singer to the theatre.

"There is a figure for tragedy!" cried he, in involuntary admiration, as the colossal form of the actor moved across the stage, and he bowed in dignified acknowledgment of the applause of the audience. "Ha! I should like him for the tyrant in *Anna Boleno*!" But when his powerful voice was heard in the part—when its superb tones, terrible yet exquisitely harmonious, carried the senses, as it were, captive, the Italian gave up his prejudices, and joined in the general enthusiasm. And at the point where the father of *Desdemona* curses his

daughter, Benevolo uttered a cry, into which the very soul of emotion seemed to have passed.

"Wonderful! *stupendo! tragico!*" he exclaimed, wiping his eyes, when the curtain had fallen, and he rose to offer his arm to his fair companion.

"But you must see him," persisted she, and led the ex-impresario behind the scenes.

The wonder of the Parisian connoisseurs advanced to meet them. Benevolo gazed in awe on the person whose performance had moved him so deeply, and thought he saw the impress of majesty in his features. Claspings his hands, he saluted him as the king of tragedy!

"Ah! my good master Benevolo! I am rejoiced to see you at last! It has been my evil fortune that we have not met before! Now, tell me if you have been pleased. Think you I will ever make a tragic actor?"

"You are the first in the world!" cried the Italian. "I am proud of my countryman."

"Ah, *mio fratello*! but you had once not so good an opinion of me. Ha! you do not recognize your old acquaintance—the runaway Luigi!"

The ex-impresario stared, in silent astonishment.

"I have grown somewhat larger since the affair at Salerno," said the artist, laughing and clapping his sides. "But I forgot; I was under a cloud when we parted. Ah! I see you have a *heavy* recollection of that trunk of mine, and the fifteen ducats. I always meant to ransom that unlucky trunk; but only, you understand, with my pay as a tragedian, to make you unsay your prediction. Here is an order for twelve hundred francs."

The ex-manager drew back. "I cannot receive so much," he said.

"Nonsense, friend; you are too scrupulous. Be-think you; my fortune has grown apace with my *embonpoint*."

Benevolo grasped his hand. "You are a noble fellow!" cried he; "and now, as a last favor, you must tell me your name. You act under an assumed one, I suppose?"

"Not at all; the same—*LABLACHE*."

"*Lablache*! are you, then, a Frenchman?"

"My father was one; he fled from Marseilles at the time of the Revolution; but I was born in Naples. Does that satisfy you?"

"I always took you for a nobleman in disguise," said Benevolo; "but now I know you for one of the nobility of artists."

"That is better than the first," said *Lablache*; "and now you must come home and sup with me, in the *Rue Richelieu*. I shall have a few friends there, and *la belle* Rosina will honor us."

FINE WRITING.—In the first number of a weekly paper, published in New York, entitled *The Expositor*, and edited by Count L. F. Tasistro, there occurs the following seven-leagued sentence, which those who are partial to long periods may make the most of: "*Lethargic* morbidness had stolen into the calm and azure depths of our unruffled soul, and we were gradually imbibing the 'sweet oblivious antidote,' utterly forgetful of every ambitious scheme and rating care, when in one of those semi-lucid inter-

vals, of which the wakeful faculty of consciousness tries in vain to stir up the embers of application, the right pupil of our eye, after having contracted itself into every variety of contortion, in order to exclude the light of a dull lamp, which was burning dimly before us, rested itself placidly, and without effort, upon the features of one of the heavenliest cherubs that ever shot radiance with its joy-inspiring smiles into the dark council-chambers of the heart of man!"

## THE WIDOW RUGBY'S HUSBAND.

## A Story of "Suggs."

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER. 1851.

SOME ten or twelve years ago, one Sumeral Dennis kept the "Union Hotel," at the seat of justice of the county of Tallapoosa. The house took its name from the complexion of the politics of its proprietor; he being a true-hearted Union man, and opposed—as I trust all my readers are—at all points, to the damnable heresy of *nullification*. In consequence of the candid exposition of his political sentiments upon his signboard, mine host of the Union was liberally patronized by those who coincided with *him* in his views. In those days, party spirit was, in that particular locality, exceedingly bitter and proscriptive; and had Sumeral's chickens been less tender, his eggs less impeachable, his coffee more sloppy, the "Union Hotel" would still have lost no guest—its keeper no dimes. But, as Dennis was wont to remark, "*the party* relied on his honor; and as an honest man—but more especially as an honest *Union* man—he was bound to give them the value of their money." Glorious fellow, was Sumeral! Capital landlady, was his good wife, in all the plenitude of her *embonpoint*! Well-behaved children, too, were Sumeral's—from the shaggy and red-headed representative of paternal peculiarities, down to little Solomon of the sable locks, whose "favor" puzzled the neighbors, and set at defiance all known physiological principles. Good people, all, were the Dennises! May a hungry man never fall among worse!

Among the political friends who had for some years bestowed their patronage, semi-annually, during Court week, upon the proprietor of the "Union," was Captain Simon Suggs, whose deeds of valor and of strategy are not unknown to the public. The captain had "put up" with our friend Sumeral, time and again—had puffed the "Union," both "before the face and behind the back" of its owner, until it seemed a miniature of the microcosm that bears the name of Astor—and, in short, was so generally useful, accommodating, and polite, that nothing short of long-continued and oft-repeated failures to *settle his bills*, could have induced Sumeral to consider Suggs in other light than as the best friend the "Union" or any other house ever had. But alas! Captain Suggs had, from one occasion to another, upon excuses the most plausible, and with protestations of regret the most profound, invariably left the fat larder and warm beds of the Union without leaving behind the slightest pecuniary remuneration with Sumeral. For a long time the patient innkeeper bore the imposition with a patience that indicated some hope of eventful payment. But year in and year out, and the money did not come. Mrs. Dennis at length spoke out, and argued the necessity of a tavern-keeper's collecting his dues, if he was disposed to do justice to himself and family.

"Suggs is a nice man in his talk," she said. "Nobody can fault him, as far as that's concerned; but smooth talk never paid for flour and bacon;" and so she recommended to her leaner half that the "*next time*" summary measures should be adopted to secure the amount in which the captain was indebted to the "Union Hotel."

Sumeral determined that his wife's advice should be strictly followed; for he had seen, time and again, that *her* suggestions had been the salvation of the establishment.

"Hadh't she kept him from pitchin' John Seagrooves, neck and heels, out of the window, for sayin' that nullification *warn't* treason, and John C. Calhoun *warn't* as bad as Benedict Arnold! And hadh't John been a good payin' customer ever since? That was what he wanted to know!"

The next session of the Circuit Court, after this prudent conclusion had been arrived at in Dennis's mind—the Circuit Court, with all its attractions of criminal trials, poker-playing lawyers, political caucuses and possible monkey-shows—found Captain Suggs snugly housed at the "Union." Time passed on swiftly for a week. The judge was a hearty, liquor-loving fellow, and lent the captain ten dollars, "on sight." The Wetumpka and Montgomery lawyers bled freely. In short, every thing went bravely on for the captain, until a man with small-pox pits and a faro-box came along. The captain yielded to the temptation—yielded, with a presentiment on his mind that he should be "slain." The "tiger" was triumphant, and Suggs was left without a dollar!

As if to give intensity to his distress, on the morning after his losses at the faro bank, the friendly Clerk of the Court hinted to Suggs, that the Grand Jury had found an indictment against him for gaming. Here was a dilemma! Not only out of funds, but obliged to decamp, before the adjournment of Court!—obliged to lose all opportunity of redeeming his "fallen fortunes," by further plucking the greenhorns in attendance.

"This here," said Simon, "is h—! h—! a mile and a quarter square, and fenced in all round! What's a *reasonable* man to do? Ain't I been workin' and strivin' all for the best? Ain't I done my duty? Cuss that mahogany box! I wish the man that started it had had his head sawed off with a cross-cut, *just* afore he thought on't! Now thar's sense in *short cards*. All's fair, and cheat and cheat alike is the order; and the longest pole knocks down the persimmon! But whar's the reason in one of your d—d boxes full of springs and the like, and the better *no* advantages, except now and then when he kin kick up a squabble, and the *dealer's* *afraid* of him!"

"I'm for doin' things on the squar. What's a man without his honor? Ef natur give me a gift to beat a feller at 'old sledge' and the like, it's all right! But whar's the justice in a thing like farrer, that ain't got but one side! It's strange what a honin' I have for the cussed thing! No matter how I make a honest rise, I'm sure to 'buck it off' at farrer. As my wife says, *farrer's my besettin' sin*. It's a weakness—a soft spot—it's a—a—let me see!—it's a way I've got of a runnin' agin Providence! But hello! here's Dennis."

When the innkeeper walked up, Captain Suggs remarked to him, that there was a "little paper out, signed by Tom Garrett, in his *official capacity*, that was calculated to hurt feelin's, if he remained

in town; and so he desired that his horse might be saddled and brought out."

Sumeral replied to this by presenting to the captain a slip of paper, containing entries of many charges against Suggs, and in favor of the Union Hotel.

"All right," said Suggs; "I'll be over in a couple of weeks, and settle."

"Can't wait; want money to buy provisions; account been standing two years; thirty-one dollars and fifty cents is money, these days," said Dennis, with unusual firmness.

"Blast your ugly face," vociferated Suggs, "*I'll give you my note!* that's enough amongst gentlemen, I suppose."

"Hardly," returned the innkeeper, "hardly; we want the cash; your note ain't worth the trouble of writin' it."

"D—n you!" roared Suggs; "d—n you for a biscuit-headed nullifier! I'll give you a mortgage on the best half section of land in the county; south half of 13, 21, 29!"

"Captain Suggs," said Dennis, drawing off his coat, "you're called me a nullifier, and *that's* what I *won't* stand from no man! Strip, and I'll whip as much *dog* out of you as 'll make a full pack of hounds! You swindlin' robber!"

This hostile demonstration alarmed the captain, and he set in to soothe his angry landlord.

"Sum, old fel!" he said, in his most honeyed tones; "Sum, old fel! be easy. I'm not a fightin' man,"—and here Suggs drew himself up with dignity; "I'm not a fightin' man, *except* in the cause of my country! *Thar* I'm *allers* found! Come old fellow—do you reckon ef you'd been a nullifier, I'd ever been ketched at your house! No, no! You *ain't* no part of a nullifier, but you're reether hard down on your Union friends that allers puts up with you. Say, won't you take that mortgage—the land's richly worth \$1,000—and let me have old Bill?"

The heart of Dennis was melted at the appeal thus made. It was to his good fellowship and his party feelings. So, putting on his coat, he remarked, that he "rather thought he would take the mortgage. However," he added, seeing Mrs. Dennis standing at the door of the tavern watching his proceedings, "he would see his wife about it."

The captain and Dennis approached the landlady of the Union, and made known the state of the case.

"You see, cousin Betsey"—Suggs always *cousin-ed* any lady whom he wished to cozen—"you see, consin Betsey, the fact is, I'm down, just now, in the way of money, and you and Sumeral bein' afraid I'll run away and never come back—"

"Taint that I'm afraid of," said Mrs. Dennis.

"What then?" asked Suggs.

"Of your comin' back, eatin' us out o' house and home, and *never payin' nothin'.*"

"Well," said the Captain, slightly confused at the lady's directness; "well, seein' that's the way the mule kicks, as I was sayin', I proposed to Sum here, as long as him and you distrusts an old Union friend that's stuck by your house like a tick, even when the red-mouthed nullifiers swore you was feedin' us *soap-tails* on *bull-beef* and *blue collards*—I say, as long as that's the case, I propose to give you a mortgage on the south half of 21, 13, 29. It's the best half section in the county, and it's worth forty times the amount of your bill."

"It looks like that ought to do," said Sumeral, who was grateful to the captain for defending his house against the slanders of the nullifiers; "and seein' that Suggs has always patronized the Union and *voted the whole ticket*—"

"Never *split* in my life," dropped in Suggs with emphasis.

"I," continued Dennis, "am for takin' the mortgage and lettin' him take old Bill and go; for I know it would be a satisfaction to the nullifiers to have him put in jail."

"Yes," quoth the captain, sighing, "I'm about to be tuk up and made a martyr of, on account of the Union, but I'll die true to my prin<sup>ci</sup>pples, d—d if I don't."

"They *shan't* take you," said Dennis, his long lank form stiffening with energy as he spoke; "as long as they put it on *that* hook, d—d ef they shall! Give us the mortgage and slope!"

"Thar's a true-hearted Union man," exclaimed Suggs, "that's not got a drop of pizen of treason in his veins!"

"You ain't got no rights to that land. I jist know it—or you wouldn't want to mortgage it for a tavern bill," shouted Mrs. Dennis; "I tell you and Sumeral *both*, that old Bill don't go out of that stable till the money's paid—mind, I say, *money*—into *my* hand;" and here the good lady turned off and called Bob, the stable boy, to bring her the stable key.

The Captain and Sumeral looked at each other like two chidden school-boys. It was clear that no terms short of payment in money would satisfy Mrs. Dennis. Suggs saw that Dennis had become interested in his behalf; so, acting upon the idea, he suggested:

"Dennis, suppose *you loan me the money?*"

"Egad, Suggs, I've been thinking of that; but as I have only a fifty dollar bill, and my wife's key bein' turned on that, there's no chance. D—n it, I'm sorry for you."

"Well, the Lord 'll purvide," said Suggs.

As Captain Suggs could not get away *that* day, evidently, he arranged, through his friend Sumeral, with the Clerk not to issue a capias until the next afternoon. Having done this, he cast around for some way of raising the wind; but the fates were against him; and at eleven o'clock that night, he went to bed in a fit of the blues that three pints of whiskey had failed to dissipate.

An hour or two after the Captain had got between his sheets, and after every one else was asleep, he heard some one walk unsteadily, but still softly, up stairs. An occasional hiccup told that it was some fellow drunk; and this was confirmed by a heavy fall which the unfortunate took as soon as, leaving the railing, he attempted to travel *suis pedibus*.

"Oh, good Lord!" groaned the fallen man; "who'd a-thought it! Me, John P. Pullum, drunk and fallin' down! I never was so before. The world's a-turnin' over—and—over! Oh, Lord!—Charley Stone got me into it! What will Sally say ef she hears it—oh, Lord!"

"That thar feller," said the Captain to himself, "is the victim of vice! I wonder ef he's got any money?" and the Captain continued his soliloquy *inaudibly*.

Poor Mr. Pullum, after much tumbling about and sundry repetitions of his fall, at length contrived to get into bed, in a room adjoining that occupied by

the Captain, and only separated from it by a thin partition. The sickening effects of his debauch increased, and the dreadful nausea was likely to cause him to make both a "clean breast" and a clean stomach.

"I'm very—very—oh, Lord!—drunk! Oh, me, is this John P. Pullum that—good Heavens! I'll faint—married Sally Rugby!—oh! oh!"

Here the poor fellow got out of bed, and, poking his head through a vacant square in the window-sash, began his ejaculations of supper and of grief.

"Ah! I'm so weak!—wouldn't have Sally—aw—owh—wha—oh, Lord!—to hear of it for a hundred dollars. She said—it's comin' agin—awh—ogh—who—o—o—gracious Lord, how sick!—she said when she agreed for me to sell the cotton, I'd be certain—oh, Lord, I believe I'll die!"

The inebriate fell back on his bed, almost fainting, and Captain Suggs thought he'd try an experiment.

Disguising his voice, with his mouth close to the partition, he said:

"You're a liar! you didn't marry Widow Rugby; you're some d—d thief trying to pass off for something!"

"Who am I then, if I ain't John P. Pullum that married the widow, Sally Rugby, Tom Rugby's widow, old Bill Stearns's only daughter? Oh, Lord, if it ain't me, who is it? Where's Charley Stone—can't he tell if it's John P. Pullum?"

"No, it ain't you, you lyin' swindler—you ain't got a dollar in the world—and never married no rich widow," said Suggs, still disguising his voice.

"I did—I'll be d—d if I didn't—I know it now; Sally Rugby with the red-head—all of the boys said I married her for her money, but it's a—oh, Lord, I'm sick again—ugh!"

Mr. Pullum continued his maudlin talk, half asleep, half awake, for some time; and all the while Captain Suggs was analyzing the man—conjecturing his precise circumstances—his family relations—the probable state of his purse, and the like.

"It's a plain case," he mused, "that this fellow married a red-headed widow for her money—no man ever married sich for any thing else. It's plain agin, she's got the property settled upon her, or fixed some way, for he talked about her 'agreein' for him to sell the cotton. I'll bet that he's the new feller that's dropped in down thar by Tallassee, that Charley Stone used to know. And I'll bet he's been down to Wetumpky to sell the cotton—got on a bust thar—and now's on another here.—He's afraid of his wife, too; leastways, his voice trembled like it, when he called her red-headed. Pullum! Pullum! Pull-um!" Here Suggs studied—"That's surely a Talbot county name—I'll ventur' on it, any how."

Having reached a conclusion, the Captain turned over in bed, and composed himself to sleep.

At nine o'clock the next morning, the bar-room of the Union contained only Dennis and our friend the Captain. Breakfast was over, and the most of the temporary occupants of the tavern were on the public square. Captain Suggs was watching for Mr. Pullum, who had not yet come down to breakfast.

At length, an uncertain step was heard on the stairway, and a young man, whose face showed indisputable evidence of a frolic on the previous night, descended. His eyes were bloodshot, and

his expression was a mingled one of shame and fear.

Captain Suggs walked up to him, as he entered the bar-room, gazed at his face earnestly, and, slowly placing his hand on his shoulder, as slowly, and with a stern expression, said:

"Your—name—is—Pullum!"

"I know it is," said the young man.

"Come this way, then," said Suggs, pulling his victim out into the street, and still gazing at him with the look of a stern but affectionate parent. Turning to Dennis, as they went out, he said: "Have a cup of coffee ready for this young man in fifteen minutes, and his horse by the time he's done drinking it!"

Mr. Pullum looked confounded, but said nothing, and he and the Captain walked over to a vacant blacksmith shop, across the street, where they could be free from observation.

"You're from Wetumpky last," remarked Suggs, with severity, as if his words charged a crime.

"What if I am?" replied Pullum, with an effort to appear bold.

"What's cotton worth?" asked the Captain, with an almost imperceptible wink.

Pullum turned white, and stammered out:

"Seven or eight cents."

"Which will you tell your wife you sold yours—hers—for?"

John P. turned blue in the face.

"What do you know about my wife?" he asked.

"Never mind about *that*—was you in the habit of gettin' drunk before you left Talbot county, Georgy?"

"I never lived in Talbot; I was born and raised in Harris," said Pullum, with something like triumph.

"Close to the line though," rejoined Suggs, confidently, relying on the fact that there was a large family of Pullums in Talbot; "most of your connections lived in Talbot."

"Well, what of all that?" asked Pullum, with impatience; "what is that to you whar I come from, or whar my connection lived?"

"Never mind—I'll show you—no man that married Billy Stearns's daughter can carry on the way *you've been doin'*, without *my* interfeerin' for the intrust of the family!"

Suggs said this with an earnestness, a sternness, that completely vanquished Pullum. He tremulously asked:

"How did you know that I married Stearns's daughter?"

"That's a fact most anybody could a known that was intimate with the family in old times. You'd better ask how I knowed that you tuk *your wife's* cotton to Wetumpky—sold it—*got on a spree*—after Sally gave you a caution, too—and then come by here—*got on another spree*. What do you reckon Sally will say to you when you git home?"

"She won't know it," replied Pullum, "unless somebody tells her."

"Somebody *will* tell her," said Suggs; *I'm* going home with you as soon as you've had breakfast. My poor Sally Rugby shall not be trampled on in this way. I've only got to borrow fifty dollars from some of the boys to make out a couple of thousand I need to make the last payment on my land. So go over and eat your breakfast, quick."

"For God's sake, sir, don't tell Sally about it; you don't know how unreasonable she is."

Pullum was the incarnation of misery.

"The devil I don't! She bit this piece out of my face"—here Suggs pointed to a scar on his cheek—"when I had her on my lap, a little girl only five years old. She was always game."

Pullum grew more nervous at this reference to his wife's mettle.

"My dear sir, I don't even know your name—"

"Suggs, sir, Captain Simon Suggs."

"Well, my dear Captain, ef you'll jist let me off this time, I'll lend you the fifty dollars."

"You'll—lend—me—the—fifty—dollars! Who asked you for your money—or rather Sally's money?"

"I only thought," replied the humble husband of Sally, "that it might be an accommodation. I meant no harm; I know Sally wouldn't mind my lending it to an old friend of the family."

"Well," said Suggs, and here he mused, shutting his eyes, biting his lips, and talking very slowly, "ef I knowed you would do better."

"I'll swear I will," said Pullum.

"No swearin', sir!" roared Suggs, with a dreadful frown; "no swearin' in my presence!"

"No, sir, I won't any more."

"Ef," continued the Captain, "I *knowed* you'd do better—*go right home*"—(the Captain didn't wish Pullum to stay where his stock of information might be increased)—and treat Sally like a wife all the rest of your days, I might, may be, borrow the fifty, (seein' it's Sally's, any way,) and let you off this time."

"Ef you will, Captain Suggs, I'll never forget you—I'll think of you all the days of my life."

"I ginnally makes my mark, so that I'm hard to forget," said the Captain, truthfully. "Well, turn me over a fifty for a couple of months, and go home."

Mr. Pullum handed the money to Suggs, who seemed to receive it reluctantly. He twisted the bill in his fingers, and remarked:

"I reckon I'd better not take this money—you won't go home, and do as you said."

"Yes, I will," said Pullum; "yonder's my horse at the door—I'll start this minute."

The Captain and Pullum returned to the tavern, where the latter swallowed his coffee and paid his bill.

As the young man mounted his horse, Suggs took him affectionately by the hand—



"John," said he, "go home, give my love to cousin Sally, and kiss her for me. Try and do better, John, for the futur'; and if you have any children, John, bring 'em up in the way of the Lord. Good by!"

Captain Suggs now paid *his* bill, and had a balance on hand. He immediately bestrode his faithful "Bill," musing thus as he moved homeward:

"Every day I git more insight into scriptur'. It used to be I couldn't understand the manna in the wilderness, and the ravens feedin' Elishy; now, it's clear to my eyes. Trust in Providence—that's the lick! Here was I in the wilderness, sorely oppressed, and mighty nigh despair. Pullum come to me, like a 'raven,' in my distress—and a fat one at that! Well, as I've allers said, Honesty and Providence will never fail to fetch a man out! Jist give me that for a hand, and I'll 'stand' agin all creation!"

## AN ALLIGATOR STORY.

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER. 1851

TOM JUDGE, of Lowndes—I think it was Tom—was coming up the river, once, from Mobile, when a gentleman from some one of the Northern States going to settle in Selma, walked up to him and inquired if there were any alligators in that stream. Tom took the dimensions of his customer with his eye, looked him coolly in the face, *ascertained that he was soft*, and then dolorously sighing, answered—

"Nor now!"

Spooney supposed he had awakened unpleasant emotions, and commenced an apology.

"No matter," replied Tom; "I was only thinking of my poor friend, John Smith, who was taken suddenly from me, in the summer of '36. I was reminded of him by the association of ideas—the

same season all the alligators disappeared from the river!"

"Was your friend drowned?" asked the green'un.

"No; he died of that most horrible of all Southern diseases, the *Congestive Fever*."

After a pause, Spooney essayed again:

"What caused the disappearance of the alligators?"

"*They died of the same disease*," replied Tom, looking at the stranger with a most sepulchral expression.

\* \* \* \* \*

The young adventurer didn't get out of the boat at Selma, nor until he reached the head of navigation, where, it is related, he took vehicular conveyance for more salubrious regions!

## CAPTAIN M'SPADDEN,

## The Irish Gentleman in Purshute of a Schule.

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER. 1851.

I WILL endeavor to chalk out for our readers, a rough sketch of Captain M'Spadden, an Irish gentleman who visited our town, not long since, while on a pedestrian tour through the piny woods, in search of a location for a "bit of a schule."

We were not looking for Captain M'Spadden. He came among us unexpected, unannounced. Living fish sometimes drop from the clouds; and there is no particular reason why M'Spadden might not have made his entry in the same manner—for he was an *odd fish*—except that the weather was quite fair at the time; no vapor at all competent to the transportation of an Irishman, weighing an hundred and odd pounds, having been seen for several days previously. It was therefore presumed (in the absence of the possession of any quadrupedal chattel by Mac), that he was on a pedestrian tour for amusement or business. Be this as it might, when first observed, the captain was leaning against a tree at one corner of the public square. He had under one arm, a pair of corduroy breeches; under the other an invalided boot. Mac himself, was a



thin "bit ov a crathur," with a light gray eye, white eyebrows, and delicate, fair features. The restlessness of his glances, and the convulsive twitches of his facial nerves, showed that the poor fellow was suffering from incipient *delirium tremens*. As old Tom Martin would say, he had "swallowed some monkey eggs, all along wid his bithers, and they'd hatched a brood of live young devils to kape him in company."

Mac's drapery was unique. He had on a marvelously dirty and ragged shirt, over which was a coat evidently cut for a much smaller individual

than himself; the waist was just under his arms, while the extremity of the tail fell but a few inches below the small of the wearer's back. His pantaloons, mud-colored, were long-waisted and short-legged. On his left foot was the mate of the boot under his arm; his right foot was bare, and as red as a beet. His silk hat had a turn-up of the rim behind, and a mash-in of the crown before; and the absence of all gloss, and many indentations, showed that it had been a hat of many sorrows. Still it had a jaunty, impudent air, that showed that Mac considered himself "one of 'em"—and as it perched itself over its owner's left eye, any one could see that it was a hat of considerable character.

One of the Captain's conceits was, that he was pursued by a woman who claimed to be a relative, and demanded a provision for her support. With this distressing idea in his mind, Mac leaned against a tree, as I have said, and addressed, alternately a group of little boys that were standing around him, and his imaginary female persecutor.

"Whist!—aisy now!—be aisy!—I tel ye;" he said, addressing the apparition;—"the divil fly away wid the thing I have to give ye—for be the same token, it's me own breakfast that I haven't tasted the smell ov yet, this blessed bright mornin'."

"Arrah, boys!"—this was to the youngsters; "I'll form ye into a nate class for sport, ye see. Come now, stand up, there! Be the Saints, I'd a jolly little schule, down below here. Heads up! an' I'll flog the whole class for amusement, and niver a cent for your affekshinate parints to pay."

The boys laughed, shouted, and broke ranks at this announcement; and Mac, scowling over his shoulder, again spoke to his feminine tormentor, as if in reply:

"Wud I give ye a dollar to buy a dacint gown wid?—ye say? Be me sowl, an' it's a nice word that dhrops so swate from yer mouth! Wud I give ye a dollar?—an wud a dog shaik his tail, that had niver a stump to wag, at all, at all!

Avant and quit me sight!—  
Thy bones are marrowless—thy blood is cold!  
There is no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with—and d—n ye, be off!

Just at this time, a huge cross bull-dog (who no doubt felt an interest in remarks so personal to his species), walked up to Mac, and nosed him most impertinently. The Captain squirmed round the tree, looking thunderbolts all the while, and the bull-dog followed, with still inquiring nose, and bristles all erect.

"Begone! ye baste! It's Captain Bland M'Spadden, of the Royal Irish Greys, that's now willing to tache a dozen or so ov young gentlemen, arithmetic and manners, at two dollars the quarther—begone!"

Danger knows full well  
M'Spadden is more dangerous than he.  
We were two lions (be J—s, its thrue!) lithered in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible!

"Be St. Patrick, the ugly baste will tear me in paces!"

But the dog was merciful; and on concluding his examination, merely held up one hind leg signifi-



cantly—as much as to say “that for you!”—and walked away.

“Captain M'Spadden,” said a bystander, as Mac vainly essayed to set himself properly upon his pegs:—“Hav'n't you been crowding drinks, mightily, of late—rather pressing the figure—eh?”

Bland looked around, and his eye fell on a tall, handsome, judicial-looking personage.

“Did I undherstand,” replied Mac; “did I undherstand yer Honor to say, wud I talk a glass of whiskey wid ye?”

“By no means,” was the reply; “but here's a dime to buy yourself something to eat.”

“To ate, yer Honor? and me a dying wid the cholery? Bedad, it's the physic I'm afthur, to dhrive the bloody faand out ov me sestem wid!”

“Did you ever have the cholera, Mac?”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Mac; “did iver I have the cholery? Did a fish swim? Be J—s, its fourteen times the nasty crathur has tuk the Gorjin knot upon me enthrils, and I faal the premonethory sim-tims rootin', this blessed minit, in me stomik, like pigs in a paa field. The cholery, indade!”

Captain M'Spadden now marched into the grocery, walked up to the bar, and looking the dealer in the face, asked,

“Did iver I see that eye, afore?”

“Quite likely,” replied Tap.

“May be it's only me word for luck ye'd be takin', this pleasant mornin', for a dhrop ov the corn corjil—and me a sufferin' in me bowels, wid the cholery?”

“I'll take the money,” quoth Tap, handing out a decanter, but keeping his hand upon it, as if waiting for payment.

Mac threw himself in a tragic attitude, and drawing down his white eyebrows, until they overhung the tip of his little red nose, he exclaimed,

“Hath a dog moneys? Is it possible a cur can lend three thousand ducats? Holy faathers! I've put a bit ov a kine (coin) here, but the physic I must have, to be sure. Wud ye tell me where I can get a bit ov a schule to tache astronomy, and Shaikspair, and manners, all for two dollars a quarthur?”

“D—n your duckets and your 'Schule' too,” replied Tap; “hand over a picayune.”

Mac handed over the money, and drank his whiskey; and just as he was replacing the tumbler on the board, the female spectre peered over his shoulder, and he dropped the glass and broke it.

“Shadders avaunt!” shouted the Captain; “Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, little dogs and all—sick 'em, boys! Hoot, away, ye ugly famale witch! I've the cholery, I tell ye, and it's ketchin' entirely!”

“You've broken my tumbler,” said Tap, complainingly.

“Shaik not thy gaury locks at me; thou canst not say I did it!” replied the Captain; “it was the sha devil that's tazin' the soul out ov me body!”

“Did you ever teach school?” asked Tap, as M'Spadden blundered into a chair.

“Did I iver? Did the blessed Saint iver kill snakes? Why, man, I'd a delightful little schule below here—fifteen or twenty's as many boys as a wakely crathur, like meself, can do his duty by the flogging ov, and he to bate the big boys wid a stout shillaly—an I was tachin' 'em illigint; and ye may kiss the cross, the little darlints loved me, inthirely; but it got broke up be an axident, be gorra.”

“How came that?”

“Ye'll talk notice, I was dozin' in me chair, ene swate afternoon, dhramin' away all about nothin', an the little darlints that loved me as mother's milk—for I tached 'em arethmetic, an astronomy, and manners all, illigint—the little darlints, ye see, put a quill full ov snuff into me nostril, all for the fun. Holy J—s! but I was in thrubble wid the snazin', an cryin', an sputterin'; an the little darlints all tickled wid the sport. So, as soon as me eyes come to, I tuk the biggest ov the boys by the heels, inthirely, and I flogged the whole schule wid his head and shoulders an arms. Be J—s, they roared, an we kept up the sport an the fun, till divil the sound head was in the schule, barrin' me own that was full ov snuff.”

“Then the parents drove you off?”

“Faix! They bate me away,” said Mac sorrowfully; “the igrant spalpeens, that couldn't undherstand a joke!”

“But,” he continued, “the divil's been in it, iver since I lost my commission in the Royal Greys.”

“Let's hear 'bout that,” said an honest inquirer after truth, as he sat lazily back in his chair, with his broad-brimmed hat between his knees—“let's hear 'bout that.”

“I'd tell ye in a minit,” replied Mac, “but—I'm monstherous dry.”

This objection to the narration having been removed by a half tumbler of ‘corn corjil,’ Mac proceeded as follows, Broadbrim resting his face on his hands, in an attitude of deep attention:

“Ye'll notice,” quoth the Captain, “I'd a company in the Royal Greys—ye've heard of the Royal Greys, belikes?—no?—thin I'll tell ye, 'twas the clanest, natest, gintaalest ridgment in the kingdom, an its meself was the aquil ov the best in it. So one day, we'd a grate revue, an the Quane was out, an Prince Albert (may his sowl rest in purgathory, amen!) in her carriage to see it.”

“Did you ever see the Queen of England?” asked Broadbrim, as in doubt.

“Did I ever see the Quane? Did you ever put a petatie in the ugly hole in yer face? So the Quane was out, as fine as a flower, to see the revue. By an by, the Juke of Wellington comes to me, an ses he, ‘Mac, the Quane has kitcht a sight ov yer good looks, and wants ye to present yerself before her.—Thair's luck for ye, me boy!’—and the Juke slapped me on the shoulders.”

“Was that the great Duke of Wellington, you're talking about? Did you know him?”

“No less, be the cross! The Juke an me was as inthimate as brothers; so we went to where the royal cortiz was, and thair was her majesty, in the royal carriage, as lively as bricks and full ov fun. Ses she, ‘Captain M'Spadden, ye've a fine company!’—‘Yer most grashus and amyable majesty!’—ses I, gettin' upon me knaas.

“‘Wouldn't ye like a bit ov promoshun, Captain M'Spadden?’ says her majesty.

“‘Yer most adorable majesty has guessed the sacrit of me heart,’ ses I.

“‘It's the best lookin' lad, ye are, Captain,’ said her majesty, ‘I've seen this season.’

“‘I shall be at charges for a lookin' glass, yer most heavenly majesty, since yer majesty ses so; but its little the advantage I have ov yer most grashus majesty, in regard of looks,’ ses I.

“That last shot did the bi'sness for the Quane, but the Prince, ye'll notice, was as savage as a tiger, judgin' be his looks.—So I went back, an ses the Juke to me, ‘Mac, me boy, it's all over wid ye—

didn't ye see Albert's looks? He's as jealous as the devil, and ye'll have to lave the Ridgment to-morrow!" An bedad, so I had; an here I am in purchase or a bit ov a schule to tache fifteen or twenty boys grammar, an astronomy, and manners, at two dollars a quarther"—and here Mac "soothed away," into a gentle slumber, as he sat, with a conscience, apparently at ease.

"I've hearn tales, and seen liars," said Broadbrim, as he rose to order a glass of whiskey; "and I have hearn 'stretchin' the blanket,' and 'shootin' with the long bow,' and I always thought we was great on that, in this here Ameriky; but I find it's with liars as with every thing else, *ef you want an eztra article you must send to furrin parts?*"

## A VILLAGE ALE-HOUSE.

FROM "AN AMERICAN FARMER IN ENGLAND." BY FREDERIC LAW OLNSTEAD. 1852.

### A RURAL LANDSCAPE.

THERE we were right in the midst of it! The country—and such a country!—green, dripping, glistening, gorgeous! We stood dumb-stricken by its loveliness, as, from the bleak April and bare boughs we had left at home, broke upon us that English May—sunny, leafy, blooming May—in an English lane; with hedges, English hedges, hawthorn hedges, all in blossom; homely old farm-houses, quaint stables, and haystacks; the old church spire over the distant trees; the mild sun beaming through the watery atmosphere, and all so quiet—the only sounds the hum of bees and the crisp grass-tearing of a silken-skinned, real (unimported) Hereford cow over the hedge. No longer excited by daring to think we should see it, as we discussed the scheme round the old home-fire; no longer cheering ourselves with it in the stupid-tedious ship; no more forgetful of it in the bewilderment of the busy town—but there we were, right in the midst of it; long time silent, and then speaking softly, as if it were enchantment indeed, we gazed upon it and breathed it—never to be forgotten.

At length we walked on—rapidly—but frequently stopping, one side and the other, like children in a garden; hedges still, with delicious fragrance, on each side of us, and on, as far as we can see, true farm-fencing hedges; nothing trim, stiff, nice, and amateur-like, but the verdure broken, tufty, low, and natural. They are set on a ridge of earth thrown out from a ditch beside them, which raises and strengthens them as a fence. They are nearly all hawthorn, which is now covered in patches, as if after a slight fall of snow, with clusters of white or pink blossoms over its light green foliage. Here and there a holly bush, with bunches of scarlet berries, and a few other shrubs, mingle with it. A cart meets us—a real heavy, big-wheeled English cart; and English horses—real big, shaggy-hoofed, sleek, heavy English cart horses; and a carter—a real apple-faced, smock-frocked, red-headed, wool-hatted carter—breeches, stockings, hob-nailed shoes, and "Gee-up Dobbin" English carter. Little birds hop along in the road before us, and we guess at their names, first of all electing one to be Robin Redbreast. We study the flowers under the hedge, and determine them nothing else than primroses and buttercups. Through the gates we admire the great, fat, clean-licked, contented-faced cows, and large, white, long-woolled sheep. What else was there? I cannot remember; but there was that altogether that made us forget our fatigue, disregard the rain, thoughtless of the way we were

going—serious, happy, and grateful. And this excitement continued for many days.

At length as it becomes drenching again, we approach a stone spire. A stone house interrupts our view in front; the road winds round it, between it and another; turns again, and there on our left is the church—the old ivy-covered, brown-stone village church, with the yew-tree—we knew it at once, and the heaped-up, green, old English churchyard. We turn to the right; there is an old ale-house, long, low, thatched-roofed. We run in at the open door; there he sits, the same bluff and hearty old fellow, with the long-stemmed pipe and the foaming pewter mug on the little table before him. At the same moment with us comes in another man. He drops in a seat—raps with his whip. Enter a young woman, neat and trim, with exactly the white cap, smooth hair, shiny face, bright eyes, and red cheeks, we are looking for—"Muggoyail, lass!"

\* \* \* \* \* Mug of ale!—ay, that's it! Mug of ale!—Fill up! Fill up! and the toast shall be

"MERRIE ENGLAND! HURRAH!"

We sit with them for some time, and between puffs of smoke, the talk is of "the weather and the crops." The maid leaves the door open, so we can look into the kitchen, where a smart old woman is ironing by a bright coal fire. Two little children venture before us. I have just succeeded in coaxing the girl on to my knee, as C. mentions that we are Americans. The old woman lays down her iron, and puts on her spectacles to look at us. The stout man who had risen to take an observation of the weather, seats himself again and calls for another mug and *twist*. The landlord (a tall thin man, unfortunately) looks in and asks how times go where we come from. Plenty of questions follow that show alike the interest and the ignorance of our companions about America, it being confused apparently in our minds with Ireland, Guinea, and the poetical *Indies*. After a little straightening out, and explanation of the distance to it, its climate and civilized condition, they ask about the present crops, the price of wheat, about rents, tithes, and taxes. In return, we get only grumbling. "The country is ruined;" "things weren't so when they were young as they be now," and so on, just as a company of our tavern-lounging farmers would talk, except that every complaint ends with blaming Free-Trade. "Free-Trade—hoye sirs,—free-trade be killing the varmers."

We left them as soon as the shower slackened, but stopped again immediately to look at the yew through the churchyard gate. It was a very old

and decrepit tree, with dark and funereal foliage—the stiff trunk and branches of our red-cedar, with the leaf of the hemlock, but much more dark and glossy than either. The walls of the church are low, but higher in one part than another. The roof, which is slated, is high and steep. The tower is square, with buttresses on the corners, on the tops of which are quaint lions rampant. It is surmounted by a tall, symmetrical spire—solid stone to the ball, over which, as I am the son of a Puritan, is a weather-cock. There are little, narrow windows in the steeple, and swallows are flying in and out of them. Old weather-beaten stone and mortar, glass, lead, iron, and matted ivy, but not a splinter of wood or a daub of paint. Old England for ever! Amen.

A mile or two more of such walking as before the shower, and we came to a park gate. It was, with the lodges by its side, neat, simple, and substantial. The park was a handsome piece of old woods, but, as seen from the road, not remarkable. We were told, however, that there was a grand old hall and fine grounds a long ways within. Near the park there were signs of an improving farmer: broad fields of mangel-wurzel in drills; large fields, partly divided by wire fences, within which were large flocks of sheep; marks of recent under-draining; hedges trimmed square, and every thing neat, straight, and business-like.

As it grows dark, we approach another village. The first house on the left is an inn—a low, two-story house of light drab-colored stone. A bunch of grapes (cast in iron) and a lantern are hung out from it over the foot-path, and over the front door is a square sign—"THE RED LION—licensed to sell foreign spirits and beer, to be drunk on the premises." We turn into a dark hall, and opening a door to the left, enter—the kitchen. Such a kitchen! You would not believe me if I could describe how bright every thing is. You would think the fire-place a show-model, for the very bars of the grate are glistening. It is all glowing with red-hot coals; a bright brass tea-kettle swings and sings from a polished steel crane—hook, jack, and all like silver: the brass coal-scuttle, tongs, shovel, and warming-pan are in a blazing glow, and the walls and mantel-piece are covered with bright plate-covers, and I know not what other metallic furniture, all burnished to the highest degree.

The landlady rises and begs to take our wet hats—model-landlady, too. What a fine eye!—a kind and welcoming black eye. Fair and stout; elderly—a little silver in her hair, just showing its otherwise thick blackness to be no lie; a broad-frilled, clean white cap and collar, and a black dress. Ah, ah! one of the widows that we have read of. We hesitate to cross the clean-scoured, buff, tile floor with our muddy shoes; but she draws arm-chairs about the grate, and lays slippers before them, stirs up the fire, though it is far from needing it, and turns to take our knapsacks. "We must be fatigued—it's not easy walking in the rain; she hopes we can make ourselves comfortable."

There is every prospect that we shall.

On one side near the fire there was a recess in the wall, in which was a *settle* (a long, high-backed, wooden seat). Two men with pipes and beer sat in it, with whom we fell to talking. One of them proved to be a farmer, the other a jack-of-all-trades, but more distinctly of the wheelwright's, and a worshipper of and searcher after ideal women, as he

more than once intimated to us. We were again told by the farmer that free trade was ruining the country—no farmer could live long in it. He spoke with a bitter jocoseness of the regularity of his taxes, and said that though they played the devil with every thing else, he always knew how *tithes* would be. He paid, I think he said, about a dollar an acre every year to the church, though he never went to it in his life; always went to chapel, as his father did before him. He was an Independent; but there were so few of them thereabouts that they could not afford to keep a minister, and only occasionally had preaching. When he learned that we were from America, he was anxious to know how church matters were there. Though a rather intelligent man, he was utterly ignorant that we had no state church; and though a dissenter, the idea of a government giving free trade to all sorts of religious doctrine seemed to be startling and fearful to him. But when I told him what the rent (or the interest on the value) of my farm was, and what were its taxes, he wished that he were young that he might go to America himself; he really did not see how he should be able to live here much longer. He *rented* a farm of about fifty acres, and was a man of about the same degree of intelligence and information that you would expect of the majority of those *owning* a similar farm with us. Except that he was somewhat stouter than most Yankees, he did not differ much in appearance or dress from many of our rather old-fashioned farmers.

The tender-hearted wheelwright could hardly believe that we were really born and brought up in America. He never thought any foreigners could learn to speak the language so well. He too was rather favorably struck with the idea of going to America, when we answered his inquiries with regard to mechanics' wages. He was very cautious, however, and cross-questioned us a long time about the cost of every thing there—the passage, the great heat of the climate, the price of beer; and at length, touching his particular weakness, he desired to be told candidly how it would be if he should marry before he went. If he should get a wife, a real handsome one, would it be safe for him to take her there? He had heard a story—perhaps we knew whether it was true or not—of a man who took a handsome wife out with him, and a black man, that was a great rich lord in our country, took a great liking to her, and offered the man ten thousand pounds for her, which he refused; and so the great black lord went away very wroth and vexed. When he was gone, the woman upbraided her husband: "Thou fool, why didst thee not take it and let me go with him? I would have returned to thee to-morrow." Then the man followed after the black lord, and sold his wife to him for ten thousand pounds. But the next day she did not return, nor the next, neither the next; and so the man went to look for her; and lo! he found her all dressed up in silk and satin, lighting from a coach, and footmen waiting upon her. So he says to her, "Why didst thee not return the next day?" "*Dost take me for a fool, Goodman?*" quoth she, and stepped back into her fine coach and drove off; and so he lost his handsome wife.

#### SAILORS' ETHICS.

Sunday is observed by sparing the crew from all labor not necessary to the sailing of the ship, but as it is the only day in which they have watch-and-

watch, or time enough to attend to such matters, they are mostly engaged in washing and mending their clothes. We had selected a number of books at the Tract-house, which we gave away among them. They were received with gratitude, and the pictures at least read with interest. The printed matter was read somewhat also; I noticed three men sitting close together, all spelling out the words from three different books, and speaking them aloud in a low, monotonous tone. If they had come to a paragraph in Latin, I doubt if they would have understood what they read any less. The truth is, as I have often noticed with most sailors, a book is a book, and they read it for the sake of reading, not for the idea the words are intended to convey, just as some people like to work out mathematical problems for the enjoyment of the work, not because they wish to make use of the result. I saw a sailor once bargaining with a shipmate for his allowance of grog, offering him for it a little book, which he said was "first-rate reading." After the bargain was closed, I looked at the book. It was a volume of Temperance tales. The man had no idea of making a practical joke, and assured me with a grave face, that he had read it all through. One Sunday, in the latter part of a passage from the East Indies, one of my watchmates, an old sea-dog, closed a little carefully preserved Testament, and slapping it on his knee, said with a triumphant air, as if henceforth there was laid up for him a crown of glory and no mistake,—"There! I've read that book through every word on't this v'yage; and, d— me, if I hadn't got more good out on't than I should 'a got going aft along with the rest on ye, to hear that old pharisee (the captain) make his long prayers." Then, after gazing at it a few moments, he added, musingly, as if reflecting on the muta-



bility of human affairs, "I hookt that book from a feller named Abe Williams, to the Home, down to Providence, 'bout five years ago. His name was in't, but I tore it out. I wonder what's become of him now? dead,—as like as not" (puts it up and takes out his pipe); "well, God'll have mercy on his soul, I hope."

### PEE-WI HO-KI, THE TAHITIAN CANNIBAL.

BY G. M. WHARTON, (STAHL). 1852.

THE truth is, this was the way of it:

We had stopped late at Murphy's restaurant, at St. Charles street, where, in the hurry of our avocations, we sometimes dine. James Thorn, just arrived from Tahiti, was with us.

We had before partaken of a copious lunch in the way of fruits, and yet more copiously of champagne, on board of Thorn's ship, moored at the levee. So we had no appetite, in truth, and stopped mainly for a talk in the cool quietness of the place, where a little iced claret of a pleasant flavor is not hard to get.

No one was about, to interrupt us, and the *garçons*, having supplied us with the wine, left us to ourselves.

Thorn's eye fell upon the bill of fare, lying upon the smooth, white linen of the table, and he sipped half the contents of his glass ere he perused it fully. Thorn, every body knows, like Burns's friend, Mathew, "is a queer man."

"What would you think of a Tahitian *gourmand's* bill of fare,—could I give you one?" Thorn suddenly demanded.

"A novel idea—delightful!" we exclaimed.

"Well, I will give you a few recipes, communicating the *modus operandi* of the cooks of a certain Tahitian chief and notable high liver, whose acquaintance I formed on my last voyage. The chief's

name is Pee-wi Ho-ki, and he dwells at this moment near the port of Tut-tut, in Tahiti, where we trade with the natives mostly.

"Do you remember that when a clerical friend of the Rev. Sydney Smith departed on a missionary visitation to New Zealand,—the parson fervently prayed that his brother might not be made a pickle of by the savages? The jest of the petition neutralized the fervor of it; and Pee-wi Ho-ki, after patiently listening to the missionary's sermon as far as 'forty-seventy,' grew hungry and ate him!

"Now, the unhappy missionary was a radical and a choleric priest, and made the cooks swear at his toughness. However, he was at length got done, and Pee-wi Ho-ki feasted heartily upon him. Alas! too heartily. For the first time in his life, the cannibal failed thoroughly to digest man's flesh. In the pains of his indigestion, attributing the fountner to the spiritual functions once appertaining to the viands, the chief waxed serious. He began to reflect upon what the good tongue, now in his stomach, had told him of the white face's religion, 'whereof by parcels he had something heard, but not intently.'

"Stahl, a mediæval medical philosopher, asseverated that the stomach is the seat of the soul; in which opinion both Pee-wi Ho-ki and I agree. But

Pee-wi Ho-ki went further than I can at present—and declared that the tongue of the preacher continued to harangue his soul, so near a neighbor now, and with such effect, that he could not resist its eloquence any longer. You might have thought him mad, had you seen the nude penitent sitting in the warm island sunshine, contemplating his umbilicus, and hearkening unto the vermicular borborygm, as to the whispering of an oracle, or the blowing of a divine *afflatus*!

"Suffice it to say, that Pee-wi Ho-ki was converted, by whatsoever process, and human bacon was taboo'd to his palate ever after.

"Pee-wi Ho-ki himself became a missionary. His labors were not very productive in his native island. Not to mention that a prophet is rarely honored in his own country, the evidences of his former gluttony were too fresh in the minds of his hearers for him to convince them of the sincerity of his change of habits and sentiments. They doubted his abstinence, as a toper would be doubted were he to lecture on temperance at the doggeries he had haunted, while his nose was yet red and his breath yet fragrant with the fumes of brandy. He had exterminated whole families on festive occasions, and the more ignorant and plump of the lower classes imagined that the wily chief was only practising some subtle scheme of entrapping them into a violation of law, that he would execute them with his fingers and teeth.



"In sorrow and disgust, the neophyte shook the dust of his native island from his feet, embarked in a canoe, and transferred the scene of his pious operations to Tahiti.

"Hermann Melville has described Tahiti in a book, ('Typee'), which I can compare but to Rascelas re-written by Irving. You are familiar with the milder temper and manners of the Tahitians, as portrayed by our author. In this new sphere the labors of Pee-wi Ho-ki were crowned with triumphant success. I will not eulogise the enlightenment

of the religious views the reformed man-eater promulged. In those warm latitudes, the languid consciences of the swarthy inhabitants cannot bear those iron bands and rigid formulas, which are necessary to curb the more robust sinners of the temperate zones. But from the crime of cannibalism, he effectually redeemed them.

"The grateful Tahitians elevated Pee-wi Ho-ki to a higher caste in their barbarous peerage than that he was born into. There was no honor too noble for them to bestow upon him. They slit his nose and ears, and inserted ornaments in them of several pounds weight. They tattoo'd his entire body with hideous figures, pricking his tegument with sharp fish-bones, and infusing smarting juices, of every hue, into the wounds. There was nothing too much for them to do for him. They filled his treasure basket to overflowing with rusty nails, and bits of glass, and other precious baubles. They climbed his fruit trees (the heaviest work in Tahiti), they wove his mats, they lent him their wives. In lieu of that condemnable flesh-pot from which he had weaned himself and them, they gave him pigs, barbecued in that primitive manner discovered by Bo-bo, the eldest son of Ho-ti, the Chinese, and so imitatively dissertated upon by Charles Lamb.

"I had anchored in Tut-tut, to lay in a store of water and limes, and, perchance, pick up a peck or so of pearls. It was Sunday morning, and I was about to order the hands to haul the anchor aboard, when I was deafened by a great tooting of conch-shells from ashore. Inquiring the cause, I was informed that it was the signal for church-going, and that a distinguished native missionary was to preach. I determined to lie over for a day, and for the edification of the men, send them to meeting, and go myself.

"We all attended service.

"The church was a shed of bamboo and palm leaves, without walls. The pews were mats, and the pulpit a block of wood. The audience was large and fashionable. In Tahiti, that equality of attire has always existed, which the blooming Sapphos of the North are endeavoring to introduce here—and consists of a single habiliment, to wit, a diaper. Still, not a little foppishness was displayed by the bachelors, fellows *blazés* at sixteen, and coquetry by the young ladies, *belles* at seven. People pre-mature in Tahiti; and, for the rest, they are as much children of Nature as Harold Skimpole.

"I did not understand his jargon, but I paid as strict attention to the minister as Ned Brace did to a better dressed, but not more interesting brother, in Georgia—more than Pee-wi Ho-ki's regular auditors. They gaped constantly, a penance, perhaps, expiated by the offending mandibles, for abolished mastications. They flapped the mosquitoes from their bodies with their hands, now and then; but Pee-wi Ho-ki occasionally did the same, in the midst of his dehortations, not seldom actually turning half round to smack a swingeing gallinipper phlebotomizing his back, and I could not blame his pastoral flock.

"In Tahiti, to pay strict attention to the discourses of the clergy, is the way to win their hearts. I won the heart of Pee-wi Ho-ki. We rubbed noses together, and exchanged names."

"CAPTAIN *Pee-wi Ho-ki*!" we interrupted, congratulatorily.

"Thank you," Thorn said, politely.

"Well?"

"Well—

"He offered me the whole or choice of his wives, and threw a mother-in-law into the bargain, venerable at thirty-five. I declined, on the score of my engagement to Miss Smith, of New Orleans, who had taboo'd me with regard to other women, and would *kick* me for the bigamy. The idea of female calcitration was ridiculed by the parson, who indulged in the reflection upon Miss Smith, for which I should have kicked *him*, but that I respected his—diaper.

"That evening, Pee-wi Ho-ki and I repaired to his study, a shady thicket, and lounged upon the grass. He related to me his history, which I have hastily run through, in the drinking of half a bottle, as Sir Richard Steele used to say. I was always curious on the subject of cannibalism, having witnessed its fascinations upon the uncivilized indulgers in it, eaten remarkable *sausages* in civilized Paris, and expecting, some day, to be driven to the long boat, with half a dozen others, and without the cupboard aboard. Candidly, I asked him to favor me with his recipes. He did. I wrote them down. I invariably carry them in my pocket. Here they are. I will read a few."

Thorn then produced a worn memorandum-book, and read, with a mincing accent, the following cannibalish recipes, viz :

\* \* \* \* \*

Whether owing to the wine, our long sitting, or Thorn's spices—certainly not his meats!—we both

confessed to a recurring sense of appetite, and selected a real cutlet and coffee.

We whistled for the *garçons*, to communicate our wishes to the cook. The *garçons* did not come. We waited. Still they did not come. We rose, and looked through the glass door separating the culinary from the serving saloon of the restaurant, and saw—what a scene!

The cook—a respectable Hibernian female—who had been listening at the door—in spasms!

The concerned *garçons* were standing around the prostrate two-thirds of Phelim Mahone, attempting to restore her by the forced introduction of potatoes, chops, pork and beans into her mouth. But the teeth remained clenched, until Thorn, who had unconsciously taken up the coffee-pot for a water-pitcher as he rushed to her assistance, as unconsciously spilled its boiling contents upon Bridget's pedestals, which instantly unclamped her teeth and released her *tongue*—We will not translate!

Thus, in a few words, have we explained—first, the seeming row in Murphy's always quiet, genteel, well-administered restaurant, on Friday evening last; secondly, the evident falsity of the affidavit made by Bridget Mahoney, before his honor, Recorder Genois, yesterday forenoon, charging the captain of a schooner and a grave newspaper reporter, with desiring her to truss and roast *human flesh*, to appease their cannibal hunger; and, thirdly, the mysterious disappearance, early this morning, of James Thorn and the ship *Bagatelle*, from their moorings at the wharf of the New Orleans levee.

*Diximus!*

## MISS ALBINA McLUSH.

BY N. P. WILLIS. 1853.

I HAVE a passion for fat women. If there is any thing I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart, quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short, a lively girl—is my exquisite horror! I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them in the country, and perilled the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina McLush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz: "her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly McLush, my old college chum, who, as early as his sophomore year, was chosen president of the *Dolce-far-niente* Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at any thing—(the college law of rising before breakfast excepted.) Lurly introduced me to his sister one day, as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—'s name

he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me, with a delicious drawl, to say nothing about the adventure—it would be so troublesome to relate it to every body!" I loved her from that moment. Miss McLush was tall, and her shape, of its kind, was perfect. It was not a *fleshy* one, exactly, but she was large and full. Her skin was clear, fine-grained, and transparent: her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursted apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid, and sleepy—they languished beneath their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight—like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them!

She sat, usually, upon a *fauteuil*, with her large, full arm embedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift the masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and dropping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure, in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve of her neck to the instep of the small round foot

lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her whole fingers from her handkerchief, before he set it down in her lap. As it began slowly to slide towards her feet, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids

quisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out for ever!

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve, with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft, dewy transparency, like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the hour, Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face,



gradually, till as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it worthy of Juno.

Miss McLush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small, plump feet melt to the ground like snow-flakes; and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the Common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her. He might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him, she turned to her servant and requested him, with a yawn of desperate *ennui*, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders; and, as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow, loitered lazily after.

Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in—I who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonym for perspiration—I—who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint, and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under. Albina McLush! Thou wert too ex-

and nodded to me like a water-lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and rich as the south wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell into short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms were soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin *foulard*. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss McLush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection, too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she should sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millennium should commence, as is expected, in 18—, or if any thing happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration, abbreviated for me by a scholar-friend of mine, which, he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

## MRS. PASSABLE TROTT.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Je suis comme vous. Je n'aime pas que les autres soient heureux.

THE temerity with which I hovered on the brink of matrimony when a very young man could only be appreciated by a fatuitous credulity. The number of very fat mothers of very plain families who can point me out to their respective offsprings as their once imminent papa, is ludicrously improbable. The truth was that I had a powerful imagination in my early youth, and no "realizing sense." A coral necklace, warm from the wearer—a shoe with a little round stain in the sole—any thing flannel—a bitten rose-bud with a mark of a tooth upon it—a rose, a glove, a thimble—either of these was agony, ecstasy! To any thing with curls and skirts, and especially if encircled by a sky-blue sash, my heart was as prodigal as a Croton hydrant. Ah me!

But, of all my short eternal attachments, Fidelia Balch (since Mrs. P. Trott) was the kindest and fairest. Faithless of course she was, since my name does not begin with a T.—but if she did not continue to love me—P. Trott or no P. Trott—she was shockingly forsworn, as can be proved by several stars, usually considered very attentive listeners. I rather pitted poor Trott—for I knew

Her heart—it was another's,

and he was rich and forty-odd. But they seemed to live very harmoniously, and if I availed myself of such little consolations as fell in my way, it was the result of philosophy. I never forgot the faithless Fidelia.

This is to be a disembowelled narrative, dear reader—skipping from the maidenhood of my heroine to her widowhood, fifteen years—yet I would have you supply here and there a betweenity. My own sufferings at seeing my adored Fidelia go daily into another man's house and shut the door after her, you can easily conceive. Though not in the habit of rebelling against human institutions, it *did* seem to me that the marriage ceremony had no business to give old Trott quite so much for his money. But the aggravating part of it was to come! Mrs. P. Trott grew prettier every day, and of course three hundred and sixty-five noticeable degrees prettier every year! She seemed incapable of, or not liable to, wear and tear; and probably old Trott was a man, in-doors, of very even behavior. And, it should be said, too, in explanation, that, as Miss Balch, Fidelia was a shade too fat for her model. She embellished as her dimples grew shallower. Trifle by trifle, like the progress of a statue, the superfluity fell away from nature's original Miss Balch (as designed in Heaven), and when old Passable died (and no one knew what that P. stood for, till it was betrayed by the indiscreet plate on his coffin) Mrs. Trott, thirty-three years old, was at her maximum of beauty. Plump, taper, transparently fair, with an arm like a high-conditioned Venus, and a neck set on like the swell of a French horn, she was consummately good-looking. When I saw in the paper, "Died, Mr. P. Trott," I went out and walked past the house, with overpowering emotions. Thanks to a great many refusals, I had been faithful! I could bring her the same heart, unused and undamaged, which I had offered her before! I

could generously overlook Mr. Trott's temporary occupation (since he had left us his money!)—and when her mourning should be over—the very day—the very hour—her first love should be ready for her, good as new!

I have said nothing of any evidences of continued attachment on the part of Mrs. Trott. She was a discreet person, and not likely to compromise Mr. P. Trott till she knew the strength of his constitution. But there was one evidence of lingering preference which I built upon like a rock. I had not visited her during these fifteen years. Trott liked me not—you can guess why! But I had a nephew, five years old when Miss Balch was my "privately engaged," and as like me, that boy, as could be copied by nature. He was our unsuspecting messenger of love, going to play in old Balch's garden when I was forbidden the house, unconscious of the billet-doux in the pocket of his pinafore; and to this boy, after our separation, seemed Fidelia to cling. He grew up to a youth of mind and manners, and still she cherished him. He all but lived at old Trott's, petted and made much of—her constant companion—reading, walking, riding—indeed, when home from college, her sole society. Are you surprised that, in all this, there was a tenderness of reminiscence that touched and assured me? Ah—

On revient toujours  
À ses premiers amours!

I thought it delicate, and best, to let silence do its work during that year of mourning. I did not whisper even to my nephew Bob the secret of my happiness. I left one card of condolence after old Trott's funeral, and lived private, counting the hours. The slowest kind of eternity it appeared!

The morning never seemed to me to break with so much difficulty and reluctance as on the anniversary of the demise of Mr. Passable Trott—June 2, 1840. Time is a comparative thing, I well know, but the minutes seemed to stick, on that interminable morning. I began to dress for breakfast at four—but details are tiresome. Let me assure you that twelve o'clock, A. M., *did* arrive! The clocks struck it, and the shadows verified it.

I could not have borne an accidental "not at home," and I resolved not to run the risk of it. Lovers, besides, are not tied to knockers and ceremony. I bribed the gardener. Fidelia's boudoir, I knew, opened upon the lawn, and it seemed more like love to walk in. She knew—I knew—Fate and circumstances knew and had ordained—that that morning was to be shoved up, joined on, and dovetailed to our last separation. The time between was to be a blank. Of course she expected me.

The garden door was ajar—as paid for. I entered, traversed the vegetable beds, tripped through the flower-walk, and—oh bliss!—the window was open! I could just see the Egyptian urn on its pedestal of sphinxes, into which I knew (per Bob) she threw all her fading roses. 'I glided near. I looked in at the window.

Ah, that picture! She sat with her back to me—her arm—that arm of rosy alabaster—thrown



carelessly over her chair—her egg-shell chin resting on her other thumb and forefinger—her eyelids sweeping her cheek—and a white—yes! a white bow in her hair. And her dress was of snowy lawn—white, bridal white! Adieu, old Passable Trott!

I wiped my eyes and looked again. Old Trott's portrait hung on the wall, but that was nothing. Her guitar lay on the table, and—did I see aright?—a miniature just beside it! Perhaps of old Trott—taken out for the last time. Well—well! He was a very respectable man, and had been very kind to her, most likely.

"Ehem!" said I, stepping over the sill, "Fidelia!"

She started and turned, and certainly looked surprised.

"Mr. G——!" said she.

"It is long since we parted!" I said, helping myself to a chair.

"Quite long!" said Fidelia.

"So long that you have forgotten the name of G——?" I asked, tremulously.

"Oh no!" she replied, covering up the miniature on the table by a careless movement of her scarf.

"And may I hope that *that* name has not grown distasteful to you?" I summoned courage to say.

"N——no! I do not know that it has, Mr. G——!"

The blood returned to my fainting heart! I felt as in days of yore.

"Fidelia!" said I, "let me not waste the precious moments. You loved me at twenty—may I hope that I may stand to you in a nearer relation? May I venture to think that our family is not unworthy of a union with the Balches?—that, as Mrs. G——, you could be happy?"

Fidelia looked—hesitated—took up the miniature, and clasped it to her breast.

"Do I understand you rightly, Mr. G——?" she tremulously exclaimed. "But I think I do! I remember well what you were at twenty! This picture is like what you were then—with differences, it is true, but still like! Dear picture!" she exclaimed again, kissing it with rapture.

(How could she have got my miniature?—but no matter—taken by stealth, I presume. Sweet and eager anticipation!)

"And Robert has returned from college, then?" she said, inquiringly.

"Not that I know of," said I.

"Indeed!—then he has written to you!"

"Not recently!"

"Ah, poor boy! he anticipated! Well, Mr. G——! I will not affect to be coy where my heart has been so long interested."

(I stood ready to clasp her to my bosom.)

"Tell Robert my mourning is over—tell him his name" (the name of G——, of course) "is the music of my life, and that I will marry whenever he pleases!"

A horrid suspicion crossed my mind.

"Pardon me!" said I; "*whenever he pleases*, did you say? Why, particularly, *when he pleases*?"

"La! his not being of age is no impediment, I hope!" said Mrs. Trott, with some surprise. "Look at his miniature, Mr. G——! It has a boyish look, it's true—but so had you—at twenty!"

Hope sank within me! I would have given worlds to be away. The truth was apparent to me—perfectly apparent. She loved that boy Bob—that child—that mere child—and meant to marry him! Yet how could it be possible! I might be—yes—I *must* be, mistaken. Fidelia Balch—who was a woman when he was an urchin in petticoats! she to think of marrying that boy! I wronged her—oh I wronged her! But, worst come to the worst, there was no harm in having it perfectly understood.

"Pardon me!" said I, putting on a look as if I expected a shout of laughter for the mere supposition, "I should gather—(categorically, mind you!—only categorically)—I should gather from what you said just now—(had I been a third person listening, that is to say—with no knowledge of the parties)—I should really have gathered that Bob—little Bob—was the happy man, and not I! Now don't laugh at me!"

"You the happy man!—Oh, Mr. G——! you are joking! Oh no! pardon me if I have unintentionally misled you—but if I marry again, Mr. G——, *it will be a young man!!!* In short, not to mince the matter, Mr. G——, your nephew is to become my husband (nothing unforeseen turning up) in the course of the next week! We shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the wedding, of course! Oh no! *You!* I should fancy that no woman would make *two* unequal marriages, Mr. G——. Good morning, Mr. G——!"

I was left alone, and to return as I pleased, by the vegetable garden or the front door. I chose the latter, being somewhat piqued as well as inexpressibly grieved and disappointed. But philosophy came to my aid, and I soon fell into a mood of speculation.

"Fidelia is constant!" said I to myself—"constant, after all! She made up her mouth for me at twenty. But I did not *stay* twenty! Oh no! I, unadvisedly, and without preparatively cultivating her taste for thirty-five, became thirty-five. And now what was she to do? Her taste was not at all embarked in Passable Trott, and it stayed just as it was—waiting to be called up and used. She locks it up decently till old Trott dies, and then reproduces—what? Why, just what she locked up—a taste for a young man at twenty—and just such a young man as she loved when she was twenty! Bob—of course! Bob is like me—Bob is twenty! Be Bob her husband!

But I cannot say I quite like such constancy!

BEAUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—*Such* belles! Slight, delicate, fragile-looking creatures, elegant as Retzsch's angels, warm-eyed as Mohammedan houries, yet timid as the antelope whose hazel orbs they eclipse, limbed like nothing earthly except an American woman—I would rather not go on! When I speak of the beauty of my countrywomen, my heart swells. I do believe the New World has a newer mould for its mothers and daughters. I

*think* I am not prejudiced. I have sighed in France; I have loved in Italy; I have bargained for Circassians in an eastern bezestein, and I have lounged at Howell and James's on a sunny day in the season; and my eye is trained, and my perceptions quickened: but I *do* think that there is no such beautiful work of God under the arch of the sky as an American girl in her bellehood.—N. P. WILLIS.

## THE ALLEGHANIES.

FROM "THE BLACKWATER CHRONICLE." BY PENDLETON KENNEDY, ("THE CLERKE OF OXENFORD." ) 1853.

FROM Reese's house, at the base, it is seven miles to the top of the Alleghany—something of an Olympus to the warts behind us. Mindful of our horses, we gird up our loins for the encounter, and take to the heaven-kissing hill afoot. Half way up, there is a fountain of pure spring-water caught in a rude trough by the roadside; and men and horses gather around, and revel in the mountain hippocrene. The look-out from here is already grand. Far and wide you behold the land we have travelled. On we go again, up and up, still up; and the air you breathe is freer, and the scene wilder, and yet more widely revealed at every turn of the road, rounding each rocky promontory that juts the mountain-side.

In something more than two hours, we reached the toll-gate, situated near the summit of the ridge, and commanding a prospect of all the land lying abroad to the eastward. This is one of the grandest and most diversified mountain-scenes in the whole range of our country: mountains piled on mountains every where, of every variety of size and shape, with all their valleys, glens, gorges, dells, and narrow defiles—all yet varied by the changing light and shade that falls upon them from the heavens—as the heavens are ablaze with sunshine, or swept by passing summer-clouds.

Altogether it is such a scene as seldom meets the eye. Far below you, some thousands of feet, is a wood-embosomed dell, with an open farm every here and there spotted along it, looking at this distance like patches of wild meadow and glade in the midst of the vast forest around. Immediately beyond rises a bold and rugged mountain, whose craggy top is indented like the battlements of a castle, and whose sides sweep down, dark with firs and hemlocks, and every variety of pines, to the edge of the deep valley. Looking to the right, the mountains are broken and irregular, as if they had

been tossed and torn to pieces by some mighty upheaving of the earth, and had thus fallen scattered about in confused, giant masses; some elegant and majestic as the "star'y-pointed pyramid;" some grand and massive as the "proud bulwark on the steep;" others of huge, misshapen bulk—the Calibans of the wild; and others, again, so grotesque of form that they seem to have been moulded by the very genius of Whim—the Merry-Andrews of the Alleghanies: and all yet beautiful and soft to the eye. Turning again, and looking straight forward, eastwardly, whence we came, and lo! what ideas of vastness crowd upon the mind; for it is all one vast sea of mountains, as far as the eye can behold—range beyond range ever appearing—heaving like the blue waves of some immense sea—wave following wave in endless succession; for your horizon being bounded every where by mountains, to the imagination there is no limit, and all beyond is wave after wave of the same giant sea.

Gazing upon this noble scene, the prior of St. Philips grew excited—his eye dilated—his soul was all a blaze; and no longer able to hold himself, he stretched forth his right hand, and gave tongue as follows:

"Gentlemen, I see into it all now, and if our invasion of the Alleghanies effects nothing else, I shall go home satisfied. Our mountains have been greatly slandered—most vilely traduced by the cockneys; and beholding this mighty scene, I'm lost in wonder that some man with a large enough soul hasn't long since put them right before the world."

"That's right, stick it into them, Prior; give it to 'em, County, you are the man to do it."

"Put to rout and everlasting shame the whole insolent and conceited herd."

Hash them, slash them,  
All to pieces dash them.



"Let them have it as Tom Hyer gave it to Sullivan."

"Dress their jackets genteelly, Prior."

"Don't spare either age, sex or condition."

"Begin:—

Omnes conticnere intentique ora tenebant,  
Sic—

"Sic who! He don't want any sicking, let him go on."

Silence being restored, and the rage of the expedition against the cockneys a little mollified by the steam it had let off, Mr. Philips plunged epic-wise into the middle of things.

"If I were called upon, gentlemen, to say what was the great especial characteristic of our American mountains, I would reply at once, their immensity—not the immensity of size, but of extent—that they fill the mind with the same order of sublime emotion that the ocean does, with this difference, that the sublimity, though alike in kind, is higher in degree."

"Good, good!"

"How clear he is!"

"The mountain-sea is the actual sea enlarged to giant proportions. Standing here as we do now, and gazing out into the blue waves flowing in toward us from the distant horizon, I want to know, gentlemen, what sort of a ship would that be, to which these waves would rise mast-high?"

"What sort indeed?"

"Yes, you may well ask what sort! not such, I take it, as sailed of old out of Tarsus and Tyre, calling forth the deep wonder of Solomon; not such as swept the seas under Nelson at Trafalgar or the Nile; not such, even, as those that now sail under the star-spangled banner—that heaven-symbolized ensign—challenging the wonder of all mankind; not even leviathan, gentlemen, now in dock at Portsmouth—the Pennsylvania. Noah's ark, when it rode the highest wave of the deluge—the merest cockle-shell as it must have seemed in those mighty waters, would be a merer cockle-shell in these."

"Fine. How figurative is his style!"

"Like Jeremy Taylor's!"

"Something of the massive grandeur of Bishop Hooker's!"

"And the *perfervidum* of Milton's, with a discriminating infusion of the swash-buckler."

"And yet, gentlemen," continued Mr. Philips, knitting his brows, and contracting his eyes to a focus, as if the object of all his bile stood before him, "and yet, though of such grandeur are these mountains, filling the mind with such nobility of thought, what means all this disparagement that is sputtered forth against them by the whole herd of modern travellers, abroad and at home, with some few honorable exceptions, who talk such downright arrant nonsense about them?"

"How effectually he puts a question!"

"'Tis a fool-killer he would make!"

"The old Silenus riding an ass! Lambaste him well, Guy, while you're on him!"

"It is the burden of all these cockneys, gentlemen, and particularly of the John Bull, our cousin-german, that our mountains are poor concerns. Why? Because (say these gentlemen fresh from the land of Cockaigne and thereabouts) when you have labored and toiled for half a day to get to the top of the highest Ararat or Taurus you can find, you can see nothing but endless mountains before

you, and always in the farthest distance some giant higher still than that whereon, half dead in climbing it, you foolishly expected to behold both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

"How he accumulates it upon them!"

"Piles the agony!"

"Wood up, County?"

"Throw in the bacon sides!"

"And not true this, even in fact, but miserably untrue. Why, look around you here as you stand. The refutation of the foolish nonsense is before your eyes. What are all these valleys, great and small—what all these dells and gorges, chasms, defiles, passes—these streams and rivers, rivulets and rills? Look at that drove of fattened beeves, winding yonder over the Knobley—the long column seemingly interminable. What have you to say to that lordly city of the far mountain plain, with all its towers and domes—its vast palaces looming up to the eye, and looming larger as you concentrate your gaze; visible only, it is true, to the imagination, acted upon through the deceived sense, but yet a nobler city than was ever built by hands!"

"Hold on, Prior, let's hear that again!"

"Don't speak, Trip; he's about to touch on something profound."

"And if such seeming cities, gentlemen, naturally arise to the eye here in the mountains—naturally, because the result of natural causes, what though in absolute fact there is no city there—what if it is illusion—all in my eye, as the vulgar say? It is only the reasoning mind that tells you this. The imaginative mind tells you there is a city: one part of your intellectual organization says there is not, another part tells you there is, and which do you believe? Most undoubtedly, as far as the present picture is concerned, the one that tells your sense that there before you stands the city. And there, to all intents and purposes, it does stand apparent before you, in all its magnified glory, such as was never built by human hands, such as can only be built by human brains, and those of the nobler order; a city up to the standard of the new Jerusalem, if your imagination is of the order of St. John's."

"Don't go in any deeper, Prior, or the subject will swim you."

"Devil the bit; it's good wading all about where he is."

"All this repeated cant, therefore, about our American mountains is not true in point of fact. But what if it were?—yes, gentlemen, what if it were? And this question brings me to the gist of the matter. According to the very statement of the cockneys, upon their own showing, the view now before them, is one that fills the human mind with ideas of the highest sublimity; for what, to the man of the largest comprehension, can be more impressively vast than this same immensity of mountain ocean that every where presents itself to view, with all its heaving, interminable giant waves!"

"There, you have knocked the swords out of the hands of the puny whippers!"

"Killed them dead!"

"Dead as Julius Cæsar!"

"It's a slaughter of the innocents!"

"It reminds me of the setting down Ulysses gave Thersites in the Grecian camp!"

"It's great spouting!"

"A whale's!"

"Swamping the pigmies in a deluge of ocean brine!"

"What a senator he would make! How they would crowd the capitol when he let himself out!"

"He's rather high-strung, I think, for the modern democracy!"

"Not so, gentlemen; the very style and manner of eloquence—translucent, bold, free, combining imagination with reason—that has prevailed with all who speak the English tongue, from the days of Alfred the Great to the present time."

"Gentlemen of the expedition," resumed Mr. Philips, wiping the beads from his forehead, and with a self-sufficient air that would have done for the prince of Tyre, or Xerxes when he ordered the sea to be chained, "I think we have sufficiently explained the cockneys."

"Explunctified 'em!"

"All to smashes, Prior!"

"At all events, gentlemen, I've said my say—I've spit my spite, and my soul is now tranquil. With a serene exaltation I can again gaze over these *mountain billows*. The scene is indeed sublime! I hear 'the mighty waters rolling evermore'—a sound as of the *poluphosboio thalasses* is in my ear. What a manifold ocean! Here on the right is the classic Mediterranean:—yonder monstrous promontory, in among those jagged mountains, is Scylla; and woe unto the mariner who, eager to

avoid its dangers, falls into the neighboring Charybdis's awful vortex! What a going round and round and round would be his! and what a swallowing up as he takes the suck—down—down—derry down, to the roaring music of the maelstrom. Oh! gentlemen, but it would be grand shipwreck over there. Here to the left, where the shining valley shows itself, is the sunny Archipelago and the Grecian isles; and that grand city looming up from the waters is Athens—or you may have it old Troy or the glittering city of Constantine, by the Thracian Bosphorus. There to the north are those 'uncouth, boisterous seas,' to whose mercy Francis Drake 'let go' all that was left of the *invincible* armada. Here's the Horn, and there's the Cape 'of storms'—where you see the clouds gather. Yonder hazy point is Hatterass, and that tall, naked pine is the mast of some Yankee coaster, wrecked upon its fatal sands. All before me is the Atlantic; and down yonder, fast founded by the wide-watered shore, some fifty sea-leagues hence, methinks I behold the lordly dome of our capitol, its gorgeous ensign peacefully flapping its folds over the land of the free and the home of the brave! And yet the cockneys say these ain't mountains!"

"God bless the star-spangled banner!"

"And d—d for ever the cockney or what not, that would disparage, in any manner, the country over which it waves!"

## THE PEDDLER.

FROM "WESTERN CHARACTERS." BY J. L. McCONNEL. 1853.

THERE were few "country stores," in those days, and the settlements were so scattered as to make it sometimes very inconvenient to visit them. From ten to twenty miles was a moderate distance to the dépôt of supplies; and a whole day was usually consumed in going and returning. The visits were, therefore, not very frequent—the purchases for many weeks—perhaps months—being made on each occasion. This was a very inconvenient mode of "shopping," even for the energetic women of that day; and since the population would not justify more numerous "stores," it was desirable that some new system should be introduced, capable of supplying the demand at the cost of less trouble, and fewer miles of travel. To answer this necessity, there was but one way—the "storekeeper must carry his wares to the doors of his customers. And thus arose the occupation of the *Peddler*, or, as he called himself, the "travelling merchant."

The population of the country was then almost exclusively agricultural—the mechanic arts belong to a more advanced period. The consequence was, that the first articles carried about from house to house, were such as are manufactured by artisans—and the chief of these was tin-ware.

The tinkers of the rural districts in older countries, were, however, not known in this—they were not adapted to the genius of the people. The men who sold the ware were, scarcely ever, the same who made it; and, though the manual dexterity of most of these ready men, might enable them to mend a broken pan, or a leaky coffeepot, their skill was seldom put in requisition. Besides, since the mending of an old article might interfere with

the sale of a new one, inability to perform the office was more frequently assumed than felt.

In the course of time—as the people of the country began to acquire new ideas, and discover new wants—other articles were added to the peddler's stock. Calicoes were often carried in the same box



with tin pans—cotton checks and gingham were stowed away beneath tin cups and iron spoons—shining coffee-pots were crammed with spools of thread, papers of pins, cards of horn-buttons, and cakes of shaving-soap—and bolts of gaudy riband could be drawn from pepper-boxes and sausage-stuffers. Table-cloths, of cotton or brown linen, were displayed before admiring eyes, which had turned away from all the brightness of new tin plates; and knives and forks, all “warranted pure steel,” appealed to tastes, which nothing else could excite. New razors touched the men “in tender places,” while shining scissors clipped the purses of the women. Silk handkerchiefs and “fancy” neck-cloths—things till then unknown—could occupy the former, while the latter covetously turned over and examined bright ribands and fresh cotton hose. The peddler was a master of the art of pleasing all tastes: even the children were not forgotten; for there were whips and jew’s-harps for the boys, and nice check aprons for the girls. (The taste for “playing mother” was as much an instinct, with the female children of that day, as it is in times more modern; but life was yet too earnest to display it in the dressing and nursing of waxen babies.) To suit the people from whom the peddler’s income was derived, he must consult at least the appearance of utility, in every article he offered; for, though no man could do more, to coax the money out of one’s pocket, without leaving an equivalent, even *he* could not succeed in such an enterprise, against the matter-of-fact pioneer.

The “travelling merchants” of this country were generally what their customers called “Yankees”—that is, New-Englanders, or descendants of the puritans, whether born east of the Hudson or not. And, certainly, no class of men were ever better fitted for an occupation, than were those for “peddling.” The majority of them were young men, too; for the “Yankee” who lives beyond middle age, without providing snug quarters for the decline of life, is usually not even fit for a peddler. But, though often not advanced in years, they often exhibited qualities, which one would have expected to find only in men of age and experience. They could “calculate,” with the most absolute certainty, what precise stage of advancement and cultivation was necessary to the introduction of every article of merchandise their stock comprised. Up to a certain limit, they offered, for example, linen table-cloths; beyond that, cotton was better and more saleable; in certain settlements, they could sell numbers of the finer articles, which, in others, hung on their hands like lead; and they seemed to know, the moment they breathed the air of a neighborhood, what precise character of goods was most likely to pay.

Thus—by way of illustration—it might seem, to one not experienced in reading the signs of progress, a matter of nice speculation and subtle inquiry, to determine what exact degree of cultivation was necessary, to make profitable the trade in *clocks*. But I believe there is no instance of an unsuccessful clock-peddler on record; and, though this fact may be accounted for, superficially, by asserting that time is alike important to all men, and a measure of its course, therefore, always a want, a little reflection will convince us, that this explanation is more plausible than sound.

It is, perhaps, beyond the capacity of any man, to judge unerringly, by observation, of the usual

signs of progress, the exact point at which a community, or a man, has arrived in the scale of cultivation; and it may seem especially difficult, to determine commercially, what precise articles, of use or ornament, are adapted to the state indicated by those signs. But that there are such indications, which, if properly attended to, will be unfailing guides, is not to be denied. Thus the quick observation of a clock peddler would detect among a community of primitive habits, the growing tendency to regularity of life; for, as refinement advances, the common affairs of every-day existence, feeling the influence first, assume a degree of order and arrangement; and from the display of this improvement, the trader might draw inferences favorable to his traffic. Eating, for example, as he would perceive, is done at certain hours of the day—sleep is taken between fixed periods of the night and morning—especially, public worship—which is one of the best and surest signs of social advancement—must be held at a time generally understood.

The peddler might conclude, also, when he saw a glazed window in a house, that the owner was already possessed of a clock—which, perhaps, needed repairing—or, at least, was in great need of one, if he had not yet made the purchase. One of these shrewd “calculators” once told me, that when he saw a man with four panes of glass in his house, and no clock, he either sold him one straightway, or “set him down crazy, or a screw.”

“Have you no other ‘signs of promise’?” I asked.

“O yes,” he replied, “many! For instance: When I am riding past a house—(I always ride slowly)—I take a general and particular survey of the premises—or, as the military men say, I make a *reconnaissance*; and it must be a very bare place, indeed, if I cannot see some ‘sign,’ by which to determine, whether the owner needs a clock. If I see the man, himself, I look at his extremities; and by the appearance of hat and boot, I make up my opinion as to whether he knows the value of time: if he wears any thing but a cap, I can pretty fairly calculate upon selling him a clock; and if, to the hat, he has added *boots*, I halt at once, and, without ceremony, carry a good one in.

“When I see the wife, instead of the husband, I have no difficulty in making up my mind—though the signs about the women are so numerous and minute, that it would be hard to explain them. If one wears a check apron and sports a calico dress, I know that a ‘travelling merchant’ has been in the neighborhood; and if he has succeeded in making a reasonable number of sales, I am certain that he has given her such a taste for buying, that I can sell her any thing at all: for purchasing cheap goods, to a woman, is like sipping good liquor, to a man—she soon acquires the appetite, and thenceforward it is insatiable.

“I have some customers who have a *passion* for clocks. There is a man on this road, who has one for every room in his house; and I have another with me now—with a portrait of General Jackson in the front—which I expect to add to his stock. There is a farmer not far from here, with whom I have ‘traded’ clocks every year since I first entered the neighborhood—always receiving about half the value of the article I sell, in money, ‘to boot.’ There are clock-fanciers, as well as fanciers of dogs and birds; and I have known cases, in which a

man would have two or three time-pieces in his house, and not a pair of shoes in the family! But such customers are rare—as they ought to be; and the larger part of our trade is carried on, with people who begin to feel the necessity of regularity—to whom the sun has ceased to be a sufficient guide—and who have acquired some notions of elegance and comfort. And we seldom encounter the least trouble in determining, by the general appearance of the place, whether the occupant has arrived at that stage of refinement.”

He was distinguished by energy as well as shrewdness, and an enterprising spirit was the first element of his prosperity. There was no corner—no secluded settlement—no out-of-the-way place—where he was not seen. Bad roads never deterred him: he could drive his horses and wagon where a four-wheeled vehicle never went before. He understood bearings and distances as well as a topographical engineer, and would go, whistling contentedly, across a prairie or through a forest, where he had not even a “trail” to guide him. He could find fords and crossings where none were previously known to exist; and his pair of lean horses, by the skillful management of their driver, would carry him and his wares across sloughs and swamps, where a steam-engine would have been clogged by the weight of a baby-wagon. If he broke his harness or his vehicle in the wilderness, he could repair it without assistance, for his mechanical accomplishments extended from the shoeing of a horse to the repair of a watch, and embraced every thing between. He was never taken by surprise—accidents never came unexpected, and strange events never disconcerted him. He would whistle “Yankee Doodle” while his horses were floundering in a quagmire, and sing “Hail Columbia” while plunging into an unknown river!

He never met a stranger, for he was intimately acquainted with a man as soon as he saw him. Introductions were useless ceremonies to him, for he cared nothing about names. He called a woman “ma’am” and a man “mister,” and if he could sell either of them a few goods, he never troubled himself or them with impertinent inquiries. Sometimes he had a habit of learning each man’s name from his next neighbor, and possessing an excellent memory, he never lost the information thus acquired.

When he had passed through a settlement once, he had a complete knowledge of all its circumstances, history, and inhabitants; and, the next year, if he met a child in the road, he could tell you whom it most resembled, and to what family it belonged. He recollected all who were sick on his last visit—what peculiar difficulties each was laboring under—and was always glad to hear of their convalescence. He gathered medicinal herbs along the road, and generously presented them to the housewives where he halted, and he understood perfectly the special properties of each. He possessed a great store of good advice, suited to every occasion, and distributed it with the disinterested benevolence of a philanthropist. He knew precisely what articles of merchandise were adapted to the taste of each customer; and the comprehensive “rule of three” would not have enabled him to calculate more nicely the exact amount of “talk” necessary to convince them of the same.

His address was extremely insinuating, for he always endeavored to say the most agreeable things, and no man could judge more accurately what would

best please the person addressed. He might be vain enough, but his egotism was never obtruded upon others. He might secretly felicitate himself upon a successful trade, but he never boasted of it. He seemed to be far more interested in the affairs of others than in his own. He had sympathy for the afflictions of his customers, counsel for their difficulties, triumph in their success.

Before the introduction of mails, he was the universal news-carrier, and could tell all about the movements of the whole world. He could gossip over his wares with his female customers, till he beguiled them into endless purchases, for he had heard of every death, marriage, and birth within fifty miles. He recollected the precise piece of calico from which Mrs. Jones bought her last new dress, and the identical bolt of riband from which Mrs. Smith trimmed her “Sunday bonnet.” He knew whose children went to “meeting” in “store-shoes,” whose daughter was beginning to wear long dresses, and whose wife wore cotton hose. He could ring the changes on the “latest fashions” as glibly as the skillfullest *modiste*. He was a *connoisseur* in colors, and learned in their effects upon complexion. He could laugh the husband into half-a-dozen shirts, flatter the wife into calico and gingham, and praise the children till both parents joined in dressing them anew from top to toe.

He always sold his goods “at a ruinous sacrifice,” but he seemed to have a *dépot* of infinite extent and capacity, from which he annually drew new supplies. He invariably left a neighborhood the loser by his visit, and the close of each season found him inconsolable for his “losses.” But the next year he was sure to come back, risen, like the Phoenix, from his own ashes, and ready to be ruined again—in the same way. He could never resist the pleading look of a pretty woman, and if she “jewed” him twenty per cent. (though his profits were only two hundred), the tenderness of his heart compelled him to yield. What wonder is it, then, if he was a prime favorite with all the women, or that his advent, to the children, made a day of jubilee?

But the peddler, like every other human “institution,” only had “his day.” The time soon came when he was forced to give way before the march of newfangledness. The country grew densely populated, neighborhoods became thicker, and the smoke of one man’s chimney could be seen from another’s front door. People’s wants began to be permanent—they were no longer content with transient or periodical supplies—they demanded something more constant and regular. From this demand arose the little neighborhood “stores,” established for each settlement at a central and convenient point—usually at “cross-roads,” or next door to the blacksmith’s shop—and these it was which superseded the peddler’s trade.

But the peddler had not acquired his experience of life for nothing; he was not to be outdone, even by the more aristocratic stationary storekeeper. When he found his trade declining, he cast about him for a good neighborhood; and his extensive knowledge of the country soon enabled him to find one. Here he erected his own cabin, and boldly entered the lists against his new competitors. If he augured unfavorably of his success in the new walk, he was not cast down. If he could not “keep store,” he could at least “keep tavern,” an occupation for which his knowledge of the world admirably fitted him.

## THE SCHOOLMISTRESS. "

FROM "WESTERN CHARACTERS." BY J. L. M'CONNEL. 1853.

THE Schoolmistress generally came from the "cradle" of intelligence, as well as "of liberty," beyond the Hudson; and, in the true spirit of benevolence, she carried her blessings (herself the greatest) across the mountain barrier, to bestow them, *gratis*, upon the spiritually and materially needy, in the valley of the Mississippi. Her vocation, or, as it would now be called, her "mission," was to teach; an impulse not only given by her education, but belonging to her nature. She had a constitutional tendency towards it—indeed, a genius for it; like that which impels one to painting, another to sculpture—this to a learned profession, that to a mechanical trade. And so perfectly was she adapted to it, that the "ignorant people of the west," not recognizing her "divine appointment," were often at a loss to conjecture who, or whether anybody, could have taught *her*!

For that same "ignorant," and too often ungrateful people, she was full of tender pity—the yearning of the single-hearted missionary for the welfare of his flock. They were steeped in darkness, but *she* carried the light—nay, she *was* the light! and with a benignity, often evinced by self-sacrifice—she poured it graciously over the land—

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;  
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not.

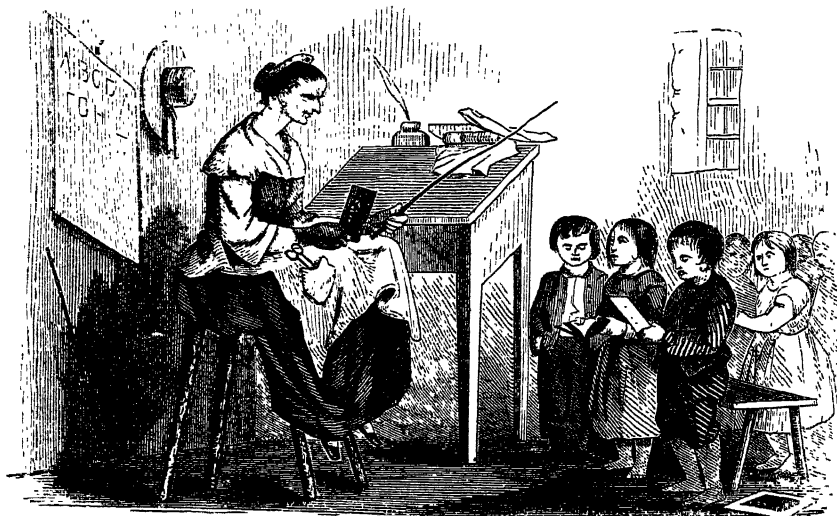
For the good of the race, or of any (male) individual, she would immolate herself, even upon the altar of Hymen; and, since the number, who were to be benefited by such self-devotement, was small in New England, but large in the west, she did well to seek a field for her benign dedication beyond the Alleghanies! Honor to the all-daring self-denial, which brought to the forlorn bachelor of the west, a companion in his labors, a solace in his afflictions, and a mother to his children!

Her name was invariably Grace, Charity, or Pru-

dence; and, if names had been always descriptive of the personal qualities of those who bore them, she would have been entitled to all three.

We will not be so ungallant, as to inquire too curiously into the age of the schoolmistress; but, without disparagement to her youthfulness, we may be allowed to conjecture that, in order to fit her so well for the duties of her responsible station (and incline her to undertake such labors), a goodly number of years must needs have been required. Yet she bore time well; for, unless married in the meanwhile, at thirty she was as youthful in manners as at eighteen.

But this is not surprising: for, even as early as her twelfth year, she had much the appearance of a mature woman—something like that noticed in young quakers, by Clarkson—and her figure belonged to that rugged type, which is adapted to bear, unscathed, more than the ravages of time. She was never above the medium height, for the rigid rule of economy seemed to apply to flesh and blood, as to all other things pertaining to her race; at all events, material had not been wasted in giving her extra longitude—at the ends. Between the extremities, it might be different—for she was generally very long-waisted. But this might be accounted for in the process of *flattening out*: for like her compeer, the schoolmaster, she had much more breadth than thickness. She was somewhat angular, of course, and rather bony; but this was only the natural correspondence between the external development, and the mental and moral organization. Her eyes were usually blue, and, to speak with a courtesy, a little cold and grayish in their expression—like the sky on a bleak morning in Autumn. Her forehead was very high and prominent, having, indeed, an *exposed* look, like a shelterless knoll in an open prairie: but, not content with this, though the hair above it was often thin, she usually dragged the latter forcibly back,



as if to increase the altitude of the former, by extending the skin. Her mouth was of that class called "primed," but was filled with teeth of respectable dimensions.

Her arms were long, and, indeed, a little skinny, and she swung them very freely when she walked; while hands, of no insignificant size, dangled at the extremities, as if the joints of her wrists were insecure. She had large feet, too, and in walking her toes were assiduously turned out. She had, however, almost always one very great attraction—a fine, clear, healthy complexion—and the only blemishes upon this, that I have ever observed, were a little *red* on the tip of her nose and on the points of her cheek-bones, and a good deal of *down* on her upper lip.

In manners and bearing, she was brisk, prim, and sometimes a little "fidgety," as if she was conscious of sitting on a dusty chair; and she had a way of searching nervously for her pocket, as if to find a handkerchief with which to brush it off. She was a very fast walker, and an equally rapid talker—taking usually very short steps, as if afraid of splitting economical skirts, but using very long words, as if entertaining no such apprehension about her throat. Her gait was too rapid to be graceful, and her voice too sharp to be musical; but she was quite unconscious of these imperfections, especially of the latter; for at church—I beg pardon of her enlightened ancestors! I should say at "*meeting*"—her notes of praise were high over all the tumult of primitive singing; and, with her chin thrown out, and her shoulders drawn back, she looked, as well as sounded, the impersonation of *melody*, as contradistinguished from *harmony*!

\* \* \* \* \*

Life was too solemn a thing with her to admit of thoughtless amusements—it was entirely a state of probation, not to be enjoyed in itself, or for itself, but purgatorial, remedial, and preparatory. She hated all devices of pleasure as her ancestors did the abominations of popery. A fiddle she could tolerate only in the shape of a bass-viol; and dancing, if practised at all, must be called "Calisthenics." The drama was to her an invention of the Enemy of Souls—and if she ever saw a play, it must be at a *museum*, and not within the walls of that temple of Baal, a theatre. None but "serious" conversation was allowable, and a hearty laugh was the expression of a spirit ripe for the destination of unforgiven sinners.

Yet, though she cared little for poetry, and seldom understood the images of fancy, she was not averse to a modicum of scandal in moments of relaxation: for the faults of others were the illustrations of her prudent maxims, and the thoughtlessness of a sister was the best possible text for a moral homily. The tense rigidity of her character, too, sometimes required a little unbending, and she had, therefore, no special aversion to an occasional surreptitious novel. But in this she would indulge only in private; for in her mind, the worst quality of transgression was its bad example; and she never failed, in public, to condemn all such things with becoming and virtuous severity. Nor must this apparent inconsistency be construed to her disadvantage; for her strong mind and well-fortified morals could withstand safely what would have corrupted a large majority of those around her; and it was meet that one whose "mission" it was to reform, should thoroughly understand the enemy against

which she battled. And these things never unfavorably affected her life and manners, for she was as prudent in her deportment (ill-natured people say *prudish*) as if some ancestress of hers had been deceived, and left in the family a tradition of man's perfidy and woman's frailty.

She was careful of three things—her clothes, her money, and her reputation: and, to do her justice, the last was as spotless as the first, and as much prized as the second, and that is saying a good deal, both for its purity and estimation. Neat, economical, and prudent, were, indeed, the three capital adjectives of her vocabulary, and to deserve them was her eleventh commandment.

With one exception, these were the texts of all her homilies, and the exception was, unluckily, one which admitted of much more argument.

It was the history of the puritans. But upon this subject, she was as dexterous a special pleader as Neale, and as skilful, in giving a false coloring to facts, as D'Aubigné. But she had the advantage of these worthies in that her declamation was quite honest: she had been taught sincerely and heartily to believe all she asserted. She was of the opinion that but two respectable ships had been set afloat since the world began: one of which was Noah's ark, and the other the Mayflower. She believed that no people had ever endured such persecutions as the puritans, and was especially eloquent upon the subject of "New England's Blarney-stone," the Rock of Plymouth.

Indeed, according to the creed of her people, historical and religious, this is the only piece of granite in the whole world "worth speaking of;" and geologists have sadly wasted their time in travelling over the world in search of the records of creation, when a full epitome of every thing deserving to be known, existed in so small a space! All the other rocks of the earth sink into insignificance, and "hide their diminished heads," when compared to this mighty stone! The rock of Leucas, from which the amorous Lesbian maid cast herself disconsolate into the sea, is a mere pile of dirt: the Tarpeian, whence the Law went forth to the whole world for so many centuries, is not fit to be mentioned in the same day: the Rock of Cashel, itself, is but the subject of profane Milesian oaths: and the Ledge of Plymouth is the real "Rock of Ages!" It is well that every people should have something to adore, especially if that "something" belongs exclusively to themselves. It elevates their self-respect: and, for this object, even historical fictions may be forgiven.

But, as we have intimated, in the course of time the schoolmistress became a married woman; and as she gathered experience, she gradually learned that New England is not the whole "moral vineyard," and that one might be more profitably employed than in disputing about questionable points of history. New duties devolved upon her, and new responsibilities rained fast. Instead of teaching the children of other people, she now raised children for other people to teach. New sources of pride were found in these, and in her husband and in his prosperity. She discovered that she could be religious without bigotry, modest without prudery, and economical without meanness: and profiting by the lessons thus learned, she subsided into a true, faithful, and respectable matron, thus at last, fulfilling her genuine "mission."



## SONG.

*The Fine Arkansas Gentleman!*

BY ALBERT PIKE. 1853.

Now all good fellows listen, and a story I will tell  
 Of a mighty clever gentleman, who lives extremely well  
 In the western part of Arkansas, close to the Indian line,  
 Where he gets drunk once a week on whiskey, and immediately sobers himself completely on the very  
 best of wine;

A fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has a mighty fine estate  
 Of five or six thousand acres or more of land, that will be worth a great deal some day or other, if he  
 don't kill himself too soon, and will only condescend to wait;  
 And four or five dozen negroes that would rather work than not,  
 And such quantities of horses, and cattle, and pigs, and other poultry, that he never pretends to know  
 how many he has got:

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman has built a splendid house,  
 On the edge of a big prairie, extremely well populated with deer, and hares, and grouse;  
 And when he wants to feast his friends, he has nothing more to do  
 Than to leave the potlid off, and the decently behaved birds fly straight into the pot, knowing he'll shoot  
 'em if they don't, and he has a splendid stew,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Indian line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman makes several hundred bales,  
 Unless from drought, or worm, a bad stand, or some other d—d contingency, his crop is short, or fails;  
 And when it's picked, and ginned, and baled, he puts it in a boat,  
 And gets aboard himself likewise, and charters the bar, and has a devil of a spree, while down to New  
 Orleans he and his cotton float,

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

And when he gets to New Orleans he sacks a clothing store,  
 And puts up at the City Hotel, the St. Louis, the St. Charles, the Verandah, and all the other hotels in  
 the city, if he succeeds in finding any more;  
 Then he draws upon his merchant, and goes about and treats  
 Every man from Kentucky, and Arkansas, and Alabama, and Virginia, and the Choctaw nation, and  
 every other d—d vagabond he meets!

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

The last time he went down there, when he thought of going back,  
 After staying about fifteen days, or less, he discovered that by lending and by spending, and being a  
 prey in general to gamblers, hackmen, loafers, brokers, hosiers, tailors, servants, and many other  
 individuals, white and black,  
 He'd distributed his assets, and got rid of all his means,  
 And had nothing left to show for them, barring two or three headaches, an invincible thirst, and an ex-  
 tremely general and promiscuous acquaintance in the aforesaid New Orleans;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

Now, how this gentleman got home, is neither here nor there,  
 But I've been credibly informed that he swore worse than forty-seven pirates, and fiercely combed his  
 hair;

And after he got safely home, they say he took an oath  
 That he'd never bet a cent again at any game of cards; and, moreover, for want of decent advisers, he  
 forswore whisky and women both;

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

This fine Arkansas gentleman went strong for Pierce and King,  
 And so came on to Washington to get a nice fat office, or some other mighty comfortable thing;  
 But like him from Jerusalem that went to Jericho,  
 He fell among the thieves again, and could not win a bet whether he copped or not, so his cash was  
 bound to go—

This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

So when his monies all were gone he took unto his bed,  
 And Dr. Reyburn \* physicked him, and the chambermaid, who had a great affection for him, with her  
 arm held up his head;  
 And all his friends came weeping round, and bidding him adieu,  
 And two or three dozen preachers, whom he didn't know at all, and didn't care a curse if he didn't,  
 came praying for him too,  
 This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!



They closed his eyes and spread him out all ready for the tomb,  
 And merely to console themselves, they opened the biggest kind of a game of faro right there in his  
 own room;  
 But when he heard the checks he flung the linen off his face,  
 And sung out just precisely as he used to do when he was alive, "Prindle, † don't turn! hold on! I go  
 twenty on the king, and copper on the ace!"  
 This fine Arkansas gentleman, close to the Choctaw line!

## ANECDOTES OF THE ARKANSAS BAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THE pretty little village of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, lies on each side of a line dividing two quarter sections of land, owned by different persons—the upper one by a person named Pullen, the lower by a person named Davies. Pullen first laid off a town, after running a principal line between the quarter sections upon his own land, and numbered the lots, beginning with No. 1 at the river, on the north of the drawn line, which ran out at right angles with the river. A pragmatcal old Frenchman, one Antoine Baraque, educated for a monk in France, and afterwards a commissary in Napoleon's Spanish army of invasion—a small, adust, impetuous old man—bought lot No. 1, received, and caused to be recorded, a deed to it from Pullen. The line was afterwards run out by Pullen and Davies, and it was ascertained that Pullen's original line was wrong, and that the true line so struck the river as to cut

off lot No. 1 entirely, throwing it upon Davies' quarter section. Davies then commenced laying off a town on his side, by lots of the same size as Pullen's, and numbering down river from the line, so that what was lot No. 1 on Pullen's town, became lot No. 1 on Davies' town, and was by the latter sold to a stout, ruddy, athletic Frenchman, named Joe Bonne.

Baraque found it impossible to understand the new order of things; and meeting Davies soon after, entered upon an expostulation with him upon his conduct, and the consequences to himself resulting from it. "Good God!" said he, "Meestare Davies, I 'ave my lot No. 1 in de town of Pine Bluff from dat Mr. Pullen, and 'ave my deed record in de clerk's office of de county—lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff! Ha! you no see you 'ave rob me of my land. By gar, dere is my deed on record, and I will 'ave my land. I 'ave buy dat lot, and you number him lot No. 1, and he is my lot."

"But, my dear sir," said Davies, "you bought of

\* A famous Washington physician.

† The Crockford of Washington.

Pullen, and the lot was not upon his land. When the true line was run, the lot fell on my quarter section."

"G—dam de line," hotly responded Baraque; "what you 'spect I care for your dam line! Dare is my deed on record for lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff, and you number dat lot so, and by gar, I will 'ave my lot."

"Oh, well," said Davies, "if that is all, I will commence numbering my lots down in the swamp, and number them up, and then your lot will be lot No. 1 no longer."

"Oh, by gar," cried Baraque, "dat would be one dam rascally ting, to rob me of my property in dat way; and I shall bring one suit for my lot."

Sue he did, accordingly, by action of ejectment against Joe Bonne, and employed Colonel Fowler to carry on his suit. During the six months that intervened between the commencement of the suit and the sitting of the court, he wrote Fowler, on an average, a letter a week. The cause came on for trial—Baraque was beaten, of course, and then refused to pay Fowler his fee. Fowler thereupon commenced suit against him. Baraque, upon this, healed up the breach between himself and Joe Bonne, and subpoenaed him as a witness.

When the cause came on for trial, our two Frenchmen sat cosily in court, cheek-by-jowl, and as the trial progressed, Baraque often whispered merrily in Joe Bonne's ear. Fowler at length offered to read divers letters from Baraque in evidence; and selecting one, commenced. It ran thus:—

"MR. COLONEL ABSALOM FOWLER,—Now I want you to be sure and be at court to attend dat cause of mine against dat dam Joe Bonne, for my lot No. 1, in de town of Pine Bluff" etc.

Fowler—a formal, stiff, and precise man—read the letter through without a wink or smile, and proceeded to read another, and another. The third or fourth began in this style:—

"MR. COLONEL ABSALOM FOWLER, SIR,—I want you to be sure and see to dat case of mine against dat dam rascal Joe Bonne. I have no idea of being rob of my land in dat dam rascally way, and I will 'ave you know dat I am bound to succeed."

Joe drew off from Baraque, and cast upon him fierce glances of anger, and Baraque turned red and pale alternately. Fowler drew out another and commenced reading:—

"DEAR MR. COLONEL FOWLER,—I will 'ave you know, sare, I must be sure and 'ave you at court

and see to my case against dat dam rascal Joe Bonne. Who stole de hog? Ha! I nevare steal any hog. If anybody want to know who stole de hog, let dem ask Joe Bonne."

This capped the climax. Joe shook his fist in Baraque's face, and the latter rushed out of Court. Bench, bar, and jury, burst into universal laughter, and without further evidence Fowler took his judgment.

Speaking of courts, reminds me of some of our specimens of forensic eloquence, pathetic in the highest degree. A limb of the law, who has been a Circuit Judge and Senator, once defended a client for assault and battery before two justices, and opened his case thus:—

"May it please your Honors! I appears before you this day, an humble advocate of the people's rights, to redress the people's wrongs. Justice, may it please your Honors, justice is all we ask; and justice is due, from the tallest and highest archangel that sits upon the thrones of heaven, to the meanest and most insignificant demon that broils upon the coals of hell. If my client, may it please your Honors, has been guilty of any offence at all, unknown to the catalogue of the law, he has been guilty of the littlest and most insignificant offence which has ever been committed from the time when the 'morning stars sung together with joy, shout heavenly muse!'"

Another eminent member of the bar, who has made a fortune by his practice, once in a murder case, in which I was engaged with him, the prisoner having committed the act while intoxicated, said to the jury in the course of his speech:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is a principle congenial with the creation of the world, and handed down from posterity, that drunkenness always goes in commiseration of damages."

At another time, he told a jury, that a person indicted for assault and battery, "beat and bruised the boy, and amalgamated his head." And finally, in an action for slander, brought by a female client against one Thomas Williams, who had uttered some injurious imputations against her virgin purity, he thus broke forth:—"Who is this Tom Williams, gentlemen of the jury, that comes riding out of the Cherokee nation, on the suburbs of posterity? He knocked at my client's door at the dead hour of the night, and she refused to get up and let him in. Wasn't this a proof of her virginity?"

## ANECDOTES OF THE WESTERN BAR.

[A friend at our elbow relates a few anecdotes of the Western Bar, which are too good to be lost.]

The first illustrates the ruling passion for "poker," among Western members of the bar. The court is in session, the Judge is on the bench, and the case of Smith vs. Brown is called up. "All ready!" shouts the counsel for defendant, but the counsel for the plaintiff does not respond. "Who's for the plaintiff?" inquires the Judge, somewhat impatiently. "May it please the Court," says a rising member of the legal fraternity, "Pilkins is for the plaintiff, but I left him just now over in the tavern, playing a game of poker. He's got a 'sucker' there, and he's sure to skin him if he only has time. He's got the thing all set to ring in a 'cold deck,' in which case he will deal himself four

aces and his opponent four queens, so that your honor will perceive he must 'take the persimmons.'" The look of impatience vanished from the face of his Honor at once, and an expression more of sorrow than anger took its place. At length, he said, with a heavy sigh, "Dear me, that's too bad! It happens at a very unfortunate time. I am very anxious to get on with these cases!" A brown study followed, and at length a happy idea struck the Judge. "Bill," said he, addressing the friend of the absent Pilkins, who had spoken, "you understand poker about as well as Pilkins—suppose you go over and play his hand!"

At another time, counsel took some exception to

the ruling of the Court on a certain point, and a dispute arose. "If the Court please," said the counsel, "I wish to refer to this book a moment." At the same time picking up a large law volume. "There's no use o' your referring to any books," exclaimed the Court, angrily, "I have decided the p'int!" "But, your Honor—" persisted the lawyer. "Now I don't want to hear any thing further on the subject," yelled the Court, "I tell you again, I have decided the p'int!" "I know that," was the rejoinder, "I'm satisfied of that—but this is a volume of Blackstone—I'm certain he differs with your Honor, and I only want to show you *what a d—n fool Blackstone was!*" "Ah, that indeed!" exclaimed the Court, smiling all over, "*now* you begin to talk."

On a similar occasion the affair did not end so happily. The Court decided a point adverse to the views of counsel. Counsel was stubborn, and insisted that the Court was wrong. "I tell you I am right!" yelled the Court, with flashing eyes. "I tell you, you are not!" retorted the counsel. "I am right!" reiterated the Court, "d—n a nigger if I ain't!" "I say you ain't!" persisted the counsel. "Crier!" yelled the Judge, "I adjourn the court for ten minutes!" And jumping from the bench, he pitched into the counsel, and after a very lively little fight placed him *hors du combat*, after which business was again resumed, but it was not long before another misunderstanding arose. "Crier," said the Court, "we will adjourn this time for twenty minutes!" And he was about taking off his coat, when the counsel said, "Never mind, Judge, keep your seat—the p'int is yielded—*my thumb's out o' joint, and I've sprained my shoulder!*"

Mr. Talbot, one time a senator from Kentucky, possessed a most extraordinary rapidity of utterance. In a case before the Supreme Court, his feelings were personally enlisted, and in a speech of four hours' duration, his words flew with impassioned eloquence and startling velocity. At the adjournment of the court, this extraordinary effort became the topic of conversation, and Judge Washington, with great gravity, declared that "a person of moderate wishes could not desire to live longer than the time it would take him to repeat that four hours' speech of Mr. Talbot."

A well-known Western Judge, who was so unfortunate as to stutter somewhat, in effecting the settlement of an account with a parsimonious neighbor, found it impossible to make change within *three cents*. Some days after, while the Judge was on the bench, in the midst of a very important case, the avaricious man, whose brains could not rest while the three cents were absent from his pocket, appeared in the court-room, and unceremoniously desired the Judge to grant him an interview. The Judge arrested the progress of the case, and addressing the counsel, said, apologetically, "St-stop, a f-few moments, p-p-please, t-t-till I speak to my neighbor P." He therefore descended from the bench, and accompanied P. to a private room, where, as he expected, he received a demand for the delinquent three cents. He paid it, demanded a receipt, and returned to the court-room, convulsing every one present by the following remark:—"Th-they s-say, that at th-the m-moment any one d-d-dies, another is b-b-born, and th-the soul of th-the one th-that d-d-dies gog-gog-goes into th-the

b-b-body of th-the one that's b-b-born. Now, when n-neighbor P. P. P. was b-b-born, non-non-n-nobody died."

Some two years ago quite an amusing and novel scene transpired in the presence of His Honor, a Probate Judge of Kansas, while he was holding court.

We shall not give the real names of the parties, and hope no one will take offence.

The court-room was a little log hut, ten by twelve, with a dirt chimney and floor. Chairs were very scarce, and His Honor had had several chunks of wood rolled in for seats. Upon one of the said chunks His Honor sat, with all his judicial dignity. Before him was arraigned some poor fellow, for borrowing his neighbor's chickens without permission, confronted by his accuser. Upon the opposite side of the fireplace sat the Sheriff and one of his friends, engaged in a pleasant game of "old sledge;" we will call them Brown and Smith.

The Judge, after adjusting his quill, pushed back his hair, that his legal bumps might be thoroughly exhibited, and looking the prisoner full in the face, pronounced an interrogatory like this:

JUDGE. Sir, what have you to say for yourself?

BROWN. Smith, I beg.

SMITH. I'll see you d—d first.

JUDGE. Sheriff, keep silence in the court. Well, sir, what have you to say about these chickens?

BROWN (*aside*). Run the kurds, Smith.

PRISONER. I intended to pay Mr. Wiggins for them chickens.

JUDGE. Why didn't—

BROWN. Smith, you don't come that new kick over me; follow suit; none of your re-niguing.

JUDGE. The Court finds it impossible to proceed unless you have order in the court-house.

SMITH. In a moment, Judge. Count your game, Brown.

JUDGE. Did you eat or sell those chickens?

PRISONER. I sold them.

JUDGE. How much did you make on—

SMITH. High-low-jack-gift-and-game—

BROWN. Who give you one—

SMITH. I beg your pardon. 'Twas you that begged—

JUDGE. Silence in the court!

Every thing was quiet again for a few moments; the *kurds* were shuffled and dealt, and in the mean time his Honor proceeded with the examination.

In the height of some other question being propounded by the Judge, Smith begged, and Brown gave one, hallooing out:

"Now, rip ahead, old hoss—five and five."

The Judge, indignant and angry, arose from the court bench and crossed to the players. Before he could speak, he spied Smith's hand, holding the jack and ten of trumps; at the same time glancing at a big stone lying between the two, he saw two half dollars.

"Brown," says the Judge, "I'll bet you five dollars, Smith beats the game."

"Done," says Brown, and up went the ore.

Smith led on, and won the trick, led again, and won; led the third time and won, but no game yet—commenced whistling and scratching his head.

JUDGE—(*Leaning on Smith and with one eye shut*)—Smith, play 'em judiciously.

Smith led a little heart, and lost the trick. Brown played the queen at him and won the ten.

"Hold!" said the Judge, "let me see."

Brown. What's the matter Judge?

SMITH—(*Impatient*)—Lead on, Brown.

Brown. Play to the ace.

JUDGE—(*Raving*)—This was a made up thing—you have defrauded me—I fine you both twenty-five dollars for contempt of court.

Brown pocketed the money—the prisoner sloped, and so the court adjourned without any formal process.

## THE CHICKEN THIEF OF THE HUDSON.

FROM "UP THE RIVER." BY F. W. SHELTON. 1853.

WITHIN the past month, an excitement has prevailed among the quiet inhabitants of these parts unparalleled since the great oyster-war. Every one has heard of the inroads once made by the buccanering fishermen of Amboy on our rich oyster-beds, when the adverse fleets had like to have come to a great nautical encounter. But although some guns were pointed, no triggers were pulled, and no shells were thrown of the kind used in naval warfare. That chapter in history has never been written out fairly; but let by-gones be by-gones. I am going to nab some circumstances while they are yet fresh, and the materials attainable, that hereafter they may not come up in dim memory like the records of the oyster-war. The most flagrant depredations ever known in the history of man have lately been made on the hen-roosts of Dutchess County. Twelve hundred dollars' worth of chickens stolen in one winter, and the greatest panic among all holders of the stock! The deed was done,

Deeply and darkly at dead of night,

and the evil was waxing worse and worse, so that out of the multitude of populous hen-roosts in the above county, there was not one which had not suffered extremely. Eggs were scarce in sufficient abundance for cakes and pies: one farmer was reduced to his last little chick, while the cheerful cackle of farm-yards was scarce heard. The cock-crowing which used to be answered at dead of night from hill to hill and hamlet to hamlet, until it circled the whole neighborhood, as the British drum-beat circles the world, was succeeded by a dead silence, and no clarion was heard in the morning except the baker's horn. Little as the farmers were acquainted with natural history, they knew that the chicken is not a bird of passage, and always comes home to roost. Their hens had not been picking and stealing, but they had been stolen and picked. Who had done the *foul* deed? That was what the irritated owners were burning to know; for if they could catch the scoundrel as he was taking wing, they threatened that they would tar and feather him, without waiting for the slow process of the law to coop him up. He would not crow over his bargain, nor cackle over his gains. There is something inconceivably mean and sneaking in the stealing of chickens; and none but the most hardened rogue, if caught with one under his jacket, could exclaim with the abandoned TWITCHER, 'Vel, vot of it?' 'Vot of it?' A great deal of it! To take a horse or a young colt is a bold and magnanimous piece of rascality, and if the equestrian spark can be overtaken by the telegraph in the midst of his horse-back exercise, his neck may be put in requisition. That's paying a high price for a horse, as any jockey will tell you. But to go and bag a fowl when he

is asleep with his head under his wing, is the part of a chicken-hearted fellow.

Although no clue had been obtained to these depredations, the finger of suspicion had been for some time pointed at one Joseph Antony. Mr. Antony, a resident of the city of New York, who had the appearance of a sporting character, was in the habit of visiting this county about twice a-week in a small wagon, to see his friends and indulge his social qualities. On his way out, he stopped at all the taverns to take some beverage, although in returning he was abstemious in his habits, being perhaps in haste to return to an anxious wife. But it was noticed as a remarkable coincidence that when he came and went, the chickens were always gone. Numbers of the more prying, to confirm their suspicions, had sometimes peeped into his wagon, where they discovered creatures of the feathered creation. Once or twice he had his horse taken by the halter, but on promptly presenting a revolver, (we think of Colt's patent,) he obtained liberty to pass. The knowledge of the fact that he carried arms about his person had the effect of making many diffident, who had otherwise not been slow in their advances.

They did not wish to take this St. Anthony's fire, or risk their bodies and souls for the sake of a few spring-chickens, no matter how many shillings they were worth a pair. Mr. Antony therefore had the plank-road to himself. On another occasion, when he was returning, well provided as it was thought with live stock for the market, some young men got up a plan to waylay him by throwing a rope over the road. This endeavor proved abortive: for when they heard the sound of his wheels approaching; when they got a glance of his little colt who knew the ground; and when they thought of the *little Colt* which he carried in his pocket, their courage caved in, and they fled to the neighboring woods inhabited by owls.

Thus did villainy triumph, and the henneries continued to be impoverished by a consumption unknown to Thanksgiving or the pip. The final despair of the farmers led to a mutual compact, which we will call the *Hens-eatic League*. At a full and unanimous meeting of the chicken-owners of Dutchess County, it was resolved to keep a very strict watch over the motions of Mr. Antony on his next visit. Something must be done, and that immediately, as the boys said who sat under a tree in a thunder-storm, when the one asked the other if he could pray, otherwise there would not be a cock to crow, nor a hen to lay an egg in all the neighborhood. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Friday (unlucky day!) Mr. Antony was observed to pass through the gate at which he stopped, for the tollman observed that he 'always acted very gentlemanly, and always was particular to pay his toll, and was a good-looking

man, only his eyes was too big.' The following intricate plan was then hatched: Three courageous men, armed with muskets, were to keep the gate that night and receive the toll of Mr. Antony when he came back, and, if possible, 'prevail on him to stop.' They took their stand at sundown. The remaining chicken-owners watched all night. Mr. Russell Smith sat up in his wagon-house; but what is very queer, Mr. Antony pulled his chickens off the perch almost under his nose, without his knowing it. Six expected eggs were missing at his breakfast-table next morning. But Mr. Suyd—m, who lives on the salt-meadows, arranged his plan better. To the door of his hennery he attached a string, which he conducted to his sleeping-chamber; and to the string he fastened a little bell. Then he lay down to keep awake. He heard nothing for some hours, until what *ought* to have been the cock-crowing, he was startled suddenly

By the tintinnabulation  
Of the bell, bell, bell,  
Which did muscally well.

Springing from his couch, he placed his face against the window, and the night not being very dark, the following tableau was presented: A little wagon and a little horse, held at the head by a little boy, and in the wagon a woman with a hood. He rushed to the hen-house just in time to find the perches vacant and his man retreating, who forthwith seized the reins and drove like Jehu toward the long bridge. It is thought that a part of the distance was accomplished at the rate of a mile in three minutes. But Mr. Suyd—m was not to be so baffled. He harnessed his mare, and taking Mr. Lawrence with him, followed in pursuit at full speed. They overtook Mr. Antony at the bridge, where he was engaged in killing chickens, and throwing their heads over the balustrades into Mud Creek. Finding some one at his heels, he ceased killing chickens, applied the lash, and was again out of sight. But although out of sight, he was not out of mind. On approaching the toll-gate, he began to fumble for change to

pay honorably, when, to his astonishment, he found the gates shut, and before he could place his hand on his revolver, the muzzles of three muskets were within an inch of his head.

As a rat who has left his hole by night to get a drink of water, or to suck a few eggs, on returning finds it stopped up with a brick, and himself assailed, pauses on his hind legs and squeals, so did the astonished Antony cry out. On examining the contents of his wagon, it was found well replenished with fowls; and Mr. Antony frankly confessed that he regretted the circumstance of his capture, as he had already served out several terms at the State's-prison, and was loth to go there again, where Thanksgiving fare was so scarce.

When this remarkable capture became known on the next morning, and the prisoner and his plunder were brought to the Justice's Court, great interest was excited in the country round. They came pouring into the village by hundreds, to get a sight of the greatest chicken-stealer ever known since the creation of fowls. Nothing like it was remembered since St. George's church, in the same place, was broken open, and the justices, and the wardens, and the vestrymen, and the tavern-keeper, were convened in the bar-room of the village inn, to see a pile of Bibles and prayer-books on the sanded floor, where the head warden remarked to the repentant thief that he was sorry he had not used the Bible and prayer-book better. On the examination of Mr. Antony, it was apprehended that there might be some difficulty about the identification of the fowl. You can tell your horse, your ass, your cow, your pig; they are speckled, they are streaked, they have a patch on the eye, or something of the kind. But as to your chickens, though you feed them out of your own hand, the task is more difficult. You contemplate them not by units, but by broods, and single them out one by one only when the time comes to wring their necks, and you think that a roast chicken for dinner would not be amiss. On this occasion, no such difficulty occurred. The roosts had become so thinned that the farmers were enabled to recognize and swear to their fowl, one to his Bantam, another to his Shanghai, a third to his Top-knot, a fourth to his Cochín-China, and a fifth to his Poland hen. Although their heads were twisted off, that mattered not so much, since feathered creatures are not recognized by their countenances like men. They are all beak, little head, and have no particular diversity of expression to be identified except by themselves.

Mr. Antony has engaged counsel to rebut the prosecution by the State, and it will depend upon the ability with which this great Hen-Roost case shall be managed, whether he shall be finally knocked from his perch in society, whether the plank-road dividends shall be diminished by the amount of his toll, and whether chickens, like peach-trees, shall take a new start. When we consider the expensiveness of feeding them, and the many casualties which they are exposed to from the time they are fledged—snatched into the air by hawks, fed on by cats, afflicted by the pip, and by the gapes, it is to be ardently hoped that something may be done to protect them on their roosts. Otherwise we know many who will give up raising fowls; and then, we ask, what is to become of our markets if 'hen sauce' is abolished; and what will housewives do if eggs are a shilling apiece? The most delightful puddings known to the present state



of cookery would have no richness without the yolk of eggs. Where would be the yellowness of 'spring' (usually denominated 'grass') butter? Would not pound-cake be erased from the catalogue of Miss LESLIE's famous book? And what would become of the icing and incrustation of ornamental con-

fectionery? On these questions, the result of Mr. Antony's trial will have a bearing. In the mean time he throws himself entirely upon his counsel. When asked by the Justice of the Peace at the preliminary examination what had been his occupation and means of living, he replied—'*Speculating*'

## ANECDOTES OF TRAVEL.

FROM "YUSEF." BY J. ROSS BROWNE. 1853.

### ETNA.

OUR descent to San Nicolosi was of course a good deal easier and rather more pleasant than the night's journey up. With the mules, it occupied very nearly the same time; but I had become quite convinced that there was a prejudice against me on the part of the whole mule species; I had turned involuntary somersets from divers mules; I had been bitten at and kicked at by mules; I had endeavored to befriend mules by leading them up steep hills instead of riding them, and they were always sure to pull back and try to go down; I had attempted to lead them down hill, and they invariably insisted upon going up; I had bought mules at three hundred dollars, that looked well on the morning of the purchase, but found they could not go by night, in consequence of being foundered; in sober truth, my talent did not lie in the navigation or management of mules; so I walked. A walk down Mount Etna includes a slide of about a mile from the edge of the crater, which I must tell you about.

Commencing near the crater is a steep bank of ashes and cinders, extending nearly to the Casa Inglesa, by which the trip is made with a locomotive speed quite delightful. Peeping over the brink of the precipice, you enter into a calculation as to the probability of having your limbs dislocated, in case you should strike some unseen rock; and about the time you become satisfied that a leg or an arm must be sacrificed, there arises a dust some hundred yards below, and you see a large dark body bouncing down like a man of India rubber, scattering cinders and ashes before it, and yelling like a demon. Away it goes, rising and jumping and tossing, till it looks like a great black bird hopping down into the gulf of lava below, dwindling as it goes till you see nothing but a dark speck. Then down dashes another and another, and you see that it must be old Pedro leading the way, and the stragglers following. Committing yourself to Providence, you draw a long breath and jump over too; and then, *per Baccho*, how you go; up to your ankles in cinders, ten feet every jump! The wind whistles through your hair; you half shut your eyes to keep out the dust that has been raised by the guides; you shout like a drunken man, without knowing why, Hurra! glorious! splendid travelling this! hold me, somebody! stop me, Pedro! by Jupiter, there goes my hat! I knew it couldn't stay on! for heaven's sake, belay me! It is no use, nobody will belay you! There you go, faster and faster at every jump, till you don't know which end will come out first. Now you bet ten to one that your feet will win the race; now a hidden mass of lava brings them up with a sudden jerk, and you'd lay heavy odds on the end of your

nose—yes, the nose must win; you feel the premonitory jar as it nears the end of the track; terror seizes your soul; you jump desperately ten, twenty, thirty feet at every bound, twisting yourself back in the air like a cat; you vow in your agony of mind that you will never drop poor puss over the banisters again in order to see her land on her feet; another leap, another twist does it; your feet are in the air, and you go sailing down gallantly on the seat of your breeches. Hurra! clear the track there! don't stop me! glorious! splendid! Here we are, Pedro, all right, keep a look out for my hat, it'll be down here presently! Bless my soul, what a slide that was!



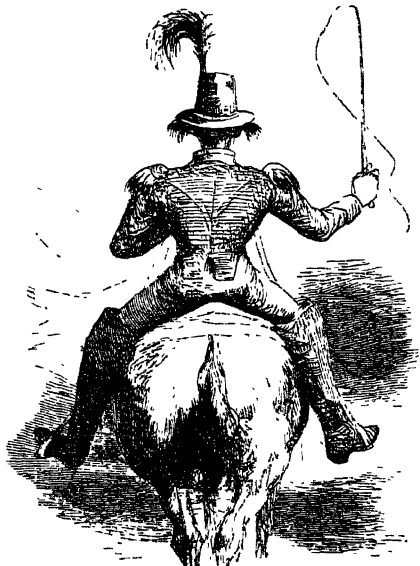
### EXTRAS.

Eighteen miles in the bracing morning air had given us a ravenous appetite. The *Hôtel de Parigi* was recommended by our driver as the best in the place, and although it bore very little resemblance to anything we had ever seen in Paris, being about as black and dirty a looking *locanda* as could well be found in Sicily, we ascended through the hostelry to a large bare room with a table in the middle, and half a dozen wooden chairs ranged round the walls, and called for *qualche cosa mangera*—in plain English, something to eat. The padrona, a sour-looking woman, eyed us with a speculative glance, having reference to the size of our purses, and said: "We have nothing but eggs and bread, signores; the meat has been devoured by a party that have just gone ahead." "Very well, then," said we, "let us have the eggs and bread as soon as possible." In about half an hour we had a scanty *collazione* of fried eggs, to which we did as much justice as the

subject permitted. "Now, padrona, what is to pay?" "What you wish, signores." "No, no; you must fix your own price." "Then, as you have had nothing but eggs and bread, we will only charge you two dollars." "Two dollars! why that is impossible. We have only had a dozen eggs and a little bread!" "Well, then, say a dollar and a half; that is very little for four persons, signores." We paid the dollar and a half, and considered ourselves very cleverly done. As we were about to leave, our hostess reminded us of another small charge—three carlins for the room. "What!" said we, in an honest fit of indignation, "do you mean to say we are to pay for the privilege of eating your miserable *collazione* in this barn of a place?" "Of course, signores, you have had the use of the room." "Very true, but did you think we were going to eat out of doors?" "By no means, and that is the reason why I charge you for the accommodation of the room." It was no use to argue against a system of reasoning so cogent as this; the postilion was calling to us to come on; so we paid the three carlins for the use of the room. Passing out, we were attacked by a dirty *cuisine*, who demanded a trifling remuneration for her services. "Please your excellencies, I cooked breakfast for you!" "The deuce you did! how do you suppose we could eat it unless it was cooked? Are people in the habit of eating breakfast raw at the *Hôtel de Paris*?" "No, signores; I cook it for them, and they always give me something for my trouble." It was no use to rebel; the cook hung to us like a leech, and it was only by paying her three carlins that we could extricate ourselves from her clutches. "Thank heaven, we are done now!" was our involuntary exclamation, as we made our exit. "*Aspetto*, signores," said a voice behind, "you have forgotten the *facchino*." "The what?" "The porter, gentlemen." "And pray what have you done for us?" "I attend to the baggage, signores." But we have no baggage here; it is all in the diligence. "Ah, that makes no difference; I could have carried it for you: I must live, you know, and this is all the pay I get to support a large family." The claim was irresistible; we rebelled at first, but it was no use, the *facchino* followed us till we had to give him a few baiocchi to get rid of him. "Well, this beats Italy all hollow," was our unanimous conclusion, as we took our respective seats in the diligence, and began to enjoy the luxuries of sunshine and cigars, under the storm through which we had passed. "*Buono mano*," said our small postilion "For what, you rascal?" "For driving you." "But you did not drive us; you were asleep all the time; we won't pay you!" However, we did pay him, after a great deal of talking. "Drive on now," shouted the Englishman. "*Andate!*" roared the Portuguese. "Go ahead," said I. "*Aspetta*, señores," cried the hostler; "*buono mano* for the hostler." We threw the hostler a few carlins, and shouted, "Drive on, *andate!* go ahead again!" "*Aspetta!*" cried the hostler, "this is an extra diligence; extra diligences are always double price. Besides, it is two posts from Catania, and you have only paid for one change of horses." "*Diabolo!*" roared the Portuguese, "we have only had one change, and that has just been put in now." "Stunning business this," said the Englishman. "Done brown!" said I. "True, señores; but you must pay for the half-way post." "There is no post there, you scoundrel—no horses—nothing at all!"

"*Da veror*, signores, but these horses have done double duty; so they must be paid for, or they can't go on!" This was too bad. "*Cospetto!*" shrieked the Portuguese. "Excessively annoying," said the Englishman. "Great country!" said I—"great country, gentlemen!" We unanimously determined that we would not pay for changing horses, when no such change was made. "Go to the devil with your horses, then; we won't pay a cent more." "*Va bene*, señores!" replied the hostler, very coolly unhitching the horses, and leading them off to the stable. "I'll go to the devil to oblige you, signores; but I can't go to Syracuse till the half-way post is paid for. You will have to go on without horses, that's all."

Here was a predicament! The inhabitants of the classical city of Lentini were pouring down from all the neighboring streets to see the diligence that was bound to Syracuse without horses. Matrons with children in their arms, held up their precious babes to see the sight; piratical-looking fellows gathered around and examined us with a deliberate and speculative stare; the little boys shouted merrily, and called the attention of all straggling acquaintances to the pole of the diligence that pointed toward Syracuse, but wouldn't pull for want of horses! What was to be done? Go to the Mayor? Perhaps there was none; and if there was, who knew the way? "Señores," said the hostler in a soothing tone, perceiving our distress of mind, "you'd better pay me, and allow me the pleasure of putting the horses in." We considered the advice, and took it. It was rather humiliating to our feelings; but we were hemmed in with difficulties on all sides; in vain we looked round upon the crowd; not a sympathising face was there; not a soul to pity us in our misfortunes. The pervading sentiment seemed to be—"Hit 'em again! they've got no friends!" There was one universal shout of laughter as the postilion cracked his whip, and





drove us rattling out of Lentini. I turned to look back as we ascended the hill, and caught a glimpse of the hostler, who was still bowing to us with the utmost gravity and politeness. If ever I meet that man on Pennsylvania avenue, it is my settled intention to do him personal violence.

As to the sparky little postilion who drove us so furiously out of Catania, and who afterwards fell asleep when there was nobody on the roadside to admire his driving, I have him safe enough. Here he is. Public indignation is respectfully solicited :

The individual mounted on that horse, swindled us out of two carlins. What he did with so much money it would be impossible to say : he may have put it in his boots for safe keeping ; but he certainly could not have deposited his ill-gotten gains in his coat-pockets. I only know that we paid him the sum above specified for doing certain duties that he never performed ; and that implicit confidence is not to be placed in a man simply because he wears a feather in his hat, a jacket with red cloth embroidery and small tails, and a pair of top-boots, big enough to bury him in when he dies.

#### PASSPORTS.

When the diligence stopped at one of the outer gates, we were carefully inspected by a couple of officers, in flashy uniforms and feathers, who politely requested us to allow them the pleasure of looking at our passports. One stood a little in the background, with pens, ink and paper in his hand : he was evidently a subordinate character, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his plumage, which, from a hasty estimate, I calculated to consist of the tails of three game-cocks ; the other was a portly man, of grave and dignified demeanor, rich in tin buttons and red cloth epaulets, and with a mustache that would have done credit to the Governor himself ; in fact, I thought at first that he was the Governor, so imposing was his personal appearance. The passports he opened slowly and cautiously, either from habitual contempt of the value of time, or a latent suspicion that they contained squibs of gunpowder : and at last, when he had fairly spread them out, with the signatures inverted, he carefully scanned the contents for five minutes, and then calmly addressed us, in bad Italian ; "Your names, signores, if you please." Our friend the Portuguese, being the oldest, was accorded the privilege of speaking first. "My name, Signor, is Mendoza, and this lady is my wife." "Grazia, Signor." Then, turning to the subordinate, "Put that down—Men-z-z-a. *Va bene.*" After some other questions as to profession, place of nativity, etc., he turned to the Englishman ; "Your name, Signor ?" "Mine ? My name is Norral : on the Grampian hills my father feeds his flocks, a frugal swain"—"Excuse, Signor, what did you say ?" "Smith, John Smith, if you like it better !" "*Va bene, Signor* ; put that down : Giovanni Smiz ; no Semmit—Giovanni Semmit." The man with the tails of the game-cocks in his hat put it down. "And your name, Signor ?" turning to your humble servant. "Sir," said I, with a dash of honest pride in the thought that I was giving a name known in the remotest corners of the globe ; "My name is Brown—John Brown—Americano, General in the Bobtail Militia." "Grazia ! Signor," said the officer, bowing, as I flattered myself, even more profoundly than he had bowed to my friend John Smith. "Put that down—Giovanni Bruvvenni." "Brown !" said

I ; for I had no idea of having an honest name so barbarously Italianized. "Sì, Signor, *Bruvven.*" "No !" said I, sternly, "not Bruvven—Brown, Sir." "Sì, Signor—BRUIN." "No, Sir," said I, indignantly, "do you take me for a bear, Sir ?" My name's BROWN, Sir." "Certo, Signore, BRUIN !" And Bruin was written down by the feathered man ; and so stands my name to this day in the official archives of Syracuse—GIOVANNI BRUIN, or JOHN BEAR.

#### MESSINA.

There is so little to be seen in Messina, that we got through on the day after our arrival. A few churches, convents, and old walls, are about the only sights in the way of antiquities that the traveler is called upon to endure : and, after seeing these, he may pass the time pleasantly enough, rambling about the neighborhood, which is full of fine scenery, or lounging about the wharves, where he will enjoy something in the way of maritime life on shore. The position of the town is scarcely less picturesque than that of Palermo, and for all the evidences of progress and civilization I greatly preferred this neighborhood to any part of Sicily.

On the occasion of a second visit to Messina, I was accompanied by an Irish major from India and an old English gentleman returning from the East, both fellow-passengers on the steamer from Malta, and very jovial and agreeable travelling acquaintances. We had but three hours on shore, the steamer having merely touched for passengers. It was, therefore, on landing, a matter of consideration in what way we could spend our time most profitably. The Englishman was in favor of seeing the breach, at the risk of every thing else ; the major of that happy and accommodating temperament which renders a man capable of enjoying all things equally ; and I, having on a former occasion seen every thing in Messina except the breach, yielded, against an internal conviction that a hole in a wall is not an object of peculiar interest. But habitual martyrdom makes a man magnanimous, and the old gentleman was bent upon seeing the breach ; he had set his heart upon it ; he had enlightened us upon the historical points, and the breach we must see. Nor would he have a guide, for he spoke French, and could ask the way. The major, too, spoke a foreign language ; it was Guzerat or Hindoo, and not likely to be very useful in the streets of Messina, but it might come in play ; and I prided myself on speaking Italian ; that is to say (between you and myself), a species of Italian formed chiefly of Arabic, French, Tuscan, Neapolitan and English, but chiefly of English Italianized by copious additions of vowels at the end of every word. Yielding, however, to the superior zeal of our English friend, Mr. Pipkins, we kept modestly in the rear, while he took the middle of the main street, and kept a sharp look-out for any intelligent-looking man that had the appearance of understanding French. "*Parlez vous Français, monsieur ?*" said Pipkins to the very first man he met. "*Nein !*" replied the man ; "*sprechen Sie Deutsch ?*" "Talk to him in Hindoo," said Mr. Pipkins. The major addressed him accordingly in Hindoo. "*Nicht,*" said the man. "Maybe he understands Italian," suggested the major. "*Parle Italiano ?*" said I. "*Sì signor, un poco.*" "*Dove il brecchia in the Muro,*" said I, going to the full extent of my Italian. The man looked puzzled, but, not wishing to appear

ignorant, addressed me in such a complicated mixture of German and Sicilian that I had to stop him at length. *Si si grazia.* "What does he say?" inquired Mr. Pipkins. "I think he says the wall is somewhere outside the city; but he speaks abominable Italian." "Humph! never mind; here's a gentleman that speaks French, I'm certain. Monsieur! I say, monsieur!" (calling to a stiff-looking man, just passing), "*Parlez vous Français, monsieur?*" "*No, signor; Italiana.*" Upon this hint I spake Italian, as before. The stiff man unbent himself, and politely conducted us round the corner, where he showed us the ancient CHURCH; and bidding us adieu, went his way with the same grave and studied aspect. I shall never forget the look of mingled doubt and disappointment with which my venerable English friend surveyed me. "Did you ask him for a church?" "No, I asked him for the wall with the breach in it." From that moment, I believe Mr. Pipkins suspected me of bad Italian. Disappointment, however, only added to his zeal. Pushing on with a determined step, he led the way through innumerable streets, till at length we reached an open piazza, where we halted close by a hack-stand, to gain breath and take an observation. Here we were soon surrounded by such an eager gang of vetturini, in consequence of an indiscreet question in Hindoo by the major, that we had to work ourselves out of the crowd by main force. "Leave it all to me," said our English friend. "I'll find somebody presently who speaks French. Ha! that man has a French look. I say, monsieur, monsieur!" The man stopped. "*Parlez vous Français, monsieur?*" "*Oui, monsieur.*" "I told you so," said our friend, turning to us triumphantly; see what perseverance will do;" and then he propounded a series of questions to the strange gentleman concerning the location of the wall, interrupted at every pause by "*Oui, monsieur, oui, oui.*" "Now, sir, can you tell us where it is? (still in French.) What language the individual addressed, spoke in reply, it would be impossible to say; but it was brief and to the point, for he immediately conducted us round another corner, and showed us the DILIGENCE OFFICE, after which he touched his hat politely, and walked on. Mr. Pipkins regarded the sign upon the diligence office with ineffable disgust, and then casting a ferocious look after the stranger, struck his stick heavily upon the pavement and said: "Damme, if that's French! He doesn't understand the language!" For some time previously, I had observed a suspicious-looking fellow dodging from corner to corner in our rear, who now came up, touching his hat respectfully. "Gemmen," said he, "me speakee Ingles. What you want?" Our friend explained in full, evidently much relieved at this sudden accession to his cause. "Yes, yes, me know," replied the man. "Come on." We followed with a good will, certain that our troubles were at last at an end; and really I began to feel quite interested in the wall, from the sheer force of disappointment. We had proceeded some distance through a labyrinth of streets, when Mr. Pipkins, who was engaged in a hopeless attempt to extract additional information out of the guide concerning the wall, stopped short, and indignantly uttered these words; "You infernal rascal, that's not what we want!" Now, the full force of this violent language was of course lost upon the major and myself. The only words we overheard were—"just seventeen"—"ar-

rived from Paris yesterday," which of course left us in a most painful state of mystery; nor could we prevail upon Mr. Pipkins to give us the least satisfaction on the subject. He merely turned back, muttering something about a deplorable state of morals; and upon consulting his watch, found that it was about time to go on board the steamer.

#### NEAR ATHENS.

Not far beyond the old convent, we came to a pass, with a rugged bluff on the right, upon which were some ancient inscriptions. Our dragoman stopped the carriage, and in a very imposing manner called our attention to the fact that we were now at a most interesting point in our journey. Doctor Mendoza never suffered any thing mentioned in the guide-book to escape his attention; but unfortunately he had forgotten his book in Athens, and was reduced to the necessity of depending solely upon the classical attainments of our dragoman.

"Wat you call dis place?" said he; for the dragoman spoke nothing but English, in addition to his native language, and Doctor Mendoza was not very proficient in either tongue; "Wat his de name of dis place?"

"Um call um-er-a—e-r-r-a; what you say, sare?"

"What hiss de name?"

"Oh, de name; me know de name; me tell you by'm by. Dis great place, shentlemans; much great ting happen here in ancient time; grand ting happen here. Dey stop here; much grand feast; plenty people; oh, great ting happen here."

"But what hiss it? Wat gran ting—wat gran feast you call her?"

"She call 'um feast, wat de plenty people have wen dey come dis way; Oh, much fine time! Dere's de mark, shentlemans; on de rock dere you see de mark."

Doctor Mendoza looked at the rock, but could make nothing of the mark. Evidently it was all Greek to him, for it perplexed and irritated him exceedingly.

"By dam! you no conosce niente! Mal-a-detta! wat you call herself? heh? you call herself dragoman? One multo buono dragoman she be! Sacr-r-r diabolio!"

"Yes, shentlemans: me dragoman; me plenty recommendation; me know more all dragomans in Athens! All American shentlemans say me good dragoman; all English shentlemans say me good dragoman; every body say me good dragoman."

"Den wat for you no conosce de name of dis place?"

"De name? Oh, de name, sare? yes, sare: me know de name well as any body. De name's er-r-ra—er-r-ra; you know dis de place, shentlemans, were de plenty peoples come for de gran ting; much grand feast. Dat's de name; same name wot you find in de book, yes sare. Me best dragoman in Athens; all de shentlemans say me de best. Me know de name all de place."

"Andate!" roared the Portuguese, turning furiously to the driver; "'tis impos to understan dat, she no speak Ingles!" and away we rolled over the road, as fast as two skeletons of horses could drag us. Presently the carriage stopped again, and the dragoman informed us that we had arrived at another important point.

"Dere, shentlemans, you see de water; much sheep come dere in old time; two touseen sheep?"

"Wat!" cried the Portuguese, "dat de bay of Salamis? Dat de place where Xerxes come wid two million sheep."

"Yes, sare; dat de same place, sare; de sheep all fight de Greek mans dere; de Greek mans kill all de sheep and sink 'em in de water. Greek very brave mans; kill two hundred sheep dere. Yes, sare."

"Wat dey do wid all de dead mans?"

"Oh, dey bury all de dead mans down dere were you see de tombs. Yes, sare. De Greek mans dere, and de odor mans wat come in de sheep be dere in that oder place wot you see. Yes, sare. Oh, me know all de ting—me no tell lie; me good dragoman."

"Poh! 'Tis impos to comprehen. 'Twill be neces to have de book" said the doctor, in great disgust; "de sheep be buried in de tombs, and de Greek mans be buried in de sheep—impos! impos! Andate, diabolo!"

#### SMYRNA.

Lounging about the bazaars, a day or two after my arrival in Smyrna, I thought I recognized a familiar voice. A fashionable-looking tourist was making a bargain for a fez. His dress was new to me; but there could be no mistake in the voice. I went up cautiously and looked at his face. It was the face of an American gentleman whom I had met in various parts of Europe. Bimby was his name. He was in the most exquisite distress in regard to the texture of the fez. The fact is, poor Bimby was the victim of want; not that he was in the want of money; he had plenty of that—too much for his own happiness; but he always wanted something that it was very difficult, if not quite impossible, to find in this world. Every morning, he got up oppressed with wants; every night he went to bed overwhelmed and broken down with wants. I never saw a man in comfortable circumstances in such a dreadful state of destitution in all my life. When I first saw him, he was on the way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloons of a particular style. No man in Europe understood cutting except Pantaletti. There was a sit in Pantaletti that made him indispensable. He (Bimby) had tried the Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention to proceed at once from Milan to Leipsic for boots; the Germans were the only people who brought boots to perfection, and decidedly the best were to be had at Leipsic. He expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a sit in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his cigars he was forced to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wines, it was nonsense to undertake to drink any but the pure Johannisberg; which he generally saw bottled on the Rhine every summer, in order to avoid imposition. His winters he spent chiefly in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and he sometimes had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of travelling suited him exactly—in fact, he disliked travelling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him; walking, because it tired him; the snow, because it was cold; the sun, because it was warm; Rome, because it was damp; Nice, because it was dry; Athens, because it was dusty. (By the

way, I disliked Athens myself, chiefly on that account; Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, no society, no opera, no classical associations—nothing at all, except business; and all sorts of business he despised. It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact, the only decent people he had met with were the French; a man might contrive to exist a while in Paris. Not that he approved altogether of the French language; it wanted depth and richness; the only language worthy a man of sense was the Sanscrit. As soon as he had suited himself in boots at Leipsic, he was going to perfect himself in Sanscrit at the University of Berlin; after which he hoped to recover the effects of hard study by a tour through Bavaria, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink.

Unhappy Bimby! miserable Bimby! Man wants but little here below, as a general rule; but there are exceptions. Bimby will be the victim of want to the last day of his life. If not born in him, it was bred in him by bad training, or no training at all.

But enough of human frailties. Bimby has a kind heart, and really wants nothing to make him a very good fellow, except ten hours a day of useful employment.

#### THE ENGLISH TOURIST.

On our passage through the Sea of Marmora we were beset by a furious Levanter. The waters were lashed into a white foam, and floods of spray covered the decks fore and aft. The motion of the steamer in the short chopping seas produced the most unpleasant effects. Crowded as we were with deck passengers, chiefly pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem, it was pitiable to behold their terror and the miserable condition to which they were reduced by sea-sickness and exposure to the weather. Some lay covered up in their dripping blankets, groaning piteously; others staggered about the decks, clinging to the rails, and looking vacantly toward the land; some prayed, some wept, some smoked, some did nothing at all, but it was evident there were not many aboard who would have objected to being put ashore again. In the midst of all the confusion, I noticed an English tourist on the quarter-deck, leaning against the companion-way, and contemplating the scene with a calmness that was really provoking. Hang it, man! I thought, have you no soul—no bowels of compassion? Why don't you look amused, or sorry, or interested, or sick, or miserable, or something? I went a little closer, to try if I could discover some trace of feeling in his stolid features. Surely I had seen that face before; that clean-shaved face; those well-trimmed, reddish whiskers; that starched shirt-collar of snowy whiteness; that portly figure. Certainly I had seen him. Every body has seen him. Bromley is his name—Mr. Bromley, an English gentleman of fortune, who travels to kill time. He is the Mephistophiles of Englishmen. I saw him every where—in Paris, reading the newspapers in a *café*; on the top of the Rigi, criticising the rising of the sun; in Vienna, wandering through the Paradei's Garten; in Berlin, gazing calmly at the statue of Frederick the Great; on the Acropolis of Athens, examining the Parthenon; in Constantinople, lounging about the bazaars; in Smyrna, eating beefsteak at the Hotel of the Two Augustas

—always reserved, serious, dogmatical, and English. When there were only Americans in the party, he was a vast improvement upon Bromley. As a matter of principle and habit, he never makes acquaintances that may be troublesome hereafter. He is the embodiment of the non-committal. He never takes any thing on hearsay; he looks at nothing that is not designated in the guide-book; patronizes no hotel that is not favorably mentioned by Murray; admires no picture except by number and corresponding reference to the name of the artist; is only moved to enthusiasm when the thing is pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* by the standard authorities. He shuts himself up in his shell of ice wherever he goes, and only suffers himself to be thawed out when he thinks, upon mature consideration, that there is no danger of coming in contact with somebody that may take advantage of the acquaintance. To his fellow-countrymen he is stiff and haughty; they may claim to know him on his return to England; to Americans he is generally polite and affable, and returns any advance with great courtesy, but seldom makes an advance himself. Bromley is a perfect gentleman in the negative sense. He does nothing that is ungentlemanly. He is too non-committal for that. Possibly he has a heart and a soul, and just as much of the little weaknesses that spring from the heart and soul as any man—if you can only find it out. Touch his national pride, and you touch his weakest point. He is British from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet—looks British, feels British, talks British, carries with him the very atmosphere of Great Britain. In the course of five minutes' conversation, he refers to our free institutions, and asks how can they be free when we tolerate slavery. One would think the question had never been discussed before. He starts it as a telling-point, and refers to the glorious freedom of glorious old England! Can we, Brother Jonathan, stand that? Of course not; we are excited; we refer him for an answer to the coal-mines of Cornwall—to the report on that subject made by a Committee of Parliament. Ha! that makes him wince!—that hits him where he has no friends! He staggers—pauses—fires up again, and gives us a severe thrust back on repudiation! repudiation in Pennsylvania and Mississippi! disgraceful act! a stain upon the nation! That touches us; we writhe; we wince; we groan inwardly; we would give a quarter of a dollar at that very moment out of our own pocket toward paying the debts of the delinquent States; but we rally again; we put it to Bromley on the unholy wars with India; the tithe system in Ireland; the public debt of England, a most unrighteous institution for the purpose of sustaining a titled aristocracy—volley after volley we pour into him; till quite breathless we pause for a reply. Bromley is puzzled; the argument has assumed a variety of forms; it has become a seven-headed dragon; he doesn't know which head to attack; he retorts on the use of bowie-knives in America—the lawless state of things, where a man

cuts another down for looking at him. True; we admit that; it's a habit we have—a short way of doing justice; but that's not the point—the point is this; has England ever produced any thing like the gold mines of California? Bromley smiles contemptuously, points his finger towards Australia, and says: "You only beat us in a yacht-race, that's all." "Yes, sir; we beat you, sir, in steamers; in all sorts of sailing-vessels; in machinery; in enterprise; in—by Jupiter, sir, what haven't we beaten you in? eh, sir, what?" The Englishman asks: "Where's your Shakspeare, your Milton, your Byron, your—doce take it, where's your literature?" And so the battle rages, till both parties having exhausted all their ammunition, Bromley admits that America is a rising country; a great country; a country destined to be the most powerful in the world. Brother Jonathan is moved, and in the fulness of his heart protests that Great Britain is the only free government in the world besides the Republic of the United States. Bromley yields us the palm in the construction of steamers and sailing-vessels; Jonathan cheerfully admits that England is ahead in literature; Bromley confesses that he always likes to meet Americans; Jonathan swears that he is devoted to Englishmen; finally, both parties conclude that it is useless for people of the same race to quarrel; that all the difference between the two countries is merely the difference of latitude and longitude. So we journey on, as far as our roads lie together, very amicably, and find that, with a little mutual concession to each other's vanity, we can be very good friends. True, Bromley reminds us, now and then, that we chew tobacco; which we repel by an allusion to wine-bibbing; this reminds Bromley that we have a nasal accent and use slang terms; that we say "I guess," when we mean "I fancy" or "I imagine;" but we make ourselves even with him on that score by telling him that John Bull speaks the worst English we ever heard; that he does it from pure affectation, which makes the case unpardonable; that for our life we can't understand an Englishman two steps off, his language is so minced and disguised by ridiculous effeminacy of pronunciation, by hemming and hawing, and all sorts of mannerisms—so shorn of its wholesome strength by the utter absence of simplicity and directness; to which he responds by asking us where we got our English from; which we answer by saying we got it from the people first settled in America, but improved upon it a good deal after the Declaration of Independence. In this way we never want for subjects of conversation, and we find upon the whole that the English tourist is a very good sort of fellow at heart, with just about the same amount of folly that is incident to human nature generally, and not more than we might find in ourselves by looking inward. Bromley is but a single specimen—a man of many fine qualities, pleasant and companionable, when one becomes accustomed to his affectation.

DISADVANTAGE OF THE USE OF SLANG.—A Green Mountain farmer entered the town of Rutland, with his wagon, intending to purchase his winter stock of groceries. Accosting the salesman of one of the principal stores, he asked if they sold sugar. "We don't sell any thing else," was the knowing answer. "Oh, well, then, put me up a hundred pounds, and I'll come for it an hour hence. When

he called for his sugar, the grocer asked if he required any other articles. "I did," said the farmer, "I wanted a bag of coffee, a barrel of mackerel, soap, salt, pepper, muslin, molasses, and a whole crowd of other fixins, but I had to go up town and get 'em, for when I asked you for the sugar, you said *you didn't sell any thing else*."

## KNICK-KNACKS FROM AN EDITOR'S TABLE.

BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK. 1853.

## A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A CONFIRMED wag it was who startled every body on the deck of the "John Mason" steamer the other day, on her way from Albany to Troy, with the inquiry, in a loud nasal tone: "Hear of that dreadful accident to-day aboard the Greenbush hoss-boat?" "No!" exclaimed half-a-dozen bystanders at once; "no!—what was it?" "Wal, they was tellin' of it down to the dee-pot; and nigh as I can callate, the hoss-boat had got within about two rod of the wharf, when the larboard-hoss bu'st a flue; carryin' away her stern, unshippin' her rudder, and scaldin' more 'n a dozen passengers! I do n't know as there is any truth into it; praps 't aint so; but any way, that's the *story*." The narrator was less successful, according to his own account, with a rather practical joke which he undertook to play upon a Yankee townsman of his, a week or two before, in New York. "He never liked me much, 'spect," said he, "nor I did n't him, nuther. And I was a-walkin' along Pearl-street in York, sellin' some o' those little notions 'at you see here (a 'buckwheat fanning-mill, a rotary-sieve' to sift 'apple-saäce,' etc.,) when I see him a-buyin' some counter goods in a store. So I went in and hail'd him. Says I, right off, jest as if I'd seen him a-doin the same thing a dozen times afore that mornin', says I, "Won't they trust you *here*, nuther?" Thunder! you never see a man so riled. He looked right straight at me, and was 'een-most *white*, he was so mad. The clerks laafed, they did—but *he* did n't, I guess. 'I want to see you a minute!' says he, pooty solemn, and comin toward the door. I went; and just as soon as I got on to the gridiron steps, he kicked me! I did n't care—not *much* then; but if his geese do n't have the Shatick cholera when I get home, 'you can take *my* hat,' as they say in York. I was doin' the

merchant; he was tryin' to buy calicoes on a good turn, any how; for I 'spect he was going to *get* 'em on trust, and I know'd he was an all-*mighty* shirk. I rather guess he did n't *get* 'em, but I don't know—not sartin."

## SCULPIN.

By-the-bye, it may not be amiss to remark, in passing, that it was the identical "Greek slave" concerning which the ensuing colloquy took place, between the sculptor himself and a successful Yankee speculator, who had "come over to see Ew-ropé." Scene, Powers's studio at Florence. Enter stranger, spitting, and wiping his lips with his hand: "Be yeou Mr. Powers, the skulpture?" "I *am* a sculptor, and my name is Powers." "Y-e-a-s; well, I s'pected so; they *tell'd* me you was—y-e-a-s. Look here—drivin' a pretty stiff business, eh?" "Sir?" "I say, plenty to du, eh? What d's one o' them fetch?" "Sir?" "I ask't ye what's the *price* of one of them, sech as yeou're peckin' at neöw." "I am to have three thousand dollars for this when it is completed." "*W-h-a-t!!*—heow much?" "Three thousand dollars." "*T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!* Hant statewary *viz* lately! I was callatin' to buy some; but it's *teu* high. How's paintin's? 'Guess I must git some paintin's. *T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!* Well, it *is* a trade, skulpin is; that's sartin. What do they make yeou pay for your *tools* and *stuff*? S'pect my oldest boy, Cephas, could skulp; 'fact, I *know* he could. He is always whittlin' reöund, and cuttin' away at things. I wish you'd 'gree to take him prentice, and let him go *at* it full chisel. D'you know where I'd be liable to put him eöut? He'd cut stun a'ter a while with the best of ye, he would; and make money, tew, at *them* prices. *T-h-r-e-e t-h-e-o-u-s-a-n-d d-o-l-l-a-r-s!*" And the



"anxious inquirer" left the presence. He now exhibits a "lot" of "fust-rate paintin's" to his friends.

#### A RAILROAD "RECUSSANT."

A friend of ours, sojourning during the past summer in one of the far-off "shore-towns" of Massachusetts Bay, was not a little amused one day at the querulous complainings of *one* of the "oldest inhabitants" against railroads; his experience in which consisted in having seen the end of one laid out, and at length the cars running upon it. Taking out his old pipe, on a pleasant summer afternoon, and looking off upon the ocean, and the ships far off and out at sea, with the sun upon their sails, he said: "*I don't think much o' railroads: they aint no kind o' justice into 'em. Neow what kind o' justice is it, when railroads take one man's upland and carts it over in wheel-barrers onto another man's ma'sh? What kind o' 'commodation be they? You can't go when you want to go; you got to go when the bell rings, or the blasted noisy whistle blows. I tell yeow it's payin' tew much for the whistle. Ef you live a leetle ways off the dee-pot, you got to pay to *gü* to the railroad; and ef you want to go any wheres else 'cept just to the eend on it, you got to pay a'ter you git *there*. What kind o' 'commodation is *that*? Goin' round the country, tew, murderin' folks, runnin' over cattle, sheep, and hogs, and settin' fire to bridges, and every now and then burnin' up the woods. Mrs. Robbins, down to Cod-p'int, says, and she ought to know, for she is a pious woman, and belongs to the lower church—she said to me, no longer ago than day-fore yesterday, that she'd be cuss'd if she didn't *know* that they sometimes run over critters *a-purpose*—they did a likely shoat o' hern, and never paid for't, 'cause they was a 'corporation,' they said. What kind o' 'commodation is *that*? Besides, now I've lived here, clus to the dee-pot, ever sence the road started to run, and seen 'em go out and come in; but *I* never could see that they went so d—d *fast*, nuther!"*

#### ACEPHALOUS: A NEW DEFINITION.

There is in Webster's old spelling-book a spelling and defining lesson of words of four syllables. A friend mentions a ludicrous mistake made by a district school-boy in the country, in the exercises of this lesson. One of the words happened to be "*Acephalous*: without a head." It was divided, as usual, into its separate syllables, connected by a hyphen (which "joins words or syllables, as seawater!") which probably led the boy to give a new word and a new definition: "*Ikun* spell it and d'fine it?" said a lad, after the boy above him had tried and missed; "*Ikun* do it," and he did; *A-c-e-p-h, cef, ACEPH—a louse without a head!*" "Most all of 'em laughed," our informant says, "when the boy said that!"

#### AN EMERGENCY.

We heard a pleasant illustration an evening or two ago, of a peculiarity of western life. A man in one of the hotels of a south-western city was observed, by a northerner, to be very moody, and to regard the stranger with looks particularly sad, and, as our informant thought, somewhat savage. By and by he approached him, and said: "Can I see you outside the door for a few minutes?" "Certainly, sir," said the northerner, but not without some misgivings. The moment the door had closed behind them, the moody man reached over his hand between his shoulders, and drew from a pocket a tremendous bowie-knife, bigger than a French carver, and, as its broad blade flashed in the moonlight, the stranger thought his time had come. "Put up your scythe," said he, "and tell me what I've done to provoke your hostility?" "Done, stranger?—you haven't done any thing. Nor I han't any hostility to you; but I want to pavn this knife with you. It cost me twenty dollars in New Orleans. I lost my whole 'pile' at 'old sledge' coming down the river, and I ha'nt got a red cent. Lend me ten dollars on it, stranger. I'll win it back for you in less than an hour." The money



was loaned; and, sure enough, in less than the time mentioned, the knife was redeemed, and the incorrigible "sporting-man" had a surplus of some thirty dollars, which he probably lost the very next hour.

#### "GREAT SHAKES" OF A DOG.

"I say square, what'll yeou take for that 'are dog o' yourn?" said a Yankee peddler to an old Dutch farmer, in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; "what'll yeou take for him? He ain't a very good-lookin' dog; but what was you callatin' maybe he'd fetch?" "Ah," responded the Dutch-

man, "dat dog ishn't wort' not'ing, 'most; he ishn't wort' you to buy 'um." "Guess tew dollars abeout would git him, wouldn't it? I'll give you that for him." "Yais; he isn't wort' dat." "Wall, I'll take him," said the peddler. "Sh'stop!" said the Dutchman; "dere's one t'ing about dat dog I gan't sell." "Oh, take off his collar; I don't want that," suggested the peddler. "'Taint dat," replied Mynheer "he's a boor dog, but I gan't sell *de wag of his dail when I comes home!*" There is some good honest Dutch poetry of feeling in that reply, reader, if you will but think of it for a moment.

### OUR NEW LIVERY AND OTHER THINGS.

FROM THE "POTIPHAR PAPERS." BY G. W. CURTIS. 1853.

NEW YORK, April.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Lent came so frightfully early this year, that I was very much afraid my new bonnet à l'Impératrice would not be out from Paris soon enough. But fortunately it arrived just in time, and I had the satisfaction of taking down the pride of Mrs. Cæsus, who fancied hers would be the only stylish hat in church the first Sunday. She could not keep her eyes away from me, and I sat so unmoved, and so calmly looking at the Doctor, that she was quite vexed. But, whenever she turned away, I ran my eyes over the whole congregation, and would you believe that, almost without exception, people had their old things? However, I suppose they forgot how soon Lent was coming. As I was passing out of church, Mrs. Cæsus brushed by me:

"Ah!" said she, "good morning. Why, bless me! you've got that pretty hat I saw at Lawson's. Well, now, it's really quite pretty; Lawson has some taste left yet;—what a lovely sermon the Doctor gave us. By the by, did you know that Mrs. Gnu has actually bought the blue velvet? It's too bad, because I wanted to cover my prayer-book with blue, and she sits so near, the effect of my book will be quite spoiled. Dear me! there she is beckoning to me: good-bye, do come and see us; Tuesdays, you know. Well, Lawson really does very well."

I was so mad with the old thing, that I could not help catching her by her mantle and holding on while I whispered loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Mrs. Cæsus, you see I have just got my bonnet from Paris. It's made after the Empress's. If you would like to have yours made over in the fashion, dear Mrs. Cæsus, I shall be so glad to lend you mine."

"No, thank you, dear," said she, "Lawson won't do for me. Bye-bye."

And so she slipped out, and, I've no doubt, told Mrs. Gnu that she had seen my bonnet at Lawson's. Isn't it too bad? Then she is so abominably cool. Somehow, when I'm talking with Mrs. Cæsus, who has all her own things made at home, I don't feel as if mine came from Paris at all. She has such a way of looking at you, that it's quite dreadful. She seems to be saying in her mind, "La! now, well done, little dear." And I think that kind of mental reservation (I think that's what they call it) is an

insupportable impertinence. However, I don't care, do you?

I've so many things to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. The great thing is the livery, but I want to come regularly up to that, and forget nothing by the way. I was uncertain for a long time how to have my prayer-book bound. Finally, after thinking about it a great deal, I concluded to have it done in pale blue velvet with gold clasps, and a gold cross upon the side. To be sure, it's nothing very new. But what is new now-a-days? Sally Shrimp has had hers done in emerald, and I know Mrs. Cæsus will have crimson for hers, and those people who sit next us in church (I wonder who they are; it's very unpleasant to sit next to people you don't know: and, positively, that girl, the dark-haired one with large eyes, carries the same muff she did last year; it's big enough for a family) have a kind of brown morocco binding. I must tell you one reason why I fixed upon the pale blue. You know that aristocratic-looking young man, in white cravat and black pantaloons and waistcoat, whom we saw at Saratoga a year ago, and who always had such a beautiful sanctimonious look, and such small white hands; well, he is a minister, as we supposed, "an unworthy candidate, an unprofitable husband-man," as he calls himself in that delicious voice of his. He has been quite taken up among us. He has been asked a good deal to dinner, and there was hope of his being settled as colleague to the Doctor, only Mr. Potiphar (who can be stubborn, you know) insisted that the Rev. Cream Cheese, though a very good young man, he didn't doubt, was addicted to candlesticks. I suppose that's something awful. But, could you believe any thing awful of him? I asked Mr. Potiphar what he meant by saying such things.

"I mean," said he, "that he's a Puseyite, and I've no idea of being tied to the apron-strings of the Scarlet Woman."

Dear Caroline, who is the Scarlet Woman? Dearest, tell me, upon your honor, if you have ever heard any scandal of Mr. Potiphar.

"What is it about candlesticks?" said I to Mr. Potiphar. "Perhaps Mr. Cheese finds gas too bright for his eyes; and that's his misfortune, not his fault."

"Polly," said Mr. Potiphar, who will call me Polly, although it sounds so very vulgar, "please not to meddle with things you don't understand.







You may have Cream Cheese to dinner as much as you choose, but I will not have him in the pulpit of my church."

The same day, Mr. Cheese happened in about lunch-time, and I asked him if his eyes were really weak.

"Not at all," said he, "why do you ask?"

Then I told him that I had heard he was so fond of candlesticks.

Ah! Caroline, you should have seen him then. He stopped in the midst of pouring out a glass of Mr. P.'s best old port, and holding the decanter in one hand, and the glass in the other, he looked so beautifully sad, and said in that sweet low voice:

"Dear Mrs. Potiphar, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." Then he filled up his glass, and drank the wine off with such a mournful, resigned air, and wiped his lips so gently with his cambric handkerchief (I saw that it was a hem-stitch), that I had no voice to ask him to take a bit of the cold chicken, which he did, however, without my asking him. But when he said in the same low voice, "A little more breast, dear Mrs. Potiphar," I was obliged to run into the drawing-room for a moment, to recover myself.

Darling Caroline—I don't care much—but did he ever have any thing to do with a Scarlet Woman? You can imagine how pleasantly Lent is passing since I see so much of him: and then it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister. How thankful we ought to be that we live now with so many churches, and such fine ones, and with such gentlemanly ministers as Mr. Cheese. And how nicely it's arranged, that after dancing and dining for two or three months constantly, during which, of course, we can only go to church Sundays, there comes a time for stopping, when we're tired out, and for going to church every day, and (as Mr. P. says) "striking a balance," and thinking about being good, and all those things. We don't lose a great deal, you know. It makes a variety, and we all see each other, just the same, only we don't dance. I do think it would be better if we took our lorgnettes with us, however, for it was only last Wednesday, at nine o'clock prayers, that I saw Sheena Silke across the church, in their little pew at the corner, and I am sure that she had a new bonnet on; and yet, though I looked at it all the time, trying to find out, prayers were fairly over before I discovered whether it was really new, or only that old white one made over with a few new flowers. Now, if I had had my glass, I could have told in a moment, and shouldn't have been obliged to lose all the prayers. \* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Potiphar has sent out for the new carpets. I had only two spoiled at my ball, you know, and that was very little. One always expects to sacrifice at least two carpets upon occasion of seeing one's friends. That handsome one in the supper room was entirely ruined. Would you believe that Mr. P., when he went down stairs the next morning, found our Fred and his cousin hoeing it with their little hoes? It was entirely matted with preserves and things, and the boys said they were scraping it clean for breakfast. The other spoiled carpet was in the gentlemen's dressing-room where the punch-bowl was. Young Gauche Boosey, a very gentlemanly fellow, you know, ran up after polking, and was so confused with the light and heat that he went quite unsteadily, and as he was trying to fill a glass with the silver ladle (which is rather heavy),

he somehow leaned too hard upon the table, and down went the whole thing, table, bowl, punch, and Boosey, and ended my poor carpet. I was sorry for that, and also for the bowl, which was a very handsome one, imported from China by my father's partner—a wedding-gift to me—and for the table, a delicate rosewood stand, which was a work-table of my sister Lucy's—whom you never knew, and who died long and long ago. However, I was amply repaid by Boosey's drollery afterward. He is a very witty young man, and when he got up from the floor, saturated with punch (his clothes I mean), he looked down at the carpet and said:

"Well, I've given that such a punch it will want some *lemon-aid* to recover."

I suppose he had some idea about lemon acid taking out spots.

But, the best thing was what he said to me. He is so droll that he insisted upon coming down, and finishing the dance just as he was. The funny fellow brushed against all the dresses in his way, and, finally, said to me, as he pointed to a lemon-seed upon his coat:

"I feel so very *lemon-choley* for what I have done."

I laughed very much (you were in the other room), but Mr. P. stepped up and ordered him to leave the house. Boosey said he would do no such thing; and I have no doubt he should have had a scene, if Mr. P. had not marched him straight to the door, and put him into a carriage, and told the driver where to take him. Mr. P. was red enough when he came back. \* \* \* \* \*

However, to return to the party, I believe nothing else was injured except the curtains in the front drawing-room, which were so smeared with ice-cream and oyster gravy, that we must get new ones; and the cover of my porcelain tureen was broken by the servant, though the man said he really didn't mean to do it, and I could say nothing; and a party of young men, after the German Cotillion, did let fall that superb cut-glass Claret, and shivered it, with a dozen of the delicately engraved straw-stems that stood upon the waiter. That was all, I believe—oh! except that fine "Dresden Gallery," the most splendid book I ever saw, full of engravings of the great pictures in Dresden, Vienna, and the other Italian towns, and which was sent to Mr. P. by an old friend, an artist, whom he had helped along when he was very poor. Somebody unfortunately tipped over a bottle of claret that stood upon the table, (I am sure I don't know how it got there, though Mr. P. says Gauche Boosey knows,) and it lay soaking into the book, so that almost every picture has a claret stain, which looks so funny. I am very sorry, I am sure, but, as I tell Mr. P., it's no use crying for spilt milk. I was telling Mr. Boosey of it at the Gnus' dinner. He laughed very much, and when I said that a good many of the faces were sadly stained, he said in his droll way, "You ought to call it *L'opera di Bordeaux; Le Domino rogne*." I supposed it was something funny, so I laughed a good deal. He said to me later:

"Shall I pour a little claret into your book—I mean into your glass?"

Wasn't it a pretty *bon-mot*?

Don't you think we are getting very *spirituel* in this country?

I believe there was nothing else injured except the bed-hangings in the back-room, which were

somehow badly burnt and very much torn in pulling down, and a few of our handsomest shades that were cracked by the heat, and a few plates, which it was hardly fair to expect wouldn't be broken, and the colored glass door in my *escritoire*, against which Flattie Podge fell as she was dancing with Gauche Boosey; but he may have been a little excited you know, and she, poor girl, couldn't help tumbling, and as her head hit the glass, of course it broke, and cut her head badly, so that the blood ran down and naturally spoiled her dress; and what little *escritoire* could stand against Flattie Podge? So that went, and was a good deal smashed in falling. That's all, I think, except that the next day Mrs. Cresus sent a note, saying that she had lost her largest diamond from her necklace, and she was sure that it was not in the carriage, nor in her own house, nor upon the sidewalk, for she had carefully looked every where, and *she would be very glad if I would return it by the bearer.*

Think of that!

Well, we hunted every where, and found no diamond. I took particular pains to ask the servants if they had found it, for if they had, they might as well give it up at once, without expecting any reward from Mrs. Cresus, who wasn't very generous. But they all said they hadn't found any diamond: and our man John, who you know is so guileless,—although it was a little mysterious about that emerald pin of mine,—brought me a bit of glass that had been nicked out of my large custard dish, and asked me if that was not Mrs. Cresus's diamond. I told him no, and gave him a gold dollar for his honesty. John is an invaluable servant; he is so guileless.

*Do you know I am not so sure about Mrs. Cresus's diamond!*

Mr. P. made a great growling about the ball. But it was very foolish, for he got safely to bed by six o'clock, and he need have no trouble about replacing the curtains, and glass, etc. I shall do all that, and the sum total will be sent to him in a lump, so that he can pay it. \* \* \*



What gossips we women are, to be sure! I meant to write you about our new livery, and I am afraid I have tired you out already. You remember when you were here, I said that I meant to have a livery, for my sister Margaret told me that when they used to drive in Hyde Park, with the old Marquis of Mammon, it was always so delightful to hear him say,

"Ah! There is Lady Lobster's livery."

It was so aristocratic. And in countries where certain colors distinguish certain families, and are hereditary, so to say, it is convenient and pleasant to recognize a coat-of-arms, or a livery, and to know that the representative of a great and famous family is passing by.

"That's a Howard, that's a Russell, that's a Dorset, that's de Colique, that's Mount Ague," old Lord Mammon used to say as the carriages whirled by. He knew none of them personally, I believe, except de Colique and Mount Ague, but then it was so agreeable to be able to know their liveries.

Now why shouldn't we have the same arrangement? Why not have the Smith colors, and the Brown colors, and the Black colors, and the Potiphar colors, etc., so that the people might say, "Ah! there goes the Potiphar arms."

There is one difficulty, Mr. P. says, and that is, that he found five hundred and sixty-seven Smiths in the Directory, which might lead to some confusion. But that was absurd, as I told him, because every body would know which of the Smiths was able to keep a carriage, so that the livery would be recognized directly, the moment that any of the family were seen in the carriage. Upon which he said, in his provoking way, "Why have any livery at all, then?" and he persisted in saying that no Smith was ever *the* Smith for three generations, and that he knew at least twenty, each of whom was able to set up his carriage and stand by his colors.

"But then a livery is so elegant and aristocratic," said I, "and it shows that a servant is a servant."

That last was a strong argument, and I thought Mr. P. would have nothing to say against it; but he rattled on for some time, asking me what right I had to be aristocratic, or, in fact, any body else;—went over his eternal old talk about aping foreign habits, as if we hadn't a right to adopt the good usages of all nations, and finally said that the use of liveries among us was not only a "pure peacock absurdity," as he called it, but that no genuine American would ever ask another to assume a menial badge.

"Why!" said I, "is not an American servant a servant still?"

"Most undoubtedly," he said; "and when a man is a servant, let him serve faithfully; and in this country especially, where to-morrow he may be the served, and not the servant, let him not be ashamed of serving. But, Mrs. Potiphar, I beg you to observe that a servant's livery is not, like a general's uniform, the badge of honorable service, but of menial service. Of course, a servant may be as honorable as a general, and his work quite as necessary and well done. But, for all that, it is not so respected nor coveted a situation, I believe; and, in social estimation, a man suffers by wearing a livery, as he never would if he wore none. And while in countries in which a man is proud of being a servant (as every man may well be of being a good one), and never looks to any thing else, nor desires any change, a livery may be very proper to the state of society,

and very agreeable to his own feelings, it is quite another thing in a society constituted upon altogether different principles, where the servant of to-day is the senator of to-morrow. Besides that, which I suppose is too fine-spun for you, livery is a remnant of a feudal state, of which we abolish every trace as fast as we can. That which is represented by livery is not consonant with our principles."

My dear old Pot is getting rather prosy, Carrie. So when he had finished that long speech, during which I was looking at the lovely fashion plates in Harper, I said:

"What colors do you think I'd better have?"

He looked at me with that singular expression, and went out suddenly, as if he were afraid he might say something.

He had scarcely gone before I heard:

"My dear Mrs. Potiphar, the sight of you is refreshing as Hermon's dew."

I colored a little; Mr. Cheese says such things so softly. But I said good morning, and then asked him about liveries, etc.

He raised his hand to his cravat (it was the most snowy lawn, Carrie, and tied in a splendid bow).

"Is not this a livery, dear Mrs. Potiphar?"

And then he went off into one of those pretty talks, in which Mr. P. calls "the language of artificial flowers," and wound up by quoting Scripture,—  
"Servants, obey your masters."

That was enough for me. So I told Mr. Cheese that as he had already assisted me in colors once, I should be most glad to have him do so again. What a time we had, to be sure, talking of colors, and cloths, and gaiters, and buttons, and knee-breeches, and waistcoats, and plush, and coats, and lace, and hatbands, and gloves, and cravats, and cords, and tassels, and hats. Oh! it was delightful. You can't fancy how heartily the Rev. Cream entered into the matter. He was quite enthusiastic, and at last he said, with so much expression, "Dear Mrs. Potiphar, why not have a *Chasseur*?"

I thought it was some kind of French dish for lunch, so I said:

"I am so sorry, but we haven't any in the house."

"Oh," said he, "but you could hire one, you know."

Then I thought it must be a musical instrument—a Panharmonicon, or something of that kind, so I said in a general way—

"I'm not very, very fond of it."

"But it would be so fine to have him standing on the back of the carriage, his plumes waving in the wind, and his lace and polished belts flashing in the sun, as you whirled down Broadway."

Of course I knew then that he was speaking of those military gentlemen who ride behind carriages, especially upon the Continent, as Margaret tells me, and who in Paris are very useful to keep the savages and wild beasts at bay in the *Champs Elysees*, for you know they are intended as a guard.

But I knew Mr. P. would be firm about that, so I asked Mr. Cheese not to kindle my imagination with the *Chasseur*.

We concluded finally to have only one full-sized footman, and a fat driver.

"The corpulence is essential, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said Mr. Cheese. "I have been much abroad; I have mingled, I trust, in good, which is to say, Christian society: and I must say, that few things struck me more upon my return than that the ladies

who drive very handsome carriages, with footmen, etc., in livery, should permit such thin coachmen upon the box. I really believe that Mrs. Settum Downe's coachman doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds, which is ridiculous. A lady might as well hire a footman with insufficient calves, as a coachman who weighs less than two hundred and ten. That is the minimum. Besides, I don't observe any wigs upon the coachmen. Now, if a lady sets up her carriage with the family crest and fine liveries, why, I should like to know, is the wig of the coachman omitted, and his cocked hat also? It is a kind of shabby, half-ashamed way of doing things—a garbled glory. The cock-hatted, knee-breeched, paste-buckled, horse-hair-wigged coachman, is one of the institutions of the aristocracy. If we don't have him complete, we somehow make ourselves ridiculous. If we do have him complete, why, then?"—

Here Mr. Cheese coughed a little, and patted his mouth with his cambric. But what he said was very true. I *should* like to come out with the wig—I mean upon the coachman; it would so put down the Settum Downes. But I'm sure old Pot wouldn't have it. He lets me do a great deal. But there is a line which I feel he won't let me pass. I mentioned my fears to Mr. Cheese.

"Well," he said, "Mr. Potiphar may be right. I remember an expression of my carnal days about 'coming it too strong,' which seems to me to be applicable just here."

After a little more talk, I determined to have red plush breeches, with a black cord at the side—white stockings—low shoes with large buckles—a yellow waistcoat, with large buttons—lappels to the pockets—and a purple coat, very full and fine, bound with gold lace—and the hat banded with a full gold rosette. Don't you think that would look well in Hyde Park? And, darling Carrie, why shouldn't we have in Broadway what they have in Hyde Park?

When Mr. P. came in, I told him all about it. He laughed a good deal, and said, "What next?" So I am not sure he would be so very hard upon the wig. The next morning I had appointed to see the new footman, and as Mr. P. went out he turned and said to me, "Is your footman coming to day?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well," said he, "don't forget the calves. You know that every thing in the matter of livery depends upon the calves."

And he went out laughing silently to himself, with—actually, Carrie—a tear in his eye.

But it was true, wasn't it? I remember in all the books and pictures how much is said about the calves. In advertisements, etc., it is stated that none but well-developed calves need apply, at least it is so in England, and, if I have a livery, I am not going to stop half-way. My duty was very clear. When Mr. Cheese came in, I said I felt awkward in asking a servant about his calves,—it sounded so queerly. But I confessed that it was necessary.

"Yes, the path of duty is not always smooth, dear Mrs. Potiphar. It is often thickly strewn with thorns," said he, as he sank back in the *fauteuil*, and put down his *petit verre* of *Marasquin*.

Just after he had gone, the new footman was announced. I assure you, although it is ridiculous, I felt quite nervous. But when he came in, I said calmly—

"Well, James, I am glad you have come."

"Please, ma'am, my name is Henry," said he.

I was astonished at his taking me up so, and said, decidedly—

"James, the name of my footman is always James. You may call yourself what you please, I shall always call you James."

The idea of the man's undertaking to arrange my servants' names for me!

Well, he showed me his references, which were very good, and I was quite satisfied. But there was the terrible calf business that must be attended to. I put it off a great while, but I had to begin.

"Well, James!"—and there I stopped.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"I wish—yes—ah!"—and I stopped again.

"Yes, ma'am," said he.

"James, I wish you had come in knee-breeches."

"Ma'am?" said he in great surprise.

"In knee-breeches, James," repeated I.

"What be they, ma'am? what for, ma'am?" said he, a little frightened, as I thought.

"Oh! nothing, nothing; but—but—"

"Yes, ma'am," said James.

"But—but, I want to see—to see—"

"What, ma'am?" said James.

"Your legs," gasped I; and the path *was* thorny enough, Carrie, I can tell you. I had a terrible

upon me (that's one of Mrs. Croesus's sayings), that I was willing to pay him good wages and treat him well, but that my James must wear my livery. He looked very sorry, said that he should like the place very much,—that he was satisfied with the wages, and was sure he should please me, but he could not put on those things. We were both determined, and so parted. I think we were both sorry; for I should have to go all through the calf business again, and he lost a good place.

However, Caroline, dear, I have my livery and my footman, and am as good as any body. It's very splendid when I go to Stewart's to have the red plush, and the purple, and the white calves springing down to open the door, and to see people look, and say, "I wonder who that is?" And every body bows so nicely, and the clerks are so polite, and Mrs. Gnu is melting with envy on the other side, and Mrs. Croesus goes about, saying, "Dear little woman, that Mrs. Potiphar, but so weak! Pity, pity!" And Mrs. Settum Downe says, "Is that the Potiphar livery? Ah! yes. Mr. Potiphar's grandfather used to shoe my grandfather's horses!"—(as if to be useful in the world, were a disgrace,—as Mr. P. says,) and young Downe, and Boosey, and Timon Croesus come up and stand about so gentle-



time explaining to him what I meant, and all about the liveries, etc. Dear me! what a pity these things are not understood: and then we should never have this trouble about explanations. However, I couldn't make him agree to wear the livery. He said:

"I'll try to be a good servant, ma'am, but I cannot put on those things and make a fool of myself. I hope you won't insist, for I am very anxious to get a place."

Think of his dictating to me! I told him that I did not permit my servants to impose conditions

manly, and say, "Well, Mrs. Potiphar, are we to have no more charming parties this season?"—and Boosey says, in his droll way, "Let's keep the ball a-rolling!" That young man is always ready with a witticism. Then I step out, and James throws open the door, and the young men raise their hats, and the new crowd says, "I wonder who that is!" and the plush, and purple, and calves spring up behind, and I drive home to dinner.

Now, Carrie, dear, isn't that nice?

"A fool," said Jeannette, "is a creature, I hate!"

"But hating," quoth John, "is immoral;

Besides, my dear girl, it's a terrible fate

To be found in a family quarrel!"—SAXE.

MEN, dying, make their wills—but wives

Escape a work so sad;

Why should they make what all their lives

The gentle dames have had?—SAXE.

## MY FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE BAR.

FROM "THE FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA." BY JOSEPH G. BALDWIN. 1858.

HIGGINBOTHAM }  
 vs. } Slander.  
 SWINK. }

DID you ever, reader, get a merciless barrister of the old school after you when you were on your first legs—in the callow tenderness of your virgin epidermis? I hope not. I wish I could say the same for myself; but I cannot: and with the faint hope of inspiring some small pity in the breast of the seniors, I, now one of them myself, give in my lively experience of what befell me at my first appearance on the forensic boards.

I must premise by observing that, some twenty years ago—more or less—shortly after I obtained license to practise law in the town of H—, State of Alabama, an unfortunate client called at my office to retain my services in a celebrated suit for slander. The case stands on record, *Stephen O. Higginbotham vs. Caleb Swink*. The aforesaid Caleb, "greatly envying the happy state and condition of said Stephen," who, "until the grievances," etc., "never had been suspected of the crime of hog-stealing," etc., said, "in the hearing and presence of one Samuel Eads and other good and worthy citizens," of and concerning the plaintiff, "you" (the said Stephen meaning) "are a noted hog thief, and stole more hogs than all the wagons in M— could haul off in a week on a turnpike road." The way I came to be employed was this: Higginbotham had retained Frank Glendye, a great brick in "damage cases," to bring the suit, and G. had prepared the papers, and got the case on the pleadings, ready for trial. But, while the case was getting ready, Frank was suddenly taken dangerously drunk, a disease to which his constitution was subject. The case had been continued for several terms, and had been set for a particular day of the term then going on, to be disposed of finally and positively when called. It was hoped that the lawyer would recover *his health* in time to prosecute

the case; but he had continued the drunken fit with the suit. The morning of the trial came on; and, on going to see his counsel, the client found him utterly prostrate; not a hope remained of his being able to get to the court-house. He was in collapse; a perfect cholera case. Passing down the street, almost in despair, as my good or evil genius would have it, Higginbotham met Sam Hicks, a tailor, whom I had honored with my patronage (as his books showed) for many years; and, as one good turn deserves another—a suit for a suit—he, on hearing the predicament H. was in, boldly suggested my name to supply the place of the fallen Glendye; adding certain assurances and encomiums which did infinite credit to his friendship and his imagination.

I gathered from my calumniated client, as well as I could, the facts of the case, and got a young friend to look me up the law of slander, to be ready when it should be put through, if it ever *did* get to the jury.

The defendant was represented by old Cæsar Kasm, a famous man in those days; and well might he be. This venerable limb of the law had long practised at the M— bar, and been the terror of this generation. He was an old-time lawyer, the race of which is now fortunately extinct, or else the survivors "lag superfluous on the stage." He was about sixty-five years old at the time I am writing of; was of stout build, and something less than six feet in height. He dressed in the old-fashioned fair-top boots and shorts; ruffled shirt, buff vest, and hair, a grizzly gray, roached up flat and stiff in front, and hanging down in a queue behind, tied with an eel-skin and pomatumed. He was close shaven and powdered every morning; and except a few scattering grains of snuff which fell occasionally between his nose and an old-fashioned gold snuff-box, a speck of dirt was never seen on or about his carefully preserved person. The



taking out of his deliciously perfumed handkerchief, scattered incense around like the shaking of a lilac bush in full flower. His face was round, and a sickly florid, interspersed with purple spots, overspread it, as if the natural dye of the old cogniac were maintaining an unequal contest with the decay of the vital energies. His bearing was decidedly soldierly, as it had a right to be, he having served as a captain some eight years before he took to the bar, as being the more pugnacious profession. His features, especially the mouth, turned down at the corners like a bull-dog's or a crescent, and a nose perked up with unutterable scorn and self conceit, and eyes of a sensual, bluish gray, that seemed to be all light and no heat, were never pleasing to the opposing side. In his way, old Kasm was a very polite man. Whenever he chose, which was when it was his interest, to be polite, and when his blood was cool and he was not trying a law case, he would have made Chesterfield and Beau Brummel ashamed of themselves. He knew all the gymnastics of manners, and all forms and ceremonies of deportment; but there was no more soul or kindness in the manual he went through, than in an iceberg. His politeness, however seemingly deferential, had a frost-bitten air, as if it had lain out over night and got the *rheumatics* before it came in; and really, one felt less at ease under his frozen smiles, than under any body else's frowns.

He was the proudest man I ever saw: he would have made the Warwicks and the Nevilles, not to say the Plantagenets or Mr. Dombey, feel very limber and meek if introduced into their company; and selfish to that extent, that, if by giving up the nutmeg on his noon glass of toddy, he could have christianized the Burmese empire, millennium never would come for him.

How far back he traced his lineage, I do not remember, but he had the best blood of both worlds in his veins; sired high up on the paternal side by some Prince or Duke, and dammed on the mother's by one or two Pocahontases. Of course, from this, he was a Virginian, and the only one I ever knew that did not quote those Eleusinian mysteries, the Resolutions of 1798-99. He did not. He was a Federalist, and denounced Jefferson as a low-flung demagogue, and Madison as his tool. He bragged largely on Virginia, though—he was not eccentric on this point—but it was the Virginia of Washington, the Lees, Henry, etc., of which he boasted. The old dame may take it as a compliment that he bragged of her at all.

The old Captain had a few negroes, which, with a declining practice, furnished him a support. His credit, in consequence of his not having paid anything in the shape of a debt for something less than a quarter of a century, was rather limited. The property was covered up by a deed or other instrument, drawn up by Kasm himself, with such infernal artifice and diabolical skill, that all the lawyers in the country were not able to decide, by a legal construction of its various clauses, whom the negroes belonged to, or whether they belonged to any body at all.

He was an inveterate opponent of new laws, new books, new men. He would have revolutionized the government if he could, should a law have been passed, curing defects in Indictments.

Yet he was a friend of strong government and strong laws: he might approve of a law making it death for a man to blow his nose in the street, but

would be for rebelling if it allowed the indictment to dispense with stating in which hand he held it.

This eminent barrister was brought up at a time when zeal for a client was one of the chief virtues of a lawyer—the client standing in the place of truth, justice and decency, and monopolizing the respect due to all. He, therefore, went into all causes with equal zeal and confidence, and took all points that could be raised with the same earnestness, and belabored them with the same force. He personated the client just as a great actor identifies himself with the character he represents on the stage.

The faculty he chiefly employed was a talent for vituperation, which would have gained him distinction on any theatre, from the village partisan press, down to the House of Representatives itself. He had cultivated vituperation as a science, which was like putting guano on the Mississippi bottoms, the natural fertility of his mind for satirical productions was so great. He was as much fitted by temper as by talent for this sort of rhetoric, especially when kept from his dinner or toddy by the trial of a case—then an alligator whose digestion had been disturbed by the horns of a billy-goat taken for lunch, was no mean type of old Sar Kasm (as the wags of the bar called him, by nickname, formed by joining the last syllable of his christian, or rather, heathen name, to his patronymic.) After a case began to grow interesting, the old fellow would get fully stirred up. He grew as quarrelsome as a little bull terrier. He snapped at witnesses, kept up a constant snarl at the counsel, and growled, at intervals, at the judge, whom, whoever he was, he considered as *ex officio*, his natural enemy, and so regarded every thing got from him as so much wrung from an unwilling witness.

But his great *forte* was in cross-examining a witness. His countenance was the very expression of sneering incredulity. Such a look of cold, unsympathizing, scornful penetration as gleamed from his eyes of ice and face of brass, is not often seen on the human face divine. Scarcely any eye could meet unshrinkingly that basilisk gaze: it needed no translation: the language was plain: "Now you are swearing to a lie, and I'll catch you in it in a minute;" and then the look of surprise which greeted each new fact stated, as if to say, "I expected some lying, but really this exceeds all my expectations." The mock politeness with which he would address a witness, was any thing but encouraging; and the officious kindness with which he volunteered to remind him of a real or fictitious embarrassment, by asking him to take his time, and not to suffer himself to be confused, as far as possible from being a relief; while the air of triumph that lit up his face the while, was too provoking for a saint to endure.

Many a witness broke down under his examination, that would have stood the fire of a masked battery unmoved, and many another, voluble and animated enough in the opening narrative, "slunk his pitch mightily," when old Kasm put him through on the cross examination.

His last look at them as they left the box, was an advertisement to come back, "and they would hear something to their advantage;" and if they came, they heard it, if humility is worth buying at such a price.

How it was, that in such a fighting country, old Kasm continued at his dangerous business, can only

be understood, by those who know the entire readiness, nay, eagerness of the old gentleman, to do reason to all serious inquirers;—and one or two results which happened some years before the time I am writing of, to say nothing of some traditions in the army, convinced the public, that his practice was as sharp at the small sword as at the cut and thrust of professional digladiation.

Indeed, it was such an evident satisfaction to the old fellow to meet these emergencies, which to him were merely lively episodes breaking the monotony of the profession, that his enemies, out of spite, resolutely refused to gratify him, or answer the sneering challenge stereotyped on his countenance. "Now if you can do any better, suppose you help yourself?" So, by common consent, he was elected free libeller of the bar. But it was very dangerous to repeat after him.

When he argued a case, you would suppose he had bursted his gall-bag—such, not vials but demi-johns, of vituperation as he poured out with a fluency only interrupted by a pause to gather, like a tree-frog, the venom sweltering under his tongue into a concentrated essence. He could look more sarcasm than any body else could speak; and in his scornful gaze, virtue herself looked like something sneaking and contemptible. He could not arouse the nobler passions or emotions; but he could throw a wet blanket over them. It took Frank Glendye and half a pint of good French brandy, to warm the court-house after old Kasm was done speaking: but *they* could do it.

My client was a respectable butcher: his opponent a well-to-do farmer. On getting to the court-house, I found the court in session. The clerk was just reading the minutes. My case—I can well speak in the singular—was set the first on the docket for that morning. I looked around and saw old Kasm, who somehow had found out I was in the case, with his green bag and half a library of old books on the bar before him. The old fellow gave me a look of malicious pleasure—like that of a hungry tiger from his lair, cast upon an unsuspecting calf browsing near him. I had tried to put on a bold face. I felt that it would be very unprofessional to let on to my client that I was at all scared, though my heart was running down like a jack-screw under a heavy wagon. My conscience—I had not practised it away then—was not quite easy. I couldn't help feeling that it was hardly honest to be leading my client, like Falstaff his men, where he was sure to be peppered. But then it was my only chance; my bread depended on it; and I reflected that the same thing has to happen in every lawyer's practice. I tried to arrange my ideas in form and excogitate a speech: they flitted through my brain in odds and ends. I could neither think nor quit thinking. I would lose myself in the first twenty words of the opening sentence and stop at a particle;—the trail run clean out. I would start it again with no better luck: then I thought a moment of the disgrace of a dead break-down, and then I would commence again with "gentlemen of the jury," etc., and go on as before.

At length the judge signed the minutes and took up the docket: "Special case—Higginbotham *vs.* Swink: Slander—Mr. Glendye for p'lff: Mr. Kasm for def't. Is Mr. G. in court? Call him, Sheriff." The sheriff called three times. He might as well have called the dead. No answer of course came. Mr. Kasm rose and told the Court that he was sorry his

brother was too much (stroking his chin and looking down and pausing) indisposed, or otherwise engaged, to attend the case; but he must insist on its being disposed of, etc.: the Court said it should be. I then spoke up (though my voice seemed to be *very* low down and very hard to get up), that I had just been spoken to in the cause: I believed we were ready, if the cause must be then tried; but I should much prefer it to be laid over, if the Court would consent, until the next day, or even that evening. Kasm protested vehemently against this; reminded the Court of its peremptory order; referred it to the former proceedings, and was going on to discuss the whole merits of the case, when he was interrupted by the judge, who, turning himself to me, remarked that he should be happy to oblige me, but that he was precluded by what had happened: he hoped, however, that the counsel on the other side would extend the desired indulgence; to which Kasm immediately rejoined, that this was a case in which he neither asked favors nor meant to give them. So the case had to go on. Several members of the bar had their hats in hand, ready to leave the room when the case was called up; but seeing that I was in it alone, suffered their curiosity to get the better of other engagements, and staid to see it out; a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation in the least.

I had the witness called up, posted my client behind me in the bar, and put the case to the jury. The defendant had pleaded justification and not guilty. I got along pretty well, I thought, on the proofs. The cross-examination of old Kasm didn't seem to me to hurt any thing—though he quibbled, misconstrued, and bullied mightily; objected to all my questions as leading, and all the witnesses' answers as irrelevant: but the judge, who was a very clever sort of a man, and who didn't like Kasm much, helped me along and over the bad places, occasionally taking the examination himself when old Kasm had got the statements of the witness in a fog.

I had a strong case; the plaintiff showed a good character: that the lodge of Masons had refused to admit him to fellowship until he could clear up these charges: that the Methodist Church, of which he was a class-leader, had required of him to have these charges judicially settled: that he had offered to satisfy the defendant that they were false, and proposed to refer it to disinterested men, and to be satisfied—if they decided for him—to receive a written retraction, in which the defendant should only declare he was mistaken; that the defendant refused this proffer, and reiterated the charges with increased bitterness and aggravated insult; that the plaintiff had suffered in reputation and credit; that the defendant declared he meant to run him off and buy his land at his (defendant's) own price; and that defendant was rich, and often repeated his slanders at public meetings, and once at the church door, and finally *now justified*.

The defendant's testimony was weak: it did not controvert the proof as to the speaking of the words, or the matters of aggravation. Many witnesses were examined as to the character of the plaintiff; but those against us only referred to what they had heard since the slanders, except one who was unfriendly. Some witnesses spoke of butchering hogs at night, and hearing them squeal at a late hour at the plaintiff's slaughter-house, and of the dead hogs they had seen with various marks,



and something of hogs having been stolen in the neighborhood.

This was about all the proof.

The plaintiff laid his damages at \$10,000.

I rose to address the jury. By this time a good deal of the excitement had worn off. The tremor left, only gave me that sort of feeling which is rather favorable than otherwise to a public speaker.

I might have made a pretty good *out* of it, if I had thrown myself upon the merits of my case, acknowledged modestly my own inexperience, plainly stated the evidence and the law, and let the case go—reserving myself in the conclusion *for a splurge*, if I chose to make one. But the evil genius that presides over the first bantlings of all lawyerlings, would have it otherwise. The citizens of the town and those of the country, then in the village, had gathered in great numbers into the court-house to hear the speeches, and I could not miss such an opportunity for display.

Looking over the jury, I found them a plain, matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know a fact or two about them, which I found out afterward.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy began to get the better of my judgment. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declamation, and, at last, pathos and fiery invective, took their place. I grew as *quotatious* as Richard Swiveller. Shakspeare suffered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," etc. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost heart-broken beneath the weight of the terrible persecutions of his enemy: and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicanery and malignity. I complimented the jury on their patience—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of that feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my client in relying upon even the youth and inexperience of an unpractised advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded, Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sign of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down when I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were bloodshot and flamed out fire and fury. His queue stuck out behind, and shook itself stiffly like a buffalo bull's tail when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me beard-

ing him, which infuriated him. He meant to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fé*. I was to be the representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again after an hour's recess.

By this time, the public interest, and especially that of the bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order,—the shuffling of feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affectation of indifference so belying the perturbation within, that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on *that* theatre.

Kasm rose—took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little—I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly—tremulous. By a strong effort, he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he *could* affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured "it was the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." I thought he would come down on me in a tempest, and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is cunning. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remarkable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, or rigmarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motley mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man; for he could hardly have been guilty of such rank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence: and yet, "I am," he continued, "of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of *his* birth, and then I was in full practice in this court-house. I confess, though, gentlemen, I *am* old enough to remember the period when a youth's first appearance at the bar was not signalized by impertinence towards his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flatulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a raw popinjay, towards the experienced members of the profession he disgraced. And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right; I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here* by words, or *elsewhere*, if need be, by blows: and that, this young gentleman shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence—that I did not begin this quarrel—that it was forced on me; and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge to the account of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

"Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarous trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odor of his client's slaughter-house.

"Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer: and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him, had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us the animal was more remarkable for the length of his ears, than even the power of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering my client on the same terms as his client contracts in his line—that is, on the shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business of *saving other people's bacon*, may have desired, as far as possible, to save his own; and, therefore turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakspeare said—(the gentleman will allow me to quote Shakspeare, too, while yet his reputation survives *his* barbarous mouthing of the poet's words)—he knew an attorney 'who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly-blown.' I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it; for I should like, that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher *was made to pay for his swine*.

"I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man's effort, except his argument, which is the smallest part in compass, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing. His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so common-place by constant use, that, unless some new ramping or felicity of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his original matter—*videlicet*, that matter which, being more ridiculous than we ever heard before, carries internal evidence of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman recurred to his own ideas. He is like a cat-bird—the only intolerable discord she makes being her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing, what shall I say of his pathos? What farce ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar' probably approaches nearest to it, not only in the humor, but in the veracious character of the incidents from which the humor comes. Such a face—so woe-begone, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flogged at school (probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy) had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his picture of the woes, the wasting grief of his disconsolate client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for her children—for his character *because it was not*. Gentlemen, look at him! Why he weighs twelve stone *now*! He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as

many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter pen, and has lard enough in him to cook it all. Look at his face! why, his chops remind a hungry man of jowls and greens. If this is a shadow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is pining in grief! I wonder the poetic youth—his learned counsel—did not quote Shakspeare again. 'He never told his'—woe—but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on his damask cheek.' He looked like Patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef, I should rather say. But, gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder.' (Here Higginbotham left in disgust.)

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walks along.' Well has Doctor Johnson said, 'who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, I don't wonder that nothing but depleting another man can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and rapid; words and nothing else. If any part of this rigmarole was windier than any other part, this was it. He turned himself into a small cascade, making a great deal of noise to make a great deal of froth; tumbling; roaring; foaming; the shallower it ran, all the noisier it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasizing the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blowed off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage players ranting out fustian in a barn theatre, [mimicking]—'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' (I don't deny it) 'Tis something,' (query?) 'nothing,' (exactly.) 'Tis mine,' 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him,' (not in the least,) 'but makes me poor indeed;' (just so, but whether any poorer than before he parted with the encumbrance, is another matter.)

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him or him of it, if he had not told it: indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost *any length of ears*. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney General at twenty-two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke-house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose that he was an old Continental lawyer, grown gray in the service. H-is p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! His P-r-a-c-t-i-c-e!! But I don't wonder he can't see the ab-

surdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes!

"He talked, too, of *outside* influences; of the *public* expectations, and all that sort of demagogism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had sat cross-legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, or *prospect of payment for an old one*, the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. (Here Hicks left.) However, if this case is to be decided by the populace *here*, the gentleman will allow *me* the benefit of writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinhert's Distillery.

"But, I suppose he meant to frighten *you* into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by *his* eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out West, who, concluding a case, said, 'Gentlemen, my client are as innocent of stealing that coting as the sun at noonday, and if you give it agin him, his brother, Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff; I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sifting *his* discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all wind—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wooled him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. Hig never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witnesses' hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the

hogs; the losses in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omissions, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asseverated that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons, to crush his client. But all this I leave out, as not bearing on the main subject—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight for ever his reputation and that of his family—"that you would bend down the spirit of his manly son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty.' Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentlemen, not so fine—not so poetical by half, as a precious morceau of poetry which adorns the columns of the village newspapers, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools, I must beg to read it; not for the instruction of the gentleman, he has already seen it; but for the entertainment of the Jury. It is addressed to R\*\*\* B\*\*\*, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror, when, on looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles, begin to read off in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's Album. Rose had been worrying me for some time, to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a few lines and copied them in the precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something very clever (she never had more than a thimbleful of brains in her doll-baby head)—and was so tickled with them, that she got brother Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either, not only published them, but, in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendation of his own, referring to "the gifted author," as "one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar."

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an older one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry, as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with great glee. They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor *smiled out loud once or twice*; and to recover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the Sheriff five dollars for not keeping silence in the



court. Even the old Clerk, whose immemorial pen behind his right ear had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry couldn't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and *put down* his pen: afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forget what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about my "bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in something about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called "the venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know nor want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of venomous *worms*. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least, of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passage in his eventful history.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii erubi evasi*. The last thing I heard was old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next information I received of the case, was in a letter that came to me at Natchez, my new residence, from Hicks, about a month afterwards, telling me that the jury (on what I should have stated old Kasm had got two infidels and four anti-masons) had given in a verdict for defendant: that before the court adjourned, Frank Glendye had got sober, and moved for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, and that the plaintiff had not had justice, *by reason of the incompetency of his counsel, and the abandonment of the cause*; and that he got a new trial (as well he should have done).

I learned through Hicks, some twelve months later, that the case had been tried; that Frank

Glendye had made one of his greatest and most eloquent speeches; that Glendye had joined the Temperance Society, and was now one of the soberest and most attentive men to business at the bar, and was at the head of it in practice; that Higginbotham had recovered a verdict of \$2,000, and had put Swink in for \$500 costs, besides.

Hicks' letter gave me, too, the *melancholy* intelligence of old Kasm's death. He had died in an apopleptic fit, in the court-house, while abusing an old preacher who had testified against him in a *crim. con.* case. He enclosed the proceedings of a bar meeting, in which "the melancholy dispensation which called our beloved brother hence while in the active discharge of his duties," was much deplored; but, with a pious resignation, which was greatly to be admired; "they submitted to the will," etc., and with a confidence old Kasm himself, if alive, might have envied, "*trusted* he had gone to a better and brighter world," etc., etc., which carried the doctrine of Universalism as far as it could well go. They concluded by resolving that the bar would wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. I don't know what the rest did, I didn't. Though not mentioned in his will, he had left me something to remember him by. Bright be the bloom and sweet the fragrance of the thistles on his grave!

Reader! I eschewed *genius* from that day. I took to accounts; did up every species of paper that came into my office with a tape string; had pigeon holes for all the bits of paper about me; walked down the street as if I were just going to bank and it wanted only five minutes to three o'clock; got a green bag and stuffed it full of old newspapers, carefully folded and labelled; read law, to fit imaginary cases, with great industry; dunned one of the wealthiest men in the city for fifty cents; sold out a widow for a twenty dollar debt, and bought in her things myself, publicly (and gave them back to her secretly, afterwards); associated only with skin-flints, brokers and married men, and discussed investments and stocks; soon got into business; looked wise and shook my head when I was consulted, and passed for a "powerful good judge of law;" confirmed the opinion by reading, in court, all the books and papers I could lay my hands on, and clearing out the court-house by hum-drum details, common-place and statistics, whenever I made a speech at the bar—and thus, by this course of things, am able to write from *my sugar plantation*, this memorable history of the fall of *genius* and the rise of solemn humbug!

IN FAVOR OF THE HOG.—In County C—, Ala. there lived one John Smith, who was ignorant of the laws relating to "*meum et tuum*." Now, the said John Smith, being impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went, under cover of night, and feloniously carried away from his neighbor's pen, a shout, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P. for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proven beyond a doubt. The jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned, with a verdict of "guilty of hog-stealing in the first degree."

The judge told them that the verdict was proper

except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog-stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by *form*. At last old W. Jim Turner, who had been a justice of the peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance, and a sly wink, as much as to say, "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict, and returned to the court-house. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following:

"*We, the jury, pusillanimously find the defendant guilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a ½ in favor of the hog.*"—HOOPER.

## A "HOOSIER" IN SEARCH OF JUSTICE.

BY T. B. THORPE. 1854.

ABOUT one hundred and twenty miles from New Orleans reposes, in all rural happiness, one of the pleasantest little towns in the south, that reflects itself in the mysterious waters of the Mississippi.

To the extreme right of the town, looking at it from the river, may be seen a comfortable-looking building, surrounded by China trees; just such a place as sentimental misses dream of when they have indistinct notions of "settling in the world."

This little "burban bandbox," however, is not occupied by the airs of love, nor the airs of the lute, but by a strong limb of the law, a gnarled one too, who knuckles down to business, and digs out of the "uncertainties of his profession" decisions, and reasons, and causes, and effects, nowhere to be met with, except in the science called, par excellence, the "perfection of human reason."

Around the interior walls of this romantic-looking place may be found an extensive library, where all the "statutes," from Moses' time down to the present day, are ranged side by side; in these musty books the owner revels day and night, digesting "digests," and growing the while sallow, with indigestion.

On the evening-time of a fine summer's day, the sage lawyer might have been seen walled in with books and manuscripts, his eye full of thought, and his bald high forehead sparkling with the rays of the setting sun, as if his genius was making itself visible to the senses; page after page he searched, musty parchments were scanned, an expression of care and anxiety indented itself on the stern features of his face, and with a sigh of despair he desisted from his labors, uttering aloud his feelings that he feared his case was a hopeless one.

Then he renewed again his mental labor with tenfold vigor, making the very silence, with which he pursued his thoughts, ominous, as if a spirit were in his presence.

The door of the lawyer's office opened, there

pressed forward the tall, gaunt figure of a man, a perfect model of physical power and endurance—a western flatboatman. The lawyer heeded not his presence, and started as if from a dream, as the harsh tones of inquiry grated upon his ear, of,

"Does a 'Squire live here?"

"They call me so," was the reply, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Well, 'Squire," continued the intruder, "I have got a case for you, and I want jestess, if it costs the best load of produce that ever come from In-di-an."

The man of the law asked what was the difficulty.

"It's this, 'Squire: I'm bound for Orleans, and put in here for coffee and other little fixins; a chap with a face whiskered up like a prairie dog, says, says he,

"'Stranger, I see you've got cocks on board of your boat—bring one ashore, and I'll pit one against him that'll lick his legs off in less time than you can gaff him.' Well, 'Squire, I never take a dar. Says I, 'Stranger, I'm thar at wunce;' and in twenty minutes the cocks were on the levee, like perfect saints.

"We chucked them together, and my bird, 'Squire, now mind, 'Squire, my bird never struck a lick, not a single blow, but tuck to his heels and run, and by thunders, threw up his feed, actewelly vomited. The stakeholder gave up the money agin me, and now I want jestess; as sure as frogs my bird was physicked, or he'd stood up to his business like a wild cat."

The lawyer heard the story with patience, but flatly refused to have any thing to do with the matter.

"Prehaps," said the boatman, drawing out a corpulent pocket-book, "prehaps you think I can't pay—here's the money; help yourself—give me jestess, and draw on my purse like an ox team."

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general advice about going on board of his boat, shoving off for New Orleans, and, abandoning the suit altogether.

The boatman stared with profound astonishment, and asked the lawyer, "If he was a sure enough 'Squire."

Receiving an affirmative reply, he pressed every argument he could use, to have him undertake his case and get him "jestess;" but when he found that his efforts were unavailing, he quietly seated himself for the first time, put his hat aside,—crossed his legs,—then looking up to the ceiling with the expression of great patience, he requested the "Squire, to read to him the Louisiana laws on cock-fighting."

The lawyer said he did not know of a single statute in the State upon the subject. The boatman started up as if he had been shot, exclaiming—

"No laws in the State on cock-fighting? No, no, 'Squire, you can't possum me; give us the law."

The refusal again followed; the astonishment of the boatman increased, and throwing himself in a comico-heroic attitude, he waved his long fingers around the sides of the room and asked,

"What all them thar books were about?"

"All about the law."

"Well then, 'Squire, am I to understand that not one of them thar books contain a single law on cock-fighting?"

"You are."

"And, Squire, am I to understand that thar ain't no laws in Louisiana on cock-fighting?"

"You are."

"And am I to understand that you call yourself a 'Squire, and that you don't know any thing about cock-fighting!"

"You are."

The astonishment of the boatman at this reply for a moment was unbounded, and then suddenly ceased; the awe with which he looked upon "the 'Squire" also ceased, and resuming his natural awkward and familiar carriage, he took up his hat, and walking to the door, with a broad grin of supreme contempt in his face, he observed,—

"That a 'Squire that did not know the laws of cock-fighting, in his opinion, was distinctly an infernal old chuckle-headed fool!"

## A PIANO IN ARKANSAS.

BY T. B. THORPE. 1854.

WE shall never forget the excitement which seized upon the inhabitants of the little village of Hardscrabble, as the report spread through the community, that a real piano had actually arrived within its precincts.

Speculation was afloat as to its appearance and its use. The name was familiar to every body; but what it precisely meant, no one could tell. That it had legs was certain;—for a stray volume of some literary traveller was one of the most conspicuous works in the floating library of Hardscrabble; and said traveller stated, that he had seen a piano somewhere in New England with pantalettes on—also, an old foreign paper was brought forward, in which there was an advertisement headed "Soiree," which informed the "citizens, generally," that Mr. Bobolink would preside at the piano.

This was presumed by several wiseacres, who had been to a menagerie, to mean, that Mr. Bobolink stirred the piano with a long pole, in the same way that the showman did the lions and rhi-no-ce-rus.

So, public opinion was in favor of its being an animal, though a harmless one; for there had been a land speculator through the village a few weeks previously, who distributed circulars of a "Female Academy," for the accomplishment of young ladies. These circulars distinctly stated "the use of the piano to be one dollar per month."

One knowing old chap said, if they would tell him what so-i-ree meant, he would tell them what a piano was, and no mistake.

The owner of this strange instrument was no less than a very quiet and very respectable late merchant of a little town somewhere "north," who having failed at home, had emigrated into the new and hospitable country of Arkansas, for the purpose of bettering his fortune, and escaping the heartless sympathy of his more lucky neighbors, who seemed to consider him a very bad and degraded man because he had become honestly poor.

The new comers were strangers, of course. The house in which they were setting up their furniture was too little arranged "to admit of calls;" and as the family seemed very little disposed to court society, all prospects of immediately solving the mystery that hung about the piano seemed hopeless. In the mean time public opinion was "rife."

The depository of this strange thing was looked upon by the passers-by with indefinable awe; and as noises unfamiliar sometimes reached the street, it was presumed that the piano made them, and the excitement rose higher than ever—in the midst of it, one or two old ladies, presuming upon their age and respectability, called upon the strangers and inquired after their health, and offered their services and friendship; meantime every thing in the house was eyed with great intensity, but seeing nothing strange, a hint was given about the piano. One of the new family observed carelessly, "that it had been much injured by bringing out, that the damp had affected its tones, and that one of its legs was so injured that it would not stand up, and for the present it would not ornament the parlor."

Here was an explanation, indeed; injured in bringing out—damp affecting its tones—leg broken. "Poor thing!" ejaculated the old ladies with real sympathy, as they proceeded homeward; "travelling has evidently fatigued it; the Mass-is-sip fogs has given it a cold, poor thing!" and they wished to see it with increased curiosity.

The "village" agreed, that if Moses Mercer, familiarly called "Mo Mercer," was in town, they would have a description of the piano, and the uses to which it was put; and fortunately, in the midst of the excitement, "Mo" arrived, he having been temporarily absent on a hunting expedition.

Moses Mercer was the only son of "old Mercer," who was, and had been, in the State Senate ever since Arkansas was admitted into the "Union." Mo, from this fact, received great glory, of course;

his father's greatness alone would have stamped him with superiority; but his having been twice in the "Capitol" when the legislature was in session, stamped his claims to pre-eminence over all competitors.

Mo Mercer was the oracle of the renowned village of Hardscrabble.

"Mo" knew every thing; he had all the consequence and complacency of a man who had never seen his equal, and never expected to. "Mo" bragged extensively upon his having been to the "Capitol" twice,—of his there having been in the most "fashionable society,"—of having seen the world. His return to town was therefore received with a shout. The arrival of the piano was announced to him, and *he alone* of all the community was not astonished at the news.

His insensibility was considered wonderful. He treated the piano as a thing that he was used to, and went on, among other things to say, that he had seen more pianos in the "Capitol," than he had ever seen woodchucks; and that it was not an animal, but a musical instrument, played upon by the ladies; and he wound up his description by saying that the way "the dear creeters could pull music out of it was a caution to hoarse owls."

The new turn given to the piano excitement in Hardscrabble by Mo Mercer, was like pouring oil on fire to extinguish it, for it blazed out with more vigor than ever. That it was a musical instrument made it a rarer thing in that wild country, than if it had been an animal, and people of all sizes, colors, and degrees, were dying to see and hear it.

Jim Cash was Mo Mercer's right-hand man; in the language of refined society, he was "Mo's toady,"—in the language of Hardscrabble, he was "Mo's wheel-horse." Cash believed in Mo Mercer with an abandonment that was perfectly ridiculous. Mr. Cash was dying to see the piano, and the first opportunity he had alone with his Quixotte, he expressed the desire that was consuming his vitals.

"We'll go at once and see it," said Mercer.

"Strangers!" echoed the frightened Cash.

"Humbug! Do you think I have visited the 'Capitol' twice, and don't know how to treat fashionable society? Come along at once, Cash," said Mercer.

Off the pair started, Mercer all confidence, and Cash all fears, as to the propriety of the visit. These fears Cash frankly expressed; but Mercer repeated for the thousandth time his experience in the fashionable society of the "Capitol, and pianos," which he said "was synonymous"—and he finally told Cash, to comfort him, that however abashed and ashamed he might be in the presence of the ladies, "that he needn't fear of sticking, for he would pull him through."

A few minutes' walk brought the parties on the broad galleries of the house that contained the object of so much curiosity. The doors and windows were closed, and a suspicious look was on every thing.

"Do they always keep a house closed up this way that has a piano in it?" asked Cash, mysteriously.

"Certainly," replied Mercer; "the damp would destroy its tones."

Repeated knocks at the doors, and finally at the windows, satisfied both Cash and Mercer that nobody was at home. In the midst of their disappointment, Cash discovered a singular machine at the

end of the gallery, crossed by bars and rollers, and surmounted with an enormous crank. Cash approached it on tip-toe; he had a presentiment that he beheld the object of his curiosity, and as its intricate character unfolded itself, he gazed with distended eyes, and asked Mercer, with breathless anxiety, "What that strange and incomprehensible box was?"

Mercer turned to the thing as coolly as a north wind to an icicle, and said, "that was it."

"That it!" exclaimed Cash, opening his eyes still wider; and then recovering himself, he asked to see "the tones."

Mercer pointed to the cross-bars and rollers. With trembling hands, with a resolution that would enable a man to be scalped without winking, Cash reached out his hand, and seized the handle of the crank (Cash, at heart, was a brave and fearless man); he gave it a turn, the machinery grated harshly, and seemed to clamor for something to be put in its maw.

"What delicious sounds!" said Cash.

"Beautiful!" observed the complacent Mercer, at the same time seizing Cash's arm, and asking him to desist, for fear of breaking the instrument, or getting it out of tune.

The simple caution was sufficient; and Cash, in the joy of the moment, at what he had done and seen, looked as conceited as Mo Mercer himself.

Busy, indeed, was Cash, from this time forward, in explaining to gaping crowds the exact appearance of the piano, how he had actually taken hold of it, and, as his friend Mo Mercer observed, "pulled music out of it."

The curiosity of the village was thus allayed, and consequently died comparatively away; Cash, however, having risen to almost as much importance as Mo Mercer, for having seen and handled the thing.

Our "Northern family" knew little or nothing of all this excitement; they received meanwhile the visits and congratulations of the hospitable villagers, and resolved to give a grand party to return some of the kindness they had received, and the piano was, for the first time, moved into the parlor. No invitation on this occasion was neglected; early at the post was every visitor, for it was rumored that Miss Patience Doolittle would, in the course of the evening, "perform on the piano."

The excitement was immense. The supper was passed over with a contempt, rivalling that which is cast upon an excellent farce played preparatory to a dull tragedy, in which the *star* is to appear. The furniture was all critically examined; but nothing could be discovered answering Cash's description. An enormously *thick-leaved table*, with a "spread" upon it, attracted little attention, *timber* being so very cheap in a new country, and so every body expected soon to see the piano "brought in."

Mercer, of course, was the hero of the evening; he talked much and loudly. Cash, as well as several young ladies, went into hysterics at his wit. Mercer, as the evening wore away, grew exceedingly conceited, even for him; and he graciously asserted that the company present reminded him of his two visits to the "Capitol," and other associations, equally exclusive and peculiar.

The evening wore on apace, and still—no piano. That hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, was felt by some elderly ladies, and by a few younger ones; and Mercer was solicited to ask Miss Patience



Doolittle, to favor the company with the presence of the piano.

"Certainly," said Mercer, and with the grace of a city dandy, he called upon the lady to gratify all present with a little music, prefacing his request with the remark, that if she was fatigued, "his friend Cash would give the machine a *turn*."

Miss Patience smiled, and looked at Cash.

Cash's knees trembled.

All eyes in the room turned upon him.

Cash trembled all over.

Miss Patience said she was gratified to hear that Mr. Cash was a musician; she admired people who had a musical taste. Whereupon Cash fell into a chair, as he afterwards observed, "chawed-up."

Oh, that Beau Brummel, or any of his admirers could have seen Mo Mercer all this while! Calm as a summer morning—complacent as a newly-painted sign—he smiled and patronized, and was the only unexcited person in the room.

Miss Patience rose,—a sigh escaped from all

present,—the piano was evidently to be brought in. She approached the thick-leaved table, and removed the covering, throwing it carelessly and gracefully aside; opened the instrument, and presented the beautiful arrangement of dark and white keys.

Mo Mercer at this, for the first time in his life, looked confused; he was Cash's authority in his descriptions of the appearance of the piano; while Cash himself, began to recover the moment that he ceased to be an object of attention. Many a whisper now ran through the room as to the "tones," and more particularly the "crank;" none could see them.

Miss Patience took her seat, ran her fingers over a few octaves, and if "Moses in Egypt" was not perfectly *executed*, Moses in *Hardscrabble* was. The dulcet sound ceased. "Miss," said Cash, the moment that he could express himself, so entranced was he by the music,—"Miss Doolittle, what was that instrument Mo Mercer showed me in your gallery once, that went by a crank, and had rollers in it?"

It was now the time for Miss Patience to blush; so away

went the blood from confusion to her cheeks; she hesitated, stammered, and said, "if Mr. Cash must know, it was a—a—a—*Yankee washing machine*."

The name grated on Mo Mercer's ears as if rusty nails had been thrust into them; the heretofore invulnerable Mercer's knees trembled; the sweat started to his brow, as he heard the taunting whispers of "visiting the Capitol twice," and seeing pianos as plenty as woodchucks.

The fashionable vices of envy and maliciousness, were that moment sown in the village of Hardscrabble; and Mo Mercer—the great—the confident—the happy and self-possessed—surprising as it may seem, was the first victim sacrificed to their influence.

Time wore on, and pianos became common, and Mo Mercer less popular; and he finally disappeared altogether, on the evening of the day on which a Yankee peddler of notions sold, to the highest bidder, "six patent, warranted, and improved Mo Mercer pianos."

## CINDERELLA NEGRO-TYPED.

FROM THE "MASTER'S HOUSE." BY T. B. THORPE. 1854.

On the first sound of the spoons upon the dishes, there came a noise in the hall, as of heavy drops of rain beating upon a roof; then could be heard children's voices, and in another instant, a dozen or more of boys and girls, of all sizes and ages, came rushing into the dining-room, clamoring for something to eat, and evidently urged on by a score of

little negroes, that, in the rear, ably supported these impetuous applicants.

"These children must all be carried off," said Mr. Moreton, holding up his carving-knife and fork, and looking around as if he expected every moment that he himself would be devoured.

"Toots ain't doin' way!" said that little romp,

tumbling from some place plump into the middle of the room, "me doin to eat dinner, and sassenger, and cake, and pie, and—and—and chickens," and when she got thus far, Mrs. Moreton put her hands to her ears, and begged Aunt Margaret "to take *that* child, and *all* the children, away, until dinner was over."

"Take Toots up!" said Aunt Margaret to a matronly-looking negro woman, the seamstress, who had volunteered to wait on the table; "take Toots up," continued Aunt Margaret, "and amuse her as you best can."

"I won't go to Phyllis!" said Toots, jumping up and down the room, and falling heels over head against Annie's feet.

"Come, little missis!" said Phyllis, catching hold of Toots, "come, and I'll tell you that pretty story." Toots yielded in an instant, and fairly springing into her nurses's arms, she could be heard rattling away, until her voice was lost in the distance, telling Phyllis how much "she liked to hear that pretty 'tory of the horses, and cagiges, and womens, and dogs."

Meanwhile the mass of the children, including George, Augustus, Minty, Clotilde, Charley, and "little Moreton," made a compromise with their father, that they were to have a table set in an adjoining room (this was a favorite plan of the servants); in the meanwhile, they were to go out in the yard and play.



Phyllis carried Toots into the main road, and sitting down under the shade of a magnificent live-oak, she spread a shawl on the ground, on which she put her little mistress, and told Toots, for the fortieth time, the following story; it being remarkable, that at each relation, Toots made the same comments, asked the same questions, and appeared more than at any previous time breathless with excited interest.

"Dar was once, 'young missis,' began Phyllis, "a white gentleman as married another wife, and she was the stuck-uppest woman that never was."

"What did she do?" asked Toots, out of breath with expectation.

"Why, whipped all her black people, just for nothin' at all," continued Phyllis.

"She wouldn't whip you, would she?" said Toots throwing her arms round Phyllis's neck.

"Wal, I 'spect not," said the girl, caressing the child, "but now listen,—you see dis stuck-up white lady had three daughters, the biggest ones she made set in the parlor, under 'skeeter bars, all day, and do nothin' but have the black people wait on 'em, all the time; and de other daughter, who was mighty handsome, was kept up stairs, and wouldn't done let her go riding horseback, nor to New Orleans, nor nowhar."

"Now, you see," continued Phyllis, "somebody on de 'jining plantation gave a big ball, and 'vited all de great people, but didn't 'vite little Cind'rella; her stuck-up mother wouldn't let her go along with her bad sisters."

"I'd a kicked and hollered, and told father, if they didn't let me go to ball, and have cake, and candies, and ochanxies, and apples."

"I know you would," said Phyllis, looking admiringly at Toots, "but, you see that this little Cind'rella didn't do it, but just staid at home and cried; when dar was an old woman with a cap on, and a long nose, and a broomstick cum'd into the room, and asked Cind'rella if she wanted to go to the ball, 'cause her sisters had done gone already. Now Cind'rella she couldn't go in course, for you see she had no handsome dress with yaller ribbons, and blue trimmings, and big breastpin, no carriage to ride, nor any black people to drive to the ball; now this old woman was a fairy."

"What's a fairy?" said Toots, wonderingly.

"A fairy," said Phyllis, looking rather foolish, "is somebody that nobody owns, dat just goes about doin' nothin', and having every thing they wants, dat's a fairy, Miss Toots. And now," she continued, "listen what de fairy done did for Cind'rella; she tuck a punkin, and made a carriage, and six mouses for horses, and a big rat for a coach-driver, and put a new dress on, and new shoes on Cind'rella, and a charm to make her look handsomer than ever, and sent her off to the big ball."

"You see," continued Phyllis, "dat de old fairy told Cind'rella dat she must cum home afore day-break, her pass was up you see by dat time, and if she stopped, de patrolers would catch her. Now Cind'rella was a dancin' a 'giny reel, with the young master, who owned two hundred black people, and dey had plenty music, six banjos, and three fiddles, but den daybreak cum all ov a sudden, and Cind'rella, 'spectin' her pass wouldn't do no longer, tuck to her heels, and left her shoe in de middle of de floor."

"Now de rich young man, dat owned two hundred black people, was in lub wid Cind'rella, and as he couldn't find her plantation; he sent all his black people out to find the young missis that lost her shoe at de time the dancing was gwine on; at last dey found her up in de arbor sound asleep, wid one shoe, and dey know'd it was her, and dey had a big weddin', and every body cum—Mr. Mildmay, and Col. Lee, and—"

"Cousin Annie," suggested Toots.

"Yes," said Phyllis, "Miss Annie—and all de black people was dressed up, a waitin' on de tables, and such a time was never know'd afore."

"Oh, how I would like to have been there!" said Toots clapping her little hands, "wouldn't I had fun, and thrown turkey bones across the table, and made mother take me in her lap, and sing me to sleep

when—"and Toots rose from her reclining position, and attempting to spin round, to show Phyllis how she would go to sleep, she twisted the shawl about her feet, and as usual, rolled heels over head, but

instantly releasing herself, she went whooping off down the road, in pursuit of a gaudy butterfly, that was fluttering along, seemingly on purpose to entice the little fairy away from home.

### WHAT IS A BOY?

FROM "WHAT NOT." BY MARY A. DENISON. 1854.

A BOY is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaning over every chair in his reach; makes drum heads of the doors; turns the tin pans into cymbals; takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar-barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his best one; cuts his boots *accidentally* if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddles for sport, and for ditto tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire-crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school-books in the gutter while he fishes with a pin, pockets his school-master's "specs," and, finally, turns a sober household upside down if he cuts his little finger.

He is a provoking and unprovokable torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve. Then begins the rage for frock-coats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes, and dickies. At fourteen he is "too big" to split wood or go after water; and, at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worm-eaten novel for com-

pany, ensconced on the wood-pile learning legerdemain, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than explorable. At fifteen he has a *tolerable* experience of the world; but, from sixteen to twenty, may we clear the track when he's in sight. He knows more than Washington; expresses his opinion with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the world, and new-lay the track of creation; thinks Providence is near-sighted; understands theology and science of the pronoun I; informs his father that Gen. Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible a little too orthodox. In other words, he knows more than he will ever know again.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy" at sixteen, and how wrathly he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "Don't call me 'boy,' I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel and, with a curl of the lip, mutter disdainfully, "Who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis!

But, jesting aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for, in all his scrapes, his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance, and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD PARK THEATRE.—Billy Williams of the Vells, as he was familiarly termed, was an excellent actor of vulgar cockneys, and popular off as well as on the stage. He could speak the language of his author tolerably well, but his own diction smacked terribly of Bow Bells. Mr. Abbott, the gentlemanly comedian, used to relate the following dialogue between Mr. Burton, and Billy Williams, with great gusto. Mr. B. was playing a "star" engagement at the Park, and the green room was crowded with the principal members of the company; Mrs. Wheatly, H. Placide, J. Browne, Fisher, Abbott and his wife, and Billy Williams himself. The conversation was general and lively. Burton, who delighted in quizzing Billy, made some inquiries relative to a horse belonging to Mr. Hamblin, which seemed to arouse Billy, and he said:—

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse; you see when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin, Tom, I want an 'orse; I 'ave always been used to 'ave an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one.'

"'Billy,' says he, 'you know Mazeppa; he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable.'

"So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on 'im.'

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted 'im."

"What, mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse; and then I shook 'ands with 'im, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, d—— it, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theatre but Tom 'Amblin, so I got off, and told the boy to 'old him by the 'ead."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the 'orse, and then we went and 'ad a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and 'Amblin, and after that I mounted 'im again, and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the 'orse; and when I got to Burnham's, who should be there but Tom Flynn—he'd taken another 'orse and rode out a'ead of me, so I told the 'ostler to tie 'im up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, d—— it, the 'orse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn."

At this period, the whole assembly burst into a loud laugh—a *horse* laugh, and Billy, finding himself trotted out, finished thus: "Now look here, Burton,—every time I say 'orse you say 'Amblin, and every time I say 'Amblin you say 'orse. Now I'll be 'anged if I tell you any more about it."

tumbling from some place plump into the middle of the room, "me doin to eat dinner, and sassenger, and cake, and pie, and—and—chickens," and when she got thus far, Mrs. Moreton put her hands to her ears, and begged Aunt Margaret "to take *that* child, and *all* the children, away, until dinner was over."

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"Cousin Annie," suggested Toots.

"Yes," said Phyllis, "Missress Annie—and all de black people was dressed up, a waitin' on de tables, and such a time was never know'd afore."

"Oh, how I would like to have been there!" said Toots clapping her little hands, "wouldn't I had fun, and thrown turkey bones across the table, and made mother take me in her lap, and sing me to sleep

when—"and Toots rose from her reclining position, and attempting to spin round, to show Phyllis how she would go to sleep, she twisted the shawl about her feet, and as usual, rolled heels over head, but

instantly releasing herself, she went whooping off down the road, in pursuit of a gaudy butterfly, that was fluttering along, seemingly on purpose to entice the little fairy away from home.

## WHAT IS A BOY?

FROM "WHAT NOT." BY MARY A. DENISON. 1854.

A BOY is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaning over every chair in his reach; makes drum heads of the doors; turns the tin pans into cymbals; takes the best knives out to dig worms for bait, and loses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar-barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his best one; cuts his boots *accidentally* if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddles for sport, and for ditto tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire-crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school-books in the gutter while he fishes with a pin, pockets his school-master's "specs," and, finally, turns a sober household upside down if he cuts his little finger.

He is a provoking and unprovokable torment, especially to his sisters. He don't pretend to much until he is twelve. Then begins the rage for frock-coats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes, and dickies. At fourteen he is "too big" to split wood or go after water; and, at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worm-eaten novel for com-

pany, ensconced on the wood-pile learning legerdemain, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than explorable. At fifteen he has a *tolerable* experience of the world; *but*, from sixteen to twenty, may we clear the track when he's in sight. He knows more than Washington; expresses his opinion with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the world, and new-lay the track of creation; thinks Providence is near-sighted; understands theology and science of the pronoun I; informs his father that Gen. Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible a little too orthodox. In other words, he knows more than that he will ever know again.

Just hail one of these young specimens "boy" at sixteen, and how wrathful he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "Don't call me 'boy,' I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel and, with a curl of the lip, mutter disdainfully, "Who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis!

But, jesting aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for, in all his scrapes, his good heart gets the better of him, and leads him soon to repentance, and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD PARK THEATRE.—Billy Williams of the Vells, as he was familiarly termed, was an excellent actor of vulgar cockneys, and popular off as well as on the stage. He could speak the language of his author tolerably well, but his own diction smacked terribly of Bow Bells. Mr. Abbott, the gentlemanly comedian, used to relate the following dialogue between Mr. Burton, and Billy Williams, with great gusto. Mr. B. was playing a "star" engagement at the Park, and the green room was crowded with the principal members of the company; Mrs. Wheatly, H. Placide, J. Browne, Fisher, Abbott and his wife, and Billy Williams himself. The conversation was general and lively. Burton, who delighted in quizzing Billy, made some inquiries relative to a horse belonging to Mr. Hamblin, which seemed to arouse Billy, and he said:—

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse; you see when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin, Tom, I want an 'orse; I 'ave always been used to 'ave an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one."

"'Billy,' says he, 'you know Mizeppa; he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable.'

"So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on 'im."

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted 'im."

"What, mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse; and then I shook 'ands with 'im, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, d— it, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theatre but Tom 'Amblin, so I got off, and told the boy to 'old him by the 'ead."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the 'orse, and then we went and 'ad a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and 'Amblin, and after that I mounted 'im again, and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the 'orse; and when I got to Burnham's, who should be there but Tom Flynn—he'd taken another 'orse and rode out a'ead of me, so I told the 'ostler to tie 'im up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, d— it, the 'orse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn."

At this period, the whole assembly burst into a loud laugh—a *horse* laugh, and Billy, finding himself trotted out, finished thus: "Now look here, Burton,—every time I say 'orse you say 'Amblin, and every time I say 'Amblin you say 'orse. Now I'll be 'anged if I tell you any more about it."



## THE GREAT PUDDLEFORD LAWSUIT.

FROM "PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE." BY H. H. RILEY. 1854.

ONE morning, in the month of September, I was visited by a constable, who very authoritatively served upon me a venire, which commanded me to be and appear before Jonathan Longbow, at his office in the village of Puddleford, at one o'clock, P. M., to serve as a jurymen in a case then and there to be tried, between Philista Filkins, plaintiff, and Charity Beadle, defendant, in an action of slander, etc. The constable remarked, after reading this threatening legal epistle to me, that I had better "be up to time, as Squire Longbow was a man who would not be trifled with," and then leisurely folding it up, and pushing it deep down in his vest-pocket, he mounted his horse, and hurried away in pursuit of the balance of the panel. Of course, I could not think of being guilty of a contempt of court, after having been so solemnly warned of the consequences, and I was therefore promptly on the spot according to command.

Squire Longbow held his court at the public-house, in a room adjoining the bar-room, because the statute prohibited his holding it in the bar-room itself. He was a law-abiding man, and would not violate a statute. I found on my arrival that the whole country, for miles around, had assembled to hear this interesting case. Men, women, and children had turned out, and made a perfect holiday of it. All were attired in their best. The men were dressed in every kind of fashion, or rather, all the fashions of the last twenty years were scattered through the crowd. Small-crown, steeple-crown, low-crown, wide-brim, and narrow-brim hats; wide-tail, stub-tail, and swallow-tail, high-collar, and low-collar coats; bagging and shrunken breeches; every size and shape of shirt-collar were there, all brought in by the settlers when they immigrated. The women had attempted to ape the fashions of the past. Some of them had mounted a "bustle" about the size of a bag of bran, and were waddling along under their load with great satisfaction. Some of the less ambitious were reduced to a mere bunch of calico. One man, I noticed, carried upon his head an old-fashioned, bell-crowned hat, with a half-inch brim, a shirt-collar running up tight under his ears, tight enough to lift him from the ground, (this ran out in front of his face to a peak, serving as a kind of cutwater to his nose,) a faded blue coat of the genuine swallow-tail breed, a pair of narrow-fall breeches that had passed so often through the wash-tub, and were so shrunken, that they appeared to have been strained on over his limbs; this individual, reader, was walking about, with his hands in his pockets, perfectly satisfied, whistling Yankee Doodle and other patriotic airs. Most of the women had something frizzled around their shoes, which were called pantalettes, giving their extremities the appearance of the legs of so many bantam hens.

The men were amusing themselves pitching copers and quoits, running horses, and betting upon the result of the trial to come off, as every one was expected to form some opinion of the merits of the case.

The landlord of the Eagle was of course very busy. He hustled about, here and there, making the necessary preparations. Several pigs and

chickens had gone the way of all flesh, and were baking and stewing for the table. About once a quarter "Old Stub" "moistened his clay," as he called it, with a little "rye," so as to "keep his blood a-stirring." Mrs. "Stub Bullphunt" was busy too. She was a perfect whirlwind; her temper was made of tartaric acid. Her voice might be heard above the confusion around, giving directions to one, and a "piece of her mind" to another. She was the landlady of the Eagle beyond all doubt, and no one else. Better die than doubt that.

"Bullphunt!" screamed she, at the top of her lungs, "Bullphunt, you great lout, you! what in the name of the massysakes are you about? No fire! no wood! no water in! How, in all created natur', do you s'pose a woman can get dinner? Furiation alive, why don't you speak? Sally Ann! I say, Sally Ann! come right here this minute! Go down cellar, and get a junk of butter, some milk, and then—I say, Sally Ann! do you hear me, Sally Ann?—go out to the barn and—run! run! you careless hussy, to the store! the pot's boiling over!"

And so the old woman's tongue ran on, hour after hour.

At a little past one, the court was convened. A board placed upon two barrels across the corner of the room, constituted the desk of Squire Longbow, behind which his honor's solitary dignity was caged. Pettifoggers and spectators sat outside. This was very proper, as Squire Longbow was a great man, and some mark of distinction was due. Permit me to describe him. He was a little, pot-bellied person, with a round face, bald head, swelled nose, and had only one eye, the remains of the other being concealed with a green shade. He carried a dignity about him that was really oppressive to bystanders. He was the "end of the law" in Puddleford; and no man could sustain a reputation who presumed to appeal from his decisions. He settled accounts, difficulties of all sorts, and even established land-titles; but of all things, he prided himself upon his knowledge of constitutional questions. The Squire always maintained that hard-drinking was "agin" the Constitution of the United States, "and so," he said, "Judge Story once informed him by letter, when he applied to him for aid in solving this question." "There is no such thing as slander," the Squire used to say, "and he always decided, as every person who lied about another, knew he ought not to be believed, because he *was* lying, and therefore the '*quar-animer*,' as the books say, is wanting." (This looked rather bad for "Filkins's" case.) Sometimes Squire Longbow rendered judgments, sometimes decrees, and sometimes he divided the cause between both parties. The Squire said he "never could submit to the letter of the law; it was agin' personal liberty; and so Judge Story decided." "Pre-ce-dents, as they were called, he wouldn't mind, not even his own; because then there wouldn't be any room left for a man to change his mind. If," said the Squire, "for instance, I fine Pet. Sykes to-day, for knocking down Job Bluff, that is no reason why I should fine Job Bluff to-morrow, for knocking down Pet. Sykes, because they are entirely different persons. Human natur' ain't the same. Contempt of Court," the Squire

often declared, 'was the worst of all offences. He didn't care so much about what might be said agin' Jonathan Longbow, but *Squire* Longbow, Justice of the Peace, must and should be protected;' and it was upon this principle that he fined Phil. Beardsley ten dollars for contradicting him in the street.

"Generally," the Squire says, "he renders judgment for the plaintiff," because he never issues a process without hearing his story, and determining the merits. "And don't the plaintiff know more about his rights than all the witnesses in the world?" "And even where he has a jury," the Squire says, "that it is his duty to apply the law to the facts, and the facts to the law, so that they may avoid any illegal verdict."

The court, as I said, was convened. The Squire took his seat, opened his docket, and lit his pipe. He then called the parties:

"Philista Filkins!" "Charity Beadle!"

"Here," cried a backwoods pettifogger, "I'm for Philista Filkins; am always on hand at the tap of the drum, like a thousand of brick."

This man was a character; a pure specimen of a live western pettifogger. He was called Ike Turtle. He was of the snapping-turtle breed. He wore a white wool-hat; a bandana cotton-handkerchief around his neck; a horse-blanket vest, with large horn-buttons; and corduroy pantaloons; and he carried a bull's eye watch, from which swung four or five chains across his breast.

"Who answers for Charity Beadle?" continued the Squire.

"I answer for myself," squeaked out Charity; "I hain't got any counsel, 'cause he's on the jury."

"On the jury, ha! Your counsel's on the jury! Sile Bates, I suppose. Counsel is guaranteed by the Constitution—it's a personal right—let Sile act as your counsel, then."

And so Sile stepped out in the capacity of counsel.

"Charity Beadle!" exclaimed the Squire, drawing out his pipe and laying it on his desk, "stand up and raise your right hand!"

Charity arose.

"You are charged with slandering Philista Filkins, with saying 'She warn't no better than she ought to be;' and if you were believed when you said so, it is my duty, as a peace officer, to say to you that you have been guilty of a high offence, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul. What do you say?"

"Not guilty, Squire Longbow, by an eternal sight, and told the truth, if we are," replied Bates. "Beside, we plead a set-off."

"I say 'tis false! you are!" cried Philista, at the top of her lungs.

"Silence!" roared Longbow; "the dignity of this court shall be preserved."

"Easy, Squire, a little easy," grumbled a voice in the crowd, proceeding from one of Philista's friends; "never speak to a woman in a passion."

"I fine that man one dollar for contempt of court, whoever he is!" exclaimed the Squire, as he stood upon tip-toe, trying to catch the offender with his eye.

"I guess 't warn't nothing but the wind," said Bates.

The Squire took his seat, put his pipe in his mouth, and blew out a long whiff of smoke.

"Order being restored, let the case now proceed," he exclaimed.

Ike opened his case to the jury. He said Philista Filkins was a maiden lady of about forty; some called her an *old* maid, but that warn't so, not by several years; her teeth were as sound as a nut, and her hair as black as a crow. She was a nurse, and had probably given more lobelia, pennyroyal, catnip, and other roots and herbs, to the people of Puddleford, than all the rest of the women in it. Of course she was a kind of *peramrulatory* being. (The Squire here informed the jury that *peramrulatory* was a legal word, which he would fully explain in his charge.) That is, she was obliged to be out a great deal, night and day, and in consequence thereof, Charity Beadle had slandered her, and completely ruined her reputation, and broken up her business to the damage of ten dollars.

Bates told the Court that he had "no jurisdiction in an action of slander."

Longbow advised Bates not to repeat the remark, as "that was a kind of contempt."

Some time had elapsed in settling preliminaries, and at last the cause was ready.

"We call Sonora Brown!" roared out Ike at the top of his lungs.

"No, you don't," replied the Squire. "The court is adjourned for fifteen minutes; all who need refreshment will find it at the bar in the next room; but don't bring it in here; it might be agin' the statute."

And so the court adjourned for fifteen minutes.

There was a rush to the bar-room, and old Stub Bullphunt rolled around among his whiskey-bottles like a ship in a storm. Almost every person drank some, judging from the remarks, "to wet their whistle;" others, "to keep their stomach easy;" some "to Filkins," others, "to Beadle," etc., etc.

Court was at last convened again.

"Sonora Brown!" roared Ike again.

"Object!" exclaimed Sile; "no witness; hain't lived six months in the State."

Squire Longbow slowly drew his pipe from his mouth, and fixed his eyes on the floor in deep thought for several minutes:

"Hain't lived six months in the State," repeated he, at last; "ain't no resident, of course, under our Constitution."

"And how, in all created airth, would you punish such a person for perjury? I should just like to know," continued Sile, taking courage from the Squire's perplexed state of mind; "our laws don't bind residents of other States."

"But it isn't certain Mrs. Brown will lie, because she is a non-resident," added the Squire, cheering up a little.

"Well! very well, then," said Sile, ramming both hands into his breeches-pockets very philosophically; "go ahead, if you wish, subject to my objection. I'll just appeal, and blow this Court into fiddle-strings! This cause won't breathe three times in the Circuit! We won't be rode over; we know our rights, I just kinder rather think."

"Go it, Sile!" cried a voice from the crowd; "stand up to your rights, if you bust!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Squire Longbow.

Ike had sat very quietly, inasmuch as the Squire had been leaning in his favor; but Sile's last remark somewhat intimidated his honor.

"May it please your honor," said Ike, rising; "we claim that there is no proof of Mrs. Brown's residency; your honor hain't got nothing but Sile Bates's say-so, and what's that good for in a court

of justice? I wouldn't believe him as far as you could swing a cat by the tail."

"I'm with you on that," cried another voice.

"Silence! put that man out!" roared Longbow again.

But just as Ike was sitting down, an inkstand was hurled at him by Sile, which struck him on his shoulder, and scattered its contents over the crowd. Several missiles flew back and forth; the Squire leaped over his table, crying out at the top of his lungs:

"In the name of the people of the State of—, I, Jonathan Longbow, Justice of the Peace, duly elected and qualified, do command you."

When, at last, order was restored, the counsel took their seats, and the Squire retired into his box again.

"Well, now, that's nice," she continued. "Warn't I sworn, or wasn't you? and to tell the truth, too, and the *whole* truth. I warn't sworn to answer your questions. Why, may-be you don't know, Mr. Pettifogger, that there are folks in State's-prison *now* for lying in a court of justice!"

Squire Longbow interfered, and stated that "he must say that things were going on very 'promiscuously,' quite agin' the peace and dignity of the State."

"Jest so I think myself," added Mrs. Brown. "This place is like a town meeting, for all the world."

"Mrs. So-no-ra Brown!" exclaimed Ike, rising on his feet, a little enraged, "do you know any thing about what Charity Beadle said about Philista Filkins? Answer *this* question."



Sonora Brown was then called for the third time. She was an old lady, with a pinched-up black bonnet, a very wide ruffle to her cap, through which the gray hairs strayed. She sighed frequently and heavily. She said she didn't know as she knew "any thing worth telling on." She didn't know "any thing about lawsuits, and didn't know how to swear." After running on with a long preliminary about herself, growing warmer and warmer, the old lady came to the case under much excitement. She said "she never did see such works in all her born days. Just because Charity Beadle said 'Philista Filkins warn't no better than she ought to be,' there was *such* a hullabalu and kick-up, enough to set all natur' crazy!"

"Why la! sus me!" continued she, turning round to the Squire, "do *you* think this such a dre'ful thing, that all the whole town has got to be set together by the ears about it? Mude-ra-tion! what a hum-drum and flurry!"

And then the old lady stopped and took a pinch of snuff, and pushed it up very hard and quick into her nose.

Ike requested Mrs. Brown not to talk so fast, and only answer such questions as he put to her.

"Whew! fiddle-de-dee! highty-tighty! so you have really broke loose, Mr. Pettifogger," for now the old lady's temper *was* up. "Why, didn't you know I was old enough to be your grandmother? 'Why, my boy,' continued she, hurrying on her spectacles, and taking a long look at Ike, "I know'd your mother when she made cakes and pies down in the *Jarseys*; and *you* when you warn't more than *so* high;" and she measured about two feet high from the floor. "You want me to *answer*, do you? I told you all I know'd about it; and if you want any thing more, I guess you'll have to get it, that's all;" and, jumping up, she left the witness-stand, and disappeared in the crowd.

"I demand an attachment for Sonora Brown!" roared out Ike, "an absconding witness!"

"Can't do it," replied the Squire; "it's agin' the Constitution to deprive any body of their liberty an unreasonable length of time. This witness has now been confined here by process of law morn-a-nour. Can't do it! Be guilty of trespass! Must stick to the Constitution. Call your next witness."

Ike swore. The Squire fined him one dollar. He swore again. The Squire fined him another. The faster the Squire fined, the faster the oaths

oaths rolled out of Ike's mouth, until the Squire had entered ten dollars against him. Ike swore again, and the Squire was about to record the *eleventh* dollar, but Ike checked him.

"Hold on! hold on! you *old reprobate!* now I've got you! now you are mine!" exclaimed he. "You are up to the limit of the law! You cannot inflict only ten dollars in fines in any one case! Now stand and take it!"

And such a volley of oaths, cant phrases, humor, wrath, sarcasm, and fun, sometimes addressed to the Squire, sometimes to the audience, and sometimes to his client, never rolled out of any other man's mouth since the flood. He commenced with the history of the Squire, when, as he said, "he was a rafting lumber down on the *Susquehannas*;" and he followed him up from that time. "He *could* tell the reason why he came west, but wouldn't." He commented on his personal appearance, and his capacity for the office of Justice. He told him "he hadn't only one eye, any way, and he couldn't be expected to see a great way into a millstone; and he didn't believe he had as many brains as an 'ister. For his part, *he* knew the law; he had ransacked every part of the statute, as a glutton would Noah's Ark for the remnant of an eel; he had digested it from Dan to Beersheba; swallowed every thing but the title-page and cover, and would have swallowed that if he warn't mortal; he was a living, moving law himself; when he said 'law was law, 'twas law;" better 'peal any thing up from predestination than from his opinion! he would follow this case to the backside of sundown for his rights."

During all this time, there was a complete uproar. Philista's friends cheered and hurrahed; the dogs in the room set up their barking; Beadle's friends groaned and squealed, and bellowed, and whimpered, and imitated all the domestic animals of the day, while the Squire was trying at the top of his lungs to compel the constable to commit Ike for contempt.

Ike closed and sat down. The Squire called for the constable, but he was not to be found. One man told him that "he was in the next room pitching coppers;" another, that the last time he saw him "he was running very fast;" another, that "he rather guessed he'd be back some time another, if he ever was, because he was a sworn officer;" another asked the Squire "what he'd give to have him *caught*?" but no constable appeared; he had put himself out of the way to escape the storm.

A long silence followed this outburst; not a word was said, and scarcely a noise heard. Every one was eagerly looking at the Squire for his next movement. Ike kept his eyes on the floor, apparently in a deep study. At last he arose:

"Squire," said he, "we've been under something of a press of steam for the last half 'our; I move we adjourn fifteen minutes for a drink."

"Done," answered the Squire; and so the court adjourned for a second time.

It was now nearly dark, when the court convened again. The trial of the cause, *Filkins vs. Beadle*, was resumed.

Seth Bolles was called. Seth was a broad-backed, double-fisted fellow, with a blazing red face, and he chewed tobacco continually. He was about two-thirds "over the bay," and didn't care for all the Filkinses and Beadles in the world.

"Know Filkins and Beadle?" inquired Ike.

"Know 'em? thunder, yes."

"How long?"

"Ever sin' the year one."

"Ever heard Beadle say any thing about Filkins?"

"Heard her say she thought she run'd too much arter Elik Timberlake."

"Any thing, Seth, about Filkins' character?"

"Now what do you 'spose I know about Filkins' character? Much as I can do to look arter my own wimmin."

"But have you heard *Beadle* say any thing about Filkins' character?"

"Heard her say once she was a good enough-er-sort-a body when she was a-mind-er-be."

"Any thing else?"

"Shan't answer; hain't had my regular fees paid as witness."

Squire Longbow informed Seth that he must answer.

"Shan't do it, not so long as my name is Bolles."

The Squire said he would commit him.

"W-h-e-w!" drawled out Bolles, stooping down, and putting his arms a-kimbo, as he gave the Squire a long look straight in the eye.

"Order! order!" exclaimed the Squire.

"Whew! whew! whew *uo-uo-to!* who's afraid of a Justice of the Peace?" screamed Seth, jumping up about a foot, and squirting out about a gill of tobacco juice, as he struck the floor.

Seth's fees were paid him, at last, and the question was again put, if he heard "Beadle say any thing else?" and he said "*He never did.*" and thus ended Seth's testimony.

Miss Eunice Grimes was next called. She came sailing forward, and threw herself into the chair with a kind of jerk. She took a few side-long glances at Charity Beadle, which told, plainly enough, that she meant to make a finish of her in about five minutes. She was a vinegar-faced old maid, and her head kept bobbing, and her body kept hitching, and now she pulled her bonnet this way, and now that. She finally went out of the fretting into the languishing mood, and declared she "*should* die if somebody didn't get her a glass of water."

When she became composed, Ike inquired if "she knew Charity Beadle?"

"Yes! I know her to be an orful critter!"

"What has she done?"

"What hain't she? She's lied about me, and about Elder Dobbin's folks, and said how that when the singing-master boarded at our house, she seed lights in the sitting-room till past three—the orful critter!"

"But what have you heard her say about Philista Filkins?"

"Oh! every thing that's bad. She don't never say any thing that's good 'bout nobody. She's allers talking. There ain't nobody in the settlement she hain't slandered. She even abused old Deacon Snipes' horse—the orful critter!"

"But what did she say about *Philista Filkins*?" repeated Ike again.

"What do you want me to say she said? I hain't got any doubt she's called her every thing she could think on. Didn't she, Philisty?" she continued, turning her head toward the plaintiff.

Philista nodded.

"Did she say she warn't no better than she ought to be?"

"Did she? well, she did, and that very few people were."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Ike, "you talk too fast! I guess she didn't say *all* that."

"She did, for Philista told me so; and she wouldn't lie for the whole race of Beadles."

Squire Longbow thought Eunice had better retire, as she didn't seem to know much about the case.

She said she knew as much about it as anybody; she wan't "going to be abused, trod upon; and no man was a man that would insult a poor woman;" and bursting into tears of rage, she twitched out of her chair, and went sobbing away.

Philista closed, and Sile stated, in his opening to the Court on the part of the defence, that this was a "*little* the smallest case he ever *had* seen." His client stood out high and dry; she stood up like Andes looking down on a potato hill; he didn't propose to offer scarcely any proof; and that little was by way of set-off—tongue against tongue—according to the statute in such case made and provided; he hoped the Court would examine the law for himself. (Here Sile unrolled a long account against Philista, measuring some three feet, and held it up to the Squire and jury.) "This," he said, "was a reg'lar statement of the slanderous words used by Philista Filkins agin' Charity Beadle, for the last three years, with the damage annexed; every thing had been itemized, and kept in tip-top style; all in black and white, just as it happened." Sile was about reading this formidable instrument, when Ike objected.

"That can't be *did* in this 'ere court!" exclaimed Ike; "the light of civilization has shed itself a little *too* thick for *that*. This court might just as well try to swallow a chestnut-burr, or a cat, tail foremost, as to get such a proposition a-down its throat."

Squire Longbow said he'd "never heer'd of such law—yet the question was new to him."

"Laid down in all the law-books of the nineteenth century!" exclaimed Sile, "and never heard on't!"

"Never did."

"Why," continued Sile, "the statute allows set-off where it is of the same natur' of the action. This, you see, is slander agin' slander."

"True," replied the Squire.

"True, did you say!" exclaimed Ike. "You say the statute *does* allow slander to be set off; *our* statute—that statute that I learned by heart before I knew my A B C's—you old bass-wood headed son"—But the Squire stopped Ike just at this time. "We will decide the question first," he said. "The Court have made no decision yet."

Squire Longbow was in trouble. He smoked furiously. He examined the statutes, looked over his docket, but he did not seem to get any light. Finally, a lucky thought struck him. He saw old Mr. Brown in the crowd, who had the reputation of having once been a Justice in the State of New York. The Squire arose and beckoned to him, and both retired to an adjoining room. After about a half an hour, the Squire returned and took his seat, and delivered his opinion. Here it is:

"After an examination of all the p'intn both for and agin' the 'lowing of the set-off, in which the Court didn't leave no stone unturnd to get at justice, having ransacked some half a dozen books from eend to eend, and noted down every thing that any-wise bore on the subject; recollecting, as the Court well doz, what the great Story, who's now dead and gone, done and writ 'bout this very thing, (for we must be 'lowed to inform this 'sembly that we read Story in our juvenil' years;) having done this, and refreshing *our* minds with the testimony; and keeping in our eye the rights of parties—right-er liberty, and right-er speech, back'ards and for'ards—for I've as good a right to talk agin' you, as you have to talk agin' me—knowing, as the Court doz, how much blood has been shed 'cause folks wern't 'lowed to talk as much as they pleased, makin' all natur' groan, the Court is of the opinion that the set-off must be let in; and such is also Squire Brown's opinion, and no body will contradict that, *I know*."

"Je-hos-a-phat!" groaned out Ike, drawing one of his very longest breaths. "The *great* Je-mi-ma Wilkinson! and so that is law, arter all! There's my hat, Squire," Ike continued, as he arose and reached it out to him; "and you shall have my *gallusses* as soon as I can get 'em."



The Squire said "the dignity of the court must be preserved."

"Of course it must! of course it must!" replied Ike, who was growing very philosophical over the opinion of the Squire; "there ain't no friction on my gudgeons *now*; I always gins in to reg'lar opinions, delivered upon consideration; I was just thinking, though, Squire, that as their bill is so much the longest, and as the parties are both here, Charity had better let her tongue loose upon my client, and take out the balance on the spot."

The Squire said "the cause must go on." Sile read his set-off, made up of slanderous words alleged to have been used; damages fifty dollars; and calling Charity herself, upon the principle, as he said, "that it was a book-account, and her books were evidence; and her books having been lost, the paper which he held, and which was a true copy—for he made it out himself—was the next best evidence; all of which Charity would swear to straight along."

The Court admitted Charity, and she swore the set-off through, and some fifty dollars more; and she was going on horse-race speed, when Sile stopped her "before," as he told her, "she swore the cause beyond the jurisdiction of a magistrate."

Here the evidence closed. Midnight had set in, and the cause was yet to be summed up.

The Court informed Ike and Sile that they were limited to half an hour each.

Ike opened the argument, and *such* an opening, and *such* an argument! It will not be expected that I can repeat it. There never lived a man who could. It covered all things, mortal and immortal. Genius, and sense, and nonsense; wit, humor, pathos, venom, and vulgarity, were all piled up together, and belched forth upon the Jury. He talked about the case, the Court, the Jury, his client, the history of the world, and Puddleford in particular. "The slander was admitted," he declared, "because the defendant had tried to set off something *agin'*

it; and if his client didn't get a judgment, he'd make a rattling among the dry bones of the law, that would rouse the dead of '76!" He was "fifty feet front, and rear to the river;" "had seen great changes on the t'restrial globe;" "know'd all the sciences from Neb-u-*cad*-nezzar down;" "know'd law—'twas the milk of his existence." As to the Court's opinion about the set-off, "his head was chock-full of cob-webs or bumble-bees, he didn't know which;" "his judgment warn't hardly safe on a common note-er-hand;" "he'd no doubt but that three jist such cases would run him stark mad;" "Natur' was sorry she'd ever had anything to do with him; and he'd himself been sorry ever since; and as for ed'cation, he warn't up to the school-marm, for she *could* read;" "the Jury had better give him a verdict if they didn't want the nightmare." And thus he was running on, when his half hour expired, but he could not be stopped—as well stop a tornado. So Sile arose, and commenced his argument for the defendant; and at it both labored, Ike for plaintiff, Sile for defendant, until the Court swore a constable, and ordered the Jury to retire with him, the argument still going on; and thus the Jury left the room, Ike and Sile following them up, laying down the law and the fact; and the last thing I observed just before the door closed, was Ike's arm run through it at us, going through a variety of gestures, his expiring effort in behalf of his client.

After a long deliberation among the jurors, during which almost every thing was discussed but the evidence, it was announced by our foreman, on "coming in," that "we could not agree, four on 'em being for fifty dollars for the defendant 'cording to law, and one on 'em for no cause of action, (myself,) and he stood out, 'cause he was a-feard, or wanted to be pop'lar with somebody."

And thus ended the trial between Filkins and Beadle.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE SAYINGS OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

BY B. P. SHILLABEER. 1854.



### FANCY DISEASES.

"DISEASES is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from a street-door conversation with Dr. Bolus. "The Doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Haze has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The diseases is so various! One way we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs; another way of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and there about tissors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of an embargo; one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcophagus, and there another kills himself by discovering his jocular vein. Things change so, that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any diseases nowadays. New names and new nostrils takes the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away."

Fifteen minutes afterwards Isaac had that herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar window in trying to hit it, before the old lady knew what he was about. She did n't mean exactly what she said.

## PARTINGTON PHILOSOPHY.

It was the custom of Mrs. P. to shut up a turkey previous to Thanksgiving, in order that he might be nice and fat for the generous season. One year the gobbler had thus been penned, like a sonnet, with reference to Thanksgiving, and anticipations were indulged of the "good time coming;" but, alas! the brightest hopes must fade. The turkey, when looked for, was not to be found. It had been stolen away! Upon discovering her great loss, Mrs. P. was for a moment overcome with surprise—disconcerted; but the sun of her benevolence soon broke the clouds away, and spread over her features like new butter upon hot biscuit, and with a smile, warm with the feeling of her tender heart, she said—"I hope they will find it tender!—I guess we can be thankful on pork and cabbage!"

## "FARE, MA'AM"

"How do you do, dear?" said Mrs. Partington, smiling, shaking hands with Burbank, in the Dock-square omnibus, as he held out his five dexter digits towards her.

"Fare, ma'am!" said he, in reply to her inquiry.

"Well, I'm shore, I'm glad of it, and how are the folks at home?"

"Fare, ma'am!" continued he, still extending his hand. The passengers were interested.

"How do you like Boston?" screamed she, as the omnibus rattled over the stones.

"Fare, ma'am!" shouted he, without drawing back his hand; "I want you to pay me for your ride!"

"O!" murmured she, "I thought it was some one that knowed me," and rummaged down in the bottom of her reticule for a ticket, finding at last five copper cents tied up in the corner of her handkerchief—the "last war" handkerchief, with the stars and stripes involved in it, and the action of the Constitution and Guerriere stamped upon it. But the smile she had given him at first was not withdrawn—there was no allowance made for mistakes at that counter—and he went out, with a lighter heart and a heavier pocket, to catch t' other coach.

## POETS AND PULLETS.

MRS. PARTINGTON says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they both are always chanting their lays.

## MRS. PARTINGTON'S IDEA OF HUMOR.

"WHAT is your opinion of the humor of Hawthorne, Mrs. Partington?" asked a young neighbor that had been reading "Twice-Told Tales."

"I don't know," said she, looking at him earnestly; "but if you have got it, you'd better take something to keep it from striking in. Syrup of buckthorne is good for all sorts of diseases of that kind. I don't know about the humor of Hawthorne, but I guess the buckthorne will be beneficial. We eat too much butter, and butter is very humorous."

There was a slight tremor in his voice, as he said he would try her remedy, and a smile might have been perceived about his mouth, next day, when she asked him, with a solicitous air and tone, how his humor was.

## BAILED OUT.

"So, our neighbor, Mr. Guzzle, has been arranged at the bar for drunkardice," said Mrs. Partington; and she sighed as she thought of his wife and children at home, with the cold weather close at hand, and the searching winds intruding through the chinks in the windows, and waving the tattered curtain like a banner, where the little ones stood shivering by the faint embers. "God forgive him, and pity them!" said she, in a tone of voice tremulous with emotion.

"But he was bailed out," said Ike, who had devoured the residue of the paragraph, and laid the paper in a pan of liquid custard that the dame was preparing for Thanksgiving, and sat swinging the oven door to and fro as if to fan the fire that crackled and blazed within.

"Bailed out, was he?" said she; "well, I should think it would have been cheaper to have pumped him out, for, when our cellar was filled, arter the city fathers had degraded the street, we had to have it pumped out, though there was n't half so much in it as he has swilled down."

She paused and reached up on the high shelves of the closet for her pie plates, while Ike busied himself in tasting the various preparations. The dame thought that was the smallest quart of sweet cider she had ever seen.

## SEEKING A COMET.

It was with an anxious feeling that Mrs. Partington, having smoked her specs, directed her gaze towards the western sky, in quest of the tailless comet of 1850.

"I can't see it," said she; and a shade of vexation was perceptible in the tone of her voice. "I don't think much of this explanatory system," continued she, "that they praise so, where the stars are mixed up so that I can't tell Jew Peter from Satan, nor the consternation of the Great Bear from the man in the moon. 'Tis all dark to me. I don't believe there is any comet at all. Who ever heard of a comet without a tail, I should like to know? It is n't natural; but the printers will make a tale for it fast enough, for they are always getting up comical stories."

With a complaint about the falling dew, and a slight murmur of disappointment, the dame disappeared behind a deal door, like the moon behind a cloud.

## ON ONE STRING.

"THE Prayer of Moses executed on one string!" said Mrs. Partington. "Praying, I s'pose, to be cut down. Poor Moses!" sighed she; "executed on one string! Well, I don't know as ever I heard of anybody's being executed on two strings, unless the rope broke;" and she went on wondering how it could be.

## GOOD TASTE.

"I can't bear children," said Miss Prim, disdainfully.

Mrs. Partington looked at her over her spectacles mildly before she replied,

"Perhaps if you could, you would like them better."

## POLITICAL EXTRAVAGANCE REBUKED.

"I don't blame people for complaining about the extravagance and costiveness of government,"

said Mrs. Partington, as she was reading an ardent appeal to the people in a political newspaper. She always took an interest in politics after Paul was defeated one year as candidate for inspector. "I don't blame 'em a mite. Here they are now, going canvassing the State, as if the airth was n't good enough for 'em to walk on. I wonder why they don't get ile-cloth or Kidminster, and done with it."

"And I heard yesterday," said Ike, putting his

small oar in, "that some of 'em was going to scour the country to get voters."

"Well," continued she, "that would be better than throwing dust in the people's eyes, as they say some of 'em do. Canvassing the State, indeed!"

She fell into an abstraction on the schemes of politicians, and took seven pinches of snuff, in rapid succession, to aid her deliberations.

## DIONYSIUS DESPERATE.

BY J. C. HINCKLEY. 1854.



As it will save a great deal of the reader's time, and also our own, we will only observe here, at the commencement, that Mr. Desperate was born of his mother, at least we have his word for it; that he had a nose on his face, and also eyes and mouth; that he wears clothes for decency as well as comfort's sake, and that when he is not riding, sitting down, or standing up, he is walking, an amusement he was indulging in at the time about which we write.

"Taint a bit of use—I've got to do it—I feel and know it, and I might as well get about it and have it over. I'll step around to —, engage a room, and arrange the matter."

A few efforts at locomotion carried Desperate to the door of one of the numerous "Hotels on the European plan" of the city of New York. He crossed the threshold, and after a few moments' conversation he ascended the flight of stairs with the waiter, who showed him into a room, with the remark, "This is the most quiet room in the house, sir! and as you desire a room of that character, I can safely recommend it, sir! You are sure of no interruptions here, sir! Even if you were disposed to commit suicide, there's no danger of your being disturbed until you're quite dead, sir!"

"That is really a recommendation. But are you quite sure I can remain perfectly quiet here for three hours?"

"Three hours!—three weeks, sir! The last man

that occupied this room was an author, sir! He was so intent on writing a tragedy for the Bowery, that he remained here without any thing to eat for four days, and wouldn't have got it then, but a rambling thomas-cat running over the chimney, happened to knock down a brick, and smashed some earthenware in the fire-place; we rushed up stairs to find out what the noise was about, and found him here, sir! a modern Ugolino."

"This is just the spot I am after! I say, waiter, just bring me a decent pen, four sheets of letter paper, and an inkstand with some ink in it, black ink, that you can see to read without magnifiers."

"All right, sir. Back in a moment, sir."

The waiter having disappeared on his mission, Desperate thrust his hands far down in the recesses of his trowsers, called pockets, and commenced a pedestrian operation up and down the room, when, as if he had run his head against a stone wall, he



stopped suddenly, and muttered to himself—"As I am a little interested in this apartment, I'll make a survey before the waiter comes up." The various objects, few as they were, seemed to meet with his approbation, especially the closet, which, as he observed, was "very clever, but if a man is not overburdened with a wardrobe, he cannot properly appreciate its utility. As I for my part do not wish to pay for a luxury without having some advantages from it, I'll just put my change of linen in it, it is getting quite troublesome in my hat."

Desperate removed a well-starched collar from the crown of his hat, as he was ruminating to himself, and hung it up on a nail in the closet. Then he gave himself up to another action of walking until he was interrupted by the entrance of the waiter.

"Here you are, sir! one steel pen, four sheets of paper, and ink—sixpence, sir."

Desperate handed over the sixpence with a sigh, and dismissed the waiter. Drawing a table, which was in one corner of the room, into the middle of it, he seated himself before it, and with his head resting on his hands, and his elbows on the table, he indulged in a few silent thoughts, when he exclaimed audibly—

"If you knew, Priscilla Plumly, the desperate resolve your coldness has forced upon me, you would think differently of the matter, and of me, too. Your indifference to the ardent beatings of this heart" (his hand here came in contact with his waistcoat) "has induced me to close its doors, burst up its business, and hang a crape on the front shutter. Here are the friendly instruments, from which Fate shall decide the one which is to cut short my mortal career, and close up my book accounts with this world."

Desperate at this moment drew forth from his pocket a pistol, a large carving-knife, a vial, and a rope, which he carefully laid down upon the table. Placing his head again in the position mentioned, he continued to soliloquize—"After promenading whole blocks of fatigue into my legs, and eating down I don't know how many shillings worth of ice cream and affection, to be served in the manner I have been, puts trotting on this side of the earth at a discount, so I am determined to shut up shop in this, and start ten feet under ground in the next world. I think out of all these things I can find one which will do a friendly turn for me, and perhaps Priscilla too."

During the utterance of these thoughts, Desperate was so wrapped up in what was running in his mind, that he did not observe that a woman, accompanied by the waiter, had silently opened the door, and after a recognition of him by the former, she had been shown into the closet, and the door closed on her. The waiter, after this operation, leaving in a hurry, the consequence was the unintentional slamming of the door, which started Desperate, who jumped up, exclaiming, "Hullo! what noise is that?" When, seeing from the motion of the door that it was the offender, he continued—"Well, I declare, this door ain't got any fastening on it, and some one might come in just at the interesting moment of my exit, and put in a remonstrance. What shall I do to make it tight? I have it. Now, what gentleman would think of committing suicide with a carving-knife, and go out of the world like a pig or calf? Not one. There is no gentility about it; it hasn't even a speck of decency to recommend it. So I'll just fasten the door with

this knife, and save my memory that disgrace at least." The door having been fastened, Desperate continued—"Well, that matter is settled, and now I'll settle on the friend that will stick by me until death, and set me up in business in the other world."

Desperate takes up the vial in his hand, and looking intently at it, exclaimed, "Let me see! What great men have lived in history and died by poison? There's Socrates, he took the article down manfully, laid down quietly and died certainly. He was a pretty respectable old fellow. But then them Borgias, they used the article in their operations. I can't go poison; it would be giving the memory of the Borgias too great an encouragement. It hasn't got a bad smell to it, though. It ain't no use, however, on second thoughts. Poison, you can't go down—you can stand aside."

Suiting the action to the word, Desperate put the vial aside, and took up the pistol.

"Here's a black-looking customer for a friend, and is in very general favor too! But there is a serious objection I have to it—it is such a tell-tale. It can't be quiet over its work. It will be speaking out loud, and letting every body know what is going on! And then if you shouldn't happen to point it at the right spot, there is a chance of having company in at your death, and I want to go off quietly. Pistol, you are no doubt anxious, but I'm afraid you are not wanted."

The pistol was laid beside the vial, and Desperate took up the rope.

"Ah, here you are, my hempen friend! As a respectable member of the clothes-line fraternity, you have strong claims on my attention. Here once hung the snowy linen of my adored Priscilla. From this rope flaunted to the breeze, the cherished article which occupied the place near her heart that I should have held. I borrowed this rope from her laundress, that I might be poetic as well as killing in my revenge. But then, legally speaking, the rope is a scurvy dog, and gets into bad company. Every one who is a nuisance to the State, and requires choking, is furnished with a rope, gratis, and a friend to apply it. Clothes-line, you have many claims upon me by association, but I'm really afraid we can't associate together this time. Coil down there! I'll think over the matter."

Desperate laid down the rope, and found that he had gone through the catalogue without making a selection. He indulged in the usual operation of scratching his head for a short time, when he continued his meditations—

"I don't know hardly how to act in this matter. I have examined all their cases, and they each have disagreeable points about them. I find I shall have some trouble in deciding this case!—Not a bit of it! I have the plan! I'll write their names down on paper, and draw them out of my hat; first come, first served."

A few minutes' time was expended in writing the names of the articles, and Desperate removed his castor, and put them in it one by one. After he had deposited them there, he commenced shaking the hat vigorously, and in so doing knocked over the vial, the cork of which he had not replaced.

"Now I have done it! The poison has all left the vial, and some of it has gone in the nipple of the pistol, and interfered with its present usefulness. Well, clothes-line, you will have to be my friend, after all! And I must confess you had a full share

of hope on your side when I dropped your name in the hat. That's settled; so now I'll proceed to settle my worldly affairs; and as I don't want to do any thing of such vital importance without due effect, I'll write a few letters, and then farewell upper crust of this world's surface, a long farewell! I'll take an inside sight. There is my respectable old uncle Joshua; he taught my young ideas how to shoot, and as they always failed of hitting the mark, he had a decided objection to my staying on his plantation, so he set me adrift in the world. I can't consistently go off without offering him a few words of consolation."

Desperate then settled himself down for a last epistolary effort, writing the following upon one of the sheets of paper:

DEAR UNCLE—As you told me some time since that I might go to the devil my own road, I have concluded to do so, taking a rope as the conveyance. It would have been more pleasant, perhaps, to have waited a little longer, or have taken some other mode, but circumstances which, they say, alter cases (you always said I was a case), has rendered it necessary for me to adopt this. It would have pleased me to have stepped out through a medium more in accordance with your high notions (though I must say that hanging is generally considered an elevated position), but you must excuse my want of attention to your supposed wishes in this respect.

Please accept my old boots as a reminder of the many times I have walked into your affections, and particularly the hasty manner in which I "walked Spanish" after our last interview; but "what boots it now!" That I have thought of you in my last moments may be a satisfaction for you to know; as, had you gone first, it would have afforded me great pleasure to have been remembered at such a time. The rope, which you occasionally applied to one end, I have applied to the other. Your affectionate nephew,

DIONSYIUS DESPERATE.

"I think the old gentleman," mused Desperate, after he had finished his letter, "ought to be pleased to think that I wrote him such a dutiful letter in my last moments. There's that deceitful minx Priscilla,—I can't get away without letting her know that she is the cause of this 'hasty taking off' of mine."

FALSE-HEARTED PRISCILLA—Your eyes let daylight into my heart, but your hand has shut the window up again, and left my affections in the dark. I little thought, when first we met, that you would have treated me so. I have procured a portion of clothes-line from your laundress, under a clear case of false pretences, but no matter—that line on which your outward woman has so often hung, will, ere this reaches you, bear a burden more weighty, but better deserving a place as near your heart. If you can peruse this last memento from me, and look at my emaciated corpse, without a pang of remorse, I shall be glad that I am not "around" to see it. I leave you, as a token of my affection, the coat which will hang with me; on the left sleeve of that coat you have leaved with a weight which I have found was as false as the woman who put it there, and which would be a fortune to any grocer in town. If you have no partiality for the coat, take the

sleeve; I have no farther use for it, and hang it up over your looking-glass, where, when you look at your deceitful eyes, you can cast them up to the memento of yours till death—I'll see about how it will be afterwards.

DIONSYIUS DESPERATE.

This letter finished, Desperate leaned back in his chair, and after a few minutes' cogitation, commenced combing his hair vigorously with his fingers, and groaning "Oh! Prissy! Prissy! That ever I should be compelled to write you thus!" Then, as if the courage, which for the moment was on the eve of taking the "back track," had pulled up, he continued in a determined manner—"Don't be a fool, Desperate! She ain't worth a groan." With this thought he became settled down to the portentous business in which he was engaged—"There's the public! I liked to have forgot them! They always want to know something about these matters; they are so inquisitive on such occasions; and it would be a pity not to gratify their curiosity. I'll drop them a line before I drop myself on one."

TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE—Fate and other causes brought me into this world. Hemp and other matters take me out of it. That my example may be a warning to other susceptible natures, I will state that my untimely end was brought about by a load of affection too heavy for me to carry in single harness. The filly that should have pulled with me having kicked out of the traces, I determined to lie down, and—no, hang up, and die. Beware of false hair, false teeth, and false woman!

Yours, on the end of a rope,  
DIONSYIUS DESPERATE.

"There is one important matter I had almost forgotten! That is, to make a will, to prevent any fighting over my effects when I am cold." A shudder here passed over the framework of Desperate at that word cold, but it was only transitory, and the quiet solemn feelings which had animated him in his trying moments were speedily on hand, and he commenced to write his will.

"I, Dionysius Desperate, being of sound mind,—there's no use in putting in all the technicalities, especially as I'm not on speaking acquaintance with them, so I'll just let them slide.—I, Dionysius Desperate, being of sound mind, and so forth, do give and bequeath to Frank the little bill I owe him for 'smiles and good looks,' for him to use and apply in any manner he may think proper. To my uncle Joshua, my boots. To Priscilla Plumly, my coat, or sleeve, at her option. To the guardians of the poor, the remaining portion of my wardrobe, to wit: Item, one change of linen, one pair of stockings, one pistol and carving-knife, one pair of pantaloons and waistcoat, and one odd shirt-collar. All of these things to belong to them and their heirs for ever—provided they (the things) last so long, and also provided they (the guardians) do not erect a monument to my memory. Codicil—I leave the world free to turn on its own axis, or any other it can borrow; and I also leave the public to do as they please after I am gone, for which bequest I hope they will be sufficiently respectful to my memory."

The will having been written, Desperate leaned back in his chair, and was for some time wrapt in thought, when at last the business for which he had nerved himself, again set him in motion. "I have settled," continued he, "all my worldly affairs, except

the bill for rent; I'll settle that by putting this shilling here for the landlord; there is no fear but what he will get it, as that class generally find all things left by lodgers."

With this remark, he deposited the coin mentioned upon the corner of the table, and taking up the rope, he placed it around his neck, "just to see how the thing feels," as he expressed himself. During the latter part of this scene, Priscilla was peeping at him through the crack of the door, and was much moved by the evident distress of mind under which he was laboring. Finding he was about to move from his position, she quietly closed the door.

"If Priscilla was only here to witness my untimely exit, she would see the strength of my affection and of her clothes-line. This thing of putting a rope around your neck is not quite as comfortable as some things I have experienced, but desperate diseases require corresponding remedies. As I have got myself fixed on to one end of this rope, I'll have to find a place for the other end."

During all the time that he had been employed, he had not thought once before of the fact that, in order to hang himself effectually, it was necessary to have some place to which he could attach the rope, besides his neck. A few turns around the room, however, brought him in front of the closet, over the door of which he saw a large hook.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "here's just the thing I want—hook and I. But my legs are a little too short to reach it! It will be all the better, though when I come to swing off, because if I should happen to touch bottom, I *might* change my mind, and then, not change my color." He brought a chair before the door, and mounting it, continued, in much agony of mind—"I'll just make a knot here to go over the hook, kick the chair out from under me, and then, kick the bucket."

He was reaching up to the hook for the purpose of applying the rope, when the door was violently pushed open, and he found himself lying on the floor instead of hanging on the partition. When he found words to express his astonishment, he exclaimed—

"Hulloa! what the devil is all this about? No! Yes! Pr—Pr—Priscilla! How came *you* here?"

"I knew, when I saw you in the street accidentally this morning, that you was going to do something desperate, so I followed you here, told the landlord I was your wife, and he put me in the closet while you was sitting at the table before you fastened the door. And you come—and—wanted to ha—hang yourself before my very face, wh—when I only slighted you to see if you thought an—anything of me."

"Then you do think something of your Dionysius? You aint the hard-hearted wretch I took you to be?"

"That I am not. And since I am satisfied that you love me, I am willing to be Mrs. Desperate whenever you please."

"Come to my coat-sleeve; there's no sleevegammon there! Nestle here to my waistcoat, close!" And she nestled.

"Take that ugly rope away from your neck, Dionysius."

"That I will, Priscilla, if you will only place your arms there instead."

The rope was removed, and, just at the particular moment when Priscilla had concluded her part of the bargain, the waiter entered the room, exclaiming in an excited manner—

"What's all this noise about?"

"Nothing, my dear sir, nothing! It's all over now, and if the noise has disturbed you, just put it down in the bill. This is your quiet room, is it! where a man who wanted to commit suicide wouldn't be disturbed until he was quite dead?"

"It was your own fault, sir! You would have a woman running after you, and you know *they* can't be kept out of any place. But is your name Desperate, sir?"

"Yes, sir! I rejoice in that unfortunate title, and so did my father and grandfather before me. and what do you want to know for?"

"There's a man down here named Jenkins, who says he saw you come in here, and he wants to see you."

"Don't let him up! I owe him a small bill, and hav'n't got any small change to pay him with."

"But I'm here already, Desperate," said the creditor Jenkins, entering the room, and extending his hand.

"Well, Desperaté, my boy, how are you? Ah! a woman here! How is this, old fellow?"

"It's all right, Jenkins. Mrs. Desperate, Mr. J.; Mr. J., Mrs. D."

Desperate put his finger to his mouth, and Jenkins took off his hat, bobbed his head, and said earnestly to Desperate, I came here to tell you, that your uncle Josh is in town, and —"

But Desperate would not hear any more, and seizing on the rope appeared as if about to attempt the neck-stretching operation anyhow.

"Don't be in such a hurry," continued Jenkins; "your uncle is here, but he is as cold as a wedge—he is dead—and has left you a good-sized pile!"

"No! Has he though? Bless his old soul, how I shall love his memory? How did *you* know about it?"

"I met your cousin Jack, and he told me all about it; he says they're going to bury him in Greenwood this afternoon."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Uncle Josh was a good egg after all!"

"But what are you going to do, Desperate?"

"I'll go out and see all about it, and if it's a hoax, and Priscilla snubs me to-morrow, I'll go off and do something desperate."

What became of him afterwards it shall be our lot to chronicle at some future day.

#### ON AN ILL-READ LAWYER.

AN EPIGRAM BY SAXE.

An idle attorney besought a brother  
For "something to read—some novel or other,  
That was really fresh and new."  
"Take Chitty!" replied his legal friend,  
"There isn't a book that I could lend  
Would prove more novel to you."

#### ON AN UGLY PERSON SITTING FOR A DAGUERREOTYPE.

AN EPIGRAM BY SAXE.

HERE nature in her glass,—the wanton elf,—  
Sits gravely making faces at herself;  
And while she scans each clumsy feature o'er,  
Repeats the blunders that she made before!

## A BREAKFAST IN A LOG CABIN.

FROM "THE NEW PURCHASE." BY B. R. HALL (ROBERT CARLTON). 1855.

It was in truth a barbarous rectangle of unhewed and unbarked logs, and bound together by a gigantic dove-tailing called "*notching*." The roof was of thick, rickety shingles, called "clapboards;" which when *clapped* on, were held down by longitudinal poles, kept apart by shorter pieces placed between them perpendicularly. The interstices of the log-wall were "*chinked*"—the "*chinking*" being large chips and small slabs, dipping like strata of rocks in geology; and then on the chinking was the "*daubing*"—a quant. suff. of yellow clay, ferociously splashed in by the hand of the architect, and then left to harden at its leisure. Rain and frost had here, however, caused mud daubing to disappear: so that from without could be clearly discerned through the wall, the light of fire and candle, and from within, the light of sun, moon, and stars—a fair and harmless tit for tat.

The chimney was outside the cabin, and a short distance from it. This article was built, as boys in rainy weather make on the kitchen hearth stick houses of light wood; for it consisted of layers of little logs reposing on one another at their corners, and topped off when high enough with flag stones. It was, moreover, daubed, and so admirably, as to look like a mud stack! That, however, was, as I afterwards found, inartistical—the daubing of chimneys correctly being a very *nice* task, although just as dirty as political daubing.

The inside cabin had one room below and one loft above—to which, however, was no visible ascent. I think the folks climbed up at the corner. The room contained principally beds, the other furniture being a table, "*stick chairs*," and some stools, with from two to three legs apiece. Crockery and calabashes shared the mantel with two dangerous-looking rifles and powder horns. The iron ware shifted for itself about the fire-place, where awkward feet feeling for the fire or to escape

it, pushed kettle against pot, and skillet against Dutch oven.

What French cook committed suicide because something was not done "*à la turn*?" Ample poetic justice may be done to his wicked ghost by some smart writer, by chaining him with an iambic or two to the jamb of that cabin hearth—there for ever to be a witness of its cookery. There came first the pettish outcries of two matron hens dangled along to a hasty execution; then notes of preparation sung out by the tea-kettle; then was jerked into position the Dutch oven, straddling with three short legs over the burning coals; and lastly, the skillet began sputtering forth its boiling lard, or grease of some description. The instruments ready, the hostess aided by a little barefooted daughter, and whose white hair was whiped at the top of the head with a string and horn comb, the hostess put into the oven balls of wet corn meal, and then slapped on the lid red-hot and covered with coals, with a look and motion equal to this sentence—"Get out of that! till you're done." Then the two fowls, but a moment since kicking and screeching at being killed, were doused into the skillet into hot oil, where they moved around dismembered, as if indignant now at being fried.

We travellers shifted quarters repeatedly during these solemn operations, sometimes to get less heat, sometimes more, and sometimes to escape the fumes direct; but usually to get out of the way. That, however, being impracticable, we at length sat extempore, and were kicked and jostled accordingly. In the meanwhile our landlady—in whom was much curiosity, a little reverence, and a misty idea that her guests were great folks, and towards whom as aristocrats it was republican to feel enmity—our landlady maintained at intervals a very lively talk, as for example:

"From Loo'ville, I allow?"



"No—from Philadelphia."

A sudden pause—a turn to look at us more narrowly, while she still affectionately patted some wet meal into shape for the oven.

"Well!—now!—I wonder!—hem! Come to enter land, 'spose—powerful bottom on the Shining—heavy timber, though. He's your old man, mam?"

Mrs. C. assented. The hostess then stooped to deposit the ball, and continued:

"Our wooden country's mighty rough, I allow, for some folks—right hard to git gals here, mam—folks has to be thar own niggurs, mam—what mought your name be?"

Mrs. C. told the lady, and then in a timid and piteous sort of tone, inquired if girls could not be hired by the year? To this the landlady replied at first with a stare—then with a smile—and then added:

"Well! sort allow not—most time, mam, you'll have to work your own ash-hopper"—"Nan"—(name of little flax head)—"Nan, sort a turn them thare chickens."

And thus, the cabin lady kept on doing up her small stock of English into Hoosierisms and other figures; now, the question direct—now the question implied; then, with a soliloquy—then, an apostrophe: and all the time cleaning and cutting up chickens, making pones, and working and wriggling among pots, skillets, and people's limbs and feet, and with an adroitness and grace gained by practice only; and all this, without upsetting any thing, scalding any body, or even spilling any food—excepting, maybe, a little grease, flour, and salt. Nor did she lose time by dropping down curtsy fashion to inspect the progress of things baked or fried; but she bent over as if she had hinges in the hips, according to nature doubtless, but contrary to the Lady's Book; although the backward motion made to balance the head projected beyond the base, did render garments *short* by nature still *shorter*, as grammarians would say, by *position*.

Corn-bread takes its own time to bake. Hence it was late when the good woman, having placed the "chicken fixins" on a large dinner-plate, and poured over them the last drop of unabsorbed and unevaporated oil, set all on the table, and then, giving her heated and perspiring face a last wipe with

the corner of her tow-linen apron, and also giving her thumb and finger a rub on the same cleanser, she sung out the ordinary summons:

"Well! come, sit up."

This sit-up we instantly performed, while she stood up to pour out the tea, complimenting all the time its quality, saying—"Tisn't nun of your spice wood or yarb stuff, but the rele gineine *store* tea." Nanny remained near the Dutch oven to keep us supplied with red-hot pones, or corn-balls—and hard enough to do execution from cannon. The tea-cups used, held a scant pint; and to do exact justice to each cup, the mistress held the teapot in one hand and the water-pot in the other, pouring from both at once till the cup was brim-full of the mixture—an admirable system of impartiality, and if the pots have spouts of equal diameters, the very way to make precisely "half and half." But sorry am I to say, that on the present occasion, the water-pot had the best and easiest delivery.

"And *could* you eat, Mr. Carlton?"

How could we avoid it, Mr. Nice? Besides, we were most vulgarly hungry. And the consequence was, that, at the arrival of the woodman and his two sons, other corn-bread was baked, and, for want of chicken, bacon was fried.

"But how *did* you do about retiring?"

We men-folks, my dear Miss, went out to see what sort of weather we were likely to have; and on coming in again, the ladies were very modestly covered up in bed—and then we—got into bed—in the usual way. I have no doubt Mr. Carlton managed a little awkwardly: but I fear the reader will discover, that in his attempts at doing as Rome does, Mr. Carlton departed finally from the native sweetness and simplicity of eastern and fashionable life. Still we seemed to leave rather an unfavorable impression at the cabin, since, before our setting out in the morning, the landlady told the driver privately—"Well! I allow the stranger and his woman-body thinks theirsself mighty big-bugs—but maybe they aint got more silver than Squire Snoddy across Big Bean creek; and *his* wife don't think nuthin on slinging round like her gal—but never mind, maybe Mrs. Callten, or Crawltn, or something or nuther, will larn how too."

—Oh!—

## A WEDDING DINNER.

FROM "THE NEW PURCHASE." BY D. R. HALL (ROBERT CARLTON). 1855.

The dinner-table was set in the diagonal of the room, and could accommodate about thirty persons; but as our company was twice that number, we were "to eat twice." As usual, the new married persons were seated at one end, and the groomsman and bridesmaid at the other: and then were seated all the married men, and after that as many as possible of the married women; preference on such occasions being shown—according to a rule of Latin Grammar—to the worthier gender. This inversion of the matrimonial chord arises mainly from the fact, that out there women reserve themselves to attend to the table; and, therefore, when the "set up" is ordered, the gentlemen instantly seat themselves alongside, and partly *under* the table. Sheepish young chaps usually hang back, however hungry, and say, "O there's no 'casion!" after which they give an acquiescing cough or two, or more

commonly go to the door, and give a twang with the nose and finger instrument, and then drop, as if shot, down into a seat, jerking the seat under the table, till the mouth comes to its level, and is thus fixed for convenient feeding.

All Glenville had a seat at the first table; except John Glenville, who, partly out of policy, but much more out of true and gentlemanly feeling, preferred coming with the young people to the second table. And when the company were fixed—and fixed it was till one could barely stir a hand or foot—Uncle Tommy "asked a blessing;" when he made amends for a long story, by a very short prayer. But even in that prayer, which certainly lasted no longer than two minutes, he contrived, among other things, to ask a blessing on the young folks, praying especially, "for them as had just been married, according to the divine appointment in the garden of



Eden, that they might, both of them, live to a good old age, and be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and see their children's children to the third and fourth generation, and that other young folks present might soon settle and have families, and become an honor and a blessing in their day and generation."

Many young gentlemen of "the second table" waited on us of "the first table," and among them John Glenville:—and this was taken so kindly, that before we went home declarations were heard about "taking him up for the legislature, fall come a year"—a hint not lost on us, and of which more hereafter. I am sorry the reader can only taste our *goodies* in imagination; and yet are we cruel enough to let him see what he lost.

And first, notice, all eatables, from "the egg to the apple," were on our table at once. Thus a single glance disclosed what amount of labor was expected:—our *whole* work was there, and no other jobs of eating by way of appendix. Nor were we plagued with changing knives, whipping on and away of plates, and brushing or removing cloths; no, no, we kept right dead ahead with the work from the start to the finish; the sole labor of the attendants being to keep the plates "chuckfull" of something, and ours, to eat! eat! eat!

The dishes next. First, then, and middlemost, an enormous pot-pie, and piping hot, graced our centre, overpowering, with its fragrance and steam, the odors and vapors of all other meats: and pot-pie was the wedding dish of our purchase, par excellence! The pie to-day was the doughy sepulchre of at least six hens, two chanticleers, and four pullets, if it be logical to reason upward from legs and wings to bodies! What pot could have contained the pie is inconceivable, unless the one used for "tarrifying the bar." Why, among other unknown contributions, it must have received one half peck of onions! And yet it is to be feared that they who came after us were pot-pieless; for pot-pie is the favorite, and woodsmen sharp set are most *awful* eaters.

Around the pie were wild turkeys—tame enough

now—with wonderful necks stretched out in search of their heads, and stupendous limbs and wings ready for flight, the instant the head should be discovered or heard from! The poor birds, however, were so done, over and under too, that all native juices were evaporated, and the flesh was as dry as cork: but by way of amends, quarts of gravy were judiciously emptied on our plates from the wash-basin-bowls. That also moistened the "stuff'nin," composed of Indian meal and sausages.

These two were the grand dishes: but sprinkled and scattered about were plates of fried venison, fried turkey, fried chicken, fried duck, fried pork, and, for any thing I could know, even fried leather; for, so complete and impartial the frying, that distinctive tastes were obliterated, and it could only be guessed, by the shape, size, legs, etc., which was what, and the contrary.

But who can tell of the "sasses?" for we had "biled petaturs"—and "smashed petaturs!"—and "petatursis!" i. e., potatoes rolled into balls as big as marbles, and baked brown. And there were "bil'd ingins!"—"fried ingins!"—and "ingins out of this here pie!" Yes, and beets of all known colors and unknown tastes!—all pickled in salt and vinegar, and something else! And there were pickled cucumbers, as far as salt and water could go; and "punkun-butter!"—and "punkun-jelle!"—and corn bread in all its glory!

Scientifically inserted and insinuated among the first course, was the second; every crevice and space being wedged up: and had the plates and saucers been like puzzle-maps, no table-cloth would have been visible through the interstices. And fortunate! the table itself was strong and masculine: otherwise it must have been crushed under the combined weight of elbows and dishes! This second course was chiefly custard; and that stood in bowls and teacups of cadaverous white, encircled by unknown flowers. A pitcher of milk was gracefully adorned by the artist with the pattern of an entrail taken, doubtless, out of some school book on physiology. But we had also custard pies! and made with both upper and under crusts! And also maple

molasses—usually called “them ’ere molasses”—and preserved apples, preserved water-melon rinds, and preserved red peppers and tomatoes—all termed, for brevity’s sake—like words in Webster’s Dictionary—“sarves.”

A few under crusts, or shells, were filled with stewed peaches and apples—an idea borrowed by Susan from Glenville: but so much was this like conformity to the pomps and vanities of life, that the careful mother had that very morning rebuked her daughter, and earnestly advised her not “to take to quality ways, but naterally bake pies with uppermost crusts.” And yet Mrs. Ashford soon got over her miff: and, won by the marked and *uncondescending* attention paid to her daughter and her daughter’s husband by us, she was heard not long after the rebuke to say—“Well, arter all, they’re a right down clever sort of folks, and that ’ere Mr. Carlton is naterally adicted to fun.”

Among the curiosities were the pound cakes, as numerous as apple dumplings, and about as large. These were compounded of some things found in pound cakes every where, and of some not found, maple sugar being, evidently, from the taste, the

master ingredient; but their shape—that was the beauty! All were baked in coffee-cups! and after being disencupped, each was iced all over, till it looked, for all the world, exactly like an ill-made snow ball! The icing, or snowing, was a composition of egg, starch, and a species of double rectified maple sugar, as fine and white as table salt.

In addition to all these matters tea and coffee were severally handed, while the girls in attendance asked each guest—“Do you take sweet’nin?” If the reply was affirmative, the same sized spoonful was put into every sized cup; and then, to save you the trouble, the young lady stirred the beverage with her own fair hand, and with as much energy and good will as if she was mixing molasses and water.

Now, we do hope no reader will think we of Glenville turned up our noses at all this. No, no, verily; but we eat as much and as long, laughing, talking, joking all the time too, as if native born. As for Mr. Carlton, he stuck mainly to pot-pie, the marbled potatoes, the custard, and the maple molasses; which last, by the way, is indeed as superior to all far east and down east molasses and syrups as cheese is to chalk.

## SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

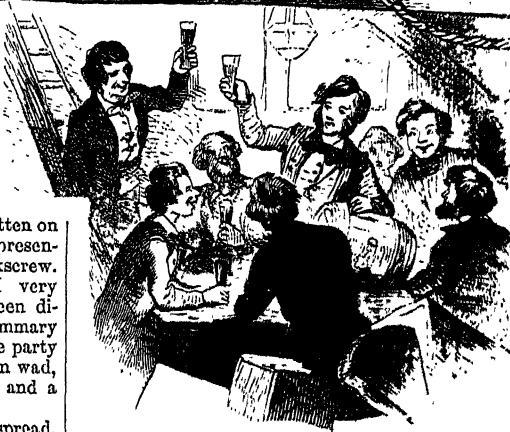
FROM “HARRY GRINGO’S TALES FOR THE MARINES.” BY H. A. WISE. 1855.



I WAS whiling away a few leisure moments in the innocent diversion of trying to paint a sleeping messmate’s face, with lampblack from the binnacles, when I received the following laconic billet: “Sir, at the calling of the watch, you will repair to the starboard steerage, and report yourself for service, with a wine glass.—*Saturday Night.*”

This peremptory official document was written on coarse cartridge paper, and signed by a representation of an imp dancing a *pas seul* on a corkscrew. Accordingly, as the bell struck eight, I very promptly entered the berth where I had been directed to report, and being hoisted, by a summary process, head foremost over the backs of the party already assembled, I was rammed, like a gun wad, into a small crevice between a mess locker and a pile of cocked hat and quadrant cases.

A solid cherry wood table, with the leaves spread, nearly filled the apartment, leaving barely room for the camp stools and their occupants, ranged at the sides. A swinging lamp was attached from the beam overhead, which shed a strong light and heat around; but the air ports and a windsail, which was led into the berth, just saved us from the tortures of suffocation.



The mess was composed of the usual heterogeneous collection of mates and midshipmen, varying from the ages of thirteen to thirty, though the latter, not only by long tradition, but usage, were treated as much like boys as the former; nor would the case have been altered in the least degree, had

they been grandfathers. They came from all parts of the broad United States, from the eastern limits of New England and the Atlantic seaboard, to the backwoods, and down to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Many of us, however, knew what a ship was, and had picked up a little primary nautical knowledge from a residence in seaport cities, where ships were objects of hourly observation. But there were others who had never seen a mast sticking out of a vessel's deck, and were as ignorant of the life and profession they were called to assume, as an oyster might be supposed to be of the satellites of Jupiter. Strange enough that some of these last took to their avocations more naturally, and made eventually far better officers than those who had been reared amid the cheeping of blocks and the smell of that marine perfume—tar.

We had one great strapping fellow, who, after many days' travel away from the clearings of the remote settlements, at last reached his destination, and entered the gates of the dock-yard, astride of his steed and saddle-bags. In obedience to directions which had been volunteered him from a demure rector at the gates, he hitched his trusty charger to a ringbolt of the receiving hulk moored at the pier; but while he was on board reporting and being introduced to his new home and companions, the tide rose and pulled his faithful animal and saddle-bags into the dock. It was not long, however, before Ripley, the honest soul, learned to distinguish the ropes as well as the sharpest of us, and from his very kindness of heart we all loved him.

There was another big fellow named Slade, but he was of quite a different stamp. He had been a "bilger" at his examinations for the second time, and was again on probation for another trial. He was a devoted lover of field sports, knew the pedigree and exploits of every horse in the racing calendar, and prided himself, of all things, upon his skill in gulfing game-cocks with steel spurs as sharp as needles, so that the "poultry" might kill one another at the first fly, whenever a private cock-pit could be held without danger of interruption under the forecastle.

Tom Slade did not apparently own much shirt property, for he was very scantily supplied with those essentials, and with respect to coats, he had not a decent one to his broad back. Indeed, it was not often that he required those outward luxuries, as he rarely went on shore for pleasure, except to act as principal or second in a duel, or umpire in a horse race; and then he took the privilege of his age and strength, and rigged himself out in the best raiment the kits of his messmates afforded. Albeit he was on those gala occasions a very talking fellow, yet when the night set in, he was usually brought on board in an unconscious state. Years rolled on; he left the service, and was killed one day by an Indian rifle bullet, during the Seminole war in Florida, while trying to make a loaded team leap a pine tree across the road, in the heart of a thick forest.

We had another victim to blue-water ruin also, whom we called Bonny Bailly. He was a little red-headed fellow, who got maudlin not unfrequently, and in that condition was in the habit of requesting some one of his messmates to take three or four loaded pistols and explode them into his lacerated bosom, declaring himself disgusted with the

world, and the first lieutenant particularly. His turn came; he was cashiered, lectured for a time as a reformed drunkard, then tried his talents as a Methodist parson, ran off with one of the lambs of his flock, and finally died in the almshouse.

Among the more juvenile denizens of the Juniata's steerages, there were a number of fine, well-behaved youths, who, steering clear of the shoals and reefs which beset the path of inexperience, escaped all danger, and are now carrying their canvas gallantly in open water, leading lives alike honorable to their country and to themselves. As I pass them in review before me, while busy memories flit in lights and shadows, it is very pleasant to me to reflect that there are many of these my boyish comrades, whose early impulsive yearnings have never been weakened by time or circumstance, or the cold and stern realities of manhood. Believe me, Fred, and give heed to the knowledge which I have only bought by constant attrition in the world,—never forsake the person who has stood by you in the hour of need, for all the wealth or honors that man can bestow.

In this latter class, I call to mind a messmate named Rox. He was a short, square-built youth, with a full, dark eye, lighting up a frank, handsome face, beneath a broad, white Grecian forehead, and chestnut hair. He was strong, too, as he was handsome, with limbs like a Titan; and at the age of fifteen he could hold a thirty-two pound shot, at arms length, in each hand.

Besides the sea officers, who lived in these cramped berths of the Juniata, was a schoolmaster, calling himself Brown, who was our abomination. We nicknamed him Griddle Brown, from his resemblance to a pale buckwheat cake. He wandered slightly out of the line of his legitimate duty, and through a mistaken notion of his conscience, or some such nonsense, he was in the habit of tattling of our misdemeanors to the captain; so we made war upon him, and after being driven nearly to the verge of distraction, he was finally forced to leave the corvette, and devoted his leisure to the scientific explorations of the River Amazon.

To balance this annoying person, we had a dear good old soul of a clerk, named Belfair. He crooked his elbow once too often, however, and like many a better man, the dark waters cover him. He was our favorite, soothed our temporary griefs, interceded for us in scrapes, made up our little quarrels, and was our adviser and friend at all times. He was a man of education, and had seen service; but his unfortunate propensity for the bottle had at last brought him to the lower deck of a man-of-war, whence he was rescued for the time by Captain Percy, with whom he had sailed a score of years before. When not too far gone in his cups, our old friend would sit and sing to us the most soul-touching ditties that ever sailor listened to.

You must forgive this tedious digression, ladies, said the Lieutenant, with a sad smile for the past, as he bowed imploringly to his fair audience, for I find that garrulity, one of the infirmities of age, is creeping up to me with a wet lug.

I have already told you that, upon my advent to the mate's quarters, there was the accustomed gathering to welcome Saturday night, and the glasses were paraded on the board. My friend, Jack Gracieux, to whom I was indebted for a very cordial reception, had the chair—in a Pickwickian sense, I mean, for there was nothing but camp-stools



in the berth, if indeed there was a contrivance for sitting upon, with a back to it, in the lower part of the ship.

"Gentlemen," said Jack, as he rose with his usual air and charming grace of manner—"gentlemen, it may not have escaped the recollection of a number of you, and others have, perhaps, been informed by impartial observers, that some time during the past week, the good ship in which we sail, came within an ace of being wrecked on inhospitable rocks in the Bight of Benin; and, out of gratitude for our deliverance, we have been presented by our estimable young shipmate there, over the way"—pointing with an easy wave of his hand towards me, "with a five gallon keg of old Madeira, which I believe was originally intended for his grandmother, I think you said—no!—grandfather, gentlemen, to whom I would beg, should a favorable opportunity present itself in the course of the evening, to propose a very good health."

Mr. Gracieux, having got rid of these remarks in an off-hand way, turned to the steward, (a mottled, discolored-faced mulatto, who at a later day made a razzia of all the old family watches in the mess, together with Mr. Gracieux's gold sleeve-buttons, and escaped at Buenos Ayres,) and observed, in an impressive tone, "Thomas Small, immediately produce the materials."

To my horror and surprise, the afore-mentioned little barrel of old Madeira was rolled upon the mess table, which I at once recognized as one I had especially intrusted to the master's mate of the spirit room for safe-keeping during the remainder of the cruise, that office being at the time filled by the worthy gentleman who had just concluded his address.

In addition to the wine, there were other creature comforts produced, such as a large cube of salt beef, as hard as agate, with a tray of biscuits, or midshipmen's nuts, beside it.

Lord love ye, Fred! suddenly ejaculated the Lieutenant, if you should happen in these days, to mention the unknown words of grog, salt junk, or hard tack in a reefer's mess, the chances are five to one that they'd kick you out of the berth first, and then have you out edgewise in the morning. Why, it's a mortal affront to even allude to anything more bracing or substantial than Burgundy or sugar wafers. For their nerves are too delicate by far to enjoy the coarse grub we used to esteem such a treat.

On the present occasion, as I was about to tell you, there was, as you may have ere this remarked, a more sumptuous display than ordinary; and when all the "materials" were produced, the presiding officer desired, with permission of the company, to send for his tall and amiable acquaintance, Mr. Ash, the carpenter, and an implement to bore a hole in the wine barrel, as there was not, strange to say, so useful an apparatus as a corkscrew in the furniture of the mess. "And," added Mr. Gracieux, with his wonted blandness, to his thirsty and impatient audience, "it is my private opinion that the invention of corkscrews has proved of infinitely more serious injury to the human race than even gunpowder; for, although the process of extermination is more refined, tedious, and expensive, yet, in the end, it is equally certain in its results. By the by," continued the speaker, as an idea of considerable magnitude seemed to occur to him, "I am only surprised that some valiant naval hero of perhaps a hundred bot-

tles, who may have performed admirable service in foreign ports and other precious liquids, where a careful use of those instruments is required in removing obstructions from the mouths of narrow-necked channels—I am only shocked," he repeated, "that some commodore of wisdom and experience in this interesting pursuit has not ere this collected a 'musée or corkscrew artillerie,' and prepared a brief memoir of the form and execution of those engines, since the gradual introduction of glass in place of wine skins, from the mediæval ages to the present day."

At this juncture, Mr. Ash, the carpenter, appeared through the sliding doors of the steerage, and with an auger of respectable dimensions, soon effected an orifice in the wine breaker. Being requested to name his tippie, he promptly replied, "Hollands," which fluid being procured, he threw it down his throat like a capsule of castor oil, without touching that passage, closed his lips tight together, fearful lest the aroma might escape, and then vanished.

"Gentlemen," again proposed the chairman, "before we turn our attention seriously to the business on the table before us, would it not be as well to send a cartel to our sympathizing friend Lieutenant John Hazy, to ask him to join us upon this festivity?"

"O, agreed—only be quick!" shouted all in a volley; and a deputation having been ceremoniously despatched to the gun-room, there presently arrived a handsome, sailor-built fellow, on the lee side of forty, with so much fun in his twinkling black eyes that it was positively exhilarating to behold him.

Hazy was only a passenger on board the *Juniata*, going out to join a frigate in the Brazils; but as he was by long odds the most amusing character in the corvette, and his time all his own, he was on the whole a great comfort to us. Hazy was not merely a gentleman, but he professed to be a scholar, a poet, and withal a passionate admirer of the fair sex.

We all struggled to rise when he entered the berth; but as he assured us it would break his heart should we incommode ourselves by so doing, we resumed our places.

"Jack," said Gracieux, as he gave him a hearty slap of pure friendship on the back. Now I must observe, here parenthesized the Lieutenant, that although our friend Hazy was the most genial soul in existence to those he loved, yet few others could take liberties with him; for he declared with Falstaff that he was "Jack with his familiars, John with his brothers and sisters, but Sir John with all Europe."

"Jack," inquired the chairman, "what will you begin with?—the old south-side there, presented to us by that interesting youth on the quadrant case,"—here he frowned demoniacally at me, thinking, perhaps, that I might expose the larceny of the little barrel,—"or a throw of spirits?"

"My brave companion," replied the officer addressed, "though the sagacious Publius Syrus very justly remarks that 'wine has drowned more than the sea,' yet if it be not, according to the discreet and temperate Horace, 'a poet's beverage vile and cheap,' as I have not tasted the south-side juice of the grape since the memorable dinner at Madeira, when I proposed to the young lady, and requested leave to begin a series of visits to her on the following day, I will e'en join you in a bowl; but first, if

you will allow me, I'll have a compact rum toddy to take away the taste of the fruit and cigar I incautiously indulged in after dinner to-day."

"Certainly," acquiesced Mr. Gracieux. "Steward, mix this gentleman a tod."

"And I say," crowded in our guest, "don't grate your thumb nail into it, by mistake for the nutmeg; for, though I'm convinced it's all prejudice, still I prefer the spice from the Philippine Isles. And wait a week," he added; "steward, don't put too much water with the rum; for, though water may be very conducive to navigation under the keel, it is at the same time very injurious, I maintain, above the keelson.—Ah, that will do; all right," said he, as the mixture was presented to him, while he gave vent to a peculiar whistle, from the very depths of his windpipe, to convey to us the extreme satisfaction he experienced in absorbing his drink.

The work of the evening was now fairly under way; the little breaker of wine rolled from side to side until he actually began to gurgle with depletion.

"This is a tolerably good vintage, gentlemen," observed Slade, as he held a full tumbler in his hand; "very fine flavor, indeed; could shoot quite close to the line with enough of this beverage in one's system; smacks a twang, though, of the wood, like all the rest of us who live so much down among these huge masses of timber. However, it aids digestion, which is all we need here; for I contend that, to live upon the ocean, one should have the gizzard of an ostrich and the stomach of a dromedary. As for nerves, those luxuries could be dispensed with altogether."

"Blasphemy—arrant nautical sacrilege," interposed the chairman. "I cannot, in my official capacity, listen to such indecorous observations. For my part, I absolutely adore every thing salt and blue, from a herring to the azure orbs of woman."

"Except," gravely put in Jack Hazy, "when you chance to have a grand passion for some unconscious fair one, while you are away on the unchanging deep, your feelings smothered, and the sweet sensibilities of your susceptible nature agonized by the cold, unfeeling sneers of your boisterous companions."

"Any aromatic vinegar left in the castors, steward, or mustard?" suggested some one; "for here is a gentleman under contract to faint."

"Why, Hazy," chirped Bonny Bailly, "I thought you were a moment ago congratulating yourself on a matrimonial escape you effected at Madeira the other day."

"O, no, my trusty mates; you mistook my meaning entirely. The risk I ran was with the brother; and since you seem so interested, I will explain how the delicate affair happened."

"I was dining at the house of one of those wine-selling princes of the grape, and owing to some derangement of my pocket chronometer, I had the misfortune to arrive a few seconds after the company were seated at table, but found a place reserved for me beside one of the most charming young witches it has ever been my sad fate to meet with. She was gay, conversable, and *spirituelle*. She positively idolized the blue jackets; she thought them so frank, so generous; but alas! so hard-hearted. She had lived on the sea shore, somewhere about Cork; gazed on the waves by the month together; trembled when it blew, and wept, I think she said, when it calmed. Then, too, she had such tender,

confiding looks out of her eyes, and smiled so sweetly, that, in short, gentlemen, towards the close of the dinner, when some of the pure nectar from the mother vats had been produced, I began to believe that I was getting very far gone in love; and that, being now of age, how delightful it would be to have those soft, dimpled fingers to smooth my pillow, and strew my desolate"—"Dissolute, you mean," hinted Rox—"path with the thornless roses, which, I am told, bloom in the little heaven of married life. I turned the matter rapidly over in my mind, while the dessert was coming on. I felt that this was my only chance, for there was a ball in the evening, and the ship was to sail the next day. A more excellent opportunity might never present itself. I had twinges at the same time, for I knew that in the event of my changing my estate, I should of necessity have to forswear the fascinating society of all my intimates, yourselves, gentlemen, among the number."

"What shocking ingratitude!" exclaimed the mess, in one simultaneous shriek.

"Not so, my friends; but I felt that you could not, rough sailors, though honest, perhaps, as you are, appreciate the shrinking timidity of a tender flower, like the one I was about to protect. I say, I thought all these things over as maturely as I could amid the confusion of handing fruit, and some few innocent familiarities with the *tinta*, and finally concluded that, notwithstanding the young person had, as she ingenuously assured me, neither lands nor dower, yet reflecting that the pious Augustine tells us, 'Humble wedlock is better than proud virginity,' and in spite of the opinion of the immortal Dr. Slop, that 'virginity alone peoples paradise,' I at once threw up my ticket in that lottery, and resolved to take my chance for a prize on earth."

"Give me a sip, Mr. Gracieux, that I may have strength to unbosom myself further," gasped Jack Hazy, as he loosened his cravat and unbuttoned his shirt, to relieve his feelings in the stifling atmosphere which surrounded us.

"Well, shipmates, the time was getting rather short; and, by the way, I must mention, that through the interstices of a great *épergne*, big as a palm tree, loaded with grapes, confectionary, and wax lights, I had observed a gentleman, apparently far gone in a decline, but, nevertheless, of a most resolute physiognomy, who somewhat annoyed me by the entire disregard he paid to his food and drink, and the manifest interest he took in the lovely girl beside me. I began to feel the pangs of jealousy to an uncomfortable extent, and should have decided to ask his intentions, had not my partner, dear little soul, taken occasion to inform me that he was her brother, who had formerly injured his health by hard service in several campaigns in the Low Countries, under the distinguished German General Count Catzenjammer, of the Pocket Pistol Chopineers, or some such foreign legion, but was now unattached to a regiment of the British army."

"The *épergne*, luckily, answered the purpose of a screen, and any of you profane fellows may take your oath that under the cover of a damask napkin, or the table cloth,—I was so extremely agitated I don't now remember which,—I seized a little fluttering hand, and with my mouth full of grapes, and ladyfingers, I managed to sputter out my devotion and love—how the pent-up feelings of my bosom had overleaped by their resistless force the barri-

cadets of years, and all that sort of thing. In short, I popped in regular form, and as the little soft hand returned the pressure of mine, and the humid eyes were swimming in liquid light, I knew that my happiness in life was sealed. In my confusion, I capsize a wine-glass of port all over my adored one's dress, as I tried to hobnob pleasantly with the consumptive brother, late of the Chopineers, opposite, who was at that moment quite unconscious of the happy family arrangements about to exist between us. However, it only ruined a rich silk, and that was a mere tissue of moonshine compared to the solid rays of married bliss we were about to enjoy; for I was only three months' pay in arrears to the purser on my 'dead horse,' besides a few outstanding claims at home, which I made a mental vow to liquidate as soon as the honeymoon was ended.

"Give me more of the contents of that breaker; it strongly reminds me of the brief though delicious moments I am relating; and let me hurry on to the singular catastrophe."

He drew a long sigh as he imbibed the stimulus, and with another of his peculiar whistles, declared himself "tip top," and continued.



"I think we were a good while longer at table, but of course I had no eyes or ears for any thing that was going on. About the last circumstance I recall was asking my fluttering little dove if she would be my partner for the first quadrille at the ball. 'No; she never danced, and never went to balls,' she murmured, rather sadly; 'and they always carry me away so soon as dinner is over!' 'What brutes!' I ejaculated; 'but never fear; my arms shall be your protection, and mine shall be the pleasing privilege of exhibiting to you all that is worthy of admiration.' 'O,' she fondly whispered, 'you are too kind. Then how bright will be my fate!'

"At this epoch, the entire company moved their chairs from the table, as a signal for rising; and if my senses did not deceive me, I beheld a robust, middle-aged woman approach my promised one, and

grasping her like a bundle of old clothes, lift her up bodily, and bear her from my sight.

"Petrification, my friends, can give you but a faint idea of my rigidity, when I discovered at a glance that she had no legs! How I got through that awful night I leave you to surmise; but early the next morning, as I was trying to cool with wet plaitain leaves the little bald place on the top of my head, which was caused originally by sleeping in too short a cot, I was startled by the apparition of the brother, Captain Bitter, of the 114th Regiment of *Fut*, as he called it, who invited me to step out with him on the balcony of the hotel at a 'convenient' distance—he an invalid, too, and the damp morning air being proverbially injurious!

"Heaven only knows how I got out of his clutches, or how many apologies I made, written and verbal; suffice it to say that, on account of that young person's absence of pins, my heart is blighted."

At the conclusion of this affecting recital, Jack Gracieux desired the clerk to give us a song. The old fellow's face was slightly flushed by his potations; but his voice was as sweet as ever. He gave us the "Battle of the Nile," with such exquisite pathos and feeling, that even the most riotous held their peace, and the struggles of the little breaker itself were for a while suspended.

"O Dibdin!" burst forth the Lieutenant, in a fit of enthusiasm—"O Dibdin! you who had the power to soothe those drooping hearts which were aching to the core, as they mourned the bravest sons of Albion falling victorious on the blood-stained decks of her gullant ships! You, O Dibdin! Homer of the sea! who, when the fight was done, and the red flames quenched, and the thunder of battle silenced, lent a charm and pride to the deeds of the daring tars that will ever cause their sons to cherish and emulate the glorious actions of those who have gone before them! Brave Dibdin—rhymers for the sailor!"

When the good old Belfair had ended his plaintive strain, the wine again flowed, and while a musical mate with the hiccups pealed forth Gay's beautiful ballad,—

'Twas when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deplo'ring,  
All on a rock reclined,—

there came a sharp rap at the steerage doors, and the master at arms, with his horn lantern, observed that it was four bells, and that the ten o'clock lights must be dowsed.

"Whence comest thou on this blasted heath?" fiercely exclaimed Mr. Hazy, as he threw himself into an attitude.

"From the berth deck, sir," replied the matter-of-fact master at arms, while Mr. Gracieux placed a brimming tumbler, compounded from the ullages of the various vintages left on the table, to the official's lips.

The time, however, had arrived for breaking up; the little barrel was in a state of utter emptiness; our guest, Jack Hazy, bowed to us very politely, returned thanks in a neat speech for the good cheer, and requesting me individually to remember him to my aunt, or any other member of my family, when I should choose to write, he cautiously felt his way along the bulkheads, and retired within the gun-room.

## THE VALETS-DE-PLACE OF MUNICH.

FROM "THE SKETCH BOOK OF MEISTER KARL." BY CHARLES G. LELAND. 1855.

ONE evening, in this same city of Munich, while returning from the Royal Library, with a wearisome big folio under my arm, urged partly by fatigue and partly by a nervous eagerness to dip into the contents of said book, I entered an out-of-the-way, old-fashioned coffee-house, and while waiting for the *bier*, which in a genuine Bavarian *kneip* is always brought without order immediately to the guest, busied myself with leafing over my new acquisition. At the next table, sat five of the same



scamps I have been speaking of; and having already employed two or three of them at different times on little affairs, I was profoundly greeted by the whole party on my entrance. Knowing me, therefore, to be a stranger, and presuming on my ignorance of their abominable *patois*, they kept on conversing in the same high, South-German pitch, without reserve or caution.

"A' what did you yesterday, *Bua*?" said the oldest and keenest of the five, to a somewhat younger com-rogue.

"I had a young English yellow-bill (greenhorn) to trot about town," was the reply; "and I must show him every thing, all at once. And I went to have his passport *viséed*, and found that he was to leave town early this morning. So, when we came to the *Glyptothek* (gallery of statues) and the *Pinacothek*, (picture gallery,) I told him that they were closed on Monday, and that no one could enter without a special order; but that if he would give the porters each a florin, and promise to say nothing about it, I could get him in; which he did, and I afterward shared with them. And he read all the while in his red-covered guide-book; and at last hit, I suppose, on the place which tells that the valets-de-place are such great scamps, and in league with all the shopkeepers."

Here the narrator was interrupted by a general roar of laughter, and the party, draining their *moss'ls*, clapped down simultaneously the *deckels* or lids, as a summons for more. And while puffing at his pipe, he continued—

"So, looking very cunning, he asked me if I could tell him a good place to buy some linen. So I drew up indignantly, and told him that the business of a cicerone was to show strangers curiosities and works of art, or to interpret French and English, but not to hunt up shops, and that he must ask the landlord for that.

"Then he appeared quite astonished, and, changing his tone, said that he did not want any linen, but would like to buy a new carpet-bag and some other little items, and would take it as a great favor if I would, only for once, just recommend an honest dealer. And I answered, 'that I had never done such a thing before, but as he was to leave town to-morrow, (for which I was thankful in my heart,) I would take him to a very honest man in the Kaufinger Gasse;' which I did, and we squeezed three prices out of him, of which I got one. Then, as he had full reliance on my honesty, and was too tired to go himself, he sent me to ask of the banker what was the premium on English gold. So I guessed what was coming, and when I had learned from Herr von Hirsch's clerk that it was 3.18, I returned and reported 1.18. Then he sent me with a rouleau of guineas to sell for him, so that, praise the Lord and our Lady of Alttotting! I made a good day's work of it."

"*Bischt a ganza Kerl, du schlaua, sackrischa, abgedrehte Bescht!*" complete, finished for that you are!" cried the elder valet. "Heaven send such days daily, and eight times a week in Lent! HURRAH FOR STRANGERS!"

These last three words he expressed distinctly in good German, for my gratification. I continued to pore over my book.

"And you, *Casper!*," was now asked of another, "blows the wind straight or crooked?"

"Pretty fair. My bird yesterday was a Frenchman, and not so much of a fool as one could wish. He trotted through the picture-gallery with his cane run up the sleeve of his coat, and the end hidden in his handkerchief, in order to save the three kreutzers (two cents) which he ought to have given the porter for taking care of it. But he looked hard, and talked loosely about the Venuses, and such like, so I soon found where the shoe pinched. Then he gave me a glass of beer at Schnitzerl's, and talked all the while, fast as lightning, about the nobility and immorality of Munich. Then he asked me if I thought a gentleman could make any *bonnes fortunes* here, among the beautiful ladies. So I would not answer him at once, but began by explaining how deeply we *valets-de-place* were implicated and concerned in all the secrets of the nobility and gentry, being their confidential messengers!"

Here a general burst of laughter unanimously proclaimed the richness of this last lie, on the strength of which the party ventured a drink all round, and again clapped the mug-covers.

"My Frenchman listened attentively, but was

not green enough to pin his faith to any thing. But when I hinted at a certain charming countess, who, to my positive knowledge through her *femme-de-chambre*, had been very susceptible and sentimental since the death of her late husband, who had left her *in very moderate circumstances*, I could see my Frenchman begin to kindle.

"*Eh diable!*" said he; 'but how must we arrange it, then, to console the fair widow?'

"Oh, there are fifty ways; but, monsieur understands, the thing must be done delicately, *doucement*: the family pride—honor, you know!'

"Here my Frenchman struck his heart, and shut his eyes and mouth, smiling horribly.

"*Au reste*, monsieur knows that in our free-and-easy city we have less fiddle-faddle and ceremony, and acquaintances are more readily made, than in Paris. I will contrive that you knock at her suite of rooms; the girl will admit you, (but I must pay her some thing handsome, of course;) you will see madame, and inquire if there are not apartments in the house to let. She adores the French; and if, with the appearance and manners of monsieur—



"Here my Frenchman gave a yell of delight, and jumped with joy. I kept on:

"For if I were not perfectly certain, from monsieur's aristocratic air and elegant style, of his success, I would never have ventured to aid him in obtaining such a splendid "*bonne fortune*." Of course, monsieur knows that the valets-de-place generally do nothing of the kind for the ordinary run of strangers, who come and go, and *pay* and *share* alike."

"Here my Frenchman broke in with—'*Sois content, mon garçon*. Be content, my boy; if you can play Leporello well, I am quite as capable of the rôle of Don Juan.' And as he, of course, with his head full of the countess, could look at nothing and think of nothing else, I had an easy day's work of it. So, in the evening—"

"But who the devil was the countess?" simultaneously cried the entire company.

"H'm—h'm! that is my business. However, one *Lohndiener* must not play against another, and spoil trade; so I'll tell you, if you'll do as much for me another time. It was Frau Von——, who keeps the fancy store in the ——strasse."

"So!" cried one: "but she really has a title."

"Yes, and so has the Baron SULZRECK, and the swine who runs errands at the *Ober Pollinger*. But the title is all *wurst*, (of no importance;) and you know what '*poor, proud, and pretty*' comes to in Munich. Well, my Frenchman had sense enough to know, that though a man may be close in other items, he shouldn't be mean where women are concerned; so I got from him a gold Caroline for the waiting-maid, one for myself, and, if the *frau* only plays her cards well, Heaven knows how much for us all."

"*Nur, dös war nüt übel*," (not so bad,) "*Pompös*," (splendid,) "*Gratulir*," (I congratulate you,) were the compliments elicited by the recital of this masterpiece of honorable talent. But the silence which ensued was presently broken by the oldest villain himself, who remarked—

"I didn't make much money myself, yesterday; but what I did get was easily earned, for I was paid for doing nothing."

"So; *wahrhaftig!*" "*Really!*" cried the confederacy.

"Yes; I served government; that is, the police, curse their souls! Four or five days since, the Herr Inspektor came to me, and said—'to-morrow, a tall gentleman, a Badensor, now on his way hither from Zurich, will arrive at your hotel. He is a political refugee, and will attempt, under the assumed name of Starkenberg, to revisit his wife and children in Carlsruhe. Give him early in the morning this note, and, when he demands a valet-de-place, see that the man whom I shall send here, and no other, serves him.' So I waited, and when the gentleman arrived, gave him the billet."

"But you read it first?"

"*Versteht sich*—of course. It was a forged invitation from the Herr ——, whom the police watch so much, to attend a private, liberal, or revolutionary meeting in the evening; place not designated; to be told him by the *valet*, in whom, he was informed, he might implicitly confide."

"Ha! ha! ha! poor devil!" burst forth again in chorus the *confratres*.

"Yes; they twisted him like wire—*beautifully!*" continued the good old man. "And you ought to have seen the fellow they sent for *valet*. You know him; the '*lange Barte*'? Herr Jes! the rogue, with that smooth tongue of his, could wheedle oil out of flints. So he took my poor Badensor to the club, where he was arrested immediately after, with the student S——, and is now, I suppose, enjoying pleasure and repose at the expense of government."

This last humorous adventure was by no means lost on the audience. Suddenly, one exclaimed—

"I can tell you that not a man in Munich drives a prettier, safer, or more constant business than myself, since I have gone into the picture-line."

"But all the devils! where did you ever learn any thing about such stuff?" inquired the patriarch.

"Ja, that's all to come; for I know as much of pictures as a swine, and not much more than yourself, though I have visited every gallery in Munich daily for the last ten years. But there are a lot of young artists here who paint old pictures, and give

me good commissions for getting them off. So, when a fat-headed Englishman gets me to show him round, I let him gabble as much as he likes, (for every valet knows that it is most profitable to let strangers tell you every thing for which you are paid to tell them,) and when I get a little into his confidence, say—"I wonder that you gentlemen can take such interest in pictures. Why, I know an old woman here in town who has several fine ones, nearly as good as those in the gallery." Then, my gentleman, whether he suspects me to be a scamp or not, generally asks where they are; but I try to dissuade him; tell him that she lives in a dirty, out-of-the-way house; that the pictures are very old, and so on; and generally end by taking him off to my own den, where my wife, who plays the part of old woman, sells him something for the benefit of myself and the artists. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, and to add to the romance of the thing, I hide the pictures away in lofts, lumber-rooms, and garrets. Sometimes my eldest daughter, who is a nice girl and sly as a mouse, takes the part of virtuous poverty, and, with tears in her eyes, sells *milord* an old painting, her father's dying gift and only souvenir, which *milord* sometimes gives back again, and which *miladi*, after a hard bargain, always insists on doing. Again, for the sake of variety, I occasionally move the establishment out of town, to some neighboring village or farm; so that, what with one thing and another, I do pretty well. Gentlemen, I drink your healths."

Here a somewhat noisy pause ensued, which was broken by one of the quintette inquiring, in a low tone—

"Casperl, you have been employed by the gentleman yonder, with the big book: what is he for a stranger?"

"Ja, he doesn't live next door. He is an American—understood?"

"AME-RI-CAN—the devil! But not a *born* American?"

"Yes."

"So-o-o!"

The reader must know, that in Germany every man who has even visited our country is termed an American; consequently, on announcing one's Hail-Columbianism, he is generally asked, "*Aber eings-boren?*"—but were you born there?"

"But," remarked one of the company, "everybody knows that the Americans are either black, green, or red, and the gentleman there is quite white. Strangers who go there remain as they are; but, even in the first generation, their children are almost boot-black. Some, indeed, really become so."

"Fact?"

"Yes; when I lived in Suabia, by Heilbronn, there was a neighbor of my father's who was away many years in America, and he returned very rich, with his only daughter, who was, indeed, not exactly black, but something the color of a half-cooked doughnut. And her father said that she would have become quite so, as dark as iron, had she not been fed every day on peaches and cream, which, in that country, preserves the complexion."

"Then the gentleman with the big book must have been remarkably fond of fruit," remarked Casperl.

"They say," resumed the Nestor of the gang, "that America is a land of gold, butter, and pancakes, very glorious to behold. And it must be a part of China, of course, because tea grows there;

and, as the world is round, it lies the other side of England."

"But how do you know that tea grows there?" asked Casperl.

"Because I have heard that the English once fought with the Americans, who are a sort of English, you know, and speak the same language, only better. And it was all because the Americans wouldn't grow tea for them at the price they offered."

"That is not improbable," rejoined Casperl; "for the English at our hotel drink fearful quantities of the nasty slop, and generally dispute the bill. But are the Americans all like the English?"

"*Gott bewahr!* They were once, but of late years so many Germans have gone there, that, before long, every thing will be in that country as it now is here in Bavaria, or rather in Switzerland."

"What is the reason that Englishmen travel so much," asked Valet Number Four, becoming discursive.

"It is," answered the sage, "partly because comfort and happiness are unknown to them at home, so that they must travel to find them, and partly because they are all slightly insane, and consequently restless. I have often heard the waiters at our hotel say that the English tumble, and toss, and wake up a dozen times in the night; such people always travel."

(N. B. If the reader ever tried a South German seidlitz-box bed, with an eider-down cover, he may understand why the bold Britons alluded to were so restless.)

"But is England really such a wretched country?" inquired Casperl.

"*Versteht sich*—of course!" replied another. "Why, you know that the only days on which we amuse ourselves here are the feasts and Sundays. Now, in England they have no feasts, and on Sundays they close the houses, go to church, and are very miserable, so that it is the dullest day in the week. Even the theatres and balls are closed!"

"*Pah!*" replied another; "that I would call treating the day with great disrespect. But then Protestants and heretics would as lieve break the Sabbath as not, I suppose?"

"Of course," answered the patriarch. "Not that I care for Sunday myself, or have any religious scruples; but I do like to see people amuse themselves on that day as Christians ought."

"The English, I know, are all a little crazy," remarked Casperl, "because they are so eager to see every thing that none of their countrymen have seen; and whenever I take one to look at any out-of-the-way curiosity, I always tell him that he is the first stranger that ever beheld it. Besides, you must have noticed that their clothes are always cut very close, and narrow, and uncomfortable, like strait-jackets; and this is done by order of their physicians, that the madness may be restrained. Ah, you may rest assured that, with all their money, they are very unhappy!"

"Talking of rich people," said Number Three, "what is the reason that the Russians, though so very wealthy, are so confoundedly keen? I can make more any day out of a simple English gentleman than a Russian duke."

"Ja, *dös weis i' wirkli' nüt*: that I really don't know, unless it be that they gamble so much, as do the Poles. They say that Russians learn the cards, with their prayers, before the A, B, C."

"That," said Casperl, "is because they believe the queen of hearts to be the Virgin MARY. They are so suspicious and mistrustful, that it is the only way their priests can find to make them believe in *any thing*."

"I don't know that we Bavarians are much more intelligent, if you come to that!" said Number Three. "You must all of you have often seen the *Waffen*, or coat of arms of our city; there's one painted on the University window, and another carved in stone over the Carlsthor—*gelt ja?*"

"What! the MUENCHNER MANNERL?" (the mannikin or dwarf of Munich). "Certainly," replied the rest in chorus.

"Well, the mannikin is a monk. Now, the name of our city of *Minga*, which other people call *Muncha*, the English, *Munich*, and some few out-of-the-world North Germans, MUENCHEN, comes from the word *Mönch*, (monk.)"

"*Wahrhafti*!—indeed!" cried the rest. "Where did you learn that?"

"From an English gentleman. Now, can any of you tell me what it is he holds in his right hand?"

"Why a beer-mug, of course," chorused the party.

"Yes, and so I thought, with all the town, until lately. But the truth is, that it is a book, though what sort of a book is more than I know; and this I heard a very learned man say."

"Oh, it's a Latin book, of course," remarked Casperl. "But are you sure it's not a beer-mug?"

"Yes; I looked and found it so, because it has no lid."

"Neither have the beer-glasses in Baden," replied Casperl, who evidently mistrusted this new light.

"But they are of *glass*, I tell you—transparent glass; while that which the Mannerl holds is deep brown."

"That's because it's full of beer—*brown beer*," replied Casperl, driven to the Voltairian system of defence.

"Fudge! As if a monk ever kept a full mug in his fist! Why, he would empty it, like yourself, in a second."

And with this, the brave and gentle party arose, and having paid the *zech*, went roaringly along, singing merrily the following *gassenhauer*, or loafer-lyric—a favorite song in Munich:—

# STREET SONG OF MUNICH.

(FIRST VOICE.)

"*Bei der Nacht wenn's finster ist.*"

By the night when all is dark,  
And no one in the street I mark,  
Hollo—you there, afar!  
Let me light my cigar.  
Let me light when all is dark,  
And no one in the street I mark.

(SECOND VOICE.)

Fishes we will catch,  
Fishes we will snatch—  
By the night, when all is dark,  
And no one else around we mark.  
Fish in ditch or fish in dyke,  
Fish in ponds, or where you like.

(FIRST VOICE.)

But at night we must catch,  
Yes, at night we must snatch!

(CHORUS.)

Yes, at night, when all is dark,  
And no one else around we mark.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Ladies we will catch,  
Ladies we will snatch.  
By the night, when all is dark,  
And no one else around we mark,  
Ladies fair we'll catch with play,  
When the husband's far away.

(CHORUS.)

But at night we must catch,  
Yes, at night we must snatch.  
Yes, at night, when all is dark, &c.

(FIRST VOICE.)

Maidens let us catch!  
Maidens let us snatch!  
Yes, at night, when all is dark,  
And no one else around we mark.

(SECOND VOICE.)

Maidens young and maidens fair,  
Nab them, grab them every where.  
But at night we must catch,  
Yes, at night we must snatch!  
Yes, at night, when all is dark,  
And no one else around we mark.

Hollo—you there, afar!  
Let me light my cigar.  
Let me light—since all is dark,  
And no one else around we mark!

(Song proceeds extemporically and ad libitum-ically up the street, with occasional interruptions from the police, or squalls from unprotected females.)

## MY DAY OF TRIBULATION.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS. 1855.

It was a deceitful thing, but my day of trouble dawned with a promise of uncommon enjoyment. It was our weekly holiday, and I looked from my bed-chamber window merry as a bird, and peculiarly alive to the beauties of a bright June morning. The sky was warm, blue, and cloudless; the flowers full of sweetness, and lying with the dew upon them in its utmost abundance. The birds were all brimful of melody; and the very gravel walk looked new and clean from a shower that had swept over it during the night.

The sun was just up, and we were ready with our bonnets on—my schoolmate and I—for Colonel M. had promised us a ride, and his phaeton was at the door.

"Come—come, are you ready?" exclaimed Maria, bounding into my room, with her hat on one side,

for she had been taking a run after her mamma's dog, Pink, in the garden, and Pink had led her a race through a raspberry thicket, which made a change of slippers necessary, and had displaced her bonnet as I have said.

"Come, Sophy, come; Tom has driven to the door—papa is in the hall, and the horses are as restless as two wild eagles. Nonsense, don't take that great red shawl, the morning is beautiful—come."

Before Maria finished speaking, she had run down stairs, through the hall, and stood on the doorstep, looking back impatiently for myself and her father. He was very tranquilly drawing on his gloves, as he chatted to his wife through a door of the parlor, where she still lingered by the breakfast table.

There is no enjoyment like riding, whether on horseback or in a carriage, providing your equipage be in good taste, your companions agreeable, and the day fine. We were fortunate in all these. There was not a lighter or more beautiful phaeton in town than that of Colonel M., and his horses—you never saw such animals in harness!—their jetty coats, arched necks, and gazelle-like eyes, were the very perfection of brute beauty. Never were creatures more perfectly trained. The play of their delicate hoofs was like the dancing of a fine girl, and they obeyed the slightest motion of the rein to a marvel.

As to my companions, they were unexceptionable, as the old ladies say; Maria was a lovely creature, not decidedly handsome, but good and delicate, with an eye like a wet violet. Her father was just the kind of man to give consequence to a pair of happy girls in their teens—not young enough to be mistaken for a brother or lover, not old enough to check our mirth with wise saws and sharp reprimands—he was a careless, good-hearted man, as the world goes, in the prime of his good looks, with his black hair just beginning to be threaded with silver, and the calm dignity of his manner fitting him like a garment. He always preferred the society of persons younger than himself, and encouraged us in an outbreak of mirth or mischief, which made him one of the most pleasant protectors in the world; though, if the truth must be told, a serenade or so by two interesting law students who played the guitar and flute with exceeding sweetness, and who had these instruments a full hour the previous night, while looking unutterable things at our chamber-windows, had just given us a first idea that gray hairs might be dispensed with, and the companion of a ride be quite as agreeable. Nay, we had that very morning, before Pink deluded Maria into the garden, consulted about the possibility of dislodging the colonel from his seat in the phaeton in favor of the amateur flute player, for my friend very thoughtfully observed that she was certain the interesting youth would be delighted to drive us out, if we could find the carriage, for, poor fellows, they never had much credit at the livery stables; but Colonel M. had something of Lady Gay Spanker's disposition, he liked to "keep the ribbons," and Maria, with all her boldness, had not courage enough to desire him to resign them to younger hands. I must say that the colonel, though her father, was a noble-looking figure in an open carriage. There was not a better dressed man about town; his black coat of the finest cloth, satin vest, and plaited ruffles, were the perfection of good taste, and his driving would have made the aforesaid Lady Gay half crazy with envy; he scorned a horse that could not take his ten miles an hour, and without a quickened breath, too. Colonel M. had his imperfections, and was a little overbearing and aristocratic in his habits, but he was a kind man, and loved his wife, child, and horses—or rather his horses, child, and wife, with a degree of affection which overbalanced a thousand such faults; he was proud of his house, of his gardens, and hot-houses, but prouder of his stables, and would have been inclined to fox-hunting if such a thing had ever been heard of in dear old Connecticut. He was very kind also to a certain wayward, idle, teasing, young school-girl, who shall be nameless, but who has many a pleasant and grateful memory connected with his residence.

I had forgotten—we were seated, and the horses were pawing the ground, impatient to be off. Black Tom, who had been patting their necks, withdrew his hold on the bits, and away we went. It was like riding in a railroad car, so swiftly the splendid animals cleared the ground, with the sun glistening on their black coats, and over the silver-studded harness as they dashed onward. It was indeed a glorious morning! Deliciously cool it was, with the dew still bathing the bright leaves, and the long branches waving like green banners over us!

As we passed by the Law School, a group of young men—poets and statesmen of the future—were grouped picturesquely beneath the trees, some chatting and laughing merrily, with neglected books lying at their feet; and others sitting apart poring over some open volume, while the pure breath of morning came and softly turned the leaves for them. As we drove by a party sitting beneath a tree close by the paling, Maria stole her hand round to mine, and with a nod toward the group, and a roguish dimple in her cheek, gave me to understand that our serenaders were of the party. They saw us, and instantly there was a sly flourishing of white cambric handkerchiefs, and—it was not our fault, we tried to look the other way—a superlative waste of kisses wafted toward us from hands which had discussed such sweet music beneath our windows the night before. When we looked back on turning a corner—for of course we were anxious that the young gentlemen should not be too demonstrative—they had moved to another side of the tree, and stood leaning against it in very graceful attitudes, gazing after our phaeton from the shadows of their Leghorn hats. The hats were lifted, the white cambric began to flutter again, our horses sprang forward, and on we dashed over the Hotchkissstown road.

It was late in the morning when we drove through the town again, our horses in a foam, our cheeks glowing with exercise, and our laps full of wild blossoms.

"Oh, mamma, we had a delightful drive!" exclaimed Maria, as she sprang upon the door-step, scattering a shower of wild lilies over the pavement in her haste to leave the phaeton. "Take care, Sophie, take care, or you will tread on my flowers," and with this careless speech she ran up the steps happy and cheerful as a summer bird. I was about to follow her, when Mrs. M. detained me long enough to say that some persons from S—, the town which contained my own loved home, were waiting for me in the hall.

For the first time in my life, I had spent three months from my father's hearth-stone, and could have welcomed a dog who had once passed the threshold of my home, been patted by my sisters, or had looked into the face of my mother, as an old friend. Without staying to inquire who my visitors could be, I went eagerly forward, my hand half extended in welcome, and with all the dear feelings of home stirring at my heart. It certainly was a damper—the sight of that lean, gossiping little man, our town miller—with the marks of his occupation whitening his hatband, lying in the scums of his coat, and marking the wrinkles in his boots, a personage who had ground some fifty bushels of wheat for my father during his lifetime, but with whom I had never known the honor of exchanging a dozen consecutive words on that or any other subject. There he sat, very diminutive and exceedingly per-



pendicular, on one of the hall chairs, with his feet drawn under him, and his large bell-crowned hat standing on the carpet by his side. Planted against the wall, and on a direct line with himself, sat his better half, one of the most superlatively silly and talkative patterns of humanity that I have ever been in contact with. In order to be a little genteel, as she called it, Mrs. Jackson had honored the visit with her best gown, a blazing calico, which, with a Leghorn bonnet lined with pink and trimmed with blue, white silk gloves much too small for her hands, and morocco shoes ready to burst with the wealth of feet they contained, composed the *tout ensemble*, which few persons could have looked upon once without feeling particularly desirous for a second survey. The appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson was vulgar enough in all conscience without the aid of their hopeful progeny, in the shape of two little Jacksons, with freckled faces and sun-burnt locks, who sat by the side of their respectable mamma, in jackets of blue cotton, striped trowsers much too short, and with their dear little feet perched on their chair-rounds, squeezing their two unfortunate wool hats between their knees, and gazing with open mouths through the drawing-room door. It certainly was an exquisite group for the halls of an aristocratic and fastidious man like Colonel M. I dared not look toward him, as he stood giving some directions to Tom, but went forward with an uncomfortable suspicion that the negro was exhibiting rather more of his teeth than was exactly necessary in his master's presence.



The fear of ridicule was strong in my heart, but other and more powerful feelings were beating there. My visitors were vulgar but honest people, and I could not treat them coldly, while the sweet impulses and affectionate associations their coming had given rise to were swarming in my bosom. They might be rude, but had they not lately trod the places of my childhood? Their faces were coarse and inanimate, but they were familiar ones, and as such I welcomed them, for they brought to

my heart sweet thoughts of a happy home. I went forward and shook hands with them all, notwithstanding a glimpse I caught of Maria as she paused on the stairs, her roguish eyes laughing with merriment as she witnessed the scene.

An hour went by, and the Jacksons were still sitting in Colonel M.'s hall. I had gained all the information regarding my friends which they could communicate. It was drawing near the dinner hour, and, in truth, I had become exceedingly anxious for my visitors to depart. But there sat Mrs. Jackson emitting a continued torrent of small talk about her currant bushes, her luck in making soap, and the very distressing mortality that had prevailed among her chickens—she became pathetic on this subject—six of her most promising fledglings had perished under an old cart during a thunderstorm, and as many had been dragged lifeless from her husband's mill-dam, where they had insisted upon swimming before they were sufficiently fledged. The account was very touching; peculiarly so from a solemn moral which Mrs. J. contrived to deduct from the sad and untimely fate of her poultry—which moral, according to the best of my memory was, that if the chickens had obeyed their mother and kept under the parent wing, the rain had not killed them; and if the goslings had not put forth their swimming propensities too early, they might, that blessed moment, have been enjoying the coolness of the mill-dam, in all the downy majesty of half-grown geese. Mrs. Jackson stopped the hundredth part of a second take breath, and branched off

into a dissertation on the evils of disobedience in general, and the forwardness and docility of her two boys in particular. Then, drawing all her interesting topics to a focus, she took boys, geese, ducks, currant bushes, etc., etc., and bore them rapidly onward in the stream of her inveterate loquacity. One might as well have attempted to pour back the waters rushing from her husband's mill-dam when the flood-gates were up, as to check the motion of her unmanageable tongue. The clatter

of his whole flour establishment must have been a poetical sound compared to the incessant din of meaningless words that rolled from it. Another good hour passed away, and the volubility of that tongue was increasing, while my politeness and patience, it must be owned, were decreasing in an exact ratio.

Maria had dressed for dinner, and I caught a glimpse of her bright face peeping roguishly over the banisters. Mrs. M. came into the hall, looked gravely toward us, and walked into the garden with a step rather more dignified than usual.

"Dear me, is that the lady you are staying with?" said Mrs. Jackson, cutting short the thread of her discourse; "how sorry I am that I didn't ask her how she did; she must think we country people haven't got no bringing up."

Without replying to Mrs. Jackson, I seized the opportunity to inquire at what house they stayed, and innocently proposed calling upon them after dinner.

"Oh!" said the little man, with a most insinuating smile, "we calculate to put up with you. Didn't think we were the kind o' people to slight old friends—ha!"

"With me?—old friends!" I was thunderstruck, and replied, I fear with some lack of politeness, that "Colonel M. did not keep a hotel."

"Wal, I guess, I know'd that afore, but I'd jist as lives pay him my money as any body else!"

This was too much—I cast a furtive look at the banister, Maria's handkerchief was at her mouth, and her face sparkled all over with suppressed mirth. Before I could answer Mr. Jackson's proposition, Colonel M. came into the hall, and the modest little gentleman very coolly informed him of the high honor intended his house.

Colonel M. glanced at my burning face, made his most solemnly polite bow, and informed my tormentor that he should entertain any visitor of mine with great pleasure.

I was about to disclaim all Mr. Jackson's pretensions to hospitality, backed by an acquaintance with myself, when he interrupted me with:—

"Wal, that's jest what I was a saying to my woman here, as we come along. Wife, says I, never put up to a tavern when you can go any where else. I'd jest as lives pay my money to a private as to a tavern-keeper; they're expensive fellers, and allers grumbles if one brings his own provender."

The colonel stared at him a moment, then coldly saying, "he was very welcome," passed on.

"What a polite man the colonel is!" ejaculated the little miller, rubbing his hands together as if he had been kneading a batch of his own flour, and turning triumphantly to his wife, who looked as pleased as if she had just heard of the resuscitation of her six lamented goslings.

"Come now," she said, jumping up, and tying the strings of her bonnet, "let's go down to the salt water, and eat our dinner on the grass. Run up, and get your things, Miss Sophy—now, come to think on it, I s'pose it wouldn't be the genteel thing if we didn't ask the colonel and his wife, and that young girl that jest come in with you, but the wagon is not large enough to hold us all without husband there can find a board to put along the front for an extra scat."

I heard a sound of smothered laughter from the stairs, and hastened to relieve Mrs. Jackson from her dilemma, by declining her invitation for myself,

while I informed her that Colonel M. expected company, and I was certain could not benefit by her politeness.

"Wal, then," said Mr. Jackson, setting down his bell-crowned hat, "it don't make much difference whether we eat our dinner here or on the sea-side. So, if Miss Sophy and the rest on 'em can't go, s'posing we give it up, and go to the museum."

This plan was less endurable than the other. I knew that company would drop in after dinner, and the very thought of introducing Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, with both the little Jacksons, to my friends, was enough to drive me into the salt water, as they called it, if those interesting persons had given me no other alternative. And then to be dragged to the museum with them! I accepted the sea-side dinner in a fit of desperation, and ran up stairs to get ready, half angry with the droll face which Maria made up for my benefit as I passed her in the upper hall.

I put on a cottage bonnet, folded a large shawl about me, and, with a parasol in my hand, was descending the stairs when I heard Mr. J. observe to his wife, that he had felt pretty sure of managing affairs all the time, and that he was ready to bet any thing Colonel M. wouldn't charge any thing for what little trouble they should be. Mrs. Jackson pinched his arm unmercifully when I appeared in sight, which gentle admonition broke off his calculation of expenses, and sent him in search of his equipage. He returned with a rickety one-horse wagon—a rusty harness, tied by pieces of rope in sundry places, which covered an old chestnut horse, whose organs of starvation were most astonishingly developed over his whole body. Into this crazy vehicle he handed us, with a ludicrous attempt at gallantry which made the old horse turn his head



with a rueful look to see what his master could be about. The wagon contained but one springless seat, and where we should find accommodation for

five persons was a subject of mystery to me. I however quietly took my portion of the seat. Mrs. Jackson, whose dimensions required rather more than half, placed herself by my side, her husband grasped the reins and crowded his diminutive proportions between us, while the dear little boys stood up behind and held by the back of our seat. Mr. Jackson gave his reins a jerk and flourished a whip—with a very short and white hickory handle, a long lash, and a thong of twisted leather fastened on for a snapper—with peculiar grace over the drooping head of our steed. The poor animal gathered up his limbs and walked along the street, dragging us after him, with great majesty and decorum. We must have been a magnificent exhibition to the pedestrians as we passed along the principal streets of the town. Mr. Jackson shaking the reins and chirruping the poor horse onward—his wife exclaiming at every thing she saw, and those interesting boys standing behind us very upright, with their wool hats set far back on their heads, and they pointing and staring about as only very young gentlemen from the country can stare and point, while I, poor victim, sat crouching behind Mr. J. with my parasol directed with a reference to the sidewalk rather than to the sun. I was young, sensitive, and perhaps a little too keenly alive to the ridiculous, and if I did not feel exactly like a criminal going to execution, I did feel as if some old lady's fruit-table had been robbed, and I was the suspected person.

When about three miles from town, we left our equipage, whose rattle had given me a head-ache, and after walking along the shore awhile, Mrs. J. selected a spot of fresh grass shaded by a clump of junipers, where she commenced preparations for dinner. First, with the assistance of her two boys, she dragged forth a basket that had been stowed away under the wagon seat—then a table-cloth, white as a snow-drift, was spread on the grass—next appeared sundry bottles of cider and currant wine, with cakes of various kinds and dimensions, but mostly spiced with caraway seed. To these were added a cold tongue, a loaf of exquisite bread, a piece of cheese, a cup of butter covered with a cool cabbage leaf, and, last of all, a large chicken pie, its edge pinched into regular scallops by Mrs. Jackson's two thumbs, and the centre ornamented by the striking resemblance of a brake leaf cut by the same ingenious artist in the original paste.

Truly, a day is like a human life, seldom all clouds or entire sunshine. The most gloomy is not all darkness, nor the most happy all light. When the remembrance of that sea-side dinner, under the juniper bushes, comes over me, I must acknowledge that my day of tribulation—with all its provoking incidents and petty vexations—had its hour of respite, if not of enjoyment. There we sat upon the grass in a refreshing shade, with nobody to look on us as we cut the tender crust of that pie, while the cider and the currant wine sparkled in the two glasses which we circulated promiscuously from lip to lip, while a pleasant air came sweeping over us from the water, and the sunshine, that had else been too powerful, played and glittered every where about. A few yards from our feet, the foam-crested waves swept the beach with a dash of perpetual music. The sea, studded by a hundred snowy sails, lay outstretched before us. Far on our right spread an extensive plain, with cattle grazing peacefully over it, and here and there a dwelling or

a cluster of trees flinging their shadow on the grass. On our left was the town, with its houses rising like palaces of snow among the overhanging trees; its taper steeples pencilled in regular lines against the sky, and a picturesque mountain range looming in the distance.

It cannot be denied that I rather enjoyed that dinner under the juniper bushes, and was not half so much shocked by the jocund conversation and merry laughter of my companions as became the dignity of a young lady whose "Lines to a Rosebud" had been extensively copied through several remote papers of the Union, and who had been twice serenaded by her own words, set to most excruciating music, but I hope the reader will excuse my fault. It happened years ago, and I am to this day a little inclined to be social with good-natured people, even those who are not particularly literary or intelligent. They do not expect you to talk books because you write them—never torment you with a discussion of women's rights, equality of the sexes, and like popular absurdities—or force you into a detestation of all books with quotations which you would rejoice to think were "unwritten music."

The clocks were striking four when we drove into town again, much as we had left, except the basket of fragments under our seat. When we reached Colonel M.'s door, there was a sound of voices in the drawing-room, and I knew that company was there. I entered the hall, and, with a pulsating heart, persuaded Mrs. Jackson to accompany me to my chamber, devoutly hoping that he would find his way into the garden, or stables, or any where except the drawing-room.

I entered my chamber, resolved to entertain Mrs. Jackson so pleasantly that she would be content to remain there. I opened the window, and pointed out one of the most lovely prospects that eye ever dwelt upon; but she was busy with the pink bows and cotton lace border of her cap, and preferred the reflection of her own stout figure in the looking-glass to aught the open sash could afford. When her toilet was finished, I was even preposterous enough to offer a book, but, after satisfying herself that it contained no pictures, she laid it down and walked toward the door. As a last resource, I flung open my wardrobe, as if by accident, and that had its effect; she came back with the avidity of a great child, handled every article, and was very particular to inquire the price of each garment, and the number of yards it contained. How I wished that Queen Elizabeth had but left me heiress to her nine hundred dresses. Had she been so thoughtful, it is highly probable that Mrs. Jackson would have contented herself in my room till morning; but, alas! my wardrobe was only extensive enough to detain her half an hour, and when that failed, she grew stubborn and insisted on going down.

I followed Mrs. J. into the drawing-room with the resolution of a martyr. She paused at the door, dropped three sublime curtsies, put on one of her superlatively silly smiles, and entered, with a little mincing step, and her cap-ribbons all in a flutter. Had I been called upon to select the five persons whom I should have been most unwilling to meet in my irksome predicament, it would have been the two beautiful girls and three highly-bred young men whom I found in a group near the centre table. Maria was with them, but looking almost ill-tempered with annoyance. When she saw Mrs. Jackson, the crimson that burned on her usually pale cheek

spread over her face and neck, while, spite of shame and anger, her mouth dimpled almost to a laugh as that lady performed her curtsies at the door. Maria gave one glance of comic distress at my face, which was burning till it pained me, and another toward the farther extremity of the room. There was Mr. Jackson perched on a music stool, and fingering the keys of a *pianny*, as he called Maria's superb rosewood instrument, and the feet of those little Jacksons dangled from a chair near by; there, at my right hand, was Mrs. Jackson, radiant as a sunflower, and disposed to make herself peculiarly fascinating and agreeable to our visitors. She informed the gentlemen that her husband was a great musician, and that he led the singing in the Methodist meeting-house at home, every other Sunday, when the minister came to preach, and that her two boys gave strong indications of musical genius which had almost induced Mrs. Jackson to patronize their village singing-school. While in the midst of this eloquence, her eye was caught by a rich scarf worn by one of our lady visitors; so, changing the subject, she began to express her admiration, and after taking an end of the scarf in her hands and minutely examining the pattern, she inquired the price of its fair owner, and called her husband to say if he could not afford one like it for her.

There was a roguish look in the lady's eye, but she politely informed Mrs. J. where the scarf was purchased, and, being too well bred to laugh in our faces, the party took their leave. We breathed freely once more, but Maria and I had scarcely exchanged glances of congratulation for their absence when another party was announced. To be mortified thus a second time was beyond endurance; and while Maria stepped forward to close the folding doors on Mr. Jackson and his musical performance, I turned, in very desperation, to his better half, and proposed to accompany her in a walk about town. Most earnestly did I entreat to exchange her fine bonnet and orange-colored silk shawl for a cottage and merino of my own; but no, Mrs. J. clung to her tri-colors tenaciously as a Frenchman; so investing myself in the rejected articles, we sallied forth.

As we were turning a corner, I looked back, and lo! the two boys walking behind as lovingly as the Siamese twins. This reminded Mrs. Jackson that she had promised them some candy, so I was forced into a confectioner's shop that the young gentlemen might be gratified. The candy was purchased and a pound of raisins called for. While the man was weighing them, she called out, "Stop a minute, while I see if I've got change enough for 'em," and sitting down on a keg, she took out a large green worsted purse with deliberate ostentation, and emptied a quantity of silver and copper cents into her lap. Being satisfied with this display of her wealth, she gave the man permission to proceed. I had suffered so much that day, that the jeering smile of that candy-man went for nothing.

On leaving the candy shop, I allowed my tormenter to choose her own direction; which, as my evil stars would have it, led directly before the principal hotel, and there, upon the steps, stood the two young gentlemen who had serenaded Maria and myself only the night before, and whom we had seen that morning in our drive. They recognized me and bowed; Mrs. Jackson instantly appropriated the compliment, paused, faced about, and returned their salutations with a curtsy for each, while she

scolded the boys for not having "manners enough to make their bows when gentlemen noticed them." The urchins took off their wool hats and *did* make their bows. My serenaders could not withstand this, and though their faces were turned away, I had a delightful consciousness that they were ready to die with suppressed laughter as I urged my companions from the street.

A short distance from the hotel stands a most splendid mansion, perhaps, at that time, the most costly one in the State. Two of my schoolmates resided there, and I was very anxious to pass without being observed; but just as we came opposite windows which opened to the ground, Mrs. Jackson made a dead halt, and pointing to the house, called out, "Come here, boys, and see what a sight of glass doors this 'ere house has got."

The little Jacksons had lingered behind, but they ran up and obeyed their mother's summons, by planting themselves directly before us, and the whole group took another survey of the building. I looked up; the blinds of a chamber were gently parted, and I caught a glimpse of two sweet, familiar faces looking down upon our interesting party. "They are staring at us, do walk on!" I whispered in a perfect agony.

Mrs. Jackson paid no attention, she was looking earnestly down the street; I apprehensively followed the direction of her gaze. The two students were coming up the opposite sidewalk laughing immoderately, a piece of ill-breeding which they endeavored to check when their eyes met mine, but all in vain. Their eyes laughed, in spite of the violence put upon their lips. I could endure it no longer, but tore my arm from the tenacious grasp of my tormenter, turned the first corner, and hastened home.

When Mrs. Jackson returned, she had forgotten my rudeness in her delight at the attentions paid her by the students. "They had talked and laughed together a full half hour," she said, "and were so perlitte."

"What did you talk about?" I inquired with uncomfortable foreboding.

"Why, I believe it was purty much about you, after all."

"Me?" said I, faintly.

"Yes, they asked how long we'd been acquainted, so, of course, I told them what old friends we were—kind of relations."

The last drop was flung in the bowl—and it overflowed—I said I was ill—had a headache—and running to my room, locked myself in.

I never had courage to ask Maria what occurred after my exit. But the next morning I arose very early, threw open the blinds and looked out. The day was breaking, like an angel's smile, in the east. The fresh air came up from an opposite garden rich with fragrance. The flowers bent their wet heads as it came with a gentle breath and charmed the odor from their cups; the grass had not yet flung off its night jewelry, and all around was still and silent as the heart of a wilderness—no, there was one sound, not so musical as it might have been, but still the most welcome that ever fell on my ear. It was the rattle of Mr. Jackson's wagon as it came lumbering up to the front door. And the most gratifying sight of that lovely morning was the old chestnut horse stalking down the street, and dragging behind him Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, and both the little Jacksons.

## BIDDY, WILL YE HAVE ME?

FROM "SCENES IN THE PRACTICE OF A NEW YORK SURGEON." BY EDWARD H. DIXON. 1855.

It is often difficult to understand our Irish patients; so strangely do the tragic and the comic seem to be combined in their erratic natures. A scene I once witnessed, will never be erased from my memory. I have repeatedly had my gravity overcome by it upon some serious occasions, and have more than once been obliged to hide my face in my hands, to pass muster as a sane man.

A young Irish girl, with a wild shriek and an "och hone, and ah, murther, and hulla-loo—a—hulla-loo poor Terry! Ah! why did I tase ye?" burst into my office one evening, upsetting the servant, and actually laying hold of me with her hands, "Ah! Doother, Doother—come now for the love of the mother that bore ye—come this minute; I've killed poor Terry, and never again shall I see him. Ah, murther! murther! why did I plague ye?" Trying in vain to calm her, I hastily drew on my boots, and almost ran after her to a wretched tenement some quarter of a mile off, and found the object of my patient's solicitude alive and kicking, with his lungs in the best of order, standing on the stairs that led to his miserable chamber, with a broken scissors and a tea-cup in his hand, stirring busily the contents. It seems that he had been courting my fair guide, and after the period she had fixed for giving her final answer to his declaration, she had bantered him with a refusal, which her solicitude for his life plainly showed was far enough from her real intentions. Before she came for me, he had swallowed an ounce of laudanum, which he had procured of an injudicious druggist, and was now mixing a powder which he had obtained from another, who knowing of his love affair, it will be seen acted more judiciously, as Terry let slip enough to show what he wanted to do with the "rat's bane" for which he inquired; and Biddy, a true daughter of Eve, had made no secret in the neighborhood

that she valued her charms beyond the poor fellow's bid. As soon as she came near him, he by some inopportune expression, re-excited her wrath, and she declared she wouldn't have him "if he went straight to the devil."

Poor Terry, in his red shirt and blue stockings, and an attitude of the grandest kind, but covering, as we soon found, a desperate purpose, flourished his tea-cup and stirred up its contents with the scissors, constantly exclaiming, "Ah! Biddy, will ye have me?" "Ye'll have me now, will ye not?" "Divil a bit will I let the doother come near me till ye say yes! shure, weren't we children together, and didn't we take our pataties and butther-milk out of the same bowl, and yer mother that's dead always said ye were to be my wife! and now ye're kapin' company with the dirty black-guard, Jemmy O'Connor: divil taak him for a spalpeen—ah! Biddy, will ye have me?"

Biddy's blood was up at this disrespectful mention of Jemmy's name, for he had a winning way with him, and she now declared with great earnestness "she would never have him;" when, with an awful gulp, poor Terry rolled up his eyes, and with a most impassioned, yet ludicrous look at her, drained the cup, and fell upon his knees on the step. Biddy fell down in strong hysterics! The whole affair was so irresistibly ludicrous, that I could scarce forbear shouting with laughter. On observing the ounce bottle, however, labelled "laudanum," and looking into the bottom of the tea-cup and finding a white powder, I went to the druggist's on the corner to see what it was, and to send his boy for my stomach-pump, and procure a chemical remedy also, should it really prove to be arsenic.

To my great relief, he informed me that he had given Terry a quantity of chalk and eight grains of



tartar emetic! as he said he was already in possession of the ounce of laudanum, and all the neighbors knew that Biddy had driven him almost mad by flirting with Jemmy O'Connor. The young man had judiciously told him that the powder would make the laudanum sure to operate effectually. Terry inquired carefully, "how long it would take," and bagged all for use when the refusal should come.

My course was now clear; I was in for sport. Sending the druggist's clerk for my stomach-pump, in case the emetic should not operate, I awaited the result; for eight grains of tartar emetic, taken at a dose, would almost vomit the potatoes out of a bag. As for Biddy, I let her lie, for I thought she suffered justly. My heart was always very tender towards the sex, and I generally expected a "fellow feelin'."

In a short time, it became evident that Terry's stomach was not so tough as his will; and he began to intermingle long and portentous sighs with his prayers, and to perspire freely. I gave him a wide berth, for I knew what was coming; and I was anxious Biddy should revive time enough to witness his grand effort, for I expected more fun. But Terry was tough, and held out. Shortly she revived, and suddenly starting up, ran towards him.

"Ah! Terry, Terry! dear Terry! I'll have ye.

Yes, I will; and I don't care who hears me. I always loved ye; but that devil's baby, Meg, always kept tellin' me ye'd love me better if I didn't give into ye too soon. And Terry, dear Terry! only live, and I'll go to the end of the world for ye! Ah! what would my poor mother say if she was here? Och! hone, och! hone; docther, now, and what are ye doin'? A purty docther ye are; and ye pumped out yer own countryman, that didn't die sure, and he tuk twice as much as poor Terry. Up wid ye now, and use the black pipe ye put down the poor craythur's throat over the way last summer. I'd take it meself, if 'twould do; but, God knows whether I'd be worth the trouble."

As Terry had not yet cast up his accounts, and the stomach-pump, all bright and glittering, was at hand, I determined to make a little more capital out of the case; and thrusting the long, flexible India-rubber tube down poor Terry's throat, with his teeth separated by means of a stick, and his head between my knees, I soon had the satisfaction of depositing the laudanum and emetic in the swill-pail, the only article of the toilet at hand.

After years proved Terry and Biddy most loving companions. He never, even when drunk, more than threatened her "wid a batin;" and she never forgave "that devil's baby," poor Meg, for her cruel experiment on her heroic and devoted Terry.

## VARIOUS WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FROM "ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST." BY SAMUEL A. HAMMETT. 1855.

### LONG ISLAND PHILOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

THERE is a certain terrene portion of the United States of America known upon the map as Long Island, and to sundry citizens of Gotham, who, to avoid the devastating heats supposed to lay waste the city during the reign of Canis Major, fly to those equally intense, and far more unavoidable—as *the Island*.

The more philosophic of the visitors, and the few natives who happen to be wide awake and possessed of thinking faculties, designate it usually as "Sleepy Long Island."

Why it should be called an island, any body owning the usual quantum of brains can discover at a glance, since it fully realizes Mr. Morse's idea of one, viz. "a body of land surrounded by water;" but why it is called Long Island, to the prejudice of sundry and divers other narrow strips of earth similarly circumstanced, is a matter not so easily to be comprehended. Many an island is longer; nay, many a one possesses a greater length in proportion to its breadth.

As this is a subject that hitherto has never been fairly broached, or brought before the public, the writer feels no little delicacy, and perhaps some excusable pride in advancing his opinions upon it; opinions, the truth of which a minute study of the Island itself, and of the manners, customs, and modes of life of its inhabitants, has convinced him.

Length is its internal peculiarity, as well as external characteristic; every thing in it is long—the men eat long, drink long, and sleep long; the stages, before the innovations of the railroad, were universally known as Long Island rope-walks, and performed long journeys with long-winded horses, terminating—not journeys, but horses—in long tails.

They carried long lists of long-legged passengers, generally from twenty to thirty—not in age but in number—who longed to be at their journey's end long before they arrived there.

The news of the day is a long time indeed in travelling down upon Long Island. "A great fire in New York, and a great loss of life," as the news-boy hath it; a steamboat disaster or railroad collision, and nobody to blame; the elopement of Mrs. So-and-so with her husband's dear friend, or Miss What's-her-name with her father's footman; the demise of Smith Brown, Esq., the eminent and wealthy butcher, or the birth of another Victorian juvenile, under the conjoined auspices of Locock and Lilly, and other equally important and pleasing items, are telegraphed to New Orleans and St. Louis, and forwarded by express half way to Mexico or Santa Fe del Norte, long ere the people of Sleepy Long Island rub their eyes, until a state of semi-wakefulness being attained, they slowly open and prick up their ears to drink in the—to them—fresh intelligence.

If the Long Islanders have any prominent and peculiar idiosyncrasy, it is the saltiness of their habits; nor is it singular that this should be the case. Breathing from earliest infancy, an air impregnated with saline exhalations, they naturally turn their attention to the ocean and its products. It is said, and I see no reason for doubting it, that the protruding neck of a soft-shelled clam is as efficient an agent in quieting the yells of an infantile and refractory Long Islander, as ever was the bit of rag crammed with brown sugar, with which ordinary nurses are wont to fill the mouths, and still the troubled bosoms of more inland urchins, when the results of a slap on the sly may have com-

pelled the attendants to stop the repeated squalls, and perchance to lie too, as the cause of them.

The Long Islander, therefore, from the first takes to the water as naturally as a spaniel; he digs long clams with long-handled hoes, fishes up oysters with long-handled rakes, shoots ducks at long distances with preposterously long guns; cuts long salt grass for his long-tailed horses and long-eared mules; catches fish to manure his fields with long seines; perchance ships for a voyage, but it is always a long one after whales; and after a long life, is carried to his long home in a long two-horse wagon, followed by a long concourse of friends and neighbors.

If I have not proved to the satisfaction of the reader that the term Long Island was worthily bestowed, I have at least to my own, which, under the circumstances, is some consolation.

#### THE IRISH HUNGARIAN, AND THE WRONG BELL.

During the late Kossuth excitement, on a cold day in December, I was sitting very composedly by my fire, when the office door opened, and incontinently entered a gentleman whose attire was rather more picturesque than comfortable, considering the thermometer indicated a proximity to zero. He was probably out of pocket, certainly at elbow, and not in, at either knees or toes.

I'm tould, yer Honor, ye cannot discourse pure Hungayrin widout it."

Like my poor friend, I also have but just "jined the country," and must further add that, like him again, I do not possess that peculiar hirsute embellishment now universally admitted to be the mark *par excellence* of genius and of mind.

Poor Job, all this time, flat upon his back, is reclining on mother-earth. He helped himself to his unenviable position, and may enjoy it until it pleases me to help him out of it.

Meanwhile let us moralize. His sad accident was all the result of pulling. He wanted to pull up his courage, and so took too many pulls at the bottle to effect it, became both careless and nervous, carelessly pulled up both hammers, and nervously pulled down both triggers.

This pulling, is after all often dangerous business. The countless number of politicians who are safely shelved throughout our country, from Maine to Mexico, if asked the reason of their rustication, would answer, if they could but speak the truth, that it all came about from their pulling the wrong wires.

I have heard a story of pulling, which, as many of my readers may be ignorant of, and as it is worthy of telling, also being myself in a gossiping mood, I will even out with it.



From beneath a tattered caubeen, and between a fiery pair of capacious whiskers, a voice strongly tinged with the rich brogue of Munster, informed me that he was "a dishtressed Hungayrin, in sarch av worruk, and dacint implaymint for a gentleman, besides a change av dhress be rason av the coud, and a thrifle to kape soul and body together."

"A Hungarian!" exclaimed I, in amazement. "Why, my friend, excuse me, but I should certainly take you for a genuine Patlander. And I must say, that for a Magyar, you certainly speak Munster remarkably well."

"I'm jist afther jining the country," was his reply; "and I'll have the thrue dialict quite convanient intirely, whin me hair lip's well grown, for

A fine western steamer, of the largest class, was ploughing her way down stream with a "full head" on.

The time was early morning; the sun had not yet cooled his fiery beams in the murky waters of the Mississippi; few of the passengers were astir; and the boat, quiet and still, save the regular scream from her iron-throat, was making fine headway.

Suddenly the engineer's bell rang out a furious and alarming summons, which, being translated into the vernacular, meant—"Slow her!"

The man of steam obeyed the mandate; and, with his hand upon the lever, awaited anxiously the next call.

It soon came, and louder yet, "Stop her!"

"Some trouble ahead," thought the engineer; but hardly had the idea passed through his mind, when the busy bell again pealed forth,—

"Back her!"

Steam was let on in an instant, and seizing the lever, the man commenced working the engine by hand; but the wheel had not yet completed the first retrograde revolution, when a louder tintinnabulation tinkled out successively—

"Go ahead!"

"Slow her!"

"Back her!"

"Go ahead!"

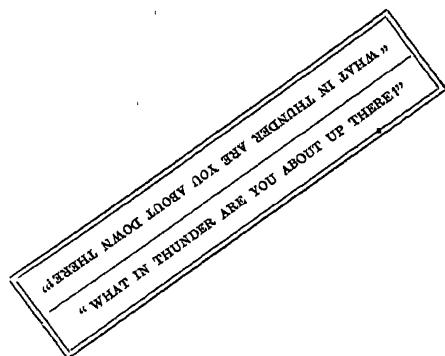
Having obeyed the command, and, supposing all was right at last, the man quitted his post for a moment, and stepped out upon the guards to see what the trouble had been, when suddenly the ever-busy bell again was heard,—

"Slow her!"

Before he could put his hands upon the screw, the bell again ordered, "Stop her!"—immediately after, "Back her!" and "Go ahead!"

Instead of going ahead, the engineer scratched his own, and then applying his mouth to the speaking-tube, addressed the pilot thus—but stop, let us turn for a moment to the pilot, and see what was going on in his dominions.

This gentleman had been but a few moments at his post, and was not fairly awake when the bell commenced its mysterious operations, but sleepy as he was, the queer antics of the boat, and the strange language of the steam-pipe, excited his attention, and he had arrived at the conclusion that something was wrong, at the same moment that the identical idea had forced itself upon the engineer; so, applying his mouth to his end of the tube, the following remarks went up and down simultaneously:



Having, like two vessels about commencing an engagement, fired these shots across their bows, the twain went immediately into action as follows:

PILOT. Who told you to "stop her" and "back her?"

ENGINEER. You did; what did you ring the bell for twenty times?

PILOT. You must be a nice fellow to trust, Mr. "Kettles," to get drunk before sunrise. Call your mate and turn in.

ENGINEER. Drunk! Drunk yourself—I haven't had a drop—and you're just lying drunk—that's what it is.

PILOT. Look here, "old Kettles," hold on a bit, and I'll be down on you like a thousand of brick.

ENGINEER. Don't trouble yourself to come down. I'll be up to you in two shakes, and then we'll see who's drunk and who is not.

Now this backing and filling had excited the attention of officers and crew, and as the pilot and engineer, having obtained relief, met half way down on the "boiler deck," captain and clerk, mate and steward, barkeeper and chambermaid, all hastened to the same post of observation, and ere the two combatants could join issue, they were seized and held, and an investigation of the affair was entered into.

While all this was in progress, neither boat nor bell had been touched, but the same singular succession of orders were going on, and the two assistants, above and below, were meditating a little affair of their own, when that of their principals had been satisfactorily concluded.

The mystery was apparently past solution, but the captain bethought him of a possible cause, and stepping to a state-room in the "social hall," kicked the door open, and there stood a lanky young Tennessean, who had embarked at Memphis the previous night, very actively engaged in jerking at a cord that ran through his room in the further corner.

Seizing him by the collar, the Captain demanded, "What the d—l are you about?"

"About?" answered the Tennessean, "why, don't you see I'm ringing for my boots?"

Pulling the wrong cord, that was all.

#### A LEGEND OF WALL STREET.

There is a certain short, but busy street in Gotham, the pulsations of whose financial heart are felt to the veriest extremes of our national body corporate, and produce sensible effects upon similar hearts in far distant lands. The said heart, we regret to add, is of a hard and obdurate variety, and the circulating medium that it projects and recalls, through and from the system, is not good honest blood, but heavy red gold.

At one end of the street, and looking down upon its whole extent, stands and frowns a lofty and aspiring church, placed there, as if purposely, for a house of refuge to those unfortunates who may have fallen among thieves, and lost their last penny in some dark "corner," where they have been enticed by the prospect of great gain.

At the other, a very excellent opportunity—in the shape of a deep and rapid river—presents itself to the "mourners" who may prefer *felo de se*, and choose to shuffle off this mortal coil: to cut loose with the assistance of the tide.

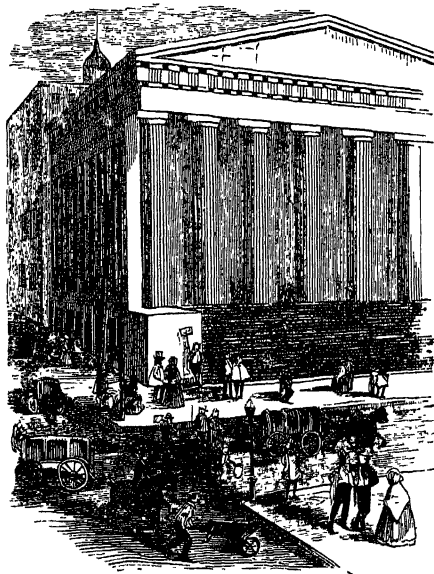
Between great banks upon either side, there whirls and eddies, from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., a living stream, running up and down, turning to and fro, standing at times in little pools—not quiet even then, but worked upon by an under-current, and ever in a state of unrest—without show of regularity, except that at the former hour the flood pours in very strongly indeed—the little ripples tripping gayly along at first, and the heavy swells rolling in somewhat later; and at the latter, the ebb sets out with proportionate violence—the heavy swells, however, this time taking precedence.

This street was once a kind of cis-Atlantic Chinese wall, and line of defence for our good old Knickerbockers, and a locality at that time much affected by the domestic animals of the settlement, and the wild beasts of the wild wood, which circumstance



accounts very satisfactorily for the number of bulls and bears that infest it in our day.

The lofty buildings on either side contain as many *cells* as a honeycomb; are pierced through and through like an ant-hill, and filled to overflowing with a large assortment and great variety of human insects, pursuing many kinds of occupations—money alone the end and aim of all—in narrow dens, for the tenancy of which more than the rental of an Italian palace is paid.



Bankers and brokers—of corn and cotton, bills and exchanges, flour and drugs, lands and houses, ships and stocks, sugars and coffee, money and molasses, liquors and patent paints, editors and reporters, toothache-drops and fighting cocks, *al fresco* restaurants and peregrinating pie-shops, sharp cutlery (in keeping that) and match horses, lozenges and terrier pups, new novels and Newfoundland dogs, Ormskirk gingerbread and old umbrellas—fill up and whirl about the street.

In certain sly corners, also, are certain snugly concealed caves, into which, at all times, bulls and bears may be seen diving—the bulls probably to “whet up their horns,” and the bears to suck up fat oysters out of their paws.

Although one half of the operators—those who look up street while driving a bargain—may be said to keep the church in view, yet there is every reason to apprehend that the laws of *meum* and *tuum* are not correctly understood by them.

In despite of the many honest and worthy men who congregate there; in defiance of the “Board” that pronounces the “*ex cathedra*,” not only upon all who may have transgressed the rules of business probity, but even on those unhappy wretches the “lame ducks,” until they have satisfied their creditors; notwithstanding divers precautions, so many unscrupulous “operators” of every degree, white and black—for negroes there be with shaven polls and Spanish-looking wigs—outsiders, sharks, pilot-

fish, and Tombs lawyers; all seeking a sop from the great kettle—flies will swarm around the honey-pot—that it behooves the casual visitor of that region to keep his pockets well buttoned, and an eye out in every direction.

Gold is the god, the day-star of the street, and money, that in former times but “made the mare go,” is now the only true patent of nobility; modest merit makes way for mint-drops, and the man of many descents yields the *pas* to the master of millions.

In one of the numerous dens of the street lives and flourishes, and has lived and flourished, for many a goodly year, a man whose name, in the Wall-street roll of fame, stands next to that of the father of American financiering—Jacob Barker.

When I wrote “lived and flourished,” I did not mean to intimate that Jacob the second—for he is a Jacob—had not experienced many an up and down, in fact, enough of them to upset and shelve any one but a man of his peculiarly India-rubber constitution.

He is the greatest of all men for a “corner,” and has a wonderful fancy for the fancies, only the worst of it is, that you never know when you have him, or where you have him; and his best friends and co-workers—when engaged with him in some desperate scheme, with only their noses above water—are not perfectly sure but that he may be leading them on, and is perhaps doubly interested in putting down the identical “fancy” that he seems to be sustaining with the might of an Atlas.

No one, in fact, can tell for a certainty whether Jacob Keen is a Bull or a Bear.

Quite a number of years since, not before his “smartness” was fully developed, but ere the full power and extent of it was known and had been experienced, Jacob went into—what in the vernacular of brokers is termed—“an operation.”

Now a Wall-street operation has nothing to do with the effects of a cathartic drug, although it often produces a very cathartic effect upon the pockets of operators and operatees. Neither does it bear any relation to the legitimate employment of the surgeon’s knife, and yet no sharper steel can cut more surely or more fatally.

Jacob, as I have said, entered into an operation, and thus it was:

Among the very lightest of the fancies—blown about by every wind that swept the street—was the celebrated Hardscrabble-Soup-mining-company, which Jacob had long regarded with a loving eye, as offering peculiar facilities for a sly stroke of genius. The capital stock of this company was represented by an upright figure—the only one, by the way, connected with it—and six ciphers, thus—1,000,000. The real value of the shares, in the aggregate, was considerably less than nothing at all, but at the peculiar time of which I write, they were selling for about five dollars each.

As it did not suit Jacob’s purpose to work this mine alone, he proposed to a Boston firm—Messrs. Coggins and Scroggins—to take hold of the rope with him. They consented, and fell to work with right good will, upon the following terms:

The contracting parties were to purchase—the one in New York and the other in Boston—every share that they could buy on time, or deliverable ahead, until the stock began to feel the effects, and then to commence purchasing for cash, until the price should be carried up to fifty dollars per share.





When this point should be reached, neither party should allow the price to decline, but both were bound to purchase every share offered at that price, in their market, until having cleared their decks for the fall, each should agree to "let go all."

In this there was no copartnership or division of profits, but each worked for their own interests.

Every thing prospered for a while, and men who had sold at five and ten were forced to come in and pay up heavy deficiencies. But Jacob soon found that when the magic price of "fifty" was attained, the stock flowed in rather too freely for him. All this he had anticipated, and prepared for, so that when his pockets exhibited symptoms of exhaustion, a shrewd broker was dispatched to Boston, through whose hands he pressed his stock upon that market, thus forcing his co-laborers to buy up his own stock.

The Boston house was a "warm" one, and warm work they had of it for a time. But there is an

end to all things—except, perhaps, a ring—and our friend Jacob was not much surprised, one fine morning, by the receipt of the following epistle:

"DEAR KEEN:—We *cannot* hold on any longer. Let go, and get out as well as you can.

"Your fellow sufferers,

"COGGINS & SCROGGINS."

They, however, were considerably more astonished than delighted by the reply—

"DEAR COGGINS & SCROGGINS—Sell away, I haven't a share.

"Yours very truly,

"J. KEEN.

"P. S. I have another capital operation in view.

"J. K."

As Messrs. C. and S. probably considered that the new operation *in view* might perhaps be what is vulgarly termed "all in their eye," it is said they declined it.

## LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM "THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS." BY FREDERICK S. COZZENS. 1855.

It is a good thing to live in the country. To escape from the prison-walls of the metropolis—the great brickery we call "the city"—and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoarfrost, and drouth, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey-buds, and sweet-bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sundial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea; with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning; when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back-parlor of Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising! with the lark—with the sun—while the dew is on the grass, "under the opening cyclids of the morn," and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o'clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country? With the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering-pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

Richard and Robin were two pretty men,  
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;  
Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky:  
O Brother Robin! the sun's *very* high!

Early rising in the country is not an instinct; it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes—the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and what, with expenses of horse-hire, tavern

bills, toll-gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pine-apples. They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener, at two dollars per day, to give me instructions), I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five, and it rained! The next, and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. "My dear," said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "where did you get these fine potatoes?" "Why," said she, innocently, "out of that basket from Long Island!" The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some fine seed-potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter; at the end of the season, I did not get as many out as I had put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course, we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, "Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow." "Crow!" said I, faintly, "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest, all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! They grew up and fought with the

neighbors' chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch-dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises, he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First, we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally, we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden. A good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such an one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning, I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce, even the thriving shoots on my young fruit trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch-dog, too, was foregathering with them. It was too much, so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet-briers, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot-bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I have concluded to try it once more; we are going to give the country another chance. After all, birds in the spring are lovely. First, come little snow-birds, *avant-couriers* of the feathered army; then, blue-birds, in national uniforms, just graduated, perhaps, from the ornithological corps of cadets, with high honors in the topographical class; then follows a detachment of flying artillery—swallows; sand-martens, sappers, and miners, begin their mines and countermines under the sandy parapets; then cedar birds, in trim jackets faced with yellow—aha, dragons! And then the great rank and file of infantry, robins, wrens, sparrows, chipping-birds; and lastly—the band!

From nature's old cathedral sweetly ring

The wild bird choir—burst of the woodland band,

—who mid the blossoms sing;

Their leafy temple, gloomy, tall, and grand,

Pillared with oaks, and roofed with Heaven's own hand.

There, there, that is Mario. Hear that magnificent chest note from the chestnuts! then a crescendo, falling in silence—a *plomb*!

Hush! he begins again with a low, liquid monotone, mounting by degrees and swelling into an infinitude of melody—the whole grove dilating, as it were, with exquisite epithalamium.

Silence now—and how still!

Hush! the musical monologue begins anew; up, up, into the tree-tops it mounts, fairly lifting the leaves with its passionate effluence, it trills through the upper branches—and then dripping down the listening foliage, in a cadenza of matchless beauty, subsides into silence again.

"That's a ho cat-bird," says my carpenter.

A cat-bird? Then Shakspeare and Shelly have wasted powder upon the sky-lark; for never such "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" issued from living bird before. Sky-lark! pooh! who would rise at dawn to hear the sky-lark, if a cat-bird were about, after breakfast?

I have bought me a boat. A boat is a good thing to have in the country, especially if there be any water near. There is a fine beach in front of



my house. When visitors come, I usually propose to give them a row. I go down—and find the boat full of water; then I send to the house for a dipper; and prepare to bail; and, what with bailing and swabbing her with a mop, and plugging up the cracks in her sides, and struggling to get the rudder in its place, and unlocking the rusty padlock, my strength is so much exhausted that it is almost impossible for me to handle the oars. Meanwhile, the poor guests sit on stones around the beach, with woe-begone faces. “My dear,” said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, “why don’t you sell that boat?”

“Sell it? ha! ha!”

One day, a Quaker lady from Philadelphia paid us a visit. She was uncommonly dignified, and walked down to the water in the most stately manner, as is customary with Friends. It was just twilight, deepening into darkness, when I set about preparing the boat. Meanwhile our Friend seated herself upon *something* on the beach. While I was engaged in bailing, the wind shifted, and I became sensible of an unpleasant odor; afraid that our Friend would perceive it too, I whispered Mrs. Sparrowgrass to coax her off, and get her further up the beach.

“Thank thee, no, Susan, I feel a smell hereabout, and I am better where I am.”

Mrs. S. came back, and whispered mysteriously, that our Friend was sitting on a dead dog, at which I redoubled the bailing, and got her out in deep water as soon as possible.

Dogs have a remarkable scent. A dead setter one morning found his way to our beach, and I towed him out in the middle of the river; but the faithful creature came back in less than an hour—that dog’s smell was remarkable, indeed.

I have bought me a fyke! A fyke is a good thing to have in the country. A fyke is a fish-net, with long wings on each side; in shape like a night-cap with ear-lappets; in mechanism like a rat-trap. You put a stake at the tip end of the night-cap, a stake at each end of the outspread lappets; there are large hoops to keep the night-cap distended, sinkers to keep the lower sides of the lappets under water, and floats, as large as musk-melons, to keep the upper sides above the water. The stupid fish come down stream, and rubbing their noses against the wings, follow the curve towards the fyke, and swim into the trap. When they get in they cannot get out. That is the philosophy of a fyke. I bought one of Conroy. “Now,” said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, “we shall have fresh fish, to-morrow, for breakfast;” and went out to set it. I drove the stakes in the mud, spread the fyke in the boat, tied the end of one wing to the stake, and cast the whole into the water. The tide carried it out in a straight line. I got the loose end fastened to the boat, and found it impossible to row back against the tide with the fyke. I then untied it, and it went down stream, stake and all. I got it into the boat, rowed up, and set the stake again. Then I tied one end to the stake, and got out of the boat myself, in shoal water. Then the boat got away in deep water; then I had to swim for the boat. Then I rowed back and untied the fyke. Then the fyke got away. Then I jumped out of the boat to save the fyke, and the boat got away. Then I had to swim again after the boat, and row after the fyke, and finally was glad to get my net on dry land, where I left it for a week in the sun. Then I hired a man to set it, and he did; but he said it

was “rotted.” Nevertheless, in it I caught two small flounders and an eel. At last, a brace of Irishmen came down to my beach for a swim, at high tide. One of them, a stout, athletic fellow, after performing sundry aquatic gymnastics, dived under and disappeared for a fearful length of time. The truth is, he had dived into my net. After much turmoil in the water, he rose to the surface with the filaments hanging over his head, and cried out, as if he had found a bird’s nest: “I say, Jimmy! be gorra, here’s a foike?” That unfeeling exclamation to Jimmy, who was not the owner of the net, made me almost wish that it had not been “rotted.”

We are worried about our cucumbers. Mrs. S. is fond of cucumbers, so I planted enough for ten families. The more they are picked, the faster they grow; and if you do not pick them, they turn yellow, and look ugly. Our neighbor has plenty, too. He sent us some one morning, by way of a present. What to do with them we did not know, with so many of our own. To give them away was not polite; to throw them away was sinful; to eat them was impossible. Mrs. S. said, “Save them for seed.” So we did. Next day, our neighbor sent us a dozen more. We thanked the messenger grimly, and took them in. Next morning, another dozen came. It was getting to be a serious matter; so I rose betimes the following morning, and when my neighbor’s cucumbers came, I filled his man’s basket with some of my own, by way of exchange. This bit of pleasantry was resented by my neighbor, who told his man to throw them to the hogs. His man told our girl, and our girl told Mrs. S., and, in consequence, all intimacy between the two families has ceased; the ladies do not speak, even at church.

We have another neighbor, whose name is Bates; he keeps cows. This year our gate has been fixed; but my young peach-trees, near the fences, are accessible from the road; and Bates’s cows walk along that road, morning and evening. The sound of a cow bell is pleasant in the twilight. Sometimes, after dark, we hear the mysterious curfew tolling along the road, and then, with a louder peal, it stops before our fence, and again tolls itself off in the distance. The result is, my peach-trees are as bare as bean-poles. One day, I saw Mr. Bates walking along, and I hailed him; “Bates, those are your cows there, I believe.” “Yes, sir—nice ones, ain’t they?” “Yes,” I replied, “they are nice ones. Do you see that tree there?”—and I pointed to a thrifty peach, with about as many leaves as an exploded sky-rocket. “Yes, sir.” “Well, Bates, that red-and-white cow of yours, yonder, ate the top off that tree; I saw her do it.” Then I thought I had made Bates ashamed of himself, and had wounded his feelings, perhaps too much. I was afraid he would offer me money for the tree, which I made up my mind to decline, at once. “Sparrowgrass,” said he, “it don’t hurt a tree a single mossel to chaw it, if it’s a young tree. For my part, I’d rather have my young trees chawed than not. I think it makes ’em grow a leetle better. I can’t do it with mine, but you can, because you can wait to have good trees, and the only way to have good trees is to have ’em chawed.”

\* \* \* \* \*

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have com-

pany, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in the upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country-pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement-door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I con-

cluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot. I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If ever I felt angry at any body it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up every body around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me—and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation



could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot

at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however—somebody has told him—*somebody* tells every body every thing in our village.

### AFFECTIONATE LETTER TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY F. S. COZZENS.

Ladies whose liege lords are tarrying in the city during their absence in the country in the coming summer months, will experience some alleviation by reading the following:

"MY DEAR WIFE:—In silence and alone, (boys, don't make such a racket there, if *you* please, while I'm writing!) in the stillness of my quiet chamber, (Ha! ha! oho! good!—what's that?) I sit down to write a few lines to you. (You know how to dress salad—*you* do!) Although I feel the pang of separation (fill up! fill up!—so; thank you;) from your dear self at this moment, yet it is a pleasing reflection to know (What's the state of the game now?) that a few short days will enable me to be again with you, (a segar, *Joe*,) and once more press your gentle hand in mine. (Oh! I can't take a hand now.) Again I shall leave this city, tiresome indeed during your absence, ('We won't go home till morning!'—oh! keep still, will you?) and every hour of the interval will be counted (capital story, that, *BILLY*!) with anxious solicitude by me. As I sit here alone, in the stillness of the night, ('Come, give us a song!' 'I can't 'pon my word!'—'Oh, do!') secluded by myself, my mind is filled with tender recollections, and a lowliness of spirits comes over me, ('Gaily still the moments roll!') which I endeavor ('While I quaff the flowing bowl,') in vain ('Care can never reach the soul!') to shake ('Who deeply drinks of wine!') off. I now lay down my pen, ('Bravo! bravo!') for fatigue (one moment, boys,) overpowers me. Adieu, my dear wife, (in a minute; duty before pleasure;) and believe me (I'm with you now, boys!) your affectionate husband,

— — —."

### AFFECTIONATE LETTER TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

BY F. S. COZZENS.

Here is a very fair set-off to the affectionate letter from a disconsolate husband in town to his wife in the country. The lady seems to have been equally lonely and inconsolable:

MY DEAR HUBBY:—"I received your affectionate letter yesterday. (Do!—don't!—be quiet?) and it was truly welcome, (be still! you *shan't* squeeze my hand!) I assure you. You have no idea how lonesome (there, you have made me make a great blot!) I feel when I am separated (will you?) from you; but the assurance that I shall see you on Saturday (if you attempt such a thing!) is a great comfort. I look forward to that day with so much pleasure (Will, if you kiss me again, I'll write to *CHARLES*!) for you know it is delightful (there! you've broken my bracelet!) delightful (you've made me write delightful twice) to live in hopes. (It's too late to take a ride, isn't it?) I could not but feel pity for you when you spoke of being '*alone*' (upon my word, Mr. Impudence, that's three!) *in the stillness of your chamber.*' It seemed as if I could see you, my dear Hubby, (a-c-h! do behave, will you?) as you were writing to your faithful little wife. I too am '*alone*' (I'm telling a great story now!) and thinking of the days that still intervene between (how becomingly your collar is turned down,) now and Saturday. (Not another, for the — a-c-h!) The country looks beautiful, (it would be nice to take a *short* ride to the beach,) but I never enjoy it while you are absent. (I declare, there are the horses at the door) I have but a few minutes to conclude in, (tell *JANE* to bring my bonnet) as the mail closes (and my skirt) in a few minutes. Adieu, my dear (well, I'm glad you have stuck yourself with a pin!) Hubby! Faithfully yours, *MARY.*"

### THE CANAL BOAT,

FROM "THE MAY FLOWER." BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 1855.

OF all the ways of travelling which obtain among our locomotive nation, this said vehicle, the canal boat, is the most absolutely prosaic and inglorious. There is something picturesque, nay almost sublime, in the lordly march of your well-built, high-bred steamboat. Go, take your stand on some overhanging bluff, where the blue Ohio winds its thread of silver, or the sturdy Mississippi tears its path through unbroken forests, and it will do your heart good to see the gallant boat walking the waters with unbroken and powerful tread; and, like some fabled monster of the wave, breathing fire, and making the shores resound with its deep respirations. Then there is something mysterious, even awful, in the power of steam. See it curling up against a blue sky, some rosy morning—graceful, floating, intangible, and to

all appearance the softest and gentlest of all spiritual things; and then think that it is this fairy spirit that keeps all the world alive and hot with motion; think how excellent a servant it is, doing all sorts of gigantic works, like the genii of old; and yet, if you let slip the talisman only for a moment, what terrible advantage it will take of you! and you will confess that steam has some claims both to the beautiful and the terrible. For our own part, when we are down among the machinery of a steamboat in full play, we conduct ourselves very reverently, for we consider it is a very serious neighborhood; and every time the steam whizzes with such red-hot determination from the escape valve, we start as if some of the spirits were after us. But in a canal boat there is no power, no mystery, no danger; one



ingly doleful and drowsy tone, form a sort of sub-bass to the lively chattering of the upper shelfites, who declare that they feel quite wide awake—that they don't think they shall go to sleep again to-night—and discourse over every thing in creation, until you heartily wish you were enough related to them to give them a scolding.

At last, however, voice after voice drops off; you fall into a most refreshing slumber; it seems to you that you sleep about a quarter of an hour, when the chambermaid pulls you by the sleeve. "Will you please to get up, ma'am? We want to make the beds." You start and stare. Sure enough, the night is gone. So much for sleeping on board canal boats.

Let us not enumerate the manifold perplexities of the morning toilet in a place where every lady realizes most forcibly the condition of the old woman who lived under a broom: "All she wanted was elbow room." Let us not tell how one glass is made to answer for thirty fair faces, one ewer and vase for thirty lavations; and—tell it not in Gath!

—one towel for a company! Let us not intimate how ladies' shoes have, in a night, clandestinely slid into the gentlemen's cabin, and gentlemen's boots elbowed, or rather, *toid* their way among ladies' gear, nor recite the exclamations after runaway property that are heard. "I can't find nothin' of Johnny's shoe!" "Here's a shoe in the water pitcher—is this it?" "My side combs are gone!" exclaims a nymph with dishevelled curls. "Massy, do look at my bonnet!" exclaims an old lady, elevating an article crushed into as many angles as there are pieces in a mince pie. "I never did sleep *so much together* in my life," echoes a poor little French lady, whom despair has driven into talking English.

But our shortning paper warns us not to prolong our catalogue of distresses beyond reasonable bounds, and therefore we will close with advising all our friends, who intend to try this way of travelling for *pleasure*, to take a good stock both of patience and clean towels with them, for we think that they will find abundant need for both.

## A MILLERITE ASCENSION.

FROM "CONE CUT CORNERS." BY BENJAMIN, AUGUSTUS, AND LYMAN ABBOTT. (BENAULY.) 1855.

CAPTAIN MAYFERRIE was no longer a young man. He no longer went to meeting with jet black boots. He no longer frequented the society of the village—except those circles which gathered in Gregory Donoe's store. The ambitions of men change with their ages. Captain Mayferrie now no longer plumed himself upon the hay crop, nor prided himself upon his seed-corn. He thought less of his oxen now, and more of his horses. He cared little for his axe, but a good deal for his fishing-pole. He had built him a new cider-mill, and his orchard was now esteemed by him, more according to the quantity of its products, than their quality.

In short, Captain Mayferrie had passed that time of his life when respectability was his most cherished luxury.

Time, who had quieted the inquiries, and speculations, and gossipings, which sprang up upon the occasion of Salanda's birth, thought fit to raise them to life again; and to do it through the instrumentality of Mrs. Gregory Donoe.

Gregory Donoe, the Captain's friend, was a man very well to do in the world, as we have already had reason to judge. He was prosperous, and, after the manner of men, happy. He had nevertheless, one affliction—he was about to lose his wife. It is not often that a husband can obtain definite and reliable information of the exact date of his approaching widowhood; but Mrs. Donoe had marked with an ink-blot in her husband's almanac, the twenty-third of April, as the day of her undoubted departure from this earthly scene, and was arranging her family affairs with a view to a public ascension upon that day.

In other words, Mrs. Gregory Donoe was a confirmed Millerite;—a believer in that faith which was then somewhat prevalent in New England, and which, by a careful casting up of the accounts of the prophecies, demonstrated the certain destruction of this globe upon the 28d of April, 1843.

As the spring of that fated year advanced, Mrs. Donoe began to be less and less interested in such

sublunary affairs as breakfasts and dinners, parlors and bedrooms, furniture and clothing, guests, customers and charges, until it really seemed as if she were indeed about to give up the business of living altogether. As the month of April drew near, she grew more and more enthusiastic in the work of preparing ascension-ropes, for herself and Tommy. Tommy was a young Donoe of some fifteen or eighteen months old. He was not, to be sure, a very strong believer in Millerism, but then, as his mother said, he was "so young and innocent like, he would go right straight up by his own heft when the time came, and think nothing at all about it."

Mrs. Donoe's Millerism might not have disturbed her husband much if it had been confined to a quiet opinion in her own mind, which did not interrupt the regular performance of her domestic duties. But, unhappily, the case was otherwise. Nothing in the house was properly washed but ascension robes. Very often there was neither breakfast, dinner, nor supper, prepared for Gregory. For a time, he submitted to live on casual luncheons in the store. But before long, he began to tire of the limited variety of that establishment, and he concluded that the world would come to an end for him, pretty soon, if he was not careful. And so he told the Captain; who cheered him up by the assurance that, if he could only get along by the twenty-third, he guessed things would all come out right after all.

Mrs. Donoe derived the information, which supported her in her controversial discussions upon the melancholy subject which occupied her thoughts, from a villainous-looking sheet styled, "The Midnight Cry," a newspaper of a sombre cast of mind, devoted to the elucidation of such problems as:—

*Given*, a beast with seven heads and ten horns, numbered 666,—the date of the Babylonish captivity, not very definitely settled,—a guess that the word "time" in prophecy means a period of three hundred and sixty years,—a period of seventy weeks with leave to make it as many centuries long

as you choose,—as many beasts with heads, horns, wings, legs, and tails, *ad libitum*, as the nature of the argument may seem to demand, and such like data;—

*Required*, to compute the time of the general end of all things.

This sheet, being printed in extremely black type, and profusely illustrated with graphic portraits of the various beasts by which the argument was supported, was by no means what one would call light reading; and was not at all calculated to give a lively or exhilarating turn to Mrs. Donoe's discussions with her friends.

These discussions, although they turned chiefly upon the certainty with which the destruction of the world on the twenty-third of April might be counted upon, involved a further, though subordinate debate, upon the positions, prospects, and chances of all the neighbors. It was a great point with Mrs. Donoe to assure herself, who, upon the promised day, was likely to go up;—who, down.

Foremost upon the latter list, in the opinion of Mrs. Donoe, stood Captain Mayferrie. Her reasons for despairing of his future safety were thus interpreted to that gentleman by Aunt Provvy, one afternoon, when she met him in the village street:

"La! Captain," said she, "do you know, Mrs. Donoe's been saying most awful things about you. Mrs. Tripp was over to see me this afternoon, and says she, I was down to Squire Cartrock's, and Mrs. Cartrock said her girls was up to the hill a little while ago, up to Mrs. Buxton's, and Mrs. Buxton says that if you're what Mrs. Donoe says you are, you're not fit to live; them's her very words."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the Captain.

"She says,—you know Mrs. Donoe's a Millerite, and believes the world's a-coming to an end next month,—she says all sorts of things about you, and Mrs. Buxton told the Cartrock girls that she heard that Mrs. Donoe told her husband that you was a reprobate; and, says she, the poor girl was his victim, and the child's his outcast."

"I'm much obliged to you for telling me," said the Captain; "I must call on Mrs. Donoe some night, I think, if she's going to bring that old gossip all up again."

Nor did the Captain forego his intentions. A few nights later he stood in Gregory Donoe's store, as the storekeeper was preparing to close for the night.

"Is your wife waiting for the end of the world as patient as ever?" he inquired of the proprietor of the establishment.

"Yes, just the same," was the reply.

"She expects to go up before the fire, don't she?" continued Captain Mayferrie.

"I believe she does," answered the storekeeper, somewhat absently. He was putting some packages away in a drawer down under the counter.

"It wouldn't be quite unexpected, if she was to be called away to-night, would it?" asked the Captain.

"What?" said Gregory, looking up quickly, and closely scanning the expression of the Captain's face.

"It wouldn't come much amiss, would it?" said the Captain, repeating his inquiry; but this time with a nod and a wink, which seemed to make a far greater impression on the trader's mind than did the language of the question, "if she was to be called for to-night?—not if she would come back to breakfast in her sober senses?"

"Mayferrie," exclaimed the storekeeper, with an appreciating smile, "you're a regular brick. What'll you take to drink?" And with unprecedented generosity, he poured out a full glass of the Captain's favorite beverage, and treated him, gratis.

That night was a cold and blustering March night. About one o'clock, some one rapped sharply outside the window of the room where Mr. Donoe and his wife were quietly sleeping.

"Mrs. Donoe," cried a voice from without; a sort of midnight cry.

"What do you want?" said Mr. Donoe, in reply.

"Mrs. Donoe," responded the midnight cry, "Mrs. Donoe; I'll not talk to an unbeliever."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Donoe, rising hastily and going to the window.

"I've come for you," replied the cry without, laconically, "come along; I'm in a hurry."

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Donoe, peering out from behind the curtain.

"I'm an angel," was the answer. "We're a going to carry up all the saints before the twenty-third; and they've sent me for you, so come along."

"Oh, Gregory!" exclaimed his wife, bursting into tears, "I must go with him, I must, I must. Oh, dear me! Do come too, now. Now you know it's all true what I've told you so many times. Only believe, and we'll go up together. Oh, dear."

"Don't go, Mary," remonstrated her husband, "I wouldn't, it's too cold; besides that ain't an angel, I don't believe."

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Donoe, "and I must go."

"Come, be quick," said the angel, "I'm as cold as thunder, waiting out here."

"Did you ever hear of a cold angel?" asked Mr. Donoe of his wife, argumentatively.

Mrs. Donoe made no reply. She busied herself with the preparations that were necessary for her departure. There was but little for her to do, since she had done nothing for a month previous but arrange her affairs for this crisis. Grief in her heart filled her eyes with tears, for, with all her folly, she loved her husband truly. To be parted from him for any cause, would have been a great affliction to her, but to leave him thus, was doubly painful. He, on the other hand, seemed but little moved by the prospect of her departure, but then it must be considered that he was not, perhaps, then fairly awake. At one time, indeed, he seemed almost overcome with emotion, but he soon stifled it under the blankets. What kind of emotion it was, is not easily determined. He, however, repeated his advice, that she should disregard the dubious summons, but to no effect; an angel called her, and she must go.

"Mayn't I take little Tommy?" said she, addressing the angel without; "I've got his robes all ready."

"No, no," said he, "I'm coming for all the babies next week; let him be; and come along yourself quicker; do you suppose an angel can wait forever?"

Mrs. Donoe bid a hasty farewell to her husband, in which tears, Millerite Theology, kisses, expostulations, and womanly affection, were strangely mingled,—gave the sleeping Tommy a parting caress; and then, weeping bitterly, sallied out into the cold and blustering night.



She found her angel in earthly guise, resembling a stage-driver as much as any thing. He was warmly clothed from head to foot, wore a warm fur cap and shaggy woollen comforter, and stood in as stout a pair of boots as ever eased the feet of a mortal. As Mrs. Donoe had never been led to conceive of angels in such a form and dress, but, on the contrary, had supposed them to consist of the head and wings usually assigned to them by imaginative artists, she felt her confidence in his muffled angelhood somewhat shaken. She gazed upon his countenance to discern that radiant glory which she supposed would there appear; but it was dimmed and quenched between the fur cap which was pulled down low over his eyes, and the comforter, which was tied around the lower part of his face, concealing every thing below the bridge of his nose.

The angel, however, gave her no time for questions, but, grasping her arm, started off with her down the road at a brisk pace.

"How are we going up?" inquired Mrs. Donoe, timidly, after they had trudged some three or four minutes. "We ain't going to walk *all* the way, I suppose, are we?"

"No," said the angel, "I've got a chariot of fire down along a piece, when we get to it."

"A chariot of fire!" exclaimed Mrs. Donoe, mentally. The possibility that this would be the mode of her ascension had never occurred to her. She had expected to go up in the balloon style, as being safer, and more in accordance with the teachings of the Millerite prophets. However, there was nothing to be said about the matter, and the two walked on half a mile in silence. The angel would not talk, and Mrs. Donoe dared not; but she began to fear that the angels were very unsocial creatures. But at last, as they reached a place where two roads met, the angel spoke:

"You wait here," said he.

"What for?" said Mrs. Donoe. "I don't see the chariot."

"We haven't come to that yet," replied the angel. "I've to go up this other road after two more sisters; then we'll all go on to it."

So saying, he led Mrs. Donoe to a rock by the side of the road, which afforded her a seat, and telling her to sit down there until he came back, started off upon his errand. Mrs. Donoe sat patiently down to await his return.

"By the way," thought she, "if I'm going up in a chariot of fire, I guess I'll carry up some snow; perhaps it'll be hot."

So saying, she crowded snow into her shoes and bonnet, as well as into such parts of her dress as the construction of her robe allowed; in order to be protected as much as possible from the element to which she was to be exposed.

Time passed slowly on, but no angel appeared. In vain the deserted lady stood up upon her seat, and looked eagerly to see him coming down the hill with the promised companions of her journey. He came not. In vain she turned about, and strove to catch in the dim distance some flashes of light which might disclose to her the stopping-place of the chariot. No light revealed its form. No light could she discern, except that the gray rays which warn us of the morning were beginning to make their appearance in the east. Day was dawning; but faster than its tardy coming, dawned the light of truth upon her mind. Weary, cold, wet, indignant, she resolved to await no longer the coming of her deceptive angel, but to return to her husband and her home.

Accordingly, about five o'clock, Mr. Donoe was aroused by another tap at his window; this time a light and timid one.

"Who's there?" said he.

"I," was the answer.

"Well, I know that," said Mr. Donoe, "but who is I?"

"Your wife, your own Mary," answered Mrs. Donoe.

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Donoe; "my wife went off with an angel in the middle of the night; I expect she is far enough off by this time."

"Oh, Gregory!" replied his weeping wife, "do let me in, I've come back: only try me, and I never will be such a fool again."

Mr. Donoe gladly received his wife home again, and neither heard nor saw more of her Millerism. The dust again flew from the shelves and chairs betimes; the frying-pan sputtered in the morning, as of old, and the tea-kettle hissed and sang at twilight. The wash-tub returned to its wonted activity, and order and comfort reigned again in the household.

The Captain, accidentally passing the domestic entrance of Gregory Donoe's one bright morning in the first week of Mrs. Donoe's re-conversion, saw that lady shaking the door-mat on the front-door steps, in front of the porch. Gregory himself was standing near the door watching that operation. From all appearances, the mat had not enjoyed as thorough a shaking for some time.

"Your wife's about again, I see," said the Captain, in an undertone, to Donoe.

Gregory Donoe grinned at the Captain, as much as to say, "You're a cute fellow."

"Good morning, Mrs. Donoe," said the Captain, in a louder tone of voice.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Donoe, curtly, without looking up, however, and without intermitting her occupation.

She was the least bit in the world suspicious of the Captain.

"It's a fine morning," renewed the Captain, pleasantly.

No answer.

"Milder than last Tuesday night," persisted the Captain, in a still more winning tone.

Mrs. Donoe looked sharply at the Captain, and murmured something to the effect that she "didn't know any thing about last Tuesday night."

Gregory turned suddenly around, away from the house; presenting to a philosophic cow, who

happened to be passing, a visage surprisingly rosy and contorted with repressed emotion.

"I thought I would just mention," said the Captain, assuming his most gentlemanly manner, "that if any body ever comes to me again with any gossip about my affairs, that you had a hand in, I shall feel obliged to tell them all about your trip with that angel."

"Oh, you!"—commenced Mrs. Donoe, clinching her fair hand.

"And about the chariot of fire," added the Captain. And he bowed a gentlemanly bow, and passed on.

There was no further gossip in Cone Out about the affairs of Captain Mayferre.

## AN HOUR IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY T. B. GOODRICH (DICK TINTO). 1855.



WITHOUT wasting time upon the exterior of the edifice, which is very generally disliked, as presenting the front of a barracks and a tortoise's back for a roof—which is carpied at for the green trees it has sacrificed and the space in the promenade it occupies—let us enter boldly by the several gates set apart for our several conditions in life. You will pass through one of the rotary turnstiles, which clicks as you enter, and registers the coin you have left, in its memory of iron. I, in virtue of the munificence of the Imperial Commission, and armed with a ticket good for just ten days more, get in the best way I can. (The company, be it known, makes it as puzzling and as tedious as possible for the unpaying visitor to obtain access to the building.) Once in, we are free from annoyance, except the green-house atmosphere, which suggests Cayenne to one who has never been there, and reminds of it one who has escaped from thence. There is little more sawing and hammering, and the Exposition is four-fifths complete. At eleven every day, it is washed and dressed and ready for company.

At the very entrance is the Glass Department, placed thus early upon the visitor's route, I presume,

to show him that all the glass in France was not used in the manufacture of the roof. There are panes of glass packed for exportation; between each plate lies a succession of nicely-cut straws, prepared as it were for mint julep purposes. One naturally inclines to pull at one end, as if there were certainly fragranciness and limpidity at the other. Then there are glass covers for clocks and vases, but big enough to contain a giant upright; and these, we are told, were blown by the breath of a single man; there are singular retorts for chemical uses, looking like overgrown soap-bubbles; bottles of extra quality and fine workmanship, but empty, in compliance with the prescriptions of the late liquor law. Though perhaps an empty bottle is more likely to be an *emptied* one than one which has never been filled. Huge sheets of colored glass complete the collection: they make you regret that eclipses of the sun are not more frequent.

Then the Printing Department. Here is a sheet of postage stamps which reminds one of his neglected private correspondence; and a chart representing 720 shades of four colors, green, blue, red and yellow. There are ten chromatic circles, with 72 grad-

uated rays to each. It is a triumph of arrangement, though it hurts the eyes, like the optical whirligig in Barnum's Museum.

Then the Binding Department. Gilt edge looks like solid ingots, and gold leaf may be taken for old family plate. Massive ledgers and folio letter books resemble the archives of a dynasty, or the registers of a recording angel. They inspire one with a passion for accounts, and the delicious ruling with the rectangular red lines, in the inside, suggests the image of Zerah Colburn ciphering in them with a diamond-pointed pen.

Just about here hangs the patented "instantaneous map." Every town is marked by a brass-headed nail, and this nail, upon its corresponding ring, in the alphabetical table, being smartly turned, jumps up and protrudes about half an inch from the surface, saying, "Here I am." There are 400 rings arranged in twelve columns, and 400 brass headed nails. The wires are invisible, but form an amazing net-work and criss-cross, behind, out of sight.

Then a perfumery stand, with soap enough to convert the deluge into suds. It is impossible, in the face of this saponaceous mountain, to credit the current statistics that every Parisian takes but two baths a year.

Not far from here is a collection of exotic plants made in France by machinery, precisely as wooden nutmegs are made at home. A superb cactus, of colossal dimensions, and colored by hand, in accordance with the nature of cacti, announces, by a ticket, that it is made of bronze. A flowering shrub, in a pot, with a delicate pink blossom, tinkles when you tap it with your finger nail, as would a sheet iron pan. A long serrated leaf, a base imitation of a tropical production, would make a very serviceable saw. All these assumptions of borrowed plumes might do very well for brass, but are quite unworthy of bronze.

The conspicuous post of honor is the famous St. Gobain plate of glass, 18 feet high by 12 wide, and without spot or flaw. It is upright, and enclosed in a massive white and gilt frame. Unfortunately for this triumph of a very beautiful art, it is quite invisible. No one can see it. I am not at all sure it is there. I have looked for it, but looked through it and beyond it instead. At ten o'clock in the morning, before it is ready for visitors, you can see dust upon it, but the glass itself no eye hath seen. It neither reflects what is before it, nor casts the most delicate haze upon what is behind it.

Kitchen ranges and complete batteries of cooking utensils suggest getting married and going to house-keeping. Such elegant kettles and pans, skewers, poker and braziers, such gleaming tin, such fancy iron, I have never seen, in either cellar or pantry. They would require a steam negress to keep them in order. And before those dandy fire-places no one could sit but in embroidered stockings and pumps, unless an ugly lump of half consumed coal would rattle down through the grating, and keep your homespun slippers company.

The central floor, for the exceptional and special products, is, though heterogeneous as a bazaar, as interesting as a gallery of art. The Empress' aviary—exotic birds imprisoned in a sculptured cage, embowered in the rarest flowers; a *toilette*, consisting of four mirrors set in carved marble frames, and mounted on a marble pediment from Carrara; trophies of fire-arms and cannon; an immense show-case of wax-works from Brussels, representing Jesus Christ

as large as life, with a superb gold beard and fiery red hair, giving the keys of heaven to St. Peter—other wax dignitaries looking gratifiedly on,—and all this to illustrate the exhibitor's skill in manufacturing church embroidery; a carved pulpit; an earthen Venus de Milo, three or four times the size of nature; a battery of musical instruments; an English pile of naval and marine curiosities—patent oars, sterns of new plans for steamers, life-boats, all heaped up into not unsymmetrical confusion, the whole commanded by a figure dressed in the new costume for divers; show-cases of Lyons silks and St. Etienne ribbons in exhaustless variety; and immense prismatical lighthouses, as brilliant with their seven colors as the silks and ribbons themselves; and three fountains which are to spout fresh water up into the tropical atmosphere of the conservatory, though not yet completed, are the more noticeable objects in a cursory view like the present

Up stairs, the air is naturally more oppressive. I suppose that a location here was allotted to the Honorable East India Company, out of a sentiment of geographical and equatorial propriety. You breathe a new air, and are certainly in a new civilization. The eye rests upon strange devices and unusual colors—dull red, leaden blue, bottle green, and dead yellow. Were we a Hindoo, we could resume, in the East Indian corner, our Hindoo everyday life, so complete is the collection of accessories and appliances. We could dress in cashmere or gold embroidered velvet, recline on Madras carpets, under tents woven of gilt thread; promenade with a silver parasol, ornamented with dangling silver tassels; sit in chairs whose sculpture resembles a Chinese puzzle; worship in pagodas on the scale of an inch to a yard, before idols reduced, but quite as frightful as the original; play at chess on boards cut from the tusks of elephants, with men all of whom are either gods or monsters. It might, however, be hardly safe to checkmate a king who is a potentate in this world or a deity in the next. Were we a Thug, we might easily continue our murderous profession in the Crystal Palace, for a Thug's poignard, dyed in the blood of seven hundred persons, is shown among a panoply of arms.

As we pass through long streets of dry goods, we have barely time to notice the pyramids of spools of cotton, the sheets of lace, the devices executed with needles, the monuments built of pins and fish-hooks, the wooden figures dressed in ready-made clothing, with the prices affixed, the trophy composed of piles of cordage of every size, from simply twine up to chain hawfers, nor the thousand and one graceful arrangements of the more common materials of every-day use.

The sun is piercing the clouds and the ground glass roof. The gallery is becoming quite untenable. The wax dolls of Madame Martanari look as if they might melt. It would be a pity, for Mrs. M. has succeeded better than any predecessor in giving to her dolls the peculiar chubbiness of infancy. Every body knows how a baby's flesh is given to swell and burst forth in the vicinity of any pressure, and how a bulge of fatness springs up each side of a cruel shoulder-strap. Mrs. M. has rendered in wax this peculiarity of extreme youth with wonderful precision. She excels, also, in dimples. I feel convinced that Madame Martanari must have been a mother. By contrast with the red and white offspring of the Caucasians, she exhibits a copper-colored Osceola one foot high, accompanied with a

biographical sketch. From this we learn that he died cursing the pale-faces.

Not far from here is the show-case of a bandagist. He displayed a Venus in a state of nature, with a Venus revised and corrected, by the employ-

ment of straps, back boards, patent corsets and thongs and girths of peculiar appearance. A contemplation of his window leads you to rejoice that if nature is so clumsy and faulty in her creations, art is so skillful in her modifications.

## ELEGANT TOM DILLAR.

BY C. F. BRIGGS. 1856.

To speak of Tom Dillar in any other way than by his pseudonym of Elegant, would be like speaking of Harold Harefoot, Edwin the Fair, the Black Prince, or Louis the Debonaire, without their distinguishing adjectives. Tom Dillar was known to his acquaintances only as Elegant Tom, and he was well entitled to the epithet, for he was elegant in looks, manners, and style. He was one of those happy persons who seem to have come into the world for the sole purpose of eating the sunny side of ripe peaches. There were no deficiencies in Elegant Tom Dillar, and if one could have the ordering of his own antecedents, they could not be superior to Tom's. On the side of his father, he was connected with the best English families in the State; and, by the mother's side, he could boast of the purest Dutch descent. He inherited a large fortune from his father, and, what was much better, a healthy constitution and a handsome person. Being independent in his circumstances, he was not educated for a profession; but being apt to learn, he was taught a good many accomplishments that are not generally bestowed upon American youths. He could dance much better than most professors of that elegant art, and in music he was something more than a proficient upon the guitar, the piano, and the violin. Then he had a fine voice, a delicious tenor, and those who had the good fortune to hear him sing, used to boast of it, as though a piece of rare luck had befallen them. Tom was good-natured too, and as amiable as though it were necessary for him to conciliate the world, that his presence might not be considered an intrusion. But, of all men, he was least likely to be considered *de trop* in the world.

He went abroad and came back as amiable and unpretending as he went, but with more accomplishments than he carried away. He was invited every where, and he might have married any girl he chose to honor in that manner; but, as often happens in such cases, he seemed never to have been touched in his heart by any of the beautiful creatures who surrounded him. There was Fanny Ormolu, the only daughter of the great auctioneer, who, they used to say, was dying for him; and it was said that her father was so fearful of the effects of Tom's indifference on his daughter's health, that he was guilty of the indelicacy of offering to settle a hundred thousand dollars on him if he would marry her. But Tom had never known what it was to want money, and, like an honorable, high-minded fellow as he was, refused to sell himself, even at so high a figure, and to so beautiful a purchaser.

They said that old Ormolu was so exasperated and indignant at Tom's refusal, that he swore he would have satisfaction for the insult; and he was as good as his word. He did not challenge Tom, nor, indeed, permit him to know that he entertained

any ill-will against him; for, if he had, he probably would not have been able to accomplish his purpose. Ormolu was a commercial gentleman, and his manner of getting satisfaction was a purely business transaction; in fact, the old fellow did not understand any thing else. He set himself deliberately to work to ruin Tom by getting away all his money. As this would have been the severest punishment that could have been inflicted upon himself, he naturally and very sensibly imagined that he could inflict no greater wrong upon another than by making him a bankrupt.

Now, Tom was not a spendthrift, nor a gambler; but then he was the merest child in business matters, and had no idea about money transactions beyond drawing his dividends every six months, and contriving to make his income just meet his expenditure. Tom had often wished that his income was larger, for he had long been ambitious of owning a yacht, but was unable to indulge in that costly enjoyment; so, when his young friend, Pete Van Slicer, of the firm of Van Slicer, Son and Co., the great stockbrokers, of Wall street, one day said to him, as if by accident, "Tom, how would you like to enter into a little speculation, by which you



might make a hundred thousand dollars or so?" Tom opened his eyes, and eagerly replied he would like nothing better.

Pete then carelessly remarked, that Bob So-and-

so had made nearly double that sum a few days before, by a corner in Harlem, and that he could put Tom in the way of making at least that amount by a speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock. Tom, not being familiar with stock operations, asked how it could be done; whereupon Pete explained to him that certain parties having sold long in the stock were going to get up a corner, which would compel the shorts to buy in, and that the stock would then begin to rise, and there was no knowing where it would stop. What Pete proposed that Tom should do was, to buy in while it was down, and when the rise should reach its height, to sell out, and pocket the profits.

"Can I rely on the rise taking place?" asked Tom, who had not a very clear notion of the nature of the transaction.

"Trust to me," replied Pete, with a knowing wink, which seemed to Tom so full of sagacity, that he concluded to trust to him, and accordingly gave an order to the firm of Van Slicer, Son and Co., to purchase, for his account, about ten times as many shares of the Pottawattamy Coal Stock as he had the means to pay for, Pete undertaking to carry the stock, as he called it, for thirty days, in which time the rise was sure to occur.

Having made this little business arrangement with his Wall street friend, Tom jumped into one of the Dry Dock stages, to go up to the ship-yards and make inquiries about the cost of a yacht; and that night he dreamed of winning the Queen's cup at the Cowes regatta, and of lying at anchor in the harbor of Newport, and other pleasant things connected with the manly sport of yachting.

Tom did not know that his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was paying attention to Fanny Ormolu; and, even if he had, he could never have imagined that old Ormolu was making use of the young stockbroker to ruin his friend. But such was the fact.

The next day, Elegant Tom Dillar created a good deal of surprise among the motley throng of Jews and "lame ducks" that hover round the doors of the Stock Board, in the third story of the Merchants' Exchange; and when a playful Hebrew knocked Tom's hat over his eyes, as he stood anxiously waiting to hear what Pottawattamy sold at, he was so engrossed in his new speculation, that he never thought of resenting the affront. Pottawattamy went up one per cent. that day, but the next it went down ten, and the next ten more, and Tom received a brief note from Van Slicer, Son and Co., informing him that he was their debtor for losses on Pottawattamy Coal Stock, in a sum that considerably exceeded his entire fortune.

A man who has never felt the actual cauter of poverty, cannot have a very clear idea of what that word really means, and Tom did not, therefore, feel half so badly as he ought to have done, when he had to confess to himself that he was a bankrupt.

There is nothing to be gained by going into the distressing particulars of Tom's settlement with his brokers, and therefore I will merely remark, that on the very day upon which all his available property passed out of his own hands into those of Van Slicer, Son and Co., the junior member of that eminent firm was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as the papers say, to Fanny Ormolu, only daughter and so forth, of Jefferson Ormolu, Esq., our enterprising and esteemed fellow-citizen, of the eminent firm of Ormolu, Bronze and Co.

The ruin of Thomas Dillar, Esq., was complete.

Wall street never witnessed a more decided cleaning out than in the case of my elegant friend. It was so smoothly and rapidly done, that he was like the man who didn't know he was decapitated until he attempted to nod his head—so sharply, so adroitly, and so quickly, had the blow been dealt. But it does not take long for a person to find out that he is poor, and Elegant Tom Dillar immediately began to have a "realizing sense" of the true state of his case. He had nothing in the world left but his watch, and a few articles of jewelry, by which he could raise money enough to discharge a few debts he owed, and which were demanded with a rude pertinacity that he had never known before. He had to abandon the hotel in Broadway at which he had been living, and take cheap lodgings in Beekman street; and, instead of having more invitations to dine than he could accept, he suddenly found himself without any invitation at all; as to evening parties, although he had made up his mind not to go to any more, he had the mortification of being cut by all his old friends, and soon ceased to expect any attentions from them. Heretofore Tom had skimmed the cream of human existence; he had visited only in the best circles, eaten the best dinners, drank the best wines, read the most amusing books, worn the best clothes, and had known nothing of the infelicities of human existence, except by hearsay. But now, his turn had come to feed on husks, and taste of hyssop.

What Tom had suffered, or how he had struggled, none knew but himself, for he was too proud to complain, and, to all appearances, he was as light-hearted and cheerful as ever he had been in his most prosperous days. But, as the writer of these lines was one evening hurrying down Broadway, to escape from the clouds of blinding dust which a cold, northwest wind was driving along that crowded avenue, he was suddenly arrested, near the corner of Canal street, by a tap on the shoulder. Turning round, he saw Elegant Tom Dillar, with his coat buttoned closely up to his throat, and looking uncomfortably sharp, serious, and, to make use of a vulgar figure of speech, seedy.

"How are you?" said Tom, in his usual elegant manner; but, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "you needn't ask me how I am, for I can discern by your looks that you see how I am. I am hungry."

Elegant Tom Dillar hungry!

I was too much shocked by this humiliating confession from a man whom I had known and envied in his happier days, to disguise my feelings. But I put my hand in my pocket to feel for my purse.

"Thank you," said Tom, "it is very generous in you to anticipate my request. It is but a trifle that I need; and I will repay you soon."

I offered him the contents of my purse; but he would not take more than half a dollar. "At least," said I, "allow me to treat you to a supper, since you say you are hungry?"

"I will agree to that," he replied, "upon the condition that you favor me with your company, and allow me to call for what I want."

Of course I could not refuse his proposition, and, knowing what his former habits had been, I supposed he would go into some of the splendid restaurants on Broadway, and call for such a supper as he had once been accustomed to indulge in. But, on the contrary, he led me into one of the

cross streets, and I followed him down into a very humble underground "Saloon," where he ordered a supper of cold meat and bread, and I could not prevail upon him to indulge in any thing more.

"You know something of my history," said Tom, "how I once lived, and how I lost my property; but how I have lived since, you do not know, and I shall not distress you by telling. Look," said he, and he unbuttoned his threadbare coat, when I saw that he had on neither vest nor shirt. "I am actually reduced to this extreme," said he, and his voice quivered as he spoke, "by trying to live honestly. Up to this very hour, until I met you, I have not stooped to beg; but now I was driven to it. I had nothing left by which I could raise a shilling, and I had not tasted food to-day."

"Good Heavens!" said I, "can this be true? What, Elegant Tom Dillar, with all his accomplishments, his rich acquaintances, his knowledge of the world, and in a city like this, where employment is so readily obtained, reduced to starvation! It cannot be true."

"But it is true," said Tom, "impossible as it may seem to you, and all because I was not brought up to a regular profession. My accomplishments were not of a kind to bring me money in an honorable way, and I made up my mind that if I could not live honorably, I would prefer not to live at all. I could easily have sold myself to unworthy or disreputable employments, or my former friends would probably have been glad to have had me sing for them, and have rewarded me by permitting me to live on their bounty, but I could not submit to such a position as that. I could never be a jack-pudding of society; and I would not disgrace my father's name by a dishonorable occupation."

As Tom spoke these words, he looked more elegant in his shabby suit than ever he had done in his happier days; and, in spite of his poverty, I could not but still admire his manly spirit and self-reliance. I actually felt poor beside him.

"But," said I, "why will you not allow me to lend you a larger sum than you have taken? You shall be heartily welcome to more."

"Because," replied Tom, "it is all I need. I think I have found a placer, and after this, I shall be rich again."

I wished his expectations might be realized, and, shaking his hand, I gave him my card, and begged he would send to me, if he should need any further assistance.

It was about three months after I parted with Tom in the cheap restaurant, that, as I entered the vestibule of the Astor House, I met him coming out of that hotel. I started back with amazement as I saw him, for Tom was now dressed with greater splendor than I had ever before seen him; not obtrusively made up, but with an air of studied elegance that was new to him. Certainly he never looked better, nor better deserved to be called Elegant Tom Dillar. He appeared a little embarrassed when he first caught my eye, but his old manner soon returned. "I owe you a trifle, I think," said he; "let me pay it." And he pulled out a silk purse which seemed to be full of gold and silver, and reached me a half-dollar.

"That is the principal," said he; "now, do me the favor to accept this for interest," and he took a handsome seal ring from his finger, which he put upon mine. As our initials were the same, I do not know whether he had had it cut for me or not; but,

seeing my cipher on the agate, I fancied he had, and did not refuse it. I keep it among my most precious mementoes of past friendships, for Tom Dillar is one of those persons whose acquaintance I regard as a feather in my cap.

The reappearance of Elegant Tom Dillar in what is called society, was a topic of universal conversation in fashionable circles, and once more invitations began to pour in upon him, so that he might, if he had had the capacity, have eaten three dinners daily at the very best houses in town, and have danced in the most brilliant company that New York could afford, nearly every night. But a great change was perceptible in Tom's manner. He was the same Elegant Tom Dillar he had ever been; faultless in his manner, refined in his conversation, incredible in dress, and handsomer, if possible, than before his retirement. "But he is so subdued in his style," was the remark of every body. He never danced, and when he was pressed to sing, he always evaded the request by pleading a slight hoarseness. There used to be a slight dash of frivolity in Tom's conversation and conduct, and he would abandon himself to all kinds of merriment; but now he was rather grave, quiet, and dignified, and several ambitious young men made most melancholy attempts to form themselves upon his style. Another of his changes was, that he wore his hair cut very short, and his fine classical head was improved by it. In fact, Tom's new style was infinitely more interesting, becoming, and distinguished than his old. Certain pious ladies got their heads together, and, after discussing the matter, came to the conclusion that Tom Dillar was preparing himself for the ministry. This suspicion even gave a new interest to him, and he became more than ever an object of observation. But this theory was soon exploded; for, if Tom were engaged in so pious an occupation, under whose auspices was he studying? On hearing the report, Tom smiled sarcastically, and raised his eyebrows as people do when they are both surprised and amused, but did not deny it. But, if he was not studying for the ministry, what was he doing, and how did he live? Where did he get his money? for it was known that Tom paid as he went, and not a soul of his acquaintance could accuse him of borrowing.

These questions began to grow extremely interesting and puzzling, for the manner in which Tom had been cleaned out of his speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock, by his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was as notorious as his subsequent poverty, and retirement from the world. All sorts of expedients were resorted to for the purpose of discovering the secret of Tom's income; but the mystery baffled the keenest investigation, and the consequence was, that the wildest conceivable stories were told about him, and he was regarded with looks of suspicion, and treated with cold disdain by certain ladies who had marriageable daughters. The excitement at last reached its acutest when it was discovered that Julia Laurens, daughter of the celebrated and wealthy physician of that name, and granddaughter of old Ormolu the auctioneer, one of the most beautiful and fascinating girls in society, had actually fallen in love with Tom, and that he had been forbidden her father's house because he refused to tell how he gained his income.

The report of this interesting circumstance invested the mystery of Tom's prosperity with a romantic interest, and the excitement became abso-



lutely furious. It was impossible to enter a house without hearing the subject discussed, and even merchants talked about it on 'Change. The different theories which were broached were highly instructive, inasmuch as they revealed the many different methods by which a man may contrive to live without labor; but it so happened, that not one of them came within a thousand miles of the truth. Tom had, in fact, discovered a placer, as he termed it, which he alone knew how to work; and most discreetly did he keep his secret, until, in a luckless moment, the merest accident revealed it.

The women, poor simple-minded creatures, knowing but little of the world, had their own innocent surmises about Tom, the most plausible of which was, that he had entered into a league with—; some other ladies, who had a less practical acquaintance with human possibilities, believed that he got his money by writing poems for the magazines; while others said that he gambled. But Tom's regular habits and his placidity of temper were adverse to the last supposition. The men, of course, gave shrewder guesses; and one party maintained, with some plausibility, that Tom Dillar was employed as a Russian spy. The difficulty in this case was, that he never received any foreign letters, was notoriously ignorant of political movements, and never mingled in any society where he would be likely to pick up any information that would interest the Emperor of Russia. Another party maintained that he speculated in stocks; but that theory was easily knocked on the head: Tom had not been in Wall street since his speculation in the Pottawattamie Coal Stock. Some ill-natured people hinted that he was employed in circulating counterfeit money; but he was closely watched, and was never known to pass off a bad bill. He was accused of picking pockets, of buying lottery tickets, and other disreputable practices; but the strict integrity of Tom's conduct, and his perfect frankness on all subjects concerning himself, except that impenetrable mystery of the source of his income, put every ungenerous suspicion to rest. He was watched when he went from a party, or the opera, and was always found to go directly to his lodgings, and there, too, would he be found in the morning. Julia Laurens's father had employed a police officer to dodge Tom's footsteps, and discover what his haunts were; but the man could learn nothing more than was already known. There was one rather striking peculiarity, however, about Tom's movements, which might lead to the discovery of the mystery. Nobody had seen him, except on Sunday nights, between the hours of seven and ten. Every place of amusement in the city was ransacked in vain, during these hours, but no sign of Tom Dillar could any where be found, and he continued to be a subject of talk in society, where he was still well received in spite of all the evil things that were surmised about him.

Julia Laurens was a spirited girl, and she loved Tom the better, perhaps, because he was the object of so much unjust suspicion; and her father, the doctor, was charmed by Tom's intelligence, his gentlemanly manners, his fine taste, and his amiability; and most happy would he have been to acknowledge him as his son-in-law, but for the mysterious silence which he observed in respect to his income. But, as Tom was resolute in his silence, the father of Julia was inexorable, and there was nothing left for them but a clandestine marriage. The lady hinted

at her willingness, but Tom told her, dearly as he loved her, he would not be guilty of a dishonorable act to obtain her. He would wait a little longer, and perhaps her father would relent.

To fully appreciate Tom's noble conduct, it should be known that Julia, in addition to her expectations from her father's property, which was already large, and rapidly increasing, had property of her own, valued at fifty thousand dollars, which had been bequeathed her by an aunt. All this Tom might have had, and the woman he loved besides, but for his high-minded sense of honor.

Dr. Laurens, Julia's father, was a most passionate lover of music, and you were always sure of seeing him in his box at the opera, in his bright-buttoned coat, with a lorgnette in hand, listening to the prima donna as though she were a patient, and he anticipated a fee at the close of the performance. He was so catholic in his tastes that he could enjoy one kind of music as well as another, and, when there was no opera, and his patients would permit him, he would go to hear the Ethiopian Minstrels, and sit through the entire performance. In fact, the banjo was one of the Doctor's weaknesses, and there were some people, who were uncharitable enough to say that negro minstrelsy was much better adapted to his musical taste, than the Italian opera. But that was mere scandal, of course; for the Doctor had been in Europe, and had brought back with him, like many other gentlemen who go abroad, a taste for music and the fine arts, which he did not carry with him.

There was one member of the Ethiopian band, where the Doctor was in the habit of going, who had completely fascinated him, which was not much to be wondered at, for he had fascinated every body else who heard him; and when he appeared, there was sure to be an overflowing house. The name of this incomparable singer was Higgins, and his talents, as a banjo player, as a dancer, and a personator of the negro character, particularly as the negro dandy, were equal to his splendid abilities as a singer. The Doctor never failed to drop into the Ethiopian opera, as it was called, whenever this public favorite appeared, which was nearly every night, and seeing his name up on the bills for a benefit, the Doctor resolved to go. On reaching the hall, he found the house so crowded, that he could not even get his nose inside, but the doorkeeper recognized him, and wishing to gratify so distinguished a patron of the establishment, offered to show him round by a private entrance, so that he would be near the stage, and might retire at his leisure.

The Doctor was delighted, and put something handsome into the hand of the doorkeeper, as an acknowledgment for the favor. He got a comfortable seat near the stage, and waited with impatience for the appearance of the incomparable Higgins. The sham darkey was in splendid voice, and filled the audience with ecstatic pleasure by his happy imitations of Dandy Jim. But his most brilliant performance was in the plantation break-down, in which he ravished the spectator by his unparalleled heeling and toeing. In the midst of the performance, when the frenzy of the spectators was at its height, a boy in the gallery threw a piece of orange peel on the stage, and Higgins, by an unlucky step put his foot upon it, and fell with a tremendous crash. The audience at first thought it a part of the dance, and applauded tremendously, but it was

soon discovered that the poor man had met with a serious, accident. He was taken up by his companions and borne off the stage; directly after, the leader of the band came on, and asked if there was a surgeon in the house, as Mr. Higgins was badly hurt by his fall. Dr. Laurens was but too happy to have an opportunity of rendering any professional assistance to so distinguished an artist as Higgins; so he stepped promptly forward and offered his services. The artist had struck his head, but was only stunned. The Doctor, however, did as all doctors do on such occasions, whipped out his lancet and bled the patient, while one of his companions, with a bowl of water and a sponge wiped the burnt cork from the face of the unconscious minstrel.

Higgins presently opened his eyes, and stared wildly about him, while the Doctor shrieked out, "Good gracious, it is Elegant Tom Dillar!"

Tom received a package early in the morning from Julia, enclosing all the billet-doux and trinkets he had sent her, and requesting a return of all she had ever sent him. The note was as devoid of feeling or sentiment as a lawyer's dunning letter; and Tom wrote one in reply, which was quite as cold and business-like.

"Well," said I to Tom, on meeting him a few days after his accident, which would very likely have proved fatal to him but for his woolly wig; "do you intend to give up society or the minstrels?"

"Society!" exclaimed Elegant Tom Dillar, with a sarcastic curve of his finely chiselled lip; "Society be —"

I will not repeat the very coarse expression he used; for, since his new associations, he had grown rather rude and low in his language.



Tom was bewildered by the sudden change of the scene, and faint and sick from the loss of the blood which Doctor Laurens had been letting out of his veins; but, bewildered and weak as he was, the sound of the Doctor's voice, and the sight of his astonished countenance, brought Tom to his senses. He knew at once that his secret was discovered, and comprehended in a moment the consequences that must follow its revelation to society.

"Doctor," said he, faintly, "it is of no use to dissemble further. You know my secret; let me request you to keep it to yourself."

"O! my dear fellow," said the Doctor, "you are perfectly safe in my hands; don't be uneasy. For the credit of my own family, at least, I shall not be likely to proclaim to society that a gentleman who has visited at my house, is a member of a troupe of Ethiopian minstrels. I wish you a good evening, sir."

It very oddly happened that, before midnight, all the members of the Manhattan Club, to which the Doctor belonged, knew that Elegant Tom Dillar had retrieved his fortunes by joining the Ethiopian minstrels, and the news was spread all through society before the next day at noon.

"What should an honest man care for society?" said he. "When I was an idler, living on the property which my father's industry had procured me, society petted me and cherished me. When I lost my property, society turned a cold shoulder to me, but petted the villain who had robbed me of it. When by an honest exercise of the only accomplishments I had been taught, I was enabled to appear like a gentleman, society again received me with open arms, although it imagined I was a gambler or a pick-pocket; but, when it was found that my money was honestly obtained—that I wronged no one, nor owed any one—society rejects me again, and the girl who was willing to marry me as a swindler, turns her back upon me as an honest man."

I am afraid that Tom was misanthropical; for, as he soon after became possessed of a considerable fortune by the death of a relative, he quitted the minstrels and went to Paris, where, I have heard, he still lives in great splendor, and is famous for his dinners, to which, none of his countrymen are ever invited.

## CLEARING A STAGE.

BY C. F. BRIGGS.

It is not many months since, that I had been travelling day and night, over roads of iron, for nearly a week, until my sense of hearing was almost destroyed, by the continued fig, fig-fig, fig-fig, fig-fig, of a steam engine, the incessant ding-ding, ding-ding, of the alarm bell, and the prolonged rumble, rumble, rumble, of the rail car's wheels. My eyes, too, were well nigh destroyed by sparks of fire, and flying ashes; but above all, from the want of rest and sleep. It will be readily imagined, therefore, that it was with no ordinary degree of pleasure, that I exchanged a seat with an upright wooden back, in a railroad car, for the almost by-gone luxury of a couch-like seat in an old-fashioned stage-coach, which was to take me to the place of my destination. A blessing rest upon those old-time conveyances, the bare mention of which calls up a thousand recollections of social pleasures, that come thronging and fluttering about the nib of my pen, like moths around a bright light, on a summer evening! But, beautiful creatures! I can only apostrophize you now. Some other time, I will impale you upon the end of my quill, and preserve your slight forms in ink.

The day was remarkably fine; our road lay through the pleasantest parts of pleasant Connecticut, near the picturesque valley of the Housatonic; our cattle were sleek and fine-looking; the driver was civil, and decently dressed; and the coach itself was a miracle. There was not a rent in the curtains, nor a spring out of order. There were but two passengers, beside myself, one of whom was one of those good-natured humorists, who I believe live all their lives in stage-coaches, for I never met with one any where else; and the other was an invalid, with his face tied up so that he could not speak.

Never had a weary traveller a sweeter prospect of enjoying a refreshing nap. We had travelled about a mile, and the easy motion of the coach had just begun to put me and my fellow-travellers into a pleasant sleep, when a shrill voice, exclaiming, "Stop! stop!" caused the driver to rein up, which roused me from the delightful state of incipient somnolency into which I was sinking. It was an elderly lady, with a monstrous band-box, a paper-covered trunk, and a little girl. We were, of course, debarred the satisfaction of saying a single ill-natured word. The driver dismounted from his box, and having stowed away the lady's baggage, proceeded to assist her to stow herself away in the coach.

"Driver," said the lady, "do you know Deacon Hitchcock?"

"No, ma'am," replied the driver; "I have only driv on this road about a fortnight."

"I wonder if neither of them gentlemen don't know him?" she said, putting her head into the coach.

"I don't," said the humorist, "but I know Deacon Hotchkiss, if that will answer your purpose."

"Don't neither of them other gentlemen know him?" she inquired.

I shook my head, negatively; for I was afraid to speak, lest I should dispel the charm that sleep had begun to shed over me; and the invalid shook his head, as he was unable to speak.

"Well, then, I don't know whether to get in or not," said the lady, "for I must see Deacon Hitchcock before I go home. I am a lone widow lady, all the way from the State of New Hampshire, and the Deacon was a very particular friend of my husband's, this little girl's father, who has been dead two long years; and I should like to see him 'mazin'ly."

"Does he live about here?" asked the driver.

"Well, I don't know for certain," said the lady, "but he lives somewhere in Connecticut. This is the first time I was ever so far from home; I live in the State of New Hampshire, and it is dreadful unpleasant, I feel a little dubious about riding all alone in a stage with gentlemen that I never see before in all my life."

"There is no danger, ma'am," said the driver; "the gentlemen won't hurt you."

"Well, perhaps they won't; but it is very unpleasant for a lady to be so far from home; I live in the State of New Hampshire; and this little girl's —"

"You had better get in, ma'am," said the driver, with praiseworthy moderation.

"Well, I don't know but I may as well," she replied; and after informing the driver once more that she was from the State of New Hampshire, and that her husband had been dead two years, she got in, and took her seat.

"I will take your fare, ma'am," said the driver.

"How much is it, sir?" asked the lady.

"Four-and-six-pence," said the driver, "for yourself and the little girl."

"Well, that is a monstrous sight of money, for a little girl's passage, like that; her father, my husband, has been dead these two long years, and I was never so far from home before in all my life. I live in the State of New Hampshire. It is very unpleasant for a lady; but I dare say neither of them gentlemen would see me imposed upon."

"I will take your fare, if you please, ma'am," again said the driver, in a tone bordering somewhat on impatience.

"How much did you say it was—three-and-six-pence?" asked the lady.

"Four-and-six-pence, if you please, ma'am," said the driver.

"O, four-and-six-pence!" And after a good deal of fumbling, and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced a half dollar and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand.

"That is not enough, ma'am," said the driver; "I want nine-pence more."

"What!—aint we in York State?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, ma'am," replied the driver; "it is six shillings, York money."

"Well," said the lady, "I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was at home, in the State of New Hampshire; I've reckoned up many a fish v'yage; but since I have got so far from home, I b'lieve I am beginning to lose my mental faculties."

"I'll take that other nine-pence, if you please, ma'am," said the driver, in a voice approaching a little nearer to impatience. At last, after making allusions two or three times more to her native State,

and her deceased husband (happy man), she handed the driver his nine-pence, and we were once more in motion. Although my fellow-travellers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver, yet they looked as though they were wishing the New Hampshire lady some of the worst wishes that could be imagined.

"Do you think it's *dan-gerous* on this road?" began the lady, as soon as the door was closed. "I am a very lengthy way from home, in the State of New Hampshire; and if any thing should happen, I don't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with travelling; and I hope you won't think me obtrusive; I am a widow lady; my husband, this little girl's father, has been dead these two years, come this spring; and I am going with her to the Springs; she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach. Are you going to the Springs, sir?" she said, addressing herself to the invalid, who shook his head in reply.

"Ah; are you going, sir?" she said addressing the humorist.

"No, I am not," he replied; "and if I were ——" But the contingency was inwardly pronounced.

"Are *you*?" she asked, turning to me.

"No!"

"Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful unpleasant for a lady to be so fur from home, without a protector. I am from the State of New Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went a-travelling in my life. Do you know any body in New Hampshire?"

"No, madam, I do not," said the humorist, "and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to."

"Well, now, that is very strange," continued the gossip; "I haven't met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I follow school-keepin', mostly, for an occupation; and I am acquainted with all the first people in the State. I have been a school-teacher ever since my husband died, this poor little girl's father, two years ago; and I am very well known in Rocky-bottom, Rockingham county, in the State of New Hampshire; I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There's Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Zaccheus Upham, Doctor David ——"

"Heavens and earth!" exclaimed the humorist, "I can't stand this! Driver! stop, and let me get out!"

The driver reined up, and the humorist took his valise in his hand, and jumped out, followed by the invalid, who set out to walk back to the tavern we had left behind us. I thought the New Hampshire lady would probably understand the cause of our fellow-traveller's sudden departure, and leave me to the quiet enjoyment of my nap. I never was more mistaken. No sooner was the coach in motion again, than she began to pour out such a running stream of surmises, and questions, about "them gentlemen that had left us," mingled with reminiscences of New Hampshire, and her deceased husband, that I began to wish myself back again on board the railroad car. At length, driven to desperation, I was compelled to call out to the driver to stop, and let *me* get out. The lady was very earnest in her endeavors to persuade me to remain; but I was regardless of her entreaties, although not exactly deaf to them. I took my wallet, determined to wait until the next coach came along.

## NEGRO PHILOSOPHY—

### A Fish Story,

FROM "THE CREOLE ORPHANS." BY DR. JAMES S. PEACOCKE. 1856.

It was again a balmy morning when Mr. Hartley was aroused by old Pierre; and, hastily swallowing a cup of coffee, he shouldered his gun, and, finding Florat below with a basket of provisions, set forth on his errand of destruction. Florat was a lively fellow, active as a monkey, and full of mischief. At about one-fourth of a mile from the sugar-house was the beginning of the bayou, which terminated in the lake. This bayou supplied the water which was used in the boilers, and about the building generally. At its commencement it was wide, clear, and deep. A skiff had been placed in the bayou for fishing in the lake. It had now been pushed up to the bank. Florat leaped in, and arranged old Pierre's jacket in the stern for Mr. Hartley, who entered. Pierre then shoved off, and, adjusting the seats, selected a pair of oars and began to pull. Hartley remarked that he seemed to scan the provisions closely.

"What are you looking after, Pierre?" he asked.

"Why, you see, sah," answered he, looking very grave; "whenever I comes dis way I likes to fetch long a drop of sperits; it keeps off de fluvia of de swamp; and a fellow he is a heap more lucky when he is got it long wid him."

Hartley burst out into a loud laugh at the philosophy of Pierre.

"How do you account for that, Pierre?"

"Donno, sah, only you see dis fishing is a raal scientific tech; you has to give your hand a kind of tremblin' motion, jest to make de fish tink de ting is live; for you see de fish heap rather hab de fun of killin' his victuals than to find it dead. He is just like folks bout dat, for you see, sah, dars a natural instinct in a man what makes him love to kill."

"Well, you are about half right, Pierre, and I suppose you have not had your morning dram yet."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed he. "Well, Massa Hartley, you is de best guesser I is ever seed. I ain't dat; jist give me a dram or two and I'll make dis old skiff go same like a steamboat. Lord, sah, when I has got some good old rye in me, I is a horse! Thank you very kindly, sah," he continued, smacking his lips with peculiar *gout*, as he allowed the liquor to slowly trickle down his throat. "I wish I could have dat feeling foreber. Lord, sah, de preacher says dat dis whisky was 'vented by de devil; but it's my 'pinion dat it is de pure juice of Fardice."

Florat grinned with delight as he listened to Pierre. They proceeded down the bayou, under the sturdy strokes of the oar, enlivened and spiced by the odd sayings of Pierre, and the screams of Florat, as he struck at some unlucky young alligator, which, swimming along, showed itself near the boat, or, as he stabbed in the water desperately at a *gasper gou*, as it lay listlessly before the bow.

The banks of the bayou were of soft mold, and were clothed to the bluff edge with weeds, bright wild flowers, and mutton cane. Every thing was quiet, save the trill of the mocking-bird, the wild carol of the blackbird, or the melodious warble of the goldfinch, as he poised himself on the topmost twig of a tree near by. Then there was the hum of the bee, the whirl of the musqueto-hawk, and maybe the leap of the fish in the sluggish stream ahead; or the scream of a crane as it flew off and threw out its ungainly neck and legs; or the dash of a dozen turtles, as they splashed from a rotten log into the water.

"Dat is a very curious insect, sah," exclaimed Pierre, pausing a moment in his labor, and wiping the perspiration from his brow, on which it stood in great beads.

"What, Pierre?"

"Why, dem cooters, dey is fulfillin' de Scripture, sah."

"How is that?"

"Why, sah, dey is always watching; and dey is as hard to catch napping as a hard-shell Baptist."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Florat.

De cooter is de boatman,  
De jay bird de lawyer,  
De mocking-bird de preacher,  
De alligator sawyer,  
Ha, ha, hah! whoop po!

"Wh—wh—what you for making all dat fus for, you black rascal," exclaimed Pierre, turning and making a back-handed lick at him, while he dodged the blow and sprang back, laughing.

Swiftly they glided on. Suddenly, Pierre ceased pulling, and laying down his oars, clapped his hand on his stomach, and commenced making a good many ugly faces, which he designed as expressive of pain.

"What is the matter, Pierre?" asked Hartley.

"Oh! Massa Hartley," groaned he; "I is in a 'siderable deal of pain in de region of de abominable."

"In the what?" asked he, laughing in spite of himself.

"In de abominable, sah," groaned Pierre, pressing harder on the pit of his stomach. "Oh! ah! ugh!"

"Well, what must I do for you, Pierre?" asked Hartley. "What must I give you?"

"Well, sah, I don't know. I don't think dat nothin' never does me any good but a little sperits. Oh! ugh! ah!"

Hartley saw through the ruse in a moment.

"Oh, I see what is the matter with you—a touch of cholera. Here, Pierre, take a dram."

Pierre seized the flask eagerly, put it to his mouth, and took a long pull—then drawing a deep breath, returned it, saying: "Ah! dat liquor has got a great head, sure. I feel considerable better now, sah."

"Very well, Pierre," laughed Hartley; "you are now to remember that you are not to have a pain in your 'abominable' again until this evening.

Then you may have it very slightly. Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, sah," grinned Pierre.

They had now reached the wider part of the bayou, immediately before its connection with the lake; and a singular sight to the eyes of a Northerner presented itself. A sheet of water of some three miles in extent, surrounded on three sides with a virgin forest of tall cypress and gum, was spread out before him. There were several small islands in it. The whole forest was clothed in a garb of melancholy gray moss, which hung from the topmost boughs in heavy waving masses, hoary and ancient, nearly to the water. Every thing around seemed locked in a trance. Vast trees with no undergrowth, like pillars in some immense cathedral, with this solemn drapery around them, unbroken by any opening, bounded the prospect. Far off stood hundreds of large white cranes, motionless, and gazing silently in the water—while the solitary heron fished around the edge, ever and anon uttering his peculiar and dismal cry. Upon many logs which were floating in the water, lay sleeping alligators, whom the warmth of the day had awakened from their torpor, to feel the warm sun; and thousands of turtle of all sizes dotted other logs and islets; and often would be seen the flounce of some fish as it tried to escape the jaws of the ravenous alligator-gar. The southern side of the lake was shallow, and filled with brush, swamp-reeds, and decayed logs. Here the congo and the venomous mocassin held dominion, and battened with the toad, and immense water-spiders, in the mass of decaying and offensive mud, and ooze, and leaves, and slime.

The opposite side of the lake was a bluff bank, dry and pleasant; the water deep, cool and clear, and a grateful shade was afforded. Here the boat was directed, and they then proceeded to dispose of the hamper of provisions which Colonel Ormond had caused to be brought. It was lugged out, and placed at the root of a noble hackberry tree.

When this was done, Pierre began his preparations for a morning's sport. He collected bait with a hand-net, and uncoiled his lines.

"Now, Massa Hartley, suppose you try your hand at a fish, here be de lines, and I 'spect dat de fish bite mighty well dis mornin'. Now, you Flor, you look alive, and scoop up some bait."

Florat, acting upon this hint, stepped out upon a log; and after *scooping*, as Pierre called it, returned presently with a handful of minnows. These were quickly impaled on the hooks.

"Now, Massa Hartley, does you take de lead here, sah. You perceive dat hook has got de insect on it—dat's mighty good bait for a hungry trout. I drops him in so, and gin him a switch;" and suiting the action to the word, he drew his line gently over the water, so as to disturb it slightly. He then let the cork float out slowly. The result was in a moment he had a large white trout hung; and, after a minute's delay, he laid it gasping on the bank.

Hartley admired the dexterity of the old fisherman, who evidently enjoyed his triumph. Florat tried his luck, and with the like success. Hartley then seized the pole, which Pierre handed him, and commenced. At first it appeared as if his line was avoided—but at length he saw a large perch make a dash—he met it, made a sweep, and up came the fish.

Thus varied the sport; many trout and perch were pulled up by each, until a goodly lot lay on the bank, and they even began to tire of the amusement. Hartley was entertained by the oddities of Pierre, and the remarks of Florat.

So passed the morning; when Hartley thought it was nearly time for Colonel Ormond to arrive. He therefore laid himself down on the bank, in the shade.

"Pierre," he exclaimed, "I would like to hear a good fish story."

Pierre remained silent a moment; then, looking up, replied, "I 'spect it is almost time to repeat dat drink, sah. You know de Bible says you can't do a good thing too often."

"Well," laughed he, "Pierre, I will give you a drink, if you will tell me a good story about fishing."

"Well, sah, dat's a bargain. I knows one dat's almost as good as poor old Jonah an' dat big whale."

Hartley gave him the flask, and, after a long draught and a deep sigh, he began:—

"You see, sah, dat dis massa ain't de fust one I eber had. I 'longed to ole massa, dis one's father. Wall, he used to have a heap ob company, and he thought a mighty much ob me. One day, says he, 'Pierre, go down to de lake, and get a big mess of fish. Some gentlemen is gwine to dine wid me to-day.' I sets off. You see dat bay-tree dar, wid de branch broke off near de top? Well: I come down, and I sets right down dar, and goes to work. De way I pulled up de fish were a considerable caution. I got toleble tired arter a while, and so, to rejoice my innards, I took a pull at a little bottle I carried 'long wid me; and den I sets to stringing my fish. When I finish dat, I puts 'em in de water to kinder freshen dem, and lights my pipe to have a smoke. I had not set dar for more than five minutes, looking in de water and a meditating on dis world, when I seed a whirl, and a great, big, long, sneaking alligator-gar, come a stealing on toward de bank. He was sailing 'long like a dog going to steal in a meat-house. I thought I would watch and say nothin' to him. Well, sah: he kept coming closer and closer; and den he all of a sudden made a grab, and he nailed my whole string of fish. Off he went like de debil was after him. Well, now, dar was a mad nigger about in dem times. I naterally danced like a congo. I hollered arter him just to leff half of 'em to come back; but he didnt pay no more 'tention to me than if I was a blind puppy."

"So, I took another drink, and cussed, and had to go to work and catch another mess of fish. When I got home, dinner was ober, and massa said I was a drunken rascal; but he didnt whip me. Old massa was mighty good dat way, he was. Oh! lor, I used to fool him mighty bad sometimes. Well, sah: I just swore I was gwine to match dat gar; so I got de blacksmith to make me a big hook. I den got two plow-lines, and next day come down here. I tied one end to de boat, and baited de oder with a piece of one of ole massa's little pigs. I pushed out, and lay down to watch. Every now and den I look over de side. Presently I see dat same great big gar come stealing 'long. I knowed him by de big green eyes. He was a smellin' round, and sidlin' up to de bait, like a highland nigger to a coast gal. A'ter a while, he made a grab, and seized it. Den he know sure enough dat it was good to eat. It was soon in his belly; and den it was dat he

found out dar was something inside of it; for he tried to cough, but de hook got fixed in his chitlins, and he give a jerk. Dat gin him de colic, and he got wrathly. He opened his mouth, and tried hard to get it up. He snorted, and den off he put. Lord, sah! you is hearn tell of yearthquakes; he made dat old boat howl through de water as if de debil was chained to her, and he went by steam. De 'Diana' wa'n't no whar to her. Round and round de lake we went, like a streak of greasy lightnin'. We went faster and faster. Sometimes he would jump plum out ob de water, and den he would jerk away one side, and de water would bile and foam round us like soapsuds. At last he seemed tarmined to get rid of me any how, and he took a big sweep round de lake: he made my head swim. He went round it a hundred and ten times; I counted it. Round and round he went, wid his fins stickin' straight behind, and his head tucked down. Dis de way."

Here Pierre commenced a series of evolutions, and turned with great velocity to give a practical illustration of his story. Poor fellow! he went around once too often, and his feet catching in a root, he went, doubled up, over the bank, in about ten feet of water, head foremost.



Hartley dropped down on the ground, in an agony of laughter. Florat hugged a sapling to steady himself, and gave full vent to a series of unearthly noises, intended for laughter; and, failing to relieve himself in this manner, he let go all hold, and turned several summersets, to the great delight of himself.

Old Pierre managed to get hold of some roots, and scrambled out. The old fellow was considerably cut down; but Hartley, still laughing, prescribed a dose of brandy, which soon set him in a good humor again.

After some time, he said, "Well, Pierre, and then what happened?"

He studied a moment, and, with a quiet grin, replied, "Well, sah: dat gar ran around de lake so often dat his head 'gan to swim; and at last he got so mad, and so blind, dat he just jumped ashore, and busted his head right open agin a cypress-tree."

"That is a very remarkable tale, Pierre."

"Dat de fact, sah; and it's true, too, for I seed it my own self; and what's more, I has got dat same old hook, what I cut out of him, now at home in my cabin."

## THE LIGHTNING-ROD MAN.

FROM "THE PIAZZA TALES." BY HERMAN MELVILLE. 1856.

WHAT grand irregular thunder, thought I, standing on my hearth-stone among the Acroceraunian hills, as the scattered bolts boomed overhead, and crashed down among the valleys, every bolt followed by zigzag irradiations, and swift slants of sharp rain, which audibly rang, like a charge of spear-points, on my low shingled roof. I suppose, though, that the mountains hereabouts break and churn up the thunder, so that it is far more glorious here than on the plain. Hark!—some one at the door. Who is this that chooses a time of thunder for making calls? And why don't he, man-fashion, use the knocker, instead of making that doleful undertaker's clatter with his fist against the hollow panel? But let him in. Ah, here he comes. "Good day, sir," an entire stranger. "Pray be seated." What is that strange-looking walking-stick he carries: "A fine thunder-storm, sir."

"Fine?—Awful!"

"You are wet. Stand here on the hearth before the fire."

"Not for worlds!"

The stranger still stood in the exact middle of the cottage, where he had first planted himself. His singularity impelled a closer scrutiny. A lean, gloomy figure. Hair dark and lank, mattedly streaked over his brow. His sunken pitfalls of eyes were ringed by indigo haloes, and played with an innocuous sort of lightning: the gleam without the bolt. The whole man was dripping. He stood in a puddle on the bare oak floor: his strange walking-stick vertically resting at his side.

It was a polished copper rod, four feet long, lengthwise attached to a neat wooden staff, by insertion into two balls of greenish glass, ringed with copper bands. The metal rod terminated at the top tripodwise, in three keen tines, brightly gilt. He held the thing by the wooden part alone.

"Sir," said I, bowing politely, "have I the honor of a visit from that illustrious god, Jupiter Tonans? So stood he in the Greek statue of old, grasping the lightning-bolt. If you be he, or his viceroy, I have to thank you for this noble storm you have brewed among our mountains. Listen: That was a glorious peal. Ah, to a lover of the majestic, it is a good thing to have the Thunderer himself in one's cottage. The thunder grows finer for that. But pray be seated. This old rush-bottomed arm-chair, I grant, is a poor substitute for your ever-green throne on Olympus; but, condescend to be seated."

While I thus pleasantly spoke, the stranger eyed me, half in wonder, and half in a strange sort of horror; but did not move a foot.

"Do, sir, be seated; you need to be dried ere going forth again."

I planted the chair invitingly on the broad hearth, where a little fire had been kindled that

afternoon to dissipate the dampness, not the cold; for it was early in the month of September.

But without heeding my solicitations, and still standing in the middle of the floor, the stranger gazed at me portentously and spoke.

"Sir," said he, "excuse me; but instead of my accepting your invitation to be seated on the hearth there, I solemnly warn *you*, that you had best accept *mine*, and stand with me in the middle of the room. Good heavens!" he cried, starting—"there is another of those awful crashes. I warn you, sir, quit the hearth."



"Mr. Jupiter Tonans," said I, quietly rolling my body on the stone, "I stand very well here."

"Are you so horridly ignorant, then," he cried, as not to know, that by far the most dangerous part of a house, during such a terrific tempest as this, is the fire-place?"

"Nay, I did not know that," involuntarily stepping upon the first board next to the stone.

The stranger now assumed such an unpleasant air of successful admonition, that—quite involuntarily again—I stepped back upon the hearth, and threw myself into the erectest, proudest posture I could command. But I said nothing.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried, with a strange mixture of alarm and intimidation—"for Heaven's sake, get off the hearth! Know you not, that the heated air and soot are conductors;—to say noth-

ing of those immense iron fire-dogs? Quit the spot—I conjure—I command you.”

“Mr. Jupiter Tonans, I am not accustomed to be commanded in my own house.”

“Call me not by that pagan name. You are profane in this time of terror.”

“Sir, will you be so good as to tell me your business? If you seek shelter from the storm, you are welcome, so long as you be civil; but if you come on business, open it forthwith. Who are you?”

“I am a dealer in lightning rods,” said the stranger, softening his tone; “my special business is ———. Merciful heaven! what a crash!—

Have you ever been struck—your premises, I mean? No? It’s best to be provided;”—significantly rattling his metallic staff on the floor;—“by nature, there are no castles in thunder-storms; yet, say but the word, and of this cottage I can make a Gibraltar by a few waves of this wand. Hark, what Himalayas of concussions!”

“You interrupted yourself; your special business you were about to speak of.”

“My special business is to travel the country for orders for lightning-rods. This is my specimen-rod; tapping his staff; “I have the best of references”—fumbling in his pockets. “In Criggan last month, I put up three-and-twenty rods on only five buildings.”

“Let me see. Was it not at Criggan last week, about midnight on Saturday, that the steeple, the big elm, and the assembly-room cupola were struck? Any of your rods there?”

“Not on the tree and cupola, but the steeple.”

“Of what use is your rod, then?”

“Of life-and-death use. But my workman was heedless. In fitting the rod at top to the steeple, he allowed a part of the metal to graze the tin sheeting. Hence the accident. Not my fault, but his. Hark!”

“Never mind. That clap burst quite loud enough to be heard without finger-pointing. Did you hear of the event at Montreal last year? A servant girl struck at her bed-side with a rosary in her hand; the beads being metal. Does your beat extend into the Canadas?”

“No. And I hear that there, iron rods only are in use. They should have *mine*, which are copper. Iron is easily fused. Then they draw out the rod so slender, that it is not body enough to conduct the full electric current. The metal melts; the building is destroyed. My copper rods never act so. Those Canadians are fools. Some of them knob the rod at the top, which risks a deadly explosion, instead of imperceptibly carrying down the current into the earth, as this sort of rod does. *Mine* is the only true rod. Look at it. Only one dollar a foot.”

“This abuse of your own calling in another might make one distrustful with respect to yourself.”

“Hark! The thunder becomes less muttering. It is nearing us, and nearing the earth, too. Hark! One crammed crash! All the vibrations made one by nearness. Another flash. Hold!”

“What do you?” I said, seeing him now, instantaneously relinquishing his staff, lean intently forward towards the window, with his right fore and middle fingers on his left wrist.

But ere the words had well escaped me, another exclamation escaped him.

“Crash! only three pulses—less than a third a mile off—yonder, somewhere in that wood. passed three stricken oaks there, ripped out n and glittering. The oak draws lightning more t other timber, having iron in solution in its s Your floor here seems oak.

“Heart-of-oak. From the peculiar time of y call upon me, I suppose you purposely select stor weather for your journeys. When the thunder roaring, you deem it an hour peculiarly favora for producing impressions favorable to your trad

“Hark!—awful!”

“For one who would arm others with fearle ness, you seem unbeseeingly timorous yours Common men choose fair weather for their trave you choose thunder-storms; and yet ———”

“That I travel in thunder-storms, I grant; t not without particular precautions, such as only lightning-rod man may know. Hark! Quick—lo at my specimen rod. Only one dollar a foot.

“A very fine rod, I dare say. But what a these particular precautions of yours? Yet fi let me close yonder shutters; the slanting rain beating through the sash. I will bar up.”

“Are you mad? Know you not that yon ir bar is a swift conductor? Desist.”

“I will simply close the shutters, then, and c my boy to bring me a wooden bar. Pray, tou the bell-pull there.”

“Are you frantic? That bell-wire might bk you. Never touch bell-wire in a thunder-stor nor ring a bell of any sort.”

“Nor those in belfries? Pray, will you tell r where and how one may be safe in a time like thi Is there any part of my house I may touch wi hopes of my life?”

“There is; but not where you now stand. Cor away from the wall. The current will sometim run down a wall, and—a man being a better co ductor than a wall—it would leave the wall and r into him. Swoop! That must have fallen ve nigh. That must have been globular lightning.

“Very probably. Tell me at once, which is, your opinion, the safest part of this house?”

“This room, and this one spot in it where I stan Come hither.

“The reasons first.”

“Hark!—after the flash the gust—the sash shiver—the house, the house!—Come hither me!”

“The reasons, if you please.”

“Come hither to me!”

“Thank you again, I think I will try my old sta—the hearth. And now, Mr. Lightning-rod ma in the pauses of the thunder, be so good as to t me your reasons for esteeming this one room of tl house the safest, and your own one stand-poi there the safest spot in it.”

There was now a little cessation of the storm f a while. The lightning-rod man seemed relieve and replied:—

“Your house is a one-storied house, with an att and a cellar; this room is between. Hence i comparative safety. Because lightning sometim passes from the clouds to the earth, and sometim from the earth to the clouds. Do you comprehend—and I choose the middle of the room, because, the lightning should strike the house at all, it wou come down the chimney or walls; so obviously, t further you are from them, the better. Con hither to me, now.”



"Presently. Something you just said, instead of alarming me, has strangely inspired confidence."

"What have I said?"

"You said that sometimes lightning flashes from the earth to the clouds."

"Aye, the returning-stroke, as it is called; when the earth, being overcharged with the fluid, flashes its surplus upward."

"The returning-stroke; that is, from earth to sky. Better and better. But come here on the hearth and dry yourself."

"I am better here, and better wet."

"How?"

"It is the safest thing you can do—Hark, again!—to get yourself thoroughly drenched in a thunder-storm. Wet clothes are better conductors than the body; and so, if the lightning strike, it might pass down the wet clothes without touching the body. The storm deepens again. Have you a rug in the house? Rugs are non-conductors. Get one, that I may stand on it here, and you, too. The skies blacken—it is dusk at noon. Hark!—the rug, the rug!"

I gave him one; while the hooded mountains seemed closing and tumbling in the cottage.

"And now, since our being dumb will not help us," said I, resuming my place, "let me hear your precautions in travelling during thunder-storms."

"Wait till this one is passed."

"Nay, proceed with the precautions. You stand in the safest possible place according to your own account. Go on."

"Briefly, then. I avoid pine-trees, high houses, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle and sheep, a crowd of men. If I travel on foot—as to-day—I do not walk fast; if in my buggy, I touch not its back or sides; if on horseback, I dismount and lead the horse. But of all things, I avoid tall men."

"Do I dream? Man avoid man? and in danger-time, too?"

"Tall men in a thunder-storm I avoid. Are you so grossly ignorant as not to know, that the height of a six-footer is sufficient to discharge an electric cloud upon him? Are not lonely Kentuckians, ploughing, smit in the unfinished furrow? Nay, if the six-footer stand by running water, the cloud will sometimes select him as its conductor to that running water. Hark! Sure, yon black pinnacle is split. Yes, a man is a good conductor. The lightning goes through and through a man, but only peels a tree. But sir, you have kept me so long answering your questions, that I have not yet

come to business. Will you order one of my rods? Look at this specimen one. See: it is of the best of copper. Copper's the best conductor. Your house is low; but being upon the mountains, that lowness does not one whit depress it. You mountaineers are most exposed. In mountainous countries, the lightning-rod man should have most business. Look at the specimen, sir. One rod will answer for a house so small as this. Look over these recommendations. Only one rod, sir; cost, only twenty dollars. Hark! There go all the granite Taconics and Hoosics dashed together like pebbles. By the sound, that must have struck something. An elevation of five feet above the house, will protect twenty feet radius all about the rod. Only twenty dollars, sir—a dollar a foot. Hark!—Dreadful!—Will you order? Will you buy? Shall I put down your name? Think of being a heap of charred offal, like a haltered horse burnt in its stall; and all in one flash!"

"You pretended envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to and from Jupiter Tonans," laughed I; "you mere man who come here to put you and your pipstern between clay and sky, do you think that because you can strike a bit of green light from the Leyden jar, that you can thoroughly avert the supernal bolt? Your rod rusts, or breaks, and where are you? Who has empowered you, you Tetzels, to peddle round your indulgences from divine ordinations? The hairs of our heads are numbered, and the days of our lives. In thunder as in sunshine, I stand at ease in the hands of my God. False negotiator, away! See, the scroll of the storm is rolled back; the house is unharmed; and in the blue heavens I read in the rainbow, that the Deity will not, of purpose, make war on man's earth."

"Impious wretch!" foamed the stranger, blackening in the face as the rainbow beamed, "I will publish your infidel notions."

The scowl grew blacker on his face; the indigo-circles enlarged round his eyes as the storm-rings round the midnight moon. He sprang upon me; his tri-forked thing at my heart.

I seized it; I snapped it; I dashed it; I trod it; and dragging the dark lightning-king out of my door, flung his elbowed, copper sceptre after him.

But spite of my treatment, and spite of my dissuasive talk of him to my neighbors, the Lightning-rod man still dwells in the land; still travels in storm time, and drives a brave trade with the fears of man.

**BORROWING.**—We have received a letter, says the Boston Post, from a correspondent, in which he speaks in strong terms of reprobation of borrowing in general, and book borrowing in particular. He talks like a man who has suffered some. He says he lived at one time on the banks of the Mississippi, and gives the following as a specimen of the extent to which the practice is carried.

"Will you lend me your axe? You won't want to use it, I reckon."

"Why, I'll let you take it, seeing you want it."

In about two months, the owner *does* want to use his axe, and applies to the borrower of it, but he does not get it: "The last he see'd on it, Mr. Fletcher had it to cut some roots with."

The poor owner then goes to Mr. Fletcher.

"Stranger, have you seen my axe? I lent it to Mr. Best t'other day."

"Why, yes, I reckon Mr. Bower's got it. He said he wanted to chop some pine wood, so I lent it to him. You'd better ask him for it."

He goes, "Mornin', Mr. Bower—how's your wife?"

"Lively, I reckon—how's yourn?"

"About right, I reckon—have you had hold of my axe?"

"I reckon I have. I have smashed the handle—it was a powerful weak one—but you can mend it; and when you've done with it, I'd like to borrow it again, cause I have a smart chance of wood to cut."

## TWO DAYS AT CLICHY.

FROM "THE TRIBUNE." BY HORACE GREELY. 1855.

Most proverbs are hyperbolic; not so that which affirms that "one half the world don't know how the other half lives." This is not merely true, but a good deal inside of the truth. We visit scores of people, feast with them, dance with them, buy and sell with them, yet of how very few do we really know how they live? Just think of us travellers, for instance, whose displays of our ignorance are only more conspicuous and emphatic than those of any other people, what do we know as to the real manner of life of the nations we write about? To realize how much ignorance may be crowded into a twelvemonth, open almost any volume of recent travels. Think of a Frenchman or German whisked through the United States, steaming up a few rivers, and over half a dozen railroads, taking breakfast in New York, dinner (in twenty minutes) at Utica, tea at Buffalo, and on the strength of three months of such racing, and as many weeks spent among his particular friends (mainly foreigners of course), in two or three of the great seaports, undertaking to tell Europe what sort of people we are, and how we live! Fairly considered, the mere audacity of the attempt challenges amazement, if not admiration.

I had been looking at things, if not *into* them for a good many years prior to yesterday. I had climbed mountains, and descended into mines; had groped in caves and scaled precipices; seen Venice and Cincinnati, Dublin and Mineral Point, Niagara and St. Gothard, and really supposed I was approximating a middling outside knowledge of things in general. I had been chosen defendant in several libel suits, and been flattered with the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than those of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I had been through twenty of our States, yet never been in a jail outside of New York; and over half Europe, yet never looked into one. Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks; visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after, yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtor's prison. I should probably have gone away next week, as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous "Maison de Detention," or Prison for Debtors, 70, Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting, and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not, and I don't know any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I can. So here goes.

But first, let me explain and insist on the important distinction between inside and outside views of a prison. People fancy they have been in a prison, when they have by courtesy been inside of the gates; but that is properly an outside view—at least the view accorded to an outsider. It gives you no proper idea of the place at all—no access to its penetralia. The difference even between this outside and the proper inside is very broad indeed. The greenness of those who don't know how the world looks from the wrong side of the gratings is pitiable. Yet how many reflect on the disdain with which the lion must regard

the bumpkin who perverts his goadstick to the ignoble use of stirring said lion up? Or how many suspect that the grin with which the laborer contemplates the human ape, who with umbrella at arm's length, is poking Jocky for his doxy's delectation, is one of contempt rather than complacency? Rely upon it, the world seen here behind the gratings, is very different from that same world otherwise inspected. Others may *think* so. I *know* it. And this is how.

I had been down at the Palace of Industry, and returned to my lodgings, when, a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier, I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me, at the suit of one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the New York Palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him, wherefore he asked of me, as a director and representative of the Crystal Palace Association, to pay him "douze mille francs," or \$2,500. Not happening to have the change, and no idea of paying the demand if I had, I could only signify those facts; whereupon they told me that I was under arrest, and must go with them, which I willingly did. We drove circuitously to the sculptor's residence, at the other end of Paris, waited his convenience for a long half hour, and then went to the President Judge, who had issued the writ. I briefly explained to him my side of the case, when he asked me if I wished to give bail. I told him I would give him good bail for my appearance at court at any time, but that I knew no man in Paris whom I felt willing to ask to become my security for the payment of so large a sum as \$2,500. After a little parley, I named Judge Piatt, United States Secretary of Legation, as one who, I felt confident, would recognize for my appearance when wanted; and this suggestion met with universal assent. Twice over, I carefully explained that I preferred going to prison to asking any friend to give bail for the payment in any case of this claim, and knew I was fully understood. So we all, except the judge, drove off together to the Legation. There we found Judge P., who readily agreed to recognize as I required; but now the plaintiff and his lawyer refused to accept him as security in any way, alleging that he was privileged from arrest by his office. He offered to give his check on Greene and Co., bankers, for the 12,000 francs in dispute as security for my appearance, but they would not have him in any shape. While we were chaffering, Mr. Maunsell B. Field, United States Commissioner in the French Exposition, came along, and offered to join Mr. Piatt in the recognizance, but nothing would do. Mr. F. then offered to raise the money demanded, but I said no; if the agreement before the judge was not adhered to by the other side, I would give no bail whatever, but go to prison. High words ensued, and the beginning of a scuffle, in the midst of which I half unconsciously descended from the carriage. Of course I was ordered back *instantly*, and obeyed so soon as I understood the order, but we were all by this time losing temper. As putting me in jail would simply secure my forthcoming when

wanted, and as I was ready to give any amount of security for this, which the other side had once agreed to take, I thought they were rather crowding matters in the course they were taking. So, as I was making my friends too late for a pleasant dinner-party at the *Trois Frères*, where I had expected to join them, I closed the discussion by insisting that we should drive off.

Crossing the *Avenue Champs Élysées* the next moment, our horses struck another horse, took fright, and ran until reined up against a tree, disabling the concern. My cortege of officers got out; I attempted to follow, but was thrust back very roughly, and held in with superfluous energy, since they had had abundant opportunity to see that I had no idea of getting away from them. I had, in fact, evinced ample determination to enjoy their delightful society to the utmost. At last they had to transfer me to another carriage, but they made such a parade of it, and insisted on taking hold of me so numerous and fussily (this being just the most thronged and conspicuous locality in Paris), that I came near losing my temper again. We got along, however, and in due time arrived at this spacious, substantial, secure establishment, No. 70 Rue de Clichy.

I was brought in, through three or four heavy iron doors, to the office of the governor, where I was properly received. Here I was told I must stay till nine o'clock, since the President Judge had allowed until that hour to find bail. In vain I urged that I had refused to give bail, would give none, and wanted to be shown to my cell. I must stay here till nine o'clock. So I ordered something for dinner, and amused myself by looking at the ball-play, etc., of the prisoners in the yard, to whose immunities I was not yet eligible, but I had the privilege of looking in through the barred windows. The yard is one of the best I have seen anywhere, has a good many trees and some flowers; and as the wall is at least fifteen feet high, and another of twenty surrounding it, with guards with loaded muskets always pacing between, I should judge the danger of burglary or other annoyances from without to be very moderate.

My first visitor was Judge Mason, United States Ambassador, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, one of the attachés of the Embassy. Judge Mason had heard of my luck from the Legation, and was willing to serve me to any extent, and in any manner. I was reminded by my position of the case of the prying Yankee, who undertook to fish out a gratuitous opinion on a knotty point in a lawsuit in which he was involved. "Supposing," said he, to an eminent counsellor, "you were involved in such and such a difficulty, what would you do?" "Sir," said the counsellor, with becoming gravity, "I should take the very best legal advice I could obtain." I told Judge M. that I wanted neither money nor bail, but a first-rate French lawyer, who could understand my statements in English, at the very earliest possible moment. Judge M. left to call upon Mr. James Munroe, banker, and send me a lawyer as soon as could be. This was done, but it was eight o'clock on Saturday night, before which hour at this season, most eminent Parisians have left for their country residences, and no lawyer of the proper stamp and standing could be or has yet been found.

At the designated hour, I was duly installed and admitted to all the privileges of Clichy. By ten o'clock, each of us lodgers had retired to our several

apartments (about eight feet by five), and an obliging functionary came round, and locked out all rascally intruders. I don't think I ever before slept in a place so perfectly secure. At six this morning this extra protection was withdrawn, and each of us was thenceforth obliged to keep watch over his own valuables. We uniformly keep good hours here in Clichy, which is what not many large hotels in Paris can boast of.

The bedroom appointments are not of a high order, as is reasonable, since we are only charged four sous (cents) per night, washing extra. The sheets are rather of a hickory order (mine were given to me clean), the bed is indifferent, but I have slept on worse; the window lacks a curtain or blinds, but in its stead there are four strong upright iron bars, which are a perfect safeguard against getting up in the night, and pitching or falling out so as to break your neck, as any one who went out would certainly do. (I am in the fifth or highest story.) Perhaps one of my predecessors was a somnambulist. I have two chairs (one less than I am entitled to), two little tables (probably one of them extra by some mistake), and a cupboard which may once have been clean. The pint wash-bowl and half-pint pitcher, candles, etc., I have ordered and pay for. I am a little ashamed to own that my repose has been indifferent; but then I never *do* sleep well in a strange place.

Descending to the common room on the lower floor this morning, I find there an American (from Boston), who has met me often, and knew me at once, though I could not have called him by name. He seemed rather amazed to meet me here (I believe he last before saw me at the Astor House), but greeted me very cordially, and we ordered breakfast for both in my room. It was not a sumptuous meal, but we enjoyed it. Next he made me acquainted with some other of our best fellow-lodgers, and four of us agreed to dine together after business hours. Before breakfast a friend from the outer world (M. Vattemare), had found access to me, though the rules of the prison allow no visitors till ten o'clock. I needed first of all lawyers, not yet procurable; next law books (American), which M. Vattemare knew just where to lay his hands on. I had them all on hand, and my citations looked up long before I had any help to use them. But let my own affairs wait a little, till I dispense some of my gleanings in Clichy.

This is perhaps the only large dwelling-house in Paris, where no one ever suffers from hunger. Each person incarcerated is allowed a franc per day to live on; if this is not forthcoming from his creditor, he is at once turned out to pick up a living as he can. While he remains here, he must have his franc per day, paid every third day. From this is deducted four sous per day for his bedding, and one sous for his fire (in the kitchen), leaving him fifteen sous net, and cooking fire paid for. This will keep him in bread anyhow. But there exists among the prisoners, and is always maintained, a "philanthropic society," which by cooking all together, and dividing into messes, is enabled to give to every subscriber to its articles a very fair dinner for sixteen sous (eleven cents), and a scantier one for barely nine sous. He who has no friends but the inevitable franc per day, may still have a nine sous dinner almost every day, and a sixteen sous feast on Sunday, by living on bread and water, or being so sick as not to need any thing for a couple of days

each week. I regret to say that the high price of food of late has cramped the resources of the "philanthropic society," so that it has been obliged to appeal to the public for aid. I trust it will not appeal in vain. It is an example of the advantage of association, whose benefits no one will dispute.

I never met a more friendly and social people than the inmates of Clichy. Before I had been up two hours this morning, though most of them speak only French, and I but English, the outlines of my case were generally known, my character and standing canvassed and dilated on, and I had a dozen fast friends in another hour; had I been able to speak French, they would have been a hundred. Of course, we are not all saints here, and make no pretensions to be; some of us are incorrigible spendthrifts—desperately fast men, hurried to ruin

sumptuously on the earnings of others. Of course, these vices of an irrational and decaying social state are not instantly eradicated by our abrupt removal to this mansion. Some of us cook, while others only know how to eat, and so require assistance in the preparation of our food, as none is cooked or even provided for us, and our intercourse with the outer world is subject to limitations. Those of us who lived generously aforesaid, and are in for gentlemanly sums, are very apt to have money, which the luckless chaps who are in for a beggarly hundred francs or so, and have no fixed income beyond the franc per day, are very glad to earn by doing us acts of kindness. One of these attached himself to me immediately on my taking possession of my apartment, and proceeded to make my bed, bring me basin and pitcher of water, matches, lights,



by association with still faster women—probably some unlucky rogues among us, and very likely a fool or two; though as a class, I am sure my associates will compare favorably in intelligence and intellect with so many of the next men you meet on the Boulevards or in Broadway. Several of them are men of decided ability and energy—the temporary victims of other men's rascality, or their own over-sanguine enterprise—sometimes of shipwreck, fire, or other unavoidable misfortune. A more hearty and kindly set of men I never met in my life, than are those who can speak English; I have acquired important help from three or four of them in copying and translating papers; and never was I more zealously or effectively aided than by these acquaintances of to-day, not one of whom would I dare to offer money for the service. Where could I match this out of Clichy?

Let me be entirely candid. I say nothing of "Liberty," save to caution outsiders in France to be equally modest, but "Equality and Fraternity" I have found prevailing here more thoroughly than elsewhere in Europe. Still we have not realized the Social Millennium even in Clichy. Some of us were born to gain our living by the hardest and most meagrely rewarded labor; others to live idly and

etc., for which I expect to pay him—these articles being reckoned superfluities in Clichy. But no such aristocratic distinction as master, no such degrading appellation as servant is tolerated in this community; this philanthropic fellow-boarder is known to all as my "auxiliary." Where has the stupid world outside known how to drape the hard realities of life with figleaf so graceful as this?

So of all titular distinctions. We pretend to have abjured titles of honor in America, and the consequence is, that every body has a title, either Honorable, or General, or Colonel, or Reverend, or at the very least, Esquire. But here, in Clichy, all such empty and absurd prefixes are absolutely unknown, even names, Christian or family, are discarded as useless, antiquated lumber. Every lodger is known by the name of his room only; mine is 139, and whenever a friend calls, a "commissionaire" comes in from the outer apartments to the great hall sacred to our common use, and begins calling out "cent-trente-neuf" (phonetically san-tran-nuf) at the top of his voice, and goes on yelling as he climbs, in the hope of finding or calling me short of ascending to my fifth-story sanctuary. To nine-tenths of my comrades I am only known as "san-tran-nuf." My auxiliary is No. 54, and when I need his aid, I

go singing "sankan-cat," after the same fashion. Equality being thus rigidly preserved in spite of slight diversities of fortune, the jealousies, rivalries, and heart-burnings, which keep the most of mankind in a ferment are here absolutely unknown. I never before talked so much with so many people, intimately acquainted with each other, without hearing something said or insinuated to one another's prejudice; here there is nothing of the sort. Some folks outside are here fitted with characters which they would hardly consider flattering—some laws and usages get the blessings they richly deserve—but among ourselves all is harmony and goodwill. How would Meurice's, the Hotel de Ville, or even the Tuileries, like to compare notes with us on this head?

Our social intercourse with outsiders is under most enlightened regulations. A person calls who wishes to see one of us, and is thereupon admitted through two or three doors, but not within several locks of us. Here he gives his card and two sous to a commissioner to take it to No. —, of whom the interview is solicited. No. — being found, takes the card, scrutinizes it, and if he chooses to see the expected visitor, writes a request for his admission. This is taken to a functionary who grants the request, and the visitor is then brought into a sort of neutral reception-room, outside of the prison proper, but a good way inside of the hall wherein the visitor has hitherto tarried. But let the lodger say no, and the visitor must instantly walk out with a very tall flea in his ear. So perfect an arrangement for keeping duns, bores (writ writers even), and all such enemies of human happiness at a distance, is found scarcely any where else—at all events not in editors' rooms, I am sure of that. But yesterday an old resident here, who ought to have been up to trap, was told that a man wished to see him a moment at the nearest grate, and being completely off his guard, he went immediately down, without observing or requiring the proper formalities, and was instantly served with a fresh writ. "Sir," said he with proper indignation to the sneak of an officer (who had doubtless made his way in here by favor or bribery), "if you ever serve me that trick again, you will go out of here half killed." However, he had mainly his own folly to blame; he should have stood upon his reserved rights, and bade the outsider send up his card like a gentleman, if he aspired to a gentleman's society.

And this brings me to the visiting room, where I have seen very many friends during the day, including two United States Ministers, besides almost every one belonging to our Legation here, three bankers, and nearly all the Americans I know in Paris, but not one French lawyer of the standing required, for it seems impossible to find one in Paris to-day. This room can hardly be called a parlor, all things considered; but it has been crowded all day (ten to six), with wives and female friends, visiting one or another of us insiders—perhaps it may be most accurately described as the kissing room. I should like to speak of the phases of life here from hour to hour presented—of the demonstrations of fervent affection, the anxious consolations, the confidential whisperings, and the universal desire of each hasty tête-à-tête to respect the sacredness of others' confidence, so that fifteen or twenty couples converse here by the hour within a space of thirty feet by twenty, yet no one knows, because no one wishes to know what any other couple are saying. But I

must hurry over all this, or my letter will never have an end. Formerly Clichy was in bad repute on account of the facility wherewith all manner of females called upon and mingled with the male lodgers of the inner sanctum. All this, however, has been corrected, and no woman is now admitted beyond the kissing room, except on an express order from the Prefecture of Police, which is only granted to the well-authenticated wife or child of an inmate. (The female prison is in an entirely separate wing of the building.) The enforcement of this rule is most rigid, and, while I am not inclined to be vain-glorious, and do not doubt that other large domiciles in Paris are models of propriety and virtue, yet this I *do* say, that the domestic morals of Clichy may safely challenge a comparison with those of Paris generally. I might put the case more strongly, but it is best to keep within the truth.

So with regard to liquor. They keep saying there is no prohibitory law in France; but they mistake if Clichy is in France. No ardent spirits are brought into this well-regulated establishment unless for medical use, except in express violation of the law; and the search and seizure clauses here are a great deal more rigorous and better enforced than in Maine. I know a little is smuggled in notwithstanding, mainly by officials, for money goes a great way in France; but no woman comes in without being felt all over (by a woman) for concealed bottles of liquor. There was a small flask on our (private) dinner-table to-day, of what was called brandy, and smelt like a compound of spirits of turpentine and diluted aquafortis (for adulteration is a vice which prevails even here), but not a glass is now smuggled in where a gallon used to come in boldly under the protection of the law. Wine being here esteemed a necessary, is allowed in moderation, no inmate to have more than one bottle per day, either of ten sous or twenty sous wine, according to his taste and means—no better and no more. I don't defend the consistency of these regulations; we do some things better in America than even in Clichy; but here drunkenness is absolutely prevented, and riotous living suppressed by a sumptuary law far more stringent than any of our States ever tried. And, mind you, this is no criminal prison, but simply a house of detention for those who happen to have less money than others would like to extract from their pockets, many of whom do not pay simply because they do not owe. So if any one tells you again that liquor prohibition is a Yankee novelty, just ask him what he knows of Clichy.

I know that cookery is a point of honor with the French, and rightly, for they approach it with the inspiration of genius. Sad am I to say that I find no proof of this eminence in Clichy, and am forced to the conclusion that to be in debt, and unable to pay, does not qualify even a Frenchman in the culinary art. My auxiliary doubtless does his best, but his resources are limited, and fifty fellows dancing around one range, with only a few pots and kettles among them, probably confuses him. Even our dinner to-day (four of us, two Yankees, an English merchant, and an Italian banker, dined *en famille* in No. 98), on what we ordered from an out-door restaurant (such are the prejudices of education and habit), and paid fifty sous each for, did not seem to be the thing. The gathering of knives, forks, spoons, bottles, etc., from Nos. 82, 68, and 139, to set the common table, was the freshest feature of the spread.



The sitting was, nevertheless, a pleasant one, and an Englishman joined us after the cloth was (figuratively) removed, who was much the cleverest man of the party. This man's case is so instructive that I must make room for it. He has been every where, and knows every thing; but is especially strong in chemistry and metallurgy. A few weeks ago he was a coke-burner at Rouen, doing an immense and profitable business, till a heavy debtor failed, which frightened his partner into running off with all the cash of the concern, and my friend was compelled to stop payment. He called together the creditors, eighty in number (their banker alone was in for 45,000 francs), and said, "Here is my case; appoint your own receiver, conduct the business wisely, and all will be paid." Every man at once assented, and the concern was at once put in train of liquidation. But a discharged *employé* of the concern, at this moment owing it 15,000 francs now in judgment said, "Here is my chance for revenge;" so he had my friend arrested and put here as a foreign debtor, though he has been for years in most extensive business in France, and was, up to the date of his bankruptcy, paying the government 1,500 francs for annual license for the privilege of employing several hundred Frenchmen in transforming valueless peat into coke. He will get out by-and-by, and may prosecute his persecutor, but the latter is utterly irresponsible; and meantime a most extensive business is being wound up at Rouen by a receiver, with the only man qualified to oversee and direct the affairs, in close jail at Paris. This is but one case among many such. I always hated and condemned imprisonment for debt untainted by fraud—above all, for suspicion of debt—but I never knew so well *why* I hated it as now.

There are other cases and classes very different from this—gay lads, who are working out debts which they never would have paid otherwise; for here in Clichy every man actually adjudged guilty of indebtedness is sentenced to stay a certain term in the discretion of the court—never more than ten years. The creditors of some would like to coax them out to-morrow, but they are not so soft as to

go until the debt is worked out—so far, that is, that they can never again be imprisoned for it. The first question asked of a new comer is, "Have you ever been here before?" and if he answers "Yes," the books are consulted; and if this debt was charged against him, then he is remorselessly turned into the street. No price would procure such a man a night's lodging in Clichy. Some are here who say their lives were so tormented by duns and writs, that they had a friendly creditor put them here for safety from annoyance. And some of our humbler brethren, I am assured, having been once here, and earned four or five francs a day as auxiliaries, with cheap lodgings, and a chance to forage off the plates of those they serve, actually get themselves put in because they can do so well nowhere else. A few days since, an auxiliary who had aided and trusted a hard-up Englishman forty-eight francs on honor (for all debts contracted here are debts of honor purely, and, therefore, are always paid), received a present of five hundred francs from the grateful *obligé*, when a few days afterwards he received ample funds from his distant resources, paid every thing, and went out with flying colors.

To return to my own matter; I have all day been convincing one party of friends after another, as they are called, that I do not yet need their generously proffered money or names, that I will put up no security, and take no step whatever, until I can consult a good French lawyer, see where I stand, and get a judicial hearing, if possible. I know the judge did not mean or expect that I should be sent here when I left his presence last evening; I want to be brought before him forthwith on a plea of urgency, which cannot so well be made if I am at liberty. If he says that I am properly held in duress, then bailing out will do little good; for forty others all about either have, or think they have claims against the Crystal Palace, for the damage or non-return of articles exhibited; if I am personally liable to these, all France becomes a prison to me. When I have proper legal advice, I shall know what to do; until then, it is safest to do nothing. Even at the worst, I hate to have any one

put up 12,000 francs for me, as several are willing to do, until I am sure there is no alternative. I have seen so much mischief from going security, that I dread to ask it, when I can possibly do without. "Help one another," is a good rule, but abominably abused. A man in trouble is too apt to fly to his friends; hence half a dozen get in where there need have been but one. There is no greater device for multiplying misery than misused sympathy. Better first see if you cannot shoulder your own pack.

OUT OF CLICHY. *Monday Eve. June 4, 1855.*

Things have worked to-day very much as I had hoped and calculated. Friends had been active in quest of such lawyers as I needed, and two of the right sort were with me at a seasonable hour this morning. At three o'clock they had a hearing before the judge, and we were all ready for it, thanks to friends inside of the gratings as well as out. Judge Piatt's official certificate as to the laws of our State governing the liability of corporators, has been of vital service to me; and when my lawyers asked, "Where is your evidence that the effects of the New York Association are now in the hands of a receiver?" I answered, "The gentleman who was talking with me in the visitor's room, when you came in, and took me away, knows that perfectly; perhaps he is still there." I at once sent for him, and found him there. Thus all things conspired for good;

and at four o'clock my lawyers and friends came to Clichy to bid me walk out, without troubling my friends for any security or deposit whatever. So I guess my last chance of ever learning French is gone by the board.

Possibly I have given too much prominence to the brighter side of life in Clichy, for that seemed most to need a discoverer; let me put a little shading into the picture at the finish. There is a fair barber's shop in one cell in Clichy, which was yesterday in full operation; so, expecting to be called personally before the judge, and knowing that I must meet many friends, I walked down stairs to be shaved, and was taken rather aback by the information that the barber had been set at liberty last evening, and there was not a man left in this whole concourse of practical ability able to take his place. So there are imperfections in the social machinery even in Clichy. Fourier was right; it will take one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight persons (the cube of twelve) to form a perfect social phalanx; hence all attempts do it with two hundred fail and must fail. We had one hundred and forty-four in Clichy this morning, men of more than average capacity; still there are hitches, as we have seen. I think I have learned more there than in any two previous days of my life; I never was busier; and yet I should feel that all over a week spent there would be a waste of time.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE FAR WEST.

FROM "WESTERN BORDER LIFE." BY MRS. W. H. CORNING, (FANNY HUNTER.) 1856.

CHRISTMAS week there was no school, but such a succession of dining days, and visiting days, and day parties, and night parties, that Fanny, who looked forward to the week as a season of rest, thought that the regular routine of school duties would be less fatiguing.

Christmas at La Belle Prairie was the one jubilee of the year, something to be talked about for six months beforehand, and to be remembered as long after. It was a time of feasting and recreation for both master and servant. Days before, preparations commenced in the kitchen. Various smells issued from thence—savory smells of boiled, baked, and roasted meats; and sweet, delicious smells of warm pastry, and steaming cakes. Aunt Tibby was rolling pie-crust, or stirring cake all day long, and the chopping of sausage-meat, the pounding of spices, and the beating of eggs, was constantly heard. Every thing was carried on with the greatest secrecy. The children were all kept out of the kitchen, and when "somefn' good" was to be transferred therefrom to Miss Carline's store-room, Aunt Tibby came sailing in, holding it high above the reach of the curious little heads.

"I don't care," said Cal. "There's six pound-cakes all in a row on the store-room shelf. I see 'em when ma opened the door; and Marthy says one of 'em got currants in it, and there's a little shoot thar roasted whole. O! how I wish Christmas was come."

Coming suddenly upon Maud one day, Fanny found her with her apron half-full of bran, while her fingers were busily at work upon a few pieces of faded silk. Maud tried to hide them at first, but finding by Fanny's question of "What is it, Maud?"

that it was too late, she had looked up with a tired, flushed face, and said,

"Miss Fanny, don't you tell now! will you? I'm makin' a pin-cushion for Aunt Phebe, but it won't come square, all I can do. It acts awfully."

"Let me see what the trouble is," said Fanny, and sitting down, she examined the poor cushion; which, indeed, under Maud's hands, was not soon likely to come into shape.

"You see," said Maud, "I want to give aunty a Christmas gift, and I thought a cushion would be so nice, 'cause her old one that she wears pinned to her waist, you know, has burst a great hole, and the bran keeps tumbling out. I'm going to make her a right nice one, only I wish 'twas brighter, 'cause aunty likes red, and yellow, and all them, so bad."

Fanny searched her piece-bag and brought forth bits of gay ribbon, the sight of which threw Maud into ecstasies of delight, then giving up the morning to the job, she cut and planned, and fitted and basted together, getting all in order, so that Maud could do the sewing herself.

"Aunty wouldn't think half so much of it if I didn't," said the child.

Well and faithfully Maud performed her labor of love, giving up her much-prized runs on the prairie, and resisting all the children's entreaties to play with them, till the Christmas gift was finished. It was no small task, for Maud most heartily hated to sew, and her fingers were any thing but nimble in the operation. "I always did despise to sew, Miss Fanny," she said, "but I'm going to make this cushion for aunty anyhow."

It was finished at last, and, as Maud expressed

it, "was just as beautiful as it could be." There never was a prouder, happier child. She did not thank Fanny in words for her assistance, but that night she came softly behind her, and putting her arms about her neck, gave her an earnest kiss, a proceeding which called forth an exclamation of surprise from Mrs. Catlett, for Maud was very chary of her caresses.

Christmas morning came, and, long before daylight, every child upon the place, both black and white, was up ready to "march in Christmas." There had been mysterious preparations the night before, such as the hiding of tin pans and glass bottles under the bed, and the faint tooting of an old horn, heard down at the quarters, as though some one was rehearsing a part. Fanny was also astonished by an application from little "darker Tom" for permission to use her school-bell, the said cow-tinkler not being remarkable for sweetness of sound.

"O, yes, Tom, you may take it; but what can you want of it?"

"Couldn't tell no ways, Miss Fanny," said Tom, with a grin. "Mebbe Miss Fanny know in de mornin'."

Morning did indeed bring an explanation of the mystery. Assembling in the yard, the children marshalled themselves into marching order; Maud, of course, being captain, and taking the lead, bearing an old tin horn, while little black Tom brought up the rear with Fanny's unfortunate cow-bell.

In this order they commenced "marching in Christmas" to the music of the horn, the beating of tin pans, the rattling of bits of iron and pieces of

carried off in triumph to the quarters, where the young performers went through with the same operations.

"Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" was the first salutation from the servants this morning, and it was well worth while to give them some trifling present, were it only to hear their extravagant expressions of gratitude and delight. It was impossible to forget for a moment that it was Christmas. One could see it in the faces of the servants, released for a whole week from their daily tasks, and rejoicing in the prospect of dances, and parties, and visits to friends and kindred on distant plantations. The children, too, with their boisterous merriment and constant talk about the holidays, seemed determined to bear it in mind, and the great dinner—the one dinner of the year—in the preparation of which Aunt Tibby had exercised all her skill; this, in itself, seemed to proclaim that it was Christmas.

"O, Miss Fanny," said little Joy, "don't you wish Christmas lasted the whole year round?"

The short December day was fast drawing to a close, as a party of four rode leisurely along the road crossing La Belle Prairie. The ladies, though scarcely recognizable in their close hoods, long blue cotton riding skirts, and thick gloves, were none other than Miss Nancy Catlett and our friend Fanny, while their attendants were Mr. Chester, the town gentleman, and Massa Dave Catlett, who had come over from his new home in Kansas, on purpose to enjoy the Christmas festivities on the prairie. One of those night parties, of which Nanny had talked so much, was to come off at Col.



wood, the jingling of bells, and the clapping of hands. Into the house, and up stairs to the very doors of the sleeping-rooms, they all marched with their horrid din. It was received with tolerable good-humor by all but Nanny, who, deprived of her morning nap by the tumult, raved at the juvenile disturbers of the peace, and finally threw her shoes at them as they stood on the stairway. These were directly seized upon as trophies, and

Turner's, and this was the place of their destination. In accordance with the customs of society in these parts, they were to remain until the next day, and, accordingly, black Viny rode a little in the rear, mounted upon old "Poke Neck," and bearing sundry carpet-bags and valises, containing the ladies' party-dresses.

Just at dusk, our party reached their journey's end, and dismounting one by one from the horse-



block in front of the house, they walked up the yard, and were met in the porch by Miss Belle Turner, Nanny's particular friend. This young lady, with long curls, and a very slender waist, performed the duties of hostess in a free and easy manner, ushering the gentlemen into the parlor, where a fire was blazing on the hearth, while the ladies, with their attendant, were conducted up stairs to the dressing-room.

Here a dozen or more were engaged in the mysteries of the toilet, braiding, twisting, and curling, while as many servants were flying about, stumbling over each other, and creating the most dire confusion in their efforts to supply the wants of their respective mistresses. The beds and chairs were covered with dresses, capes, ribbons, curling-irons, flowers, combs, and brushes, and all the paraphernalia of the toilet, while the ladies themselves kept up a continual stream of conversation with each other and their attendants.

Into this scene Nanny entered with great spirit. Shaking hands all round, and introducing Fanny, she hastily threw off her bonnet and shawl, and bidding Viny unpack the things, she set about dressing in good earnest.

"How nice to get here so early," she said. "Now we can have a chance at the glass, and plenty of room to move about in."

Fanny wondered what she called plenty of room, but had yet to learn the signification of the term when applied to the dressing-room of a western party. Thicker and faster came the arrivals, and it being necessary that each lady should undergo a thorough transformation in dress, before making her appearance down stairs, the labor and confusion necessary to bring this about can be imagined. Such hurrys to and fro, such knockings down and pickings up, such scolding and laughing, in short, such a Babel of sounds as filled the room for an hour or two, Fanny had never heard before. Completing her own toilet as soon as possible, she seated herself upon one of the beds, and watched the proceedings with great interest.

"You Suke, bring me some more pins, directly." "O please, Miss Ellen, mind my wreath!" "Jule, how much longer are you goin' to keep the wash-bowl?" "Dar now, Miss Eveline, done get her coat all wet." "Did you know Tom Walton was here? I see him in the passage." "Miss Belle, that's my starch-bag." "There, now! don't them slippers fit beautiful?" "Why don't that girl come back?" "O, 'Liza, just fasten up my dress, that's a dear girl!" "Come, girls, do hurry, we shan't be dressed to-night."

How it was all brought about, Fanny could not tell, but at last the ladies were dressed, the last sash pinned, and the last curl adjusted. Dresses of thin material, cut low in the neck, with short sleeves, seemed to be the order of the night, which with wreaths, and bunches of artificial flowers in the hair, gave the ladies a ball-like appearance. With Miss Belle at the head, they all descended to the parlor, and found the gentlemen strolling about, employing themselves as they could, till the night's amusements commenced; and, indeed, both ladies and gentlemen manifested such eagerness to adjourn to the dancing-room, that the signal was soon given, and they proceeded forthwith to a log building in the yard, formerly used as a school-room.

Dancing soon commenced, and was carried on with great vigor, the young people making up in

activity, what was lacking in gracefulness of motion. Set after set was made out, the ladies vying with each other to see who should dance the most, while those who were left, chatted gayly together in groups, or tried their powers of fascination upon some long-limbed specimen of humanity.

"What calls the gentlemen up stairs so frequently?" inquired Fanny, innocently, as groups of two and three disappeared up the steps leading to the room above.

"You are not aware, then, what a formidable rival the ladies have up in the loft?" said Mr. Chester, gravely, though there was a comical expression about the corners of his mouth.

"No, indeed."

"Well, I only hope you may not witness the overpowering influence sometimes exerted by this same rival," said Mr. Chester; "but, honestly, Miss Hunter, there is serious danger that some of these light-footed young gentlemen may, ere long, be obliged to relinquish their places in the dance, all through the attractions presented to them up yonder."

"I don't in the least know what you mean."

"In plain words, then, there is a barrel of whisky up there, and various bottles and glasses, from which the gentlemen slake their thirst."

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Chester?"

"Certainly I am. It would not answer, I suppose, for ladies to intrude upon their modest retirement, or I could convince you in a moment."

"How can you joke about it, Mr. Chester? I think it is perfectly scandalous."

"Well, it is bad enough," said her companion, more gravely. "One living at the west becomes accustomed to such things."

"I never will," said Fanny. "If I had known these Christmas parties countenanced intemperance, I would have stayed at home."

"A set supper," Nanny had several times expressed a hope that Mrs. Turner would provide, and she was not disappointed. The long table was bountifully spread with the substantial of this life, and though not in the style of an entertainment in Fifth Avenue, it was admirably suited to the guests who partook of it. A roasted "shoat" graced each end of the board, a side of bacon the centre, while salted beef, cut in thin slices, with pickles and cheese, constituted the side-dishes. Hot coffee, corn bread, and biscuit, were passed to each guest, and a piece of pound-cake, and a little preserved fruit, for dessert.

There was plenty of laughter and coarse joking at the table, and the flushed faces, and increased volubility of the gentlemen, gave too certain evidence of the truth of Mr. Chester's assertions.

"The longest day maun hae an end," says the old Scotch proverb, and it was with a sigh of relief that Fanny at last saw Uncle Jake lay down the tortured fiddle, and the dancers with lingering steps and wishful eyes retire to seek the few hours of repose that were left of the night. "Confusion worse confounded" reigned for a time in the apartment appropriated to the ladies' use, and the numerous couches spread upon the floor increased the difficulty of navigation. At last, when quiet seemed restored, and Fanny was sinking into a peaceful sleep, she was aroused by her neighbors in an adjoining bed, three young ladies, who declared that they were "all but starved, and must have something to eat before they could go to sleep." One

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.

BY G. H. DERBY (PHENIX—SQUIB.)

A YEAR or two since a weekly paper was started in London, called the "*Illustrated News*." It was filled with tolerably executed wood-cuts, representing scenes of popular interest, and though perhaps better calculated for the nursery than the reading room, it took very well in England, where few can read, but all can understand pictures, and soon attained an immense circulation. As when the inimitable London *Punch* attained its world-wide celebrity, supported by such writers as Thackeray, Jerrold and Hood, would-be funny men on this side of the Atlantic attempted absurd imitations—the "Yankee Doodle"—the "John Donkey," etc., which as a matter of course proved miserable failures; so did the success of this *Illustrated* affair inspire our money-loving publishers with hopes of dollars, and soon appeared from Boston, New York and other places, *Pictorial* and *Illustrated Newspapers*, teeming with execrable and silly effusions, and filled with the most fearful wood engravings, "got up regardless of expense" or any thing else; the contemplation of which was enough to make an artist tear his hair and rend his garments. A Yankee named Gleason, of Boston, published the first, we believe, calling it "Gleason's *Pictorial* (it should have been Gleason's *Pickpocket*) and *Drawing Room Companion*." In this he presented to his unhappy subscribers, views of his house in the country, and his garden, and for aught we know, of "his ox and his ass, and the stranger within his gates." A detestable invention for transferring *Daguerreotypes* to plates for engraving, having come into notice about this time, was eagerly seized upon by Gleason, for farther embellishing his catchpenny publication—duplicates and uncalled for pictures were easily obtained, and many a man has gazed in horror-stricken astonishment on the likeness of a respected friend, as a "Portrait of Monroe Edwards," or that of his deceased grandmother, in the character of "One of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence." They love pictures in Yankeedom; every tin peddler has one on his wagon, and an itinerant lecturer can always obtain an audience by sticking up a likeness of some unhappy female, with her ribs laid open in an impossible manner, for public inspection, or a hairless gentleman, with the surface of his head laid out in eligible lots duly marked and numbered. The factory girls of Lowell, the Professors of Harvard, all bought the new *Pictorial*. (Professor Webster was reading one, when Dr. Parkman called on him on the morning of the murder.) Gleason's speculation was crowned with success, and he bought himself a new cooking-stove, and erected an out-building on his estate, with both of which he favored the public in a new wood-cut immediately.

Inspired by his success, old Feejee-Mermaid-Tom-Thumb-Woolly-horse-Joyce-Heth-Barnum, forthwith got out another *Illustrated Weekly*, with pictures far more extensive, letterpress still sillier, and engravings more miserable, if possible, than Yankee Gleason's. And then we were bored and buffeted by having incredible likenesses of Santa Anna, Queen Victoria, and poor old Webster, thrust beneath our nose, to that degree that we wished the respected originals had never existed, or that the

art of wood engraving had perished with that of painting on glass.

It was, therefore, with the most intense delight that we saw a notice the other day of the failure and stoppage of Barnum's *Illustrated News*; we rejoiced thereat, greatly, and we hope that it will never be revived, and that Gleason will also fail as soon as he conveniently can, and that his trashy *Pictorial* will perish with it.

It must not be supposed from the tenor of these remarks that we are opposed to the publication of a properly conducted and creditably executed *Illustrated* paper. "On the contrary, quite the reverse." We are passionately fond of art ourselves, and we believe that nothing can have a stronger tendency to refinement in society, than presenting to the public chaste and elaborate engravings, copies of works of high artistic merit, accompanied by graphic and well-written essays. It was for the purpose of introducing a paper containing these features to our appreciative community, that we have made these introductory remarks, and for the purpose of challenging comparison, and defying competition, that we have criticised so severely the imbecile and ephemeral productions mentioned above. At a vast expenditure of money, time and labor, and after the most incredible and unheard of exertion, on our part, individually, we are at length able to present to the public an illustrated publication of unprecedented merit, containing engravings of exceeding costliness and rare beauty of design, got up on an expensive scale, which never has been attempted before, in this or any other country.

We furnish our readers this week with the first number, merely premising that the immense expense attending its issue, will require a corresponding liberality of patronage on the part of the Public, to cause it to be continued.

## PHENIX'S PICTORIAL,

And Second Story Front Room Companion.



Vol. 1.]

San Diego, Oct. 1, 1853.

[No. 1.]



Portrait of His Royal Highness Prince Albert.—Prince Albert, the son of a gentleman named Coburg, is the husband of Queen Victoria of England, and the father of many of her children. He is the inventor of the celebrated "Albert hat," which has been lately introduced with great effect in the U. S.

Army. The Prince is of German extraction, his father being a Dutchman and his mother a Duchess.



Mansion of John Phoenix, Esq., San Diego, California.



House in which Shakspeare was born, in Stratford-on-Avon.



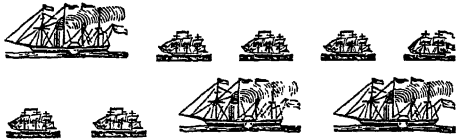
Abbotsford, the residence of Sir Walter Scott, author of Byron's Pilgrim's Progress, etc.



The Capitol at Washington.



Residence of Governor Bigler, at Benicia, California.



Battle of Lake Erie, (see remarks, p. 96.)

[Page 96.]

The Battle of Lake Erie, of which our Artist presents a spirited engraving, copied from the original painting, by Hannibal Carracci, in the possession of J. P. Haven, Esq., was fought in 1836, on Chesapeake Bay, between the U. S. Frigates Constitution and Guerriere and the British Troops, under General Putnam. Our glorious flag, there as every where was victorious, and "Long may it wave, o'er the land of the free, and the home of the slave."



Fearful accident on the Camden and Amboy Railroad!! Terrible loss of life!!!



View of the City of San Diego, by Sir Benjamin West.



Interview between Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Duchess of Sutherland, from a group of Statuary, by Clarke Mills.



Bank Account of J. Phoenix, Esq., at Adams and Co., Bankers, San Francisco, California.



Gas Works, San Diego Herald Office.



Steamer Goliath.



View of a California Ranch.—Landseer.



Shell of an Oyster once eaten by General Washington; showing the General's manner of opening Oysters.

There!—this is but a specimen of what we can

do if liberally sustained. We wait with anxiety to hear the verdict of the Public, before proceeding to any farther and greater outlays.

Subscription, \$5 per annum, payable invariably in advance.

#### INDUCEMENTS FOR CLUBBING.

Twenty Copies furnished for one year, for fifty cents. Address John Phoenix, Office of the San Diego Herald.

### A OREGON LAY.

#### By a Surfbiting Sufferer of the War.

BY G. H. DERBY (PHENIX—SQUIBOB.)

Among them that come up to speculate in stock and supplies

Was a fellow named Stuart, a man of enterprise;  
He bought him a switch-tail sorrel two years old,  
which hed a white face,  
And he bantered all Portland, O. T., for a three-hundred yard race.

Thar was a man hed a horse, which he thought her pretty fair,  
She was ginerally know'd as Millard's thousand dollar mare;  
He hadn't no idea, he said, of doing any thing so rash,  
But he took up Mister Stuart for two hundred dollars, cash.

So every soul in Portland, O. T., went straight down to the course,  
And every cent we borried, we bet on Millard's horse;  
And thar was that speckilating Stuart, with his hand upon his hip,  
And two men a-following with a tin pail full of dollars, and a champagne-basket full of scrip!

Wall, they measured off the ground, and the horses got a start,  
And come running down right pretty, about four foot apart;  
And the Millard mare had it all her own way, so every body said,  
Till just as they got to the eend of the track, that are sorrel shot suthin' like ten feet ahead!

Arter we seen that there riz a most surprising din,  
And remarks like this ere followed, "Dog my everlastin skin,"  
"I'll be dod-derned, and dog-goned, and ding-blamed by Pike,"  
And thar was such a awful howling, and swearing, and dancing, that many old people said they never had seed the like.

And that are speckilatin Stuart, he made matters worse;  
He packed the money in a hand-cart, and did'n't care a cuss;  
And sweetly smiling, pulled it off, as though he did'n't mind the heft,  
And since then we hafnt paid no taxes, nor bought nothing, nor sold nothing, for I do suppose that in all Portland, O. T., there ain't a single red cent left.



## A DESPERATE RACE.

BY JONATHAN F. KELLEY (FALCONBRIDGE).

SOME years ago, I was one of a convivial party that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a winter's evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blithe and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man *more* generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley! whose "narrative" of suffering and adventures is pretty generally known all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a

the same time, much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful, though really marvellous adventures, Mr. ——— coolly remarked, that the Captain's story was all very *well*, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had, "once upon a time," on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!"—"Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters; and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I am about to tell you I most solemnly proclaim to be truth, and—"

"Oh! never mind that, go on, Mr. ———," chimed the party.



fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which, being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have ever seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well-known gentleman, who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr. ——— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. ——— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and, at

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was, at that time, but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel, and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. ———, the tailor, who, by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, etc.

"Occasionally I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The

blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted serpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a good many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catch'd napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by, I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a *bead* upon his top-knot, and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what has that to do with an *adventure*?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by Jove it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up 'the bottom.' My dog heard it and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, painters (panthers) or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling there, so I scrambled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore, and very little under-brush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman, sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course?"

"Did I? No, gentlemen, I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I run until the whoops of my red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me; and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately?" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen, for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about

five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a *bead*' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one!"

"So you laid for him and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to load, so I laid my *legs* to ground and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-e-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, gentlemen. Well, what I was to do I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear; and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek (now called Mill Creek), and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture, I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up, I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the red skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed,

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting-shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one, hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"Oh, certainly not! Go on, Mr. —," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double-quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along pretty well blown out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, here goes to load any how. So at it I went—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top-notch in the "member's" story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and *loading up his rifle as he came!* I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red skin a blast any how, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps, and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had

broken my ramrod and my load not down; another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me. I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed him?" chuckled Riley.

"No, sir! I missed fire!"

"And the red skin—" shouted the old woodsman in a frenzy of excitement.

"*Fired and killed me!*"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants, and hostlers, running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

## WIT OF THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

FROM "THE FORUM." BY DAVID PAUL BROWN. 1856.

"What do you take for your cold?" said a lady to Mr. C——. "Four pocket-handkerchiefs a-day, madam," was the prompt answer.

Upon the removal of Judge Tilghman from his house in Chestnut street, the building was immediately torn down, preparatory to the erection of the Arcade. While the mechanics were engaged in taking out the windows, a gentleman said to Judge Hopkinson, who was passing at the time: "Why, they are actually gutting the building." "Yes," said the Judge, "you may well say *gutting*, for the *liver* went out yesterday, and they are taking out the *lights* (lights) to-day."

A Virginia lawyer once objected to an expression of the Act of Assembly of Pennsylvania, that the State House yard should be "surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure for ever." "But," said Judge Breckenridge, who was present, "I put him down by that Act of the Legislature of Virginia, which is entitled, 'A supplement to an Act to amend an Act making it penal to *alter* the mark of an unmarked hog.'"

Upon a reception of the Marquis Lafayette in Philadelphia, during his last visit to this country, Colonel Forrest, one of the Revolutionary officers, upon being presented burst into tears; upon which, Judge Peters, who was standing at the side of the Marquis, dryly observed, "Why, Tom, I took you for a *Forest* tree, but you turn out to be a *weeping* willow."

A lawyer engaged in a case before Judge Peters, tormented a witness so much with questions, that the poor fellow at last cried out for water. "Then," said the Judge, "I thought you would pump him dry."

Gouverneur Morris, while the surgeons were amputating his leg, observed his servant standing by, weeping. "Tom," said Mr. Morris, "why are you crying there? it is rank hypocrisy—you wish to hush, as in future you'll have but one shoe to clean instead of two."

Judge Peters being asked to define a captain of a company, said, "It was one man commanded by a hundred others."

Judge Peters asked the late J. W. Condy for the

loan of a book; the latter said, "With pleasure, I will send it to you." "That," said the Judge, "will be truly (Condy-sending) condescending."

Judge Peters sitting alone to hear a law argument, after a very able discussion turned to the counsel and said, "The Court is divided in opinion."

Judge Peters used to say, "I am the District Judge, but Judge Washington is the *strict* Judge."

When a gentleman congratulated Judge Peters upon Congress having passed an act to increase the salaries of the District Judges of the United States, "I don't know," said the Judge, "that it will be of any advantage to me. Don't you perceive that the act provides for the increase of the salaries of *certain* District Judges, whereas it is known that I am a very *uncertain* District Judge?"

When Mr. Williams was appointed United States Judge for the territory of Iowa, he was often compelled to hold his court in the open field. In criminal cases the prisoner was fastened to a tree—the jury seated on the ground, and the judge placed upon the top of a hog'shead. On one of these occasions the head gave way, and the judge, in the midst of his charge, suddenly disappeared.

The same gentleman, before he reached judicial dignity, was defending a client in the interior of Pennsylvania, against the claim of a quack doctor (who professed every thing and knew nothing), and who had instituted a suit for surgical services, and had marked the suit to the use of another in order to become a witness. The following was the cross-examination:

COUNSEL. "Did you treat the patient according to the most approved principles of surgery?"

WITNESS. "By all means—certainly I did."

COUNSEL. "Did you decapitate him?"

WITNESS. "Undoubtedly I did—that was a matter of course."

COUNSEL. "Did you perform the Cæsarean operation upon him?"

WITNESS. "Why of course; his condition required it, and it was attended with great success."

COUNSEL. "Did you now, Doctor, subject his person to an autopsy?"

WITNESS. "Certainly; that was the last remedy adopted."

COUNSEL. "Well, then, Doctor, as you perform-

ed a *post mortem* operation upon the defendant, and he survived it, I have no more to ask, and if your claim will survive it, quackery deserves to be immortal."

Upon one occasion, Mr. Webster was on his way to attend to his duties at Washington. He was compelled to proceed at night by stage from Baltimore. He had no travelling companions, and the driver had a sort of felon-look which produced no inconsiderable alarm with the Senator. "I endeavored to tranquillize myself," said Mr. Webster, "and had partially succeeded, when we reached the woods between Bladenburg and Washington (a proper scene for murder or outrage), and here, I confess, my courage again deserted me." Just then the driver turning to me, with a gruff voice, asked my name. I gave it to him. "Where are you going?" said he. The reply was, "to Washington. I am a senator." Upon this, the driver seized me fervently by the hand, and exclaimed: "How glad I am. I have been trembling in my seat for the last hour; for when I looked at you, I took you to be a highwayman." Of course, both parties were relieved.

A lawyer in rising from his chair suddenly, nearly tore off the skirt of his coat. "Now," said he, turning to a friend, "I surely ought not to complain of poverty, as I carry my rents with me." "Yes," replied his friend, "that is true, but remember they are *all in a rear* (arrear)."

At a bar dinner, Mr. Sam Ewing, a lawyer and a great punster, was called upon for a song, and while hesitating, Judge Hopkinson observed, that at the best it would be no great matter, as it would be but Sam (psalm) singing. "Well," replied Ewing, "even that would do better than *him* (hymn) singing."

Mr. Webster was called upon by an old gentleman from Nantucket, to undertake a cause for him.

the argument of which was approaching, and his client asked what would be his terms. "Why," said Mr. W——, "I cannot argue it under one thousand dollars; for, although the case is not a heavy one, it will require me to hang about the court for a week, and I should be as willing to be actually engaged for a week, as to lose my time in this way." "Well," said the client, "if I give you a thousand dollars, will you argue any other case in which you might be employed?" "Certainly," said the advocate. The bargain was closed. The old man, having an eye to business, applied to several persons in Nantucket who had cases on the issue list, and made his own terms for Mr. Webster's services, and actually received four hundred dollars beyond what he had paid; and, beside that, gained his own cause gratis.

JUDICIAL OPINION ON POETRY.—One of the most extraordinary manifestations of a want of poetical taste that ever was exhibited by a gentleman of learning, and of great legal acquirement, was displayed by Mr. Recorder Riker, in the trial of Dr. Frost. The Recorder, in his charge to the jury, observes, that "Any one who abridges human life, for a single instant, is, in the judgment of the law, guilty of at least manslaughter, as a moment may be of infinite service, in regard to the affairs of this life, but of how much more as regards a life to come. I am not often guilty of quoting poetry, but a very great man is my authority, for what I am about to recite to you. There was a gentleman who was a skeptic as regards the immortality of the soul. He was upon one occasion riding out with a pious friend, when his horse threw them and killed him. His friend took out his pocketbook, and at once wrote therein this beautiful verse:

Between the stirrup and the ground,  
He mercy sought, and mercy found!

I question whether this couplet is equalled by any thing in Homer, or *Joel Barlow*!"

## ARKANSAS SNIPE.

BY HENRY P. LELAND. 1856.

"You're off now. Good bye. Take care of yourself, and give those bears particular fits!" sung out Dory, as the plank of the steamboat, on which we were bound down the Mississippi, was drawn in, and we left our friend Marion—one night last winter—on the wharf-boat at Napoleon, Arkansas.

We should have left him in pitch darkness had it not been for the pitch-pine lights which shed a halo of glory around his head, and the tail of his Newfoundland dog. They were bound up the Arkansas River on a bear hunt. A more whole-souled man, or a finer dog, never walked—although a Scotch terrier is a better dog for bears; and as we left him behind, there was a sense of something lost.

In order to find composure, and fill up the vacuum, we adjourned to The Exchange or Social Hall of the steamboat, to take "a snifter." On entering this favored region, we were at once made aware of the fact that the Rackensackians at Napoleon considered a fair "Exchange" no robbery; in payment of our Roland of a Marion they had

given us an Oliver of an Arkansian. He was a beauty. Straight as a hickory sapling, and fully as tough, he seemed to be just the stuff that red-eye whiskey-barrel hoops are made of—waterproof at that. He was already a firm friend of the bar-keeper, having taken two drinks inside of ninety seconds, and as he still wore a thirsty look in his left eye, we at once asked him to take another.

"Stran-ger," said he, "count me in thar!"

So we did, and after drinks all round, we settled about the stove with cigars. Conversation soon fell on bear hunting, deer hunting, and finally was closing up with a description of a "mighty big coon hunt," wherein our friend, the Rackensackian, had performed prodigies of valor in the way of putting whiskey *hors du combat*, or out of harm's way—cut down an untold number of cotton-wood or pekan trees, and pitched into a live-oak till he made dead wood of it; and finally killed, on that one night, one hundred coons, whose united weight he judged to be well on to a ton! After this we knew the man, but Dory, in whose locks the "hay seed"



still gleamed, was moved, in turn, to tell *his* tale of hunting, and dwelt long and feebly on a certain snipe shooting excursion, wherein each gunner bagged his four dozen birds—he drew it strong, being away from home—and went on sawing away about how the snipe rose and fell, until the Rackensackian woke up with the question—

"What ar' snipe?"

"Snipe," said Dory, "are the best game that flies. The kind I mean are called English or Wilson's Snipe, and are splendid! Long legs, long bills, dusky hue"—

"Stran-ger, stop thar! I've seen the critters; know 'em like an old boot," interrupted the Rackensackian. "I've been down in the Lewsianny swamps—I have! Do you raally eat them ar' critters on North?"

"Certainly we do," said Dory; "but you said you had seen them down in the Louisiana swamps—they winter there, I expect."

"Winter and summer both. Thar ar' a few, I should think, in Arkansas! Two of my boys was down choppin' wood for the steamer t'other day, and them ar' snipe sung so loud they come back at night, and said thar war a camp meetin' goin' on down river."

"Sing?" inquired Dory. "That is singular. At

the North, as they rise, I have heard them utter a low whistle, but never knew they sung before!"

"Sing!" said the Rackensackian—"they sing so they make my ha'r stand on eend. You raally shoot them ar' critters on to the North? Stran-ger, if you'll only come up to my plantation and shoot off the crop thar, I'll give you the best horse you can pick out, and throw in a nigger to take keer of him."

"Where do you live?" asked Dory. "If I ever am up your way, you'll have to owe me a horse and a negro."

"Wall, stran-ger, I live at Powder-horn P'int, on Meto Creek, 'bout thirty miles from Napoleon, and cuss me if the man that shoots off them ar' birds for me don't be my eternal friend—he will! Look hyar, the infernal things pitched into my youngest child arter it was born, so that its head swelled up as big as a punkin!"

"Pitched into your child!—swelled head!—big as a pumpkin! Did snipe do this?" asked Dory, in great hopes of having discovered something new.

"Wal, they did! Leastwise, what you call snipe. We call 'em mus-kee-ter!"

Grand tableau. Curtain descends to slow music of toddy-sticks, broken ice, and the song of an *Arkansas Snipe*!

## THE DUTCHMAN WHO HAD THE "SMALL-POX."

BY HENRY P. LELAND. 1856.

VERY dry, indeed, is the drive from Blackberry to Squash Point; dry even for New Jersey; and when you remember that it's fifty miles between the two towns, its division into five drinks seems very natural. When you are packed, three on one narrow seat, in a Jersey stage, it is necessary.

A Jersey stage! It is not on record; but when Dante winds up his Tenth "Canter" into the Inferno, with—

Each, as his back was laden, came indeed,  
Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd  
As he who show'd most patience in his look,  
Wailing, exclaimed: "I can endure no more!"

the conclusion, that he alluded to a crowded Jersey stage-load, is irresistible. A man with long legs, on a back seat, in one of these vehicles, suffers like a snipe shut up in a snuff-box. For this reason, the long-legged man should sit on the front seat with the driver; there, like the hen-turkey who tried to sit on a hundred eggs, he can "spread himself." The writer sat alongside the driver one morning, just at break of day, as the stage drove out of Blackberry; he was a through passenger to Squash Point. It was a very cold morning; in order to break the ice for a conversation, he praised the fine points of an off horse. The driver thawed:

"Ya-as; she's a goot hoss, and I knows how to trive him!" It was evidently a case of mixed breed.

"Where is Wood, who used to drive this stage?"

"He be's lait up mit ter rummatiz sence yester-week, and I trives for him. So ——" I went on reading a newspaper; a fellow-passenger, on a back seat, not having the fear of murdered English on his hands, coaxed the Dutch driver into a long conversation, much to the delight of a very pretty Jersey-blue belle, who laughed so merrily that it

was contagious; and in a few minutes, from being like unto a conventicle, we were all as wide awake as one of Christy's audiences. By sunrise we were in excellent spirits, up to all sorts of fun; and when, a little later, our stage stopped at the first watering-place, the driver found himself the centre of a group of treaters to the distilled "juice of apples." It is just as easy to say "Apple Jack," and be done with it; but the writer, being very anxious to form a style, cribs from all quarters. The so oft-repeated expression, "juice of the grape," has been for a long time on his hands, and wishing to work it up, he would have done it in this case; only he fears the skepticism of his readers. By courtesy, they may wink at the poetical license of a reporter of a public dinner, who calls turnip juice and painted whiskey—"juice of the grape,"—but they would not allow the existence, for one minute, of such application to the liquors of a Jersey tavern. It's out of place.

"Here's a package to leave at Mr. Scudder's, the third house on the left-hand side after you get into JERICHO. What do you charge?" asked a man who seemed to know the driver.

"Pout a leffy," answered he. Receiving the silver, he gathered up the reins, and put the square package in the stage-box. Just as he started the horses, he leaned his head out of the stage, and looking back to the man who gave him the package, shouted out the question:

"Ter fird haus on ter lef hant out of Yeriko?" The man didn't hear him, but the driver was satisfied. On we went at a pretty good rate, considering how heavy the roads were. Another tavern, more watering, more Apple-jack. Another long stretch of sand, and we were coming into JERICHO.

"Anny potty know ter Miss Scutter haus?" asked

the driver, bracing his feet on the mail-bag which lay in front of him, and screwing his head round so as to face in. There seemed to be a consultation going on inside the stage.

"I don't know nobody o' that name in Jericho. Do you, Lishe?" asked a weather-beaten looking man, who evidently "went by water," of another one who apparently went the same way.

"There wos ole Square Gow's da'ter, she marri'd a Scudder; moved up here some two year back. Come to think on't, guess she lives nigher to Glass-house," answered Lishe.

The driver finding he could get no light out of the passengers, seeing a tall, raw-boned woman washing some clothes in front of a house, and who flew out of sight as the stage flew in; handed me the reins as he jumped from his seat, and chased the fugitive, hallooing:—

"Ife got der small pox, Ife got der ——" here his voice was lost as he dashed into the open door of the house. But in a minute he re-appeared, followed by a broom, with enraged woman annexed, and a loud voice shouting out:—



"You git out of this! Clear yourself quicker! I ain't goin' to have you diseasin' honest folks, ef you have got the small-pox!"

"I dells you I'fe got der small pox. Ton't you versteh' der small pox!" This time he shouted it out in capital letters!

"Clear out! I'll call the men-folks ef you don't clear;" and at once she shouted in a tip-top voice, "Ike, you Ike, where air you?" Ike made his appearance on the full run.

"W-w-what's the matter, mother?"—Miss Scudder his mother! I should have been shocked as I was on my first visit to New Jersey, if I had not a key to this. "That is a very pretty girl;" I said on that occasion to a Jerseyman, "who is she?"—"She's old Miss Perrine's da'ter," was the reply. I looked at the innocent victim of man's criminal conduct with commiseration. "What a pity!" I remarked.

"Not sech a very great pity," said Jersey, eyeing me very severely. "I reckon old man Perrine's got as big a cedar-swamp as you, or I either, would like to own."

"Her grandfather you speak of?"

"No, I don't, I'm talking 'bout her father; he that married Abe Simm's da'ter and got a power of land by it; and that gal, their da'ter, one of these days will step right into them swamps."

"Oh," I replied, "Mrs. Perrine's daughter," accentuating the "Missus!"

"Missus or Miss; it's all the same in Jersey," he answered.

Knowing this, Ike's appeal was intelligible. To proceed with our story, the driver, very angry by this time, shouted:—

"I dells you coonst more for ter last dime. I'fe got ter small pox! unt Mishter Ellis he gifs me a leffy to gif der small pox to Miss Scutter; unt if dat vrow is Miss Scutter, I bromised to give her ter small pox."

It was Miss Scudder, and I explained to her that it was a small box he had for her. The affair was soon settled as regarded its delivery; but not as regards the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage-coach, as we rolled away from Jericho. The driver joined in, although he had no earthly idea as to its cause, and added not a little to it by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice:—

"I vos pount to gif ter olt voomans ter small pox!"

It happened some years ago, in one of the northern counties of Vermont, that the then State Attorney, though a man of great legal ability, was rather too fond of the "critter," and with a perversity of habit, which we have often seen in others, was pretty sure to drink too deep at the very time when it was most necessary that he should be sober. On one occasion an important criminal case was called on by the Clerk, but the Attorney, with owl-like gravity, kept his chair, being, in fact, not fairly able to stand on his feet.

"Mr. Attorney, is the State ready to proceed?" said the Judge.

"Yes—hic—no, your honor," stammered the lawyer, "the State—hic—is not in a state to try this case to-day—the State, your honor, is drunk!"

A TAILOR possesses the qualities of nine men combined in one:—

1. As an economist, he cuts his coat according to his cloth.
2. As a gardener, he is careful of his cabbage.
3. As a sailor, he sheers off wherever it is proper.
4. As a play-actor, he often brandishes a bare bodkin.
5. As a lawyer, he attends many suits.
6. As an executioner, he provides suspenders for many persons.
7. As a cook, he is generally furnished with a warm goose.
8. As a sheriff's officer, he does much at sponging.
9. As a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits, for the benefit of himself and others.

## PROFESSOR HANNIBAL'S LECTURE

BY W. H. LEVISON.



**DELUDED LAMS:—**You will find my tex for dis ebenin in de Lemontations ob Solomon Moore, de Poet, when he sat down on a cold frosty nite and tort on de coldness ob dis world. It am in wery blank wors and reads dus:

I nebber hab  
A piece ob bread, nicely buttered  
O're, but jis as I was a gwane  
To take a bite, it fell swat on de  
Floor, and always butter side  
Down.

My frens, dar's no use denieing it, dis world am a deceitful tretcheros back-biting world, an sometimes I tink I will jis role up my slebes and take hold ob de butt end ob it and reform it alto gedder; but den wen I see how berry little progress Brud-ders Greely and Beecher hab made towards it, I git as sick as de monkey who eat up de segar, ob de job, and I refrain, and sing off de notion. Dis-appointment am jis as sure to follow a feller in dis life as an unpaid washwoman; and jis as you tink your prospecks am brightest, and you got ebery ting cut and dried for success in it, sumfin steps up and laffs you out ob temper, or else sets you a blubberin' in despair, and you can no more avert it than you can coax a hungry hog from a pail ob swill by showing him a dogseartype likeness ob he granfadder. We got to take it, jis like de meezles, de small pox, and de shingles.

Sometimes, when I cogitate matters ober in my mind, I almost wish I cood lebe dis hemisfere, go back, and be born ober agin! but dat's wicked to

tink so, kase I don't belebe in a man's fitein aginst fate. If an All-wise Providence didn't want us here, all he's got to do am to say so, and out we go like a candle snuff; darefore, as long as we am permitted to stay, it am a nateral rite to belebe we am *wanted* here, and for my part, I is henceforth a gwane to lib as if had a contract to stay for an indefinite period.

Disappointments, aldo dey seem mity hard to swaller at de time, am for some good and all wise purpose, which it am none ob your brack bizness to find out. I know it was hard for dat nic pic party, dat was engaged to go out lass week, to see de rain pouring down like a mill sluice at de time dey ort to start; but, my frens, dat rain dat disappointed you, gub you and thousands ob odders hoe-cake in de fall.

My frens, we can no more understand de ways ob Providence, dan a cow understands de sign-boards along de raleroad, warning her to "look out for de locomotif;" and we heed what little we *do* know about as much as a bullefant wood de barking ob a whiffit pup. But some ob dese days dis whiffit, dat you disdain so much, will turn into de bullefant, and de fust ting you know he will swat you on de coconut wid he trunk and smash you down. Den, when you am prostitute on a bed ob sickness, you will turn up de wites ob you eyes, like an egg in a pot of koffee, and say, "Oh! dat I had heeded de barkin ob Providence!"

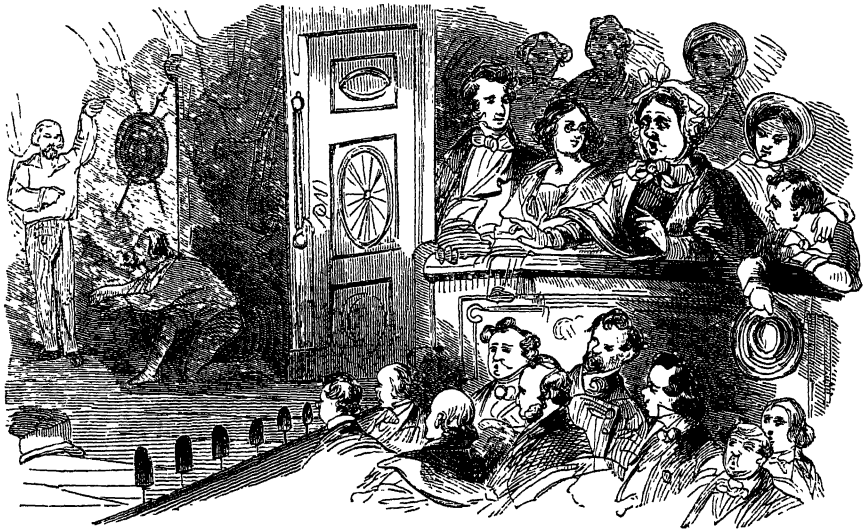
I tole you a few weeks ago, dat I despise de man who is constantly laying de blame ob his non-success in life 'pon de world; well, my sleepy hearers, my mind aint changed a bit on dat pint since; if ennyting, I is more settled in my 'pinion, and I tink de chap who wakes up breakfastless and wid-out a coat in his pocket, or a cent to his back, will set down on de cold stone ob remorse and fret his gizzard and curse de world for his misfortune, am one ob de meanest, dirtiest blagards in kreation. I'll bet four cents aginst a paper ob to-backer, dat dat feller's *morals* need tendin to.

We am too apt to fret ober bad luck. If de least little ting goes wrong, down we set and fret and growl like a head wid a sore bear. We nebber look to de many good tings and blessings a kind Providence has sent us. Dus it am wid de Poet who rit dis tex; he moans because he am in de habit ob lettin his bread and butter slip betwene his fingers, but he does not say who it was dat gub him de bread and butter to drop. When Providence sends de bread and butter into de hand, he tinks he hab done enuff for mankind, de takin care ob it, gittin it to de mouff and chawin it up, belongs sklusively to de man—see de inference? And if man wasent a shyster, he'd know enuff to stow it away, even as a monkey stoweth away roasted chest-nuts.

De moral ob dis lectur am very deep—so deep I'm afraid you kant find it; but it am dis. Look out for your bread and butter—stop whining—go to work, and put all you can in de sasser wen Brud-der Cuff Lucky passes it around.

## MRS. DAFFODIL AT THE THEATRE.

BY SARAH ANNIE FROST.



SEVERAL winters ago, I accepted the invitation of my friend Mr. K——, to see Brooke in the "Corsican Brothers." As it was not the first time I had seen this performance, I derived more amusement from the following *rencontre* than I should have done had I wished to direct my attention wholly to the actors. We occupied two seats on the front bench of the box next the stage. Just as the curtain rose, two women and a little boy came in and took the vacant places on the same bench. One of the party, an elderly dame, who took the seat immediately beside me, especially attracted my attention. She was attired in a faded brown silk dress, a gaudy red shawl, with green and yellow flowers stamped on its bright blue border, and a cap, having a broad frill and trimmed with huge green bows. In her hand she carried a black silk bonnet, which she deposited in her lap, and carefully covered with a large white cotton handkerchief. The other female was a young, very pretty girl, modestly arrayed in a dark blue merino dress, a white shawl, and a black velvet bonnet. The boy was a roguish looking, black-eyed little fellow, evidently very "wide awake." As soon as the old lady was comfortably seated, she gave me an emphatic *poke* (no other word is expressive of the sensation her forefinger caused me), and said quite loudly,

"Are we come too late?"

"The curtain is just rising, madam," I replied.

"What?" she asked with a very puzzled expression.

"The performance has just commenced," I said, concealing my amusement under an air of politeness.

"Oh, I see! You mean the play's just begun. Ninny," she added, turning to her companion, "the play's just begun. Pete, quit scrounging!"

Pete, the little boy, made a fifth on a seat in-

tended for four. The old lady soon addressed me again.

"Who's that chap, so tarnationally fine in his rig-gins?" she asked, "the one in the green jacket?"

"That is Mr. Brooke," I replied.

"What's his make pretend name?"

"Fabien dei Franchi."

"Quare name, ain't it? He seems to be a sort o' clever and perlitte to tether feller though. Lor!" she exclaimed, "if they aint reely eatin'! Well, if ever!"

Turning my head from her to conceal a smile, I saw Mr. K. looking steadily at the stage, with a perceptible quivering about the lips.

"Won't you let me look through your big specs?" asked my tormentor, after a pause.

"My big specs!" I looked at my eyeglass which nearsightedness compels me to use at places of amusement, but could not think she meant that, for it was any thing but "big;" besides, in my dependence upon it for any view of the stage, I did not feel inclined to resign it to her. I turned to Mr. K——, who was enjoying my embarrassment.

"She means the lorgnette," he whispered, and politely offering it he said, "Do you wish to use the lorgnette, madam?"

"A hornet!" she exclaimed, as she took it. "Well, it's a quare looking thing, but taint much like a hornet as I see."

Her endeavors to use the glass were truly ludicrous. First, shutting her right eye, she applied one barrel to her left, then, reversing this, she shut the left eye and used the right, then she tried both, then she took off her own spectacles and used the glass alone. Finally, in utter despair, she returned it to me, saying,

"How on airth do you fix it?"

I showed her how to adjust it, and she tried again to use it, in vain; and after several fruitless efforts, she returned it to me, remarking, that she "wasn't used to them kind o' specs."

"Won't you let me see the little paper?" was her next inquiry.

I handed her the playbill, and my annoyance must have been visible in my face, for Mr. K—— whispered,

"They are somebody's country cousins, making their first visit to the theatre. You are doomed to be victimized, so bear it good-naturedly as I do," and he assumed a comical look of mock resignation.

"Suppose you take my place beside her," I suggested.

"Thank you, but I am very comfortable here."

Another question recalled me to my sense of martyrdom.

"How do you find the names on this paper? I've read every bit of it, and I ain't no better off than I was before."

I pointed out the names of the characters and actors, and explained why they were set against each other.

"Well, when you've found the names, how do you know the actor folks apart?"

"I know the cast of the play," I replied, shortly enough.

"You know what? Oh! yes, I see. You know all them fellows by heart, don't you? Well, I'd sights rather have you tell me which is which, than find them for myself."

Here was a prospect! The satisfaction evident upon the old lady's face showed she meant to act upon this idea, and she did.

"Who's the woman in black?" was the next query.

"That is Fabien's mother."

"Looks rather young, don't she? What a power of talking they all do! I thought we was going to see fireworks, and singing, and dancing, at a theatre, and 'tain't nothing at all but jest comin' in and goin' out, and sittin' down and gittin' up, and eatin' and drinkin', and walkin' about, and talk, talk, talk, all the time, jist as nateral as can be. Lard, I could jist do it all myself."

At that instant the ghost rose through the floor, and the old lady, seizing my arm, trembled violently.

"Your tormentor won't sleep a wink to-night, if that is any compensation for your annoyance," said Mr. K——, in a low voice.

A long sigh of relief from my neighbor announced the fall of the curtain.

"I don't exactly see into it, do you?" she asked, turning to me.

"Oh yes, but I have seen it before. You will understand it better after you have seen the next act," I replied.

"My gracious! You've seen it all before, have you? Well, do tell us something about it. This," she said, pointing to the young girl who accompanied her, "is my darter, Euphrosyne, but I calls her Ninny for short, and this is my son, Petrarch, I call him Pete. Curus names, isn't they, but their pa's named 'em. I'm a widdier woman myself, and my name's Dorothy Daffodil: my good man's dead this five year. But do tell us something about the part that's comin'."

Mr. K——, who wanted to talk to me himself, here said, "It will be much more interesting, madam, if you let the plot work *itself* out."

"Well, who wants to hinder it?" was the ready

answer. "I only want the little gal to tell us 'bout it."

"You had much better watch the actors when the curtain rises," persisted Mr. K——.

"Well, I spects I *must*, if you *won't* let the little gal tell me. You're her dad I 'spose."

Poor Mr. K——! A bachelor about thirty-six years of age, he prided himself upon his youthful appearance, and to be taken for my father was a terrible cut to his vanity. He was silent.

"You see," said Mrs. Daffodil, "I'm a staying with my cousin here in Philadelphia, and my brother, the Major, maybe you've heard of him, sir, Major Clapperton? No! well, as I was saying, he was to our house last night, and sez he to me, 'Dorothy, was you ever at a theatre?' 'No,' sez I. 'Sakes alive,' sez he. 'Well,' sez he, 'if you'd like to go to-morrow night with Ninny and Pete,' sez he, 'I'll buy the tickets.' Well, Ninny and I 've talked it over, and as we don't have sich an offer *every* day in the year, we thought we'd come. 'Ninny,' sez I, 'if your uncle 'll pay, we're reel geese not to go.' 'Yes, ma,' sez she, 'for you know uncle Clap——,'"

Here the curtain rose for the second act and interrupted the old lady's narrative, which, however, she graciously promised to finish if she "had a chance."

In this drama, Mr. Brooke sustained two characters, those of Louis and Fabien dei Franchi, twin brothers. My neighbor was evidently ignorant of this fact, for, when Mr. B. appeared as Louis, the Parisian advocate, in a different dress from that worn in the first act, she inquired,

"What's *that* feller's make believe name?"

"That is Louis dei Franchi," I replied. "You saw his ghost in the first act."

"Lor! the feller behind the wall. Sakes alive! Come to life again! But ain't he powerful like t'other feller, Fabb'in."

"He is Fabien's twin brother," I replied.

"What, *reely*?"

"Oh, no, only in the play."

"I guess he's some relation though," she said gravely, "they're powerful alike. Who's the tall feller talking to the woman in pink?"

"That is Mr. Richings, or in the play Mons de Chateau Reneau," said Mr. K——, pitying me.

"Who?" inquired Miss Ninny.

"He's got the jaw-breakingest name, Ninny," said her mother, who was trying to understand the plot of the play.

The scene changed. Mrs. D. was silent until the company began to gather at the supper in the second act.

"Why!" she cried then, "they're going to have another party; they had *one* just now. Why jest look at Louee how scared he looks, and he's a spillin' all his wine! What a wicked waste! Here's the tall feller and the pink woman, come to this party too; they was at t'other one. Ain't they terrible gay? Gracious, don't Louee look savage at the tall feller with the long name?"

Here interest made her again silent until the duel scene.

"Why they did all this before," she said, "and," as the back scene opened, revealing Fabien and his mother, "if there aint Fabb'in and his mother. They was in front before, and these folks behind, and now they're back there and these folks down here. Lor! I don't think this is any great

shakes of a play. Jest the same things over again only backwards and twisted."

The curtain fell again.

"Plays are quare things," she said, turning to me, and at the same time offering me an enormous piece of gingerbread, taken from a little basket carried by Pete. "Now do take it," she urged as I declined, "do, there's plenty more in the basket, and I know you'll like it; I made it myself."

Upon my refusing again, she offered it to Mr. K—, who had some trouble to refuse to "put it in his pocket, in case he felt like it by and by."

There was a pause, passed by the old lady in eating and cogitating.

"Acting's all a kind o' lying, ain't it?" she said suddenly.

"There is no intention of deceiving," I replied.

"I don't know," she retorted. "Now them two men, I'd a' been certain they was brothers. Such a likeness! I'll always believe they're related, though. Such likenesses don't happen out of families, even if the folks is play-actors. Why, they're so like I can't tell t'other from which. You Pete, you're jammin' my bonnet all to pieces."

This calamity occupied her until the curtain rose again.

"Well, I declare!" she said, "if it ain't the same place as it was afore. Here comes the tall feller. Mad, too, I reckon, by the way he looks."

Mr. Brooke again appeared as Fabien, but wearing a Parisian dress similar to that of Louis.

"Which one's that, ma?" inquired Ninny.

"That's Louee!" said her mother, decidedly.

"No it ain't," cried Pete, "it's Fabbin, he says so."

"Hold your tongue, Pete," said Mrs. D. "I'll ask the little gal. Which one is it, now, Miss?" she inquired, turning to me.

"That is Fabien," I replied, delighted at her evident mystification.

"Well, I declare to gracious! My, but ain't they powerful alike. I can't see for the life of me how you know them apart! What's he saying about a hydrant?" she said, as Fabien alluded to the Hydra, "as fast as one of its heads is knocked off it grows another. Ain't that handy? What a saving of work! If I'd a knowed it afore, I'd a let 'em put up one in our yard last fall, instead of the new pump. Sakes, how they do fight with them swords; there's a heap o' fittin' in this play. Lors, if he ain't killed the other feller with the long name. Now he's a crying about it. Oh! Oh!"

Here the ghost rose again, and Mrs. Daffodil's look of horror and amazement can be, as novelists say, "better imagined than described."

"Gracious!" she cried, "if here ain't the spook again! Poor feller! he must a' led an awful wicked life when he can't rest in his grave, but has to come through the theatre floor so often in one night. I wonder if the actors ain't afeard of him; though if he comes every night as often as this, I suppose they're used to him. My! but ain't them two powerful alike, though?"

The green curtain fell.

"You ain't going," she said, as we stood up.

"Yes; if you stay to see the farce, we must bid you good evening."

"Good bye. We want to get our money's worth, so we'll stay till they shut up. Good night!"

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**HEARERS WEIGHED.**—A celebrated parson lately preached a rather long sermon from the text—"Thou art weighed and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person was about to retire, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon and said:—"That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out." He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

**STABLE MORALIZINGS.**—Life is but a span—of horses; one is "Age," the other "Prime," up and down the hill our course is. "Go in," ponies—"make your time." Boyhood plies the whip of pleasure; youthful folly gives the stroke; manhood goads them at his leisure: "let 'em rip," "they're tough as oak." "Hi, ya! there," the stakes we'll pocket: to the wind let care be sent; time, 2.40. "Whip in socket, give 'em string, and let 'em went." On the sunny road to fifty, "Prime" is drowned in Lethe's stream; "Age" is left, lame, old, unthrifty; life then proves a one horse team. "Age" jogs on, grows quite unsteady, reels and slackens in his pace; "kicks the bucket" always ready; "give it up"—Death wins the race.

**NEW STRATA.**—At a very learned discussion on strata, the other day, at the house of Professor Agassiz, Mr. B— asked if there were any strata of precious gems.

"No, none whatever," replied the professor.

"I've heard of one," said Mr. B—.

"Impossible!" was the rejoinder.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. B—, "and it was called a *stratagem*!"

**A PAYING RELIGION.**—Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in a large New England town, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, are you not, Mr. Dickson?" said the customer.

"No, sah, not at all."

"What! are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not dis year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

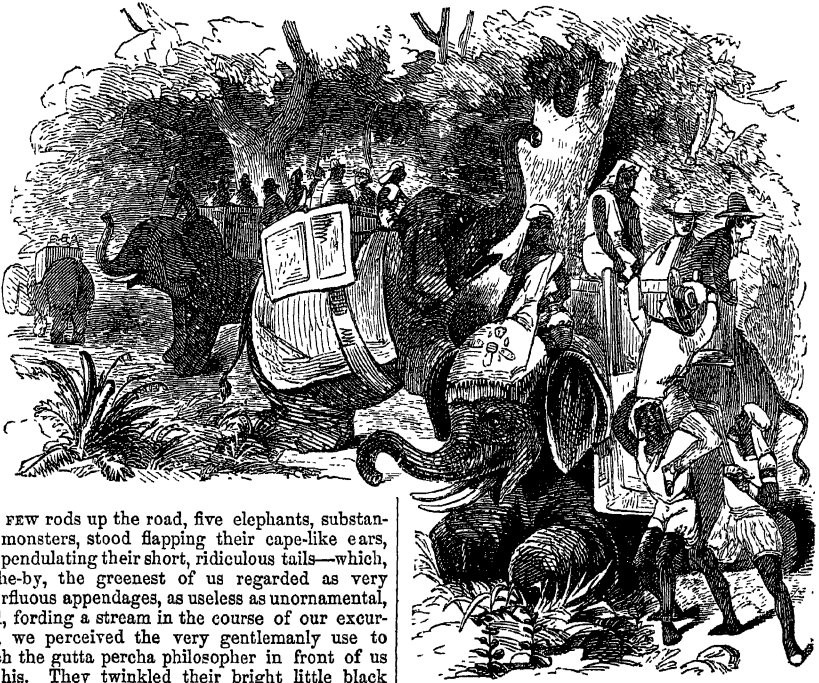
"Well, I'll tell you, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stropping a concave razor on the palm of his hand, "it was just like dis. I jined the church in good fait; I gave ten dollars toward the stated gospil de fus year, and de church-people call me 'Brudder Dickson;' de second year my business not so good, and I gib only *five* dollars. That year the people call me 'Mr. Dickson.' Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, the razor goes tolerably well."

"Well, sah, de third year I feel berry poor; had sickness in my family; I didn't gib *noffin'* for preachin'. Well, sah, arter dat dey call me '*dat old nigger Dickson*,'—and I left 'em."

## MY FIRST RIDE ON AN ELEPHANT.

FROM "THE GOLDEN DAGON." BY J. W. PALMER, M. D.



A FEW rods up the road, five elephants, substantial monsters, stood flapping their cape-like ears, and pendulating their short, ridiculous tails—which, by-the-by, the greenest of us regarded as very superfluous appendages, as useless as unornamental, until, fording a stream in the course of our excursion, we perceived the very gentlemanly use to which the gutta percha philosopher in front of us put his. They twinkled their bright little black eyes, that were like polished horn buttons on an india-rubber overcoat, and fly-brushed themselves with wisps of paddy straw, featly flourished with their trunks.

Seeing an elephant in a menagerie, may naturally be attended with sensations more or less flattering to the spectator, in view of the "admittance, 25 cents"—he is conscious of patronizing Behemoth. But to stand under a roadside precipice of animated india-rubber, having already (being a green tourist to that spot) foolishly made grand flourishes of your intention to ascend without assistance, is to look up at Peter Botte, and suddenly recollect that you have left your windlass and rope-ladder at home; you are reduced, with ridiculous abruptness, to a sense of your situation—a confession of your own insignificance, and the magnitude of the Almighty's works.

When my kitmudgar, pointing to Behemoth's Jehu, perched on his neck with a boat-hook contrivance for a whip, said, "S'pose Sahib likee, Sahib can go up," that somewhat saturnine heathen had no intention to be funny. Most of our party had been "up" before, and, with slight assistance—by pushing from below, by Jehu's pulling from above—were soon to be seen leaning over the rails of the howdahs, surveying the surrounding country from their commanding eminence.

"Our Yankee friend," being neither active nor light, of course came last. The mountain had partly come down to the other Mahomets, and Be-

hemoth was kneeling. Our company was uncomfortably masculine, so there were no steps provided; the livery-stable keepers, from whom we hired our nags, would not insult the Sahibs, forsooth—"the Sahibs were birds, the Sahibs were serpents, the Sahibs were monkeys." (Thank you!) "Must birds, must serpents, must monkeys have ladders?" So they boosted their Yankee friend from below, and they hoisted their Yankee friend from above; but they were weak with laughter, and they let go, and the sides of the mountain were no less slippery than steep, and the feet of their Yankee friend were false to him, his temper impatient, his wonted philosophy forgotten; so he slid down.

Thrice he slid down discomfited, and, the third time, he carried with him the bamboo front of the howdah. Then Behemoth rose to his feet, contemptuous, indignant, with "too bad" in his eye, impatience in his uplifted trunk, and offended dignity in his short, huffish grunt. But Jehu, patient and busy, picked away at his organ of amativeness with his boat-hook; there was another small land-slide—and then, with unanimity of extraordinary boosting and hoisting, joined to a great feat of agility on the part of the acrobat, silently apprehensive of the mood of Behemoth, "our Yankee friend" reached the top, amid loud cheers, and "Yankee Doodle" from the band. Whereupon, Behemoth, with great upheavings, arose from his knees, and rolled forward.

If you have never doubled the Cape, if your stomach is treacherous and your sea-legs uncertain, if sea-sickness is your idiosyncrasy, don't take passage on an elephant for a voyage of twenty-five miles; go by water, or try a palkee.

First, you are down by the stern—then bows under; now a lurch to leeward pitches you into the scuppers, and next you are in the trough of the sea, wallowing to windward. Like a Dutch galliot under bare poles in a cross-sea—how she rolls! Like a whale in the wake of a steamer—how she blows! You ascend a slight irregularity in the road—how she labors up the slope! You pause on the ridge—for an instant she sways and surges, then

Down topples to the gulf below.

You hold on by the howdah; you commend your-

self to your usual good luck; you comfort your fears by observing how little Jehu minds it; you throw away your cheroot—it's too hot to smoke; you stop wishing for tiffin; you try to think it interesting, and commence instituting naturalistic researches into the sagacity of "old Injin-Rubber," as that funny Smith of the Company's service nicknames the soft subject of your studies.

Thus you get through six miles of monotonous jungle, relieved only by its sequel of six miles of monotonous paddy-field. However often you may wish, inside, that you were dead, you never once say so—"You rather like it." At last, you come to your "Caves," and, with a "By Jove, boys—this is capital!" you swing yourself off by the hands, and drop to the ground, as fearlessly as though you had never told a lie in your life.

## A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY J. PAIGE, (DOW, JR.)

I HARDLY think you will find my text, word for word in the New Testament, if you look for it there. This is it:

It was not a dream, but reality true;—  
I saw many men as trees walking.

MY HEARERS:—Albeit we read in the Book of Inspiration that all flesh is grass, nevertheless, I humbly opine you would make rather coarse fodder for cattle. They wouldn't smell of you. Even "men of straw," the leanest, lankest, and most famished of Pharaoh's kine would grow moody in contemplating. Certes, mankind belong more properly to the tree tribe than to the herbal family—all except the Reeds, Bushes, and Berries. Spruce young chaps are evergreens, that lend a charming freshness to a business-bitten and winter community. They are a species of pine, as are also most young ladies. One of these latter confessed her woodiness when she sighed to her sweetheart, like any other pine in the evening breeze, "I pine for thee!" But she incontinently ceased to sigh when the tender-hearted spruce exclaimed: "Oh! my dear—pine(k) not!" We have, my friends, poplar literary men, that are continually scattering their leaves abroad, and thereby rendering very rubbishy the walks of useful knowledge. They generally look very slim and poverty-stricken at the advent of life's early and unexpected winter. Russians, Laplanders, and the inhabitants of polar regions, may be looked upon as *fur* trees, but of no particular value to us. Elders, and elder men, my brethren, usually contain considerable pith, which is so much to their merit; but as they grow older still, they are apt, like radishes, to become too pithy and stalky to be over agreeable. Alder-men are a clump of small timber, never remarkable for loftiness or grandeur—so small, individually, that you could hardly get a lady's corset-board out of one of them, and yet, by uniting a sufficient number, a couple of very respectable municipal boards are sometimes obtained. "Men made of shingles" are composed of no particular wood; probably chestnut—a tree with more burr than fruit. Newly-made mourners, my wooden heads, are weeping willows, that bow, and bend, and drip like an umbrella in the passing storm. Ah! your brother elm never

shall forget when cousin William laid his tenth wife beneath the roots. Long experience in the saddest, if not the heaviest, of losses, had not yet reconciled him to the inscrutable decrees of Heaven. Still, had he not been pliable and yielding as a whip-stalk, he would certainly have snapped at the last twist as short as a corn-cob. Poor weeping Will oh! how he sighed! The damsel whose beauty is only external and fleeting as the rainbow, you may consider a "rose tree in full bearing"—to-day, blooming with all the loveliness and sweetness of perfume that ever surrounded Eden in its virgin glory; to-morrow, disrobed of its charms, and undistinguished from the meanest bramble that luxuriates in an obscure corner of a hog ranch. But the comely-featured lass, with a full-blossomed mind, and who seeks to make herself useful as well as ornamental—in whom fresh virtues are for ever budding as the old ones cast their seeds—we may call the orange tree, simultaneously and perennially crowned with golden fruit, expanding buds, and full-blown flowers. Your veteran warrior is the "brave old oak," that stands unscathed amid the belligerent elements—around which the red lightnings flash, the loud thunders roll, and the furious tempests howl, innocuous. Defying heaven's artillery and breasting the fierce hurricane, it stands unshaken upon its native mountain soil, while the soldier pines nod their green plumes to the blast, or fall prostrate upon the hill side—

With their roots to the foe, and their tops to the vane.

Your splendid orators and eloquent statesmen are lofty magnolias, arbor vites, and the giant trees of Calaveras, towering as high above the stunted furs, field pines, and scrub oaks of humanity, as do the tall cedar preachers of Lebanon above the young huckleberry-bush, that stands upon tip-toe to overshadow a toadstool. True Christians are trees that put forth fruit according to the promises contained in their blossoms—rich, rare, golden, and juicy, in the autumn of life—such as would make Pomona blush behind the ears to behold. Honest and honorable men are pure mahogany. Hypocrites are nothing but white pine or basswood veneered. Liars, cheats, swindlers, and all men of

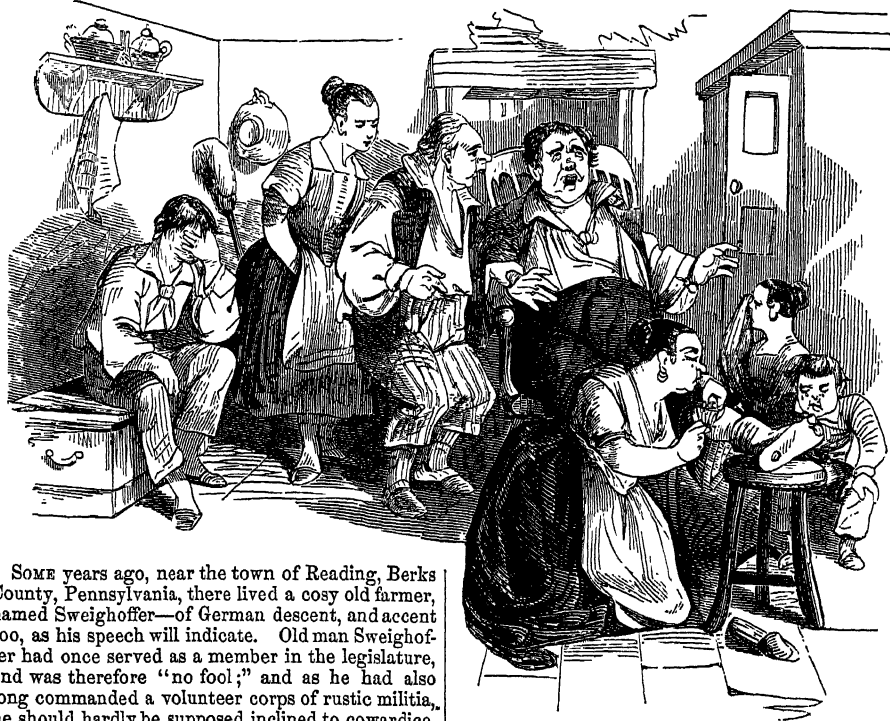


immoral principles, are the dogwood and upas trees of the world. They emit a deadly poison to society. To touch them is fatal; and their very exhalations cast a blight and mildew throughout the "valley of peace and happiness." Indians are redwood; the negroes, I suppose we must put down as *lignum vitæ*, or black walnut. My live-oaks, hickories, mahoganies, basswoods, etcetera: most of you are now in your green leaf—as full of healthy sap as a rock-maple in April. If the old woodman, Time, shall spare you long enough, you will find your branches withered and verdureless, and your trunks sapless and powder posied. But bear in mind that

sooner or later, the fell Chopper will give the fatal stroke; and "as the tree falleth, so it lieth"—but for a time. Afterwards, if found to be good timber, it will be used in building up the New Jerusalem; if pronounced shaky, it must serve for firewood, in a place where anthracite has not yet been introduced,—then what an everlasting sissing and snapping there will be with some of you soggy logs, and sin-dried old chestnuts! And now may the spirits of Lindley Murray and Joseph Miller, Esqs., look down, or up—according to locality—with compassion upon the sins committed on this occasion by your truly repentant preacher. So mote it be!

## THE SNAKE-BITTEN DUTCHMAN.

ANON.



SOME years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member in the legislature, and was therefore "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he should hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were hard at it in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out—

"O, mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader!" answers the son, straightening up and looking at his sire.

"Oh, mine Gott, Peter!" again cried the old fellow.

"Donder," echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man.

"O mine Gott, der shnake bite mine leg!"

If any thing in particular was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by trampling upon a crooked stick, which cramped his ankle, and so horrified the young man that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word snake, young Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-drawer, and bawled out in turn—

"Where is der shnake?"

"Up my trowsis, Peter—O, mine Gott!"

"O, mine Gott!" echoed Peter, junior, "kill him, fader, kill him."

"No-a, no-a, he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—get off my trowsis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his filial affection, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started like a scared locomotive to call the old burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give his father a lift with the snake.

Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bounding along as soon as he heard the news, and passing along the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung their "linsey woolsey" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and trembling like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"O, mine Gott! Come, come quick, Jacob. He bite me all to pieces—here up mine leg."

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizenous" reptile is about. Gathering up the stiff dry stalks of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill her stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have legs broken than to be bitten to death by a snake, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it. The first blow broke the weed and knocked old Schweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock—colim.

"Oh!" roared old Peter, "you broke mine leg and de shnake's gone!"

"Vere? vere?" cried old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the ground he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Jacob; help me up. I'll go home."

"Put on your vhest, den; here it is;" said the old crout-eater, gathering up his boss and trying to

get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in the face—his hair stood on end, "like the quills upon the frightful porcupine," as Mrs. Partington observes—he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered—and his knees knocked a *staccato* accompaniment.

"Oh, Yacob, carry me home! I'm dead as nits!"

"Vat! Ish nodder shnake in your trousers?"

"No-a—look, I'm swelt all up! Mine vhest won't go on my back. O, O, mine Gott!"

"Dunder and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same conclusion, and with might and main the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter or half a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in high state when they saw the approach of the good old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die as natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on. Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top, and at the same time considerable of a scratch was made visible.

"Call dis a shnake! Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pizhened to death. Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vhest—O dear, mine vhest not come over mine body!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared the old woman, "Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on—haw, haw, haw!"

"Bosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up. "Bosh, Yacob, vat an old fool you must be, to say I vash schnakebite? Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter, bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life.

## EXTRACTS FROM PLURI-BUS-TAH.

### A Song that's by no Author.

BY MORTIMER M. THOMSON, (Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.)

Don't you ask me, whence this burlesque;  
Whence this captious fabrication,  
With its huge attempt at satire,  
With its effort to be funny,  
With its pride in Yankee spirit,  
With its love of Yankee firmness,  
With its flings at Yankee fashions,  
With its slaps at Yankee humbug,  
With its hits at Yankee follies,  
And its scoffs at Yankee bragging,  
With its praise of all that's manly,  
All that's honest, all that's noble,  
With its bitter hate of meanness,  
Hate of pride and affectation.  
With its scorn of slavish fawning,  
Scorn of snobs, and scorn of flunkies,  
Scorn of all who cringe before the  
Dirty but "almighty dollar?"

Don't you ask—for I shan't tell you,

Lest you, too, should be a Yankee  
And should turn and sue for libel,  
Claiming damage—God knows how much.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Ye, who love to scold your neighbors,  
Love to magnify their follies,  
Love to swell their faults and errors,  
Love to laugh at other's dullness,  
Making sport of other's failings—  
Buy this modern Yankee fable;  
Buy this song that's by no author.

Ye, who love to laugh at nonsense,  
Love the stilted lines of burlesque,  
Want to read a song historic,  
Want to read a song prophetic,  
Want to read a mixed-up story  
Full of facts and real transactions,  
Which you know are true and life-like—  
Also full of lies and fictions,

Full of characters of fancy  
And imaginary people,  
Buy this home-made Yankee fable;  
Buy this song that's by no author.

Ye, who want to see policemen,  
Roman heroes, modern Bloomers,  
Heathen gods of every gender,  
News-boys, generals, apple-peddlers,  
Modern ghosts of ancient worthies,  
Editors, and Congress members  
With their bowie-knives and horsewhips,  
Saints and scoundrels, Jews and Gentiles,  
Honest men of ancient fable,  
With historic modern villains,  
Jumbled up in dire confusion,  
Dovetailed in, at once regardless  
Of all place or date or country;  
Making such a curious legend  
As the world has never read of;  
Headless, tailless, soulless, senseless,  
Even authorless and foundling—  
Buy this modern Yankee fable,  
Buy this song that's by no author.

Ye, who sometimes in your rambles  
Through the alleys of the city,  
Where the smell of gas escaping,  
And the odors of the gutters,  
And the perfume of the garbago,  
And the fragrance of the mud-carts  
*Don't* remind you of the country,  
Or the redolence of roses;  
Pause by some neglected book-stall,  
For awhile to muse and ponder  
On the second-hand collection:  
If you find among the volumes,  
Disregarded, shabby volumes,  
One which answers to *our* title,  
Buy it here and read hereafter—  
Buy this modern Yankee fable,  
Buy this song that's by no author.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Many years they lived together,  
Liberty and Pluri-bus-tah.  
He made quite a decent husband,  
Bragging much of his "old woman,"  
How she made his farm attractive,  
How she managed all his people,  
How she taught him Yankee Doodle,  
Made him whistle Yankee Doodle.  
And, so proud was he of having  
Such a "gal" for his companion,  
That he borrowed her red night-cap,  
Liberty's old scarlet night-cap,  
Stuck it on a pole, like Gesler's,  
Made his people all swear by it.  
And he took her petti-garment,  
Garment blue, and striped and starry,  
Nailed it just beneath the night-cap,  
Swearing that should be his banner.

Thus they "lived and loved" together,  
Thus they "loved and lived" contented  
With themselves, with all creation.  
Liberty was so enchanted  
With her husband, Pluri-bus-tah,  
With the land and with the nation,  
With his fondness and devotion,  
That she telegraphed her parents,  
Living in the good old homestead,  
In the old Arcadian farm-house,  
Near the mansion with the woodshed,  
Once before, herein, referred to;

Telegraphed to send her sisters,  
Peace and Thrift to come and dwell there.  
She would clothe them, she would board them,  
Do their mending and their washing.

Had this city of Manhattan  
Then been built, in working order,  
She would, probably, have promised  
She would show them round the city—  
Take them up to Wood and Christy's,  
Take them over to the Bowery,  
Take them to the Broadway "Spout-shop,"  
Take them there to see Ned Forrest  
Sprawl and splurge in Metamora—  
Take them, next night, round to Burton's,  
There to see the tipsy Tooodle,  
Then would take them both to Congress,  
There to see the annual dog-fight,  
See the fight of Honorables;  
See the members knock each other,  
Bruise each other, bang each other,  
See the members gouge each other,  
See the six-foot brawny members,  
Reason with their six-inch pistols,  
Hear them argue with their rifles,  
And debate with three-foot bowies.  
Take them to the Model Artists,  
Take them to the Free-Love Union,  
Put them on the special Free List,  
Let them have the freest freedom;  
If her "foggy" of a father  
Would permit her darling sisters  
Then to come and make a visit,  
Visit her and Pluri-bus-tah.

And her sisters came to see her,  
Came and brought their bag and baggage,  
Brought their trunks and change of linen,  
Doubtless meaning to remain there.

When the sisters saw each other,  
They laid down their trunks and bundles,  
Fell upon each other's bosoms,  
Had a sweet embrace, three-handed,  
In the orthodox stage fashion.  
But they soon recovered from it,  
From this spasm of affection,  
Picked up all their bags and bundles,  
Rearranged their rumpled collars,  
And, with pleasure in their faces,  
Marched into the house to dinner.

What they had that day for dinner,  
What the bill of fare included,  
Do not ask, for I can't tell you.  
But the ladies liked the dinner,  
Liked their sister's fighting husband,  
Liked the looks of all the country,  
And made up their minds to stay there.  
Shortly they got fairly settled,  
And began to look about them;  
Then they saw that Pluri-bus-tah  
Was a man of strength and vigor,  
Capable of great achievements,  
But was ignorant and boorish,  
Uninformed and uninstructed.  
Peace determined she would teach him.  
She would make him stop his fighting,  
She would teach him and instruct him;  
Thrift resolved she would relieve him  
Of the charge of all his acres,  
And would work the farm without him.  
Pluri-bus-tah, nothing lothful  
To their plans, consented freely.  
Daily toiled, a willing scholar;



Learned of Peace the great resources  
Of the country—his dominion.  
Learned of her what strength and power  
Lay within his own hard sinews—  
Learned of her to dig the coal-mine,  
Learned to find the beds of iron;  
This he dragged into his work-shop,  
Dragged it to his smoky work-shop,  
There to learn its various uses,  
Learn of Peace how he should use it.  
Toiling under her direction,  
With the fire-fiend at his bidding,  
And the wind to feed the fire-fiend,  
With the hammer, forge, and anvil,  
Years he toiled without cessation.  
Here he wrought tremendous engines,  
Which should bring him wealth and glory;  
Here he made the mighty Mill-wheel,  
Here the Loom, the Lathe, the Engine.  
Here he built the Locomotive,  
Here is where he tamed the Lightning,  
Gave the Storm-cloud its first lessons.

In the peaceful art of writing;  
Here is where he built the Steamship,  
Here the Press, his greatest glory.  
Thus it was that Peace, the gentle,  
With her endless stores of wisdom,  
Thus it was that Thrift, untiring,  
Blessed the land of Pluri-bus-tah.  
Thus it was the loving sisters,  
Peace and Thrift, joined hands with Freedom,  
Dwelt with Liberty, their sister,  
In the land of Pluri-bus-tah.

Long he toiled, with Peace to help him,  
In the dim and smoky work-shops,  
Oft he viewed his vast dominion,  
Striving for its best improvement.  
Having dotted all his country,  
Full of thriving towns and cities,  
He determined he would bind them  
Firm, with iron bands, together;  
Iron roads for iron horses,  
Iron bridges for his lightning  
Which should run on errands for him.

He commenced his rail-road building—  
Building monstrous locomotives;  
Through his land, in all directions,  
Telegraphs and railroads made he;  
Leaving, in each distant corner,  
Some memento of the lessons  
And the wisdom Peace had taught him.

In the cities, Lathes and Foundries,  
In the villages, great Factories.  
And the Press in every hamlet.  
By the streams, left spiteful Sawmills,  
By the roads, the Forge and Anvil,  
In the field, the Plough and Reaper,  
By the sea-shore, Ships and Steamboats,  
Wharves and Docks and sheltering Harbors;  
Sending off huge fleets of shipping,  
Far away to every country,  
Far across the conquered ocean,  
Carrying to the world his boasting.  
This, his vegetable bragging,  
Which he o'er and o'er repeated,  
Oft, himself, his words encoring,  
Chuckling to himself with pleasure,  
Laughing with such vigorous pleasure,  
That he often tore his breeches,  
But of *this* he never wearied,  
Wearied of this classic sentence—  
“*Pluri-bus-tah is some Pumpkins!*”

## THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

BY MAY TAYLOR.

BEHIND a market stall installed,  
I mark it every day,  
Stands at her stand the fairest girl  
I've met within the bay;  
Her two lips are of cherry red,  
Her hands a pretty pair,  
With such a pretty turn-up nose,  
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,  
Her customers to please,  
And to appease their appetite  
She sells them beans and peas.

Attracted by the glances from  
The apple of her eye,  
And by her Chili apples, too,  
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,  
Throughout the livelong day,  
And sells her celery and things—  
A big feat, by-the-way.  
She changes off her stock for change,  
Attending to each call;  
And when she has but one beet left,  
She says—“Now that beet's all.”

## ELDER BLUNT AND SISTER SCRUB.

FROM "TALES AND TAKINGS." BY REV. J. Y. WATSON.

IN one of the Eastern States there is a settlement which has long been celebrated as a stronghold of Methodism. It is an out-of-the-way neighborhood, yet no place in the whole country is better known, or more highly esteemed. In the centre of the settlement, just where two roads cut each other at right angles, making a "four corners," is the school-house, painted red, and long familiar as the only place of public worship in the settlement. The people are well off now, and have built a nice and commodious Church, on the opposite corner. A few rods up the road from the school-house lived Squire Scrub. You could tell, at first sight, that the "Squire" was "well to do" in this world, for every thing about him denoted it. There was his picket fence all around his garden painted red, and the top tipped with white; there was his house, a modest one story and a half, with a leaning to it in the rear, painted white all over; there was the barn, a large, well-filled barn it was; there was a farm, a choice lot of one hundred acres, well cultivated; and besides all this, there were the honors and emoluments of the important office of justice of the peace. The "Squire" was, of course, a man of note in his town. He had been a justice several terms in succession. He was a trustee of the school district, and he was both class-leader and steward in the Methodist Church. I have no doubt he would have received other honors at the hands of his fellow-townsmen and brethren, had he been eligible. Still he was a quiet, unassuming man, and I verily believe he thought more of his religion than of all his ecclesiastical and civil honors. His house was the itinerant's home; and a right sweet, pleasant home it would have been but for a certain unfortunate weakness of the every other way *excellent* Sister Scrub. The weakness I allude to was, or at least it was suspected to be, *the love of praise*. Now, the good sister was really worthy of high praise, and she often received it; but she had a way of disparaging herself and her performances, which some people thought was intended to invite praise. No housewife kept her floors looking so clean and her walls so well white-washed as she. Every board was scrubbed and scoured till further scrubbing and scouring would have been labor wasted. No one could look on her white ash floor, and not admire the polish her industry gave it. The "Squire" was a good provider, and Sister Scrub was an excellent cook; and so their table groaned under a burden of good things on all occasions when good cheer was demanded. And yet you could never enter the house and sit half an hour without being reminded that "Husband held court yesterday, and she couldn't keep the house decent." If you sat down to eat with them she was sorry "she hadn't any thing fit to eat." She had been scrubbing, or washing, or ironing, or she had been half sick, and she hadn't got such and such things, that she ought to have. Nor did it matter how bountiful or how well prepared the repast really was, there was always *something* deficient, the want of which furnished a text for a disparaging discourse on the occasion. I remember once, that we sat down to a table that a

king might have been happy to enjoy. There was the light snow-white bread, there were the potatoes reeking in butter, there were the chickens swimming in gravy, there were the onions and the turnips, and I was sure Sister Scrub had gratified her ambition once. We sat down, and a blessing was asked. Instantly the good sister began: she was afraid her coffee was too much burned, or that the water had been smoked, or that she hadn't roasted the chicken enough. There ought to have been some salad, and it was too bad that there was nothing nice to offer us.

We, of course, endured these unjustifiable apologies as well as we could, simply remarking that every thing was really nice, and proving by our acts that the repast was tempting to our appetites.

I will now introduce another actor to the reader. It is Elder Blunt, the circuit preacher. Elder Blunt was a good man. His religion was of the most genuine experimental kind. He was a *very* plain man. He, like Mr. Wesley, would no more dare preach a *fine* sermon than wear a fine coat. He was celebrated for his common-sense way of exhibiting the principles of religion. He *would* speak just what he thought, and as he felt. He somehow got the name of being an eccentric preacher, as every man, I believe, does, who *never* prevaricates and always acts and speaks as he thinks. Somehow or other, Elder Blunt had heard of Sister Scrub, and of that infirmity of hers, and he resolved to cure her. On his first round, he stopped at "Squire Scrub's," as all other itinerants had done before him. John, the young man, took the elder's horse and put him in the stable, and the preacher entered the house. He was shown into the best room, and soon felt very much at home. He expected to hear something in due time disparaging the domestic arrangements, but he heard it sooner than he expected. This time, if Sister Scrub could be credited, her house was all upside down; it wasn't fit to stay in, and she was sadly mortified to be caught in such a plight. The elder looked all around the room, as if to observe the terrible disorder, but he said not a word. By and by, the dinner was ready, and the elder sat down with the family to a well-spread table. Here, again, Sister Scrub found every thing faulty; the coffee wasn't fit to drink, and she hadn't any thing fit to eat. The elder lifted his dark eye to her face; for a moment he seemed to penetrate her very soul with his austere gaze; then slowly rising from the table, he said, "Brother Scrub, I want my horse immediately; I must leave."

"Why, Brother Blunt, what is the matter?"

"Matter? Why, sir, your house isn't fit to stay in, and you haven't any thing fit to eat or drink, and I won't stay."

Both the "Squire" and his lady were confounded. This was a piece of eccentricity entirely unlooked for. They were stupefied. But the elder was gone. He wouldn't stay in a house not fit to stay in, and where there wasn't any thing fit to eat and drink.

Poor Sister Scrub! She wept like a child at her folly. She "knew it would be all over town," she



said, "and every body would be laughing at her." And then, how should she meet the blunt, honest elder again? "She hadn't meant any thing by what she had said." Ah! she never thought how wicked it was to say *so much* that didn't mean any thing.

The upshot of the whole matter was, that Sister

Scrub "saw herself as others saw her." She ceased making apologies, and became a wiser and better Christian. Elder Blunt always puts up there, always finds every thing as it should be, and with all his eccentricities, is thought by the family the most agreeable, as he is acknowledged by every body, to be the most consistent of men.

## A RESUSCITATED JOE.

BY A PHILADELPHIAN.

Mankind are often troubled with a vice  
Which leads to error, and is called prejudice.

ONCE on a time, the manager  
Of a large theatre in a neighboring town,  
Which had run down,  
Whilst trusting solely to the histrionic art;  
By way of giving it a start,  
Thought best, if possible, to make a stir:  
And much to every body's satisfaction,  
Bills were stuck up on all the walls,  
And large red staring capitals  
Gave notice of a wonderful attraction,  
A sort of spectacle, which ne'er had been,  
Which never was and never should be seen.

The news flew fast on every tongue.  
Night came, and to the theatre all throng.  
No vacant places;  
Many had not the least accommodation:  
It was a general sea of human faces,  
Hushed into expectation.  
Forth came the hero of the night and bowed;  
The audience cheered him with applauses loud.

A man divine—  
Endowed by nature with such musical feeling,  
That, grunting—squealing,

He could at will,  
As if he'd always lived on swill,  
Exactly imitate a swine.  
Sometimes he grunted with a deep bass note;  
Then on the treble key,  
Would rise majestically,  
Just like a porker, when they cut his throat.  
The thing  
Was almost universally  
Allowed to be  
The most astonishing.

An envious fellow, sitting in the pit,  
Felt quite indignant at this admiration;  
He could not relish it,  
A bit,  
To see this wretched gulling of the nation.  
In truth to make such a confounded fuss  
About a porcellian imitator,  
Was a disgrace to human nature,  
And quite ridiculous.

Soon as the noise had ceased, our man  
Rose from his seat, and thus began:

"Ladies and gentlemen,  
I hereby public notice give,  
That if I live,  
To-morrow, at this self-same hour,  
If with your presence you will honor me,  
You then shall see,  
In this enchanting line  
Of acting, all conceive so fine,  
A much more splendid exhibition of my power."

Pat to the minute,  
The theatre was filled with the whole population;  
And thick as they could cram,  
A perfect jam—  
It seemed, indeed, as if near all creation  
Had crowded in it.

Both came upon the stage,  
And first began  
The imitating man,  
Who now in fact was all the rage.  
Loud rung the claps, the theatre resounds  
As if their admiration knew no bounds.

The other's turn next came,  
The one who envied him his hard-earned fame.  
He had a real, genuine, live pig,  
Not very big,

So as to lie concealed beneath his gown,  
And most effectually to cheat the town,  
He every now and then would pinch the shoat,  
And without more ado,  
Produced as rich and natural a note,  
And quite as high,  
And true,  
As e'er was heard to issue from a sty.

But 'twas no go;  
The audience hooted him with one consent:  
'Twas voted low.  
And even more,  
They all considered it a bore,  
And a most vulgar and unnatural imitation.  
In fact, they could not tell for what 'twas meant;  
While for the first,  
There was another universal burst  
Of admiration.

Our friend perceiving  
His chance was very small  
Whilst thus deceiving;  
And giving vent at once to his indignant gall,  
Exclaimed, as loud as he could bawl,  
"A pretty set of critics are ye all,  
To applaud the mimic—hiss the original!"  
And then, to show them how they were mistaken,  
Pulled out his pig and saved his bacon.

## UNCLE JAKE'S STORY.

### The South Bend Bear Hunt.

BY HENRY I. BRENT, (DOTS.)

We were sitting around the camp fire one night, after a day of excitement and success in the chase. The carcass of a deer, and two bears, were suspended from saplings near, and our feast of bear liver and caul fat had just been completed. The dogs, surfeited with the offal of the game, lay in a stupor about us, and our freshly-lit pipes were just beginning to mingle their smoke with that of the huge pine fire before us.

"Well," says Ned, "Uncle Jake, you promised to tell us about that bar hunt on the Arkansaw river some time. 'Spouse you let us have it now."

"Oh, yes! Uncle Jake, give it to us," ejaculated the rest of the boys.

"Well, boys, bein' as how I feel particular fine to-night, arter lammin' you so onmerciful in the hunt to-day (for Uncle Jake had, unaided, killed the deer and one bear, while it had taken the united efforts of the rest to bring down the other), I reckon I can tell you 'bout that hunt, which was some. But afore I begin, I want it distinctly understood, that the man that doubts my word, after I tell you what occurred that day, gets that," and Uncle Jake held up his sinewy fist in a state of extreme tension. "I have fou't more'n one man 'bout that same bar hunt, and I warn you all not to rile me. It's all as true as Gospel; and I can whip the livers and lights out of any crowd that disputes it."

The boys all gave assurance of implicit reliance upon Uncle Jake's veracity, when he began:

"You see, I was wintering in Arkansaw, about the region of South Bend, and bar were thick. I

give out one day that I was gwine in to have a tall hunt, when the Jones's boys said they'd go too. So we started out next day yarly, and hadn't got no distance before Bose opened, and I knew'd we had a showin' for sport. The dogs crowded the old feller considerable, and he hadn't run long afore he tuk water. We came up jest as he had got well in, and I took a pull at him, fur he was a big *he*, as I s'posed; but he didn't mind the lick I tapped him on the head, any more'n if I had shot him with biled beans. So, finding that, as luck would have it, my dug-out was jest under the bank, I told the Jones's boys we had better foller him, as it was no use a-shootin' at him. So we jumped into old Bets, and as she was a light sasserfrass kernoo, of my own makin', we wasn't no time a comin' up with the creeter, which the dogs was worryin' monstrous, Bose ispecially. He was a makin' for the island, and wasn't no great distance from it, when we came up to him; for the Arkansaw, though some for bends and sand-bars, ain't nothin' to the Mississippi for wedth. We warn't long in fixin' the varmint. The dogs kept a duckin' of him, and a hangin' on to his hind quarters until he was well-nigh drowned, and one shot from Bill Jones seemed to fix him. Before he had a chance to sink, I tied a rope to his neck, and in that way we pulled him 'long to the shore, the rope being fastened to the dug-out. As soon as we took persession of the bar, the dogs went onto the island, and by the time we landed, drat my pictur', ef the dogs hadn't struck a trail right spank on the sand bars; and off they took to the cane, which wer about two hundred yards or so

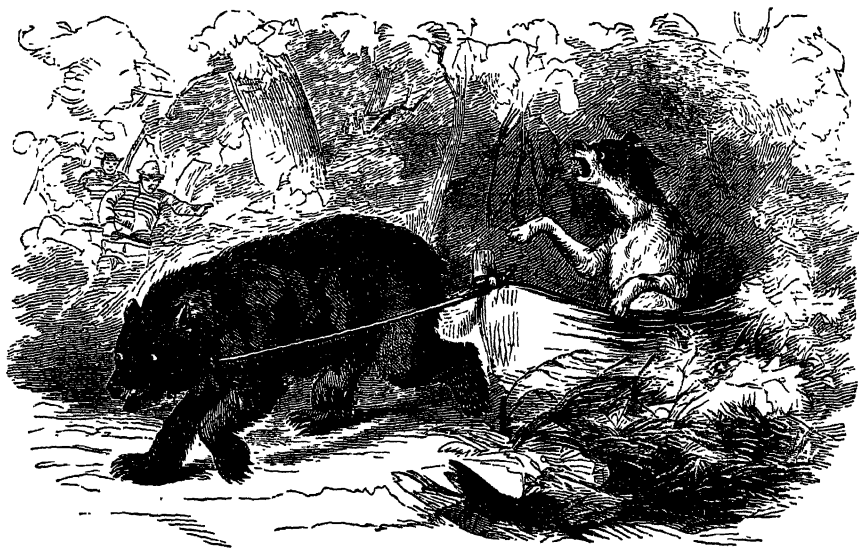
from the water. We jerked the dug-out up on to the shore, and left the dead bar a layin' part in the water and part out, for the trail was warm, and we know'd the other bar weren't fur. Well, we hadn't got more'n to the cane, when we heerd the dogs a bayin' and a fightin'. We crowded into the cane, and there we saw the varmint, a settin' on his haunches, and a slappin' the dogs right and left. I come up to about twenty feet of him, and jest as he raised to slap Bose, I gave him a feeler between his ribs that made him howl and roll over. I know'd I had him, and had my knife into him afore he had time to recover from his surprise. He was a whopper; and I begun a cleanin' of him right off. The boys helped to start his skin, and as we had enuf for one day, I told 'em they had better go to the dug-out, and clean the old *he*. The dogs follered, and off they went.

"They hadn't got mor'n half way to the dug-out, afore the dogs they struck another trail right spank in the sand agin, and off they put down the river. The boys, thinkin' it was another bar, kept on to the dug-out, but when they got thar, darn my pictur' ef it warn't gone, bar and all. Well, you'd better b'lieve they was riled when they come back to me, and 'lowed how as somebody come and stole the dug-out and the bar, and you'd better b'lieve I was mad some too, but I told the boys to help me clean my bar, and then we would start out on

"Afore we could come up with the dogs, they had took water, and had swum the island shute, and was off on the opposite side. But we come to the place whar there had been a desprit fight, and there laid two dogs with their intrails all iggsposed, and they as dead as our skinned bar. I told the boys it would never do, and that bar must die. I know'd Bose would foller him, and I was determined that he should feel cold lead. So we rigged up a raft, and was soon over, for you know them shutes is deep but narrier.

"We travelled rapid, and went over a heap of ground, fer the day was fine for wind, and we had a bottle of extra fine sperits. (Boys, hand round that lickin'.) We managed to keep in hearin' of the dogs, but every now and then we would overtake one of them, sometimes crippled and sometimes give out, until at last Bose was the only dog left, but he was a whole team by himself, and we know'd it.

"So we follered him tell we come to the Post-oak hills, when we know'd the old feller must give in, as we had come nigh onto fifteen mile. At last we kept hearin' Bose plainer and plainer, tell we come to a open stretch of woods, when, darn my pictur' ef thar wasn't the old *he* that we thot we had left for dead, a draggin' the dug-out arter him, and Bose he a settin' in it, and every onct and a while a jumpin' out and a snappin' at his heels."



a sarch, for it was too bad to lose my bar and the dug-out too, partikularly the latter, as I loved her better 'en my gal. So we cleaned the bar, and swung it to a saplin' out of the reach of varmints, and was about sarchin' for the dug-out, when the dogs got so warm that we clean forgot all about it, and broke for the dogs, b'lievin' about that time that the island was 'live with bar.

The story was soon finished. They killed the bear, rescued the dug-out, and returned home in triumph with their two bears. The boys expressed implicit belief in every word, when Uncle Jake educed the moral of his tale in his own primitive style. "Arter that, boys, I larned one thing, and that was, never to b'lieve my bar dead, till I had gutted him."

**PEDDLING ELOQUENCE.**—Gentlemen, these razors were made in a cave, by the light of a diamond, in Andalusia, in Spain. They can cut as quick as

thought, and are as bright as the morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will be clean shaved in the morning.



## MY LUCK.

BY ROBERT HOWE GOULD.



I know that I am celebrated! I do not blush to confess it. It's not my fault;—I cannot help it! I am perfectly aware that I am chronicled in story, invoked in song, and immortalized in comedy. I know you have heard of me ten thousand times;—but I am not to blame—“It's my luck!”

There never lived a man who naturally and instinctively shrunk from fame with so much sensitiveness as myself—yet thus I have had it thrust upon me. I can only repeat—“It's my infernal luck!”

I cannot endure this state of things any longer. I must “burst out” in regard to my sufferings; there must be something done, or I shall certainly go mad!

I'll call a public meeting—I'll appeal to the Legislature—I'll change my name—I'll get a divorce from this cursed fate that follows me.

I know I'm excited; I feel it. But, confound it! what else can you expect? Indeed I need your indulgence,—I want your sympathy. *Sympathy?*—Why, I never met with such a thing in my life, except from one individual, and he died the next day.

But it is not sufficient that I am miserable. I am not allowed to luxuriate quietly in my own wretchedness, and wrap my miseries around me, as they wear widow's weeds. My woes are dragged before the public: my own private sorrows are made the theme of general mirth. My agonies are considered to be most laughable comicalities. I have myself seen a thousand people grinning, hyena-like, over the wretchedness of Guy Goodluck, as portrayed by some inhuman wretch of a comedian. That diabolical farce, that identical petite comedy, is the veritable transcript of a few brief pages, extracted at random from the record of *my* life. I was the victim of the machinations of that “d—d, infernal, diabolical John Jones!” I am “that rash and most unfortunate man,” therein styled, with facetious bitterness, *Guy Goodluck*.

Sir, I have expressed a wish to draw upon your sympathy; and I wish to convince you that I need and deserve it. If the narrative which I hereto append does not serve as a letter of credit authorizing an unlimited draft;—if your ear, open to others, should be deaf to me, I can only repeat that—“It's my luck!”

A few years since, I commenced a tour through the States, and it is to the incidents of that tour that I would ask your attention; firmly convinced, that when you have perused the painful history, you will unhesitatingly accord to me that distinctive appellation—“*The unfortunate man*.”

I left New York for Charleston, South Carolina, in a vessel recommended as a fast sailer, on a Friday, in preference to waiting until the following Monday for the steam packet. This ship's voyages for three years previous, had averaged something less than *five days*; but I was on board, *my* interests were involved, and the vessel was driven off the coast by a tremendous gale: thus five weeks elapsed before we reached Charleston, minus the mizen-mast and fore-top-mast, and in a state of incipient starvation:—

“Just my luck!”

Leaving Charleston in a week, I took the morning railroad train for Augusta, Georgia. Should have been in Augusta between four and five o'clock P. M. Locomotive broke down, obliging us to walk five miles in a drenching rain; and we did not arrive until two the next morning. Hotels all closed;—no beds, “except the soft side of a plank” at the depot.

Next day, made my way to a hotel. The weather being fine and warm, they gave me a room without any fire-place, and looking due north through three large windows. That afternoon an influx of travellers filled the house, so that they had not a square inch of room to spare—and *then* the weather changed! The next three were the only really cold days that had visited Augusta in five years.

Of course I took a cold that stuck by me for the next six months:—

“Just my luck!”

Left Augusta in the stage-coach for Florida, at seven o'clock, on as fine an evening as ever was seen. Before ten, there came down such a rain as had not been seen since the days of the patriarch Noah; in the midst of which the coach capsized in the woods, and we spent nearly the whole remainder of the night *al fresco*, in getting again under way. Rode in wet garments till dinner time, and then, it being late, no time was allowed to change them, but we were obliged to ride on undried; in a predicament, and undergoing a process of evaporation, only to be appreciated by a victim of Priesnitz. Pushed on all that day and another night, without any respite; came to a river (the Ogeechee), where, for twenty years, there has been a bridge strong enough to withstand all freshets; but as I wanted to cross it, it had been washed away during the previous night. After some delay, we put ourselves into a crazy concern of a flatboat, and crossed, coach and all. In the course of this operation my hat was knocked overboard and lost, and I was compelled to perform the remainder of my journey in a night-cap. At length we reached the Chattahoochee river, on the confines of Florida; a steamboat had passed half an hour before our arrival, and

no other expected for a week. Before the week expired the river had fallen so low as not to be navigable.

"Just my luck!"

Took land conveyance for Pensacola in Florida; went about forty miles, and was obliged to turn back by a sudden outbreak of the Indians. Circumstances, growing out of this cause, increased the term of additional detention to about three weeks. Reached Mobile *eventually*, though every ten miles of the way had required from me about three hours more for their accomplishment than they would from any one else. Two steamboats left Mobile for New Orleans at the same hour: I embarked on board the *fastest*; sure to arrive two hours sooner than the other. Our engine got out of order, and the *slow* boat beat us by half-a-day. I had a wager pending with a fellow-passenger, that we should beat *her* by an hour!

Went to a hotel in New Orleans. Crowded—but could give me a fine room; the only objection being, that the key was lost—that, however should be replaced in the morning. Spent the evening very pleasantly; retired, for once in my life, in high spirits. Awoke the next morning minus a pair of inexpressibles and all my cash!—

"Just my luck!"

Having, by some unusual conjunction of fortunate circumstances, letters of credit, and not having happened to lose *them*, I succeeded in reclothing my nether limbs and relining my pockets;—and, in a state bordering on frenzy, I rushed on board a steamboat bound up the Mississippi.

That boat was the ill-fated OMAHOCA!

After enduring all the horrors of the scene of death consequent upon the fearful explosion on board that "ill-starred, perfidious bark," I escaped from her at Vicksburg, landed, and went to the principal hotel. That very night, "the great fire" broke out, consuming the whole square on which the hotel stood. I escaped, with the loss of all my baggage. Owing to exposure, fright, and fatigue, I was attacked the next day with a bilious fever, which kept me a prisoner for six weeks!—

"Just my luck!"

The fever finally "evacuated;" and salivated, scorched, and worn to a skeleton—more dead than alive—I started for the Red River, in the vain hope that on the extreme verge of civilization my infernal "luck" might desert me. 'Twas a vain attempt! After that "jumping-off-place of all creation," *Shreveport*, was left behind us, (being more than six hundred-miles up that wild stream, the Red River,) and just as I began to indulge the fondest anticipations, the boat struck a snag in "the great raft," and sunk in twenty minutes.

There being no other steamboat at that time up the river, we were obliged to take small boats and go down, drifting with the current by day, and sleeping on shore (with the snakes, alligators, and mosquitoes) by night. Arrived, after a week of this tedious voyaging, at Natchitoches, and there got on board a small steamboat, and continued our downward course. The river being at flood, the boat ran into the woods and knocked down both her chimneys. They fell overboard and sunk! We lay for a day, and built wooden chimneys out of some planks which were found piled on the shore.—

Thought them rather combustible; but the captain had used similar ones frequently with perfect success. So we started; ran merrily for about ten miles. Why not twenty or fifty? I was on board. The confounded chimneys took fire and were consumed, the boat herself having a narrow escape!

"Just my luck!"

By some means or other, I hardly know what, I reached Cincinnati, Ohio. Met there an old friend; one of my few real friends. "After all my troubles and torments," thought I, "this is one happiness beyond the reach of fate;"—but he was going to New Orleans the same day!—This, however, I made the best of. He had taken passage in a beautiful new boat. This was to be her first trip; and, willing to give the citizens a treat, her captain invited the friends of the passengers to remain on board, and he would run two or three miles up the river, and land them as he passed the pier on his way down. We remained on board. I remained. The boat ran two or three miles up the stream, turned, and when nearly at the wharf again a fearful explosion was heard:—the shattered fragments of the MOSELLE were scattered upon the stream and shores of the Ohio!

My woes were not to end thus. Happening to wish to be killed, such an event was an impossibility. I was rescued from the water perfectly uninjured.

"Just my luck!"

Some time elapsed. I went to Canada. I joined the "patriots." Now, thought I, linked with men as desperate as myself, I may at least bring my sorrows to a speedy termination. Everything worked in unison with my hopes. I was taken prisoner, in arms! I was tried at London, Upper Canada, and sentenced to be hanged! The day arrived; I stood upon the scaffold; the fatal noose was placed around my neck; already I seemed to have advanced one step into the other world. Just as I was expecting the irrevocable signal for the executioner to launch me forth, a reprieve arrived from Sir George Arthur! This was followed by a free pardon! My happiness in prospect of the close of my career was considered proof positive of insanity. Some persons curious in monomania had obtained my release!

I was sent out of the province, of course. I took the stage for Detroit, in Michigan. The stage proprietors were in the habit of shortening their route some seventy miles, by traversing the ice on Lake Saint Clair. We took the same course in the present instance. A strong north-west gale came on, and the ice began to break up. We were obliged to make for the shore with all our speed, and eventually to abandon the horses and coach, and clamber over the broken ice to the land. Two fellow-passengers were drowned. My perfect indifference preserved me, and I landed in safety.

I arrived at Detroit. Some prospect existing of disturbance on the frontier, I enlisted in the United States' army. I wanted to be *shot*,—instead of which I froze my toes, and received a flogging for sleeping while on sentry duty. I never *can* sleep. Not even in a stage-coach or railway-car. Never could—always, under all circumstances, restless and wakeful. It was essential for me to keep awake, and, of course, I went to sleep like a hog! I got flogged—*I, for sleeping!*

A fellow-soldier committed a contemptible piece of

petty larceny. I was convicted of the deed, flogged again, and drummed out of my regiment!—

"Just my luck!"

I came again to New York. Eventually, I determined to commit suicide. I bought a pistol. I loaded it. I went to my room and put it to my head,—as I thought! I did nothing of the sort! I missed my mark by six inches, and utterly demolished a very expensive mantle-clock, an heir-loom in my landlady's family.

"Just my luck!"

It is cold,—you know it is cold,—infernally cold! Many instances have occurred of people being killed by a mere plunge into the river in such weather. I rushed to the wharf—I plunged into the water. "Now," exclaimed I, triumphantly, "save me who can!"

A venerable watchman, who ought to have been fast asleep, (and had been so at the same hour from time immemorial,) saw me,—had me picked up!

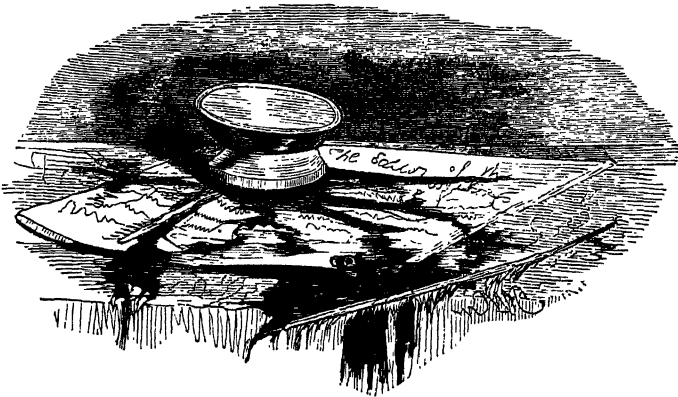
I was sitting on a cake of ice,—had been in the water half an hour. I ought to have been dead for some minutes before I was taken out. Any other man would have died twice in the same time. Never better in the whole course of my life than I was the next morning.

"Just my luck!"

I have been writing these painful details from an inkstand as big as a half-bushel, with a base as broad as that of Mount Atlas;—never was known to capsize; a twenty foot lever could not upset it, though the fate of nations depended upon the accomplishment of such a result. I barely caught the tip of my pen in it, and it was hurled bottom upwards upon my manuscript, burying it beneath an ocean, a cataclysm of ink.

My hands are covered with it! My lap is deluged! My paper, my desk, my handkerchief, my carpet, are all of a hue as dark as my destiny!

"It's just my luck!"



## HOW TO SELL A CLOCK.

ANON.

"MADAM, can I sell you a clock to-day?" inquired a peddler, as he was met at the door by a woman of the house at which he had stopped.

"No," replied the woman, civilly, yet decidedly, "we want no such article."

"I have several fine clocks, madam," said the peddler.

"Very likely," said the woman, "but we want none"—at the same time retreating a few paces from the door.

"May I ask," inquired the peddler, advancing within the door a little, but cautiously and civilly, as the woman retreated—"may I ask, madam, whether you have a clock?"

The woman cast, I will not say an indignant look at the clock-man—but a look certainly not kind; at the same time saying with some spirit—"we want none of your clocks, sir."

The peddler took his seat.

The scene which we have thus briefly described occurred, some years since, in the "Old Dominion," but in what particular section we are not at liberty

to say. The house at which it occurred was a well-looking habitation; old, indeed, but kept in clever repair. It was owned and occupied by a farmer of some consideration in those parts, but singular and very set in his way. Like some others, in other quarters, he had imbibed strong antipathies against Yankeeedom and all its inhabitants. He fairly hated the sight of a peddler; and, although disposed to treat his species with civility, he had not at all times been so fortunate as to do so. In several instances, indeed, he had dismissed with some severity these itinerant merchants, who had offered their commodities for sale within his precincts. Even his dog seemed to know when one drove up, and snarled and growled with more than ordinary spirit, to the evident satisfaction of the master. As to purchasing an article of any of the detestable fraternity—that he would never do—no, not he, whatever were his necessities. And he was true to his word. For, more than once, it had happened that articles had been offered just at a time when he needed them, and which could not be obtained

in the retired situation in which he lived—but he would not even look at them. The corn might remain unhoed, and the house never be swept, before he would purchase a hoe or a broom of a peddler.

The sentiments of Mr. M., moreover, had obtained no small notoriety among the peddling fraternity. They all understood the matter; and, although several, prompted by a more than ordinary share of confidence in their selling powers, had made a visit to the place, determined not to leave the game until they had run it down, they had all to a man been foiled. The Virginia farmer was proof against their strategy; and had urged his wife never, in his absence, to purchase any article, especially not a clock.

This day Mr. M. had gone to a neighboring town to transact some business; expecting to return the same evening. Shortly after his departure, the peddler drove up.

Jasper Callum was no ordinary specimen of a Yankee. He had all the tact and shrewdness of the Codfish State, all the hardness and impenetrability of the Granite State—and all the determination of a Green Mountain Boy. He was a Yankee—and one of the "straightest set"—a keen, sharp-sighted, ready-witted man, of some two or three and twenty. He was a great tactician at selling—no matter what was the article or commodity, he could always sell; and he delighted in nothing more than to follow hard upon a brother peddler, and to compare notes with him at the end of the tour. Generally, Jasper could show more dollars taken in a given time than any other peddler who travelled in the "Old Dominion." Besides, his personal appearance was in his favor; he was well-mannered, and was seldom off his guard.

He had, as we have seen, made known his errand, and had received a denial. Most peddlers would have retired. *He* took a seat. There was a seeming rudeness in so doing, especially as the woman had given no such invitation; but the manner of his doing it divested it of all impropriety. It was taken hesitatingly and with an appearance of weariness; and he did that which is not always done by peddlers, he civilly removed his hat.

Minutes passed—or they seemed minutes to the peddler—during which he sat in silence, pondering upon the course most likely to ensure success—the woman, meanwhile, employing herself in brushing the hearth and adjusting the chairs; at length, Jasper ventured to say, "Madam, with your leave, I'll show you one of my clocks."

"You may show as many as you please," said the woman, "but we want none—haven't I already told you?"

She had, indeed, so told him; but, nevertheless, he had gained an important point—the permission to show his clocks. In a short time, therefore, he was again entering the door, bearing in his hands a handsome looking clock—brass wheels, mahogany case, gilded at various points, and withal a pretty landscape, painted on a glass in front, below the face. In short, it was a fair specimen of Jerome's best Bristol make. Fortunately—so the peddler thought—the mantel happened to be unoccupied, and there, in the centre, the clock was duly installed. It was wound up, and soon began its duty—click, click, click.

The peddler resumed his seat.

I said he had gained something. So he thought;

but despite of all that he had done, the woman seemed as unmoved as a marble statue—she took not the slightest notice of him or his clock. This was strange. She left the room; and as the door closed, the peddler noticed that she more than half turned round, and cast a momentary glance at the clock. And that look was voluntary. It cost her an effort—it betrayed curiosity—the peddler didn't quite despair.

But his hopes were ere long again on the ebb. The woman seemed to have no disposition to return; at least, she didn't make her appearance; and with a good deal of reason the peddler thought that she did not intend to return. Probably she supposed that he had departed. Be this as it may, the peddler was giving up, and had actually risen, and was in progress toward the clock, with a view to deport it once more to his wagon, when the door creaked and she again entered.

She seemed inclined to pause—and, perhaps, did pause—but what was more to the peddler's purpose, he fancied that she was about to hazard some remark—he hoped a commendation of the clock—at least a word as to its good appearance. But he mistook. She did, indeed, speak a word or two only, however; but for the life of him, the peddler couldn't decide whether the drift was for or against him. "I wish Mr. M. was at home," said the woman, "he—" she paused.

"What was she going to add?" The peddler would have given almost the price of the clock to have had his doubts resolved. "*He*"—did she mean that her husband could decide for himself? So the peddler wished to believe, while his better opinion, judging from her manner, was that she meant to intimate that her husband would be even more summary—more indifferent he could not appear—more set and determined was impossible. But putting the construction upon her words most favorable to his present interests, he ventured to supply what she had failed to say, "Yes, indeed," said he, "if Mr. M. were at home, I dare say he wouldn't lose such a bargain."

"*Bargain!*" the peddler had unconsciously used a word of talismanic power all the world over. That word seemed to arrest the woman's attention—and, for the first time, she raised her eyes and fairly looked at the clock. And so it happened, that, at this critical moment in the history of that clock, and in the proceedings of the peddler in relation to the sale of it, it struck one, two, three, up to eleven. Its tones were soft, musical, attractive. It ceased—and for a moment there was silence, but it was soon interrupted by the woman's adding, "It certainly strikes prettily."

The ecstasy of the peddler was near being betrayed; but it was for his interest to conceal his pleasure, and so, rising, he moved towards the clock, saying, "Its striking is good—better, I think myself, than is common;" at the same time opening the door and pulling the striking wire, upon which its musical tones filled the room.

"It does sound well," said the woman.

"Good!" whispered the peddler to himself.

"Haven't there recently been some improvements in clock-making?" asked the woman.

"Better and better," thought the peddler—"Madam," said he, rousing from his apparent reverie, "you asked me about improvements? O yes, a many improvements—clocks are made nowadays in great perfection, and very cheap—but—I was

about making a proposition in reference to that clock—"but he was cut short in the very sentence—

"I can save you all trouble of that sort," said the woman, "I may take none of your clocks."

"There again," thought the peddler, "all aback!" and now, how to retrieve lost ground, he was quite at a loss. But a second thought came to his aid. The language of the woman was peculiar—"I may take none."

"Madam!" the peddler resumed, and with some little more assurance, "I was going to put this clock to you on such terms as that *you* may, or any other woman in the wide world might take it."

The woman listened. She raised her hand to her forehead—she hesitated—she seemed inclined to ask a question, and at length she did inquire—

She had laid a more than ordinary emphasis, perhaps unconsciously, on the word *purchase*. "What!" thought the peddler, "does she expect me to *give* her a clock?" No, he could not give the clock. That would deprive him of an anticipated and now much desired triumph. But matters now stood in such a position as to demand prompt and decisive action. The peddler, therefore, met the emergency like a tactician. "Madam," said he, "I ask no money for the clock. I am willing to take such articles in payment as you have to spare, and at your own price."

The woman fairly stared. The matter wore a new aspect.

"I mean just what I say, madam," said the peddler, observing her apparent surprise. "Just what you have to spare, and at your own price."



"How do you sell your clocks?"

The peddler was too politic to betray his sense of the advantage he was gaining, and rather coolly remarked, "You seem so reluctant, madam, to purchase a clock, that I'm at a loss how to reply. But if you will take one, I'll put it pretty much at your own price."

"You will?" said she, her countenance relaxing into a sort of smile, mingled with a spice of incredulity. "That's not a common way with you peddlers."

"Oh no," said he, "we live by our trade, and must make a trifle at least, now and then; but we must sell if we don't make much."

While the peddler was talking, she had approached the clock for the purpose of examining it—the peddler hoped with reference to a purchase. And by way of helping on this decision, he opened the clock—displayed its machinery—and cautiously recommended it, by saying, "It's a handsome piece of furniture, you see—useful—and, with your leave, it occupies just the place for it."

"It looks well," rejoined the woman, "but—" she paused, "I—" she began, and again stopped. At length, however, she added, "I may not purchase it."

"But what do you ask for the clock?"

"Fifteen dollars—the small sum of fifteen dollars."

The woman took a seat. For a few minutes, she seemed to be abstracted and lost. But at length, returning to the subject, she said, "On the terms you propose, I will take the clock."

That was the decision which the peddler had been looking for with all imaginable desire, and now, no time was to be lost—and none, indeed, was lost.

"Follow me," said the woman, rising and leading the way to an outer room, where was standing a cask with about a bushel of flax-seed, which had been there time out of mind. Her husband had often wished it away, and now the peddler might take it.

"All right," said the peddler, "and at what price?"

"Three dollars," replied the woman—it was double the price of clean fresh seed.

"Agreed," said the peddler, his mind running over the loss he must sustain on this basis; but loss or no loss, he was glad to sell a clock.

"What next, madam?" inquired the peddler.

"Well," said the woman, beginning fairly to exult at the good bargain she was making, and even

luxuriating in the thought, as how her husband would himself be pleased at her skill in bargaining, "we've got a calf you may take."

"A what?" asked the peddler, a cold shudder following hard on the annunciation.

"A calf, sir," repeated the woman, "you said you would take any thing we had to spare."

"Right, right," said the peddler, recovering himself as well as he could, "a calf—O yes, all the same, that is, nothing amiss by way of trade in this world; turn it to account, I dare say."

By this time the woman had conducted our hero to a small pen, with a southern exposure, adjoining the barn, and there lay—a skeleton!

"This is the calf," said the woman.

The peddler started back involuntarily; he bit his lips, and for a moment was on the point of demurring. What on earth was such a sickly-looking creature worth? What could he do with it? How could he carry it? These, and half a score of kindred questions, flitted across his mind. The peddler was perplexed; he was out-generalled; but, re-installing his waning confidence with the thought that he could deposit the sorry-looking brute under some hedge by the wayside, like a veteran soldier in the "battles of life," he marched up to the emergency, and with commendable good humor, said—

"Yes, yes—a calf, truly—but is it alive?" at the same time half spurning it with his foot. "Yes, and alive 'tis, surely. I thought it was dead. Here, you young ox, rouse up."

The calf yawned.

"Well, it does breathe, upon my soul," said the peddler; "yonder old cart can't yawn."

"Indeed," said the woman, her countenance relaxing into a veritable smile; "indeed, I thought myself, at the instant, that the creature was dead. It has been ailing for more than a week, and my husband said only yesterday, that he believed it would die; and he didn't much care how soon it did die. It looks a little better, I think."

Better! the peddler could have cried with vexation. But there was no escaping from this dilemma. So, with as good a grace as was possible, he inquired, "What price do you put upon your calf?"

"Only ten dollars," replied the woman.

The peddler started. "Ten dollars!" he exclaimed with surprise. "Ten dollars! who ever heard of such a price for a calf just gasping."

"You are committed," drily observed the woman.

"I see I am—committed—out-generalled, madam."

"Isn't it fair?" asked the woman.

"Fair!" repeated the peddler, "fair as the day itself; right—all right; ten dollars—never mind, turn it to account, I dare say."

This half-way controversy about the calf was thus summarily settled, and a few other matters added, the clock was paid for. But the peddler did not feel to boast, as they say. He was vanquished, and yet the victor. He had made a *bona fide* sale of a clock where all hitherto had failed; and though for the present he couldn't show the shiners for his bargain, he hoped in some way to bring up arrears, and return to tell a fair story to his competitors.

The blood freshened his cheeks a good deal more than usual, it must be confessed, as he helped the helpless "young ox" to mount. It was quite a lug, as they say; and, to tell the truth, he was right

glad when his wagon, with its added contents of dying stock and dead stock, was fairly in the public highway.

On emerging from the premises of Farmer M., he turned south towards V——n Court House, situated some few miles distant. He now ascertained that the court was in session, and his plan of operation was prejudicated upon this unwelcome intelligence.

On reaching the green, he was satisfied that the court was in session. Accordingly he drew up at some little distance from the front door, unhitched his horses, and made ready. Shortly after, the court adjourned. The throng issued from the building in great good humor—a cause having just been decided the right way to please the populace. At this critical moment, the peddler stepped upon his cart, and in a civil way begged to announce that he had some few articles which he would be happy to show them.

The crowd gathered round, and the inquiry rose thicker and faster, "What have you got?" "What have you got?"

Responding to the already clamorous demand, the peddler, with a calm and composed front, said, "that if the gentlemen pleased, he would take the liberty to exhibit a specimen of *flax-seed*. He paid a large price for it, and not having a great quantity, he would sell only a single spoonful of it to one individual. In this way he could give them all a chance; but mark it, gentlemen, if you please," said he, "I sell only one spoonful to an individual; one spoonful—not a thimbleful more."

"Price?" inquired a farmer.

"One dollar, gentlemen, per spoonful," said the peddler. "I know it's high—but *such* flax-seed, gentlemen, you don't see every day."

"A dollar for a spoonful of flax-seed!" exclaimed an old settler, with a long pendant queue at his back, "I never heard of such a price."

"A fair price, I dare say," said a man standing by; "a fair price, if it's the genuine—the genuine—there, now, I can't think of the kind—it's the new sort. I'd give five dollars, if I couldn't get a spoonful without. Only for seed, sir—for seed."

"Pray, Mr. Peddler," said another, "is the seed imported?"

"Why, I rather think it was. I imported it."

"From what country did it come?" asked another.

"Well, that's more than I can say, whether from Flanders, or Ireland, or New Holland."

But these names were enough; and as the last seemed to linger longest on some one's mind, he immediately exclaimed, "New Holland! yes, I dare say—a grand country for flax;" and presently the multitude had improved upon these hints, and round it went, that there was flax-seed of a choice kind, just in from New Holland; and one man, who seemed to know something of geography, and whose logic was about equal to what he knew of the face of the earth, declared that as it had come some thousands of miles, it was *therefore* probably a very long or tall kind.

"Gentlemen!" said the peddler who had watched the increasing enthusiasm with great satisfaction, "gentlemen, one dollar per spoonful for this flax-seed—your only chance—don't expect ever to offer flax-seed here again; last chance, gentlemen—who'll—"

He was cut short by the advance of a staid looking man, who said, "I'll take a spoonful."

"And I,"—"and I,"—"and I," said half a dozen voices all together.

"One at a time, gentlemen," said the peddler, "serve you all, and just as fast as I can."

And so he went on, parcelling out the flax-seed, and pocketing the dollars, till at last he had the profound pleasure of stowing away in his money-wallet the seventy-fifth dollar for the seventy-fifth spoonful of flax-seed taken from an old cask in the out-room of Mr. M., in the "Old Dominion," in part pay for a clock, but which some of the purchasers would have it had come direct from New Holland.

"Seventy-five dollars for the flax-seed," said the peddler, "seventy-five dollars—seventy-five—that will do."

And now the peddler's voice was again heard, and in a somewhat higher key. "Gentlemen," said he, "I've a still more remarkable article to dispose of—only one, and only one can have it; and the question is, who will be the fortunate purchaser. Gentle—men, this *calf* is for sale."

The welkin rung. "A calf for sale!" said half a dozen voices. "Come, walk up—who'll buy? Who wants a calf?"

fellow, stepping up; "why, you simpleton, don't you know the value of the creature you are selling—even a bigger simpleton might see with half an eye that he's Durham; look at his white spots—he's handsome as a picture."

"Handsome!" retorted another, "I wonder where you see beauty."

"Well," said another, "never mind for beauty—what's his name, Mr. Peddler?"

"Durham," said the peddler. "I don't know exactly what to call him. I guess we'll call him Dromeo."

"Romeo, you fool," said a voice in the crowd.

"Oh, yes, what a mistake; funny enough," said the peddler. "Romeo, gentlemen, Romeo—who'll buy?"

And now, as in the case of the flax-seed, the praises of Romeo went the round, till there was even a controversy who should have him.

A square-built man was the purchaser. The money was paid, even before it was let down on terra firma. But that operation was now gone through with, and the first result was that the calf fell like a flounder.



"You'd better sell yourself," said a roguish-looking stripling, addressing the peddler.

"Quite likely, my man," responded the peddler. "I lately felt a good deal more like a calf than I do just now. But I'll sell the calf first, and then think about selling myself. This calf for sale. Who bids?"

"Price?" said one.

"Twenty-five dollars," replied the peddler.

"What breed?" asked another.

"Well, you all see, as for that matter, that he's *short horns*."

"Very plain matter of fact, that," said a good-natured jolly sort of fellow. "Is he Durham, or what is he?"

"That's more than I know—he's *short horns*, but whether Durham or Dedham—how can I tell?"

"Durham!" exclaimed a prompt, rosy-cheeked

"O, aint you ashamed of yourself?" said the peddler; "come, stand up in the presence of these gentlemen."

The calf, however, couldn't find his legs, as they say; and the peddler had to explain and apologize for his want of manners. "He had been a little ailing," he believed, "but the person of whom he purchased him, said he looked better."

"No wonder if he does ail a little," said a man who was helping him to stand up; "it's a long voyage he's come, and cattle are quite likely to get sick on a voyage."

"That, indeed," said another; "he looks like as if he'd been very sea-sick—I daresay he was."

"He needs something to eat," said the peddler, "it's a good while that he's been fasting."

"Well," said the purchaser, with some assurance, and well satisfied with his bargain, "plenty of milk

hard by—come, boys, give him a lift into the wagon, and I'll import him a little further."

Accordingly, some half a dozen hands were soon occupied in raising the calf into the farmer's cart.

Meanwhile the peddler rolled up the bills, and safely deposited them in his pocket-book, which, on returning to its usual place, he said, "One hundred dollars! one hundred dollars for a clock!—that will do!"

No time was now lost by the peddler in rehitching his horses; which done, he left for headquarters, there to tell and exult over the success of his experiment in selling a clock. The multitude, which had been some time thinning, now left the Court House and its precincts to their solitude.

\* \* \* \* \*

At about half-past seven that evening, farmer M. having returned, was quietly seated with his wife at the supper-table. He seemed, though wearied, in excellent spirits. Several circumstances had occurred during the day to put him in good humor. And for some reason his wife looked, he thought, more than ordinarily interesting; she was dressed with more taste. The room was neat and tidy; the light shone more brilliantly, and the table had a better bill of fare; in short, Mrs. M. had exerted herself to give her husband as kind and welcome a reception as she well could. And she had evidently succeeded. He seemed pleased, while she herself was unusually cheerful and sociable.

She had just poured out a third or fourth cup of tea, and was in the very act of handing it to her husband across the table, when from an adjoining room was heard the clock striking one, two, three, four.

Mr. M. had taken up the cup, but it fell as suddenly as if that instant a paralysis had seized his arm—the cup broke, and the tea flooded the table; at the same time, the glance of a kindled eye shot across at his wife.

"Caroline!" said he, in a somewhat sharp and inquisitive tone.

"Husband!" at the same time exclaimed Mrs. M. "My dear husband, will you hear me?"

"No," said the exasperated man; "hear what? What is the meaning of all this? No, I don't want to hear any explanation. You have violated—"

"My dear husband," interrupted Mrs. M., "only hear me—one instant—one brief explanation."

"None," said he, rising from his chair. At the same time his wife rose, and approaching him, gently laid her hand upon his shoulder, and supplicated his calm and kind attention to her explanation.

"Have you purchased that clock?" he inquired.

"Husband, may be I've done wrong," she replied, "but how can you judge till you hear?"

Mr. M. was a man of impulse, as the reader will readily perceive; and yet he was kind in his nature; and when reason was permitted to speak, he was disposed to listen and judge with candor.

At his wife's request he resumed his seat. She drew her chair to his side. She explained. First she spoke of the calf, and of the ten dollars allowed her for it.

"You recollect, husband," said she, "that only yesterday you wished it dead."

"Ah, that indeed," said Mr. M., his choler beginning again to wax hot, "but I had rather lose

twenty calves than patronize one of those detestable peddlers. You knew my wishes."

"I did, my husband; and but for the opportunity of getting rid of articles absolutely valueless to us, I should never have presumed to have made such a purchase."

"Well, let that pass," said the husband, his own good sense confessing that she got a large price for the calf, only he didn't wish to be thought patronizing a peddler.

"You got a large price," he added.

"Well," replied Mrs. M., "the clock-man," she avoided the mention of the word peddler, "allowed me to name my own price, and I aimed to please you."

"To please me!" said Mr. M. petulantly.

"Not to excite your displeasure, rather, I should have said."

"Well, what next?"

"Well, then, husband, you recollect that cask of old flax-seed out in—"

"Flax-seed!" he exclaimed, his voice absolutely sounding through the whole house, at the same time the blood rushing to his face—"flax-seed!—did you sell that flax-seed?"

"Pray," said Mrs. M., "what is the matter? What have I done to raise this awful storm?"

"Done?" said he, "done? That flax-seed!—was it, then, that?" He paused. "And pray what did you get for it?"

"There was nearly a bushel of it," replied Mrs. M., "and I was allowed three dollars for it."

"Three dollars a bushel!" he exclaimed. "Yes, it must be that—it must be."

The whole truth was now before him. He understood the length and breadth of the matter. His wife was the dupe of a keen and practised peddler; but she was less a dupe than himself. Slowly putting his hand into his pocket, he took thence a paper, which he handed to his wife, and bid her open it. She did so; and in it was a spoonful of what was once *flax-seed*.

Judge her surprise!

"Husband!" said she, "what does this mean?"

"Mean?" said he, "why, it means that I am more of a fool than yourself. You sold a bushel of flax-seed for three dollars, and I paid one dollar for a spoonful of it. That is what it means."

The story was soon told. He was one of the seventy-five who had that day purchased the flax-seed. He had left the ground before the selling was over, and was ignorant as to the fate of the calf. But now the whole was unravelled. And while husband and wife experienced some mortification, the joke was too good to allow any protracted disturbance of their composure.

Mrs. M. poured out another cup, as her husband declared that the matter of the clock shouldn't deprive him of his usual allowance, especially after a day of such fatigue.

The meal was at length finished; but before that, both had recovered their equanimity, and even smiled at the strange events of the day. The peddler didn't escape some little malediction for the part he had acted; but Mr. M. declared that a man deserved some credit who could carry his purposes despite of such obstacles; but after all, he thought his wife the better salesman, who could dispose of a bushel of old flax-seed for three dollars, and a calf as good as dead, for ten dollars.



## MOSQUITOES.

FROM THE "MANHATTANER IN NEW ORLEANS." BY A. OAKLEY HALL.

Of course, where such a swampy soil and so much rain is found, that eighth plague to modern Egyptians, the mosquito tribe (the insect, and not Indians) are to be discovered without great scrutiny. Your mosquito is a sad drawback in the sunny days and pleasant nights of a New Orleans exile. The mosquito! whose bark is perhaps more disagreeable than his bite.

The month of March in the Crescent City, whether he comes in lamb-like or lion-like, brings mosquitoes, which by April have completely colonized bedrooms, drawing-rooms, and saloons; nay, "all outdoors" besides. And of two classes. One for night duty, one for the tasks of daylight; both equally systematic in all the details of their operations. When twilight deepens, the class that have slept all day in obscure retreats behind curtains, and in wardrobes, and in the shadows of furniture, sally forth and dance about with a noise like the humming of a boarding-school of tops. Then is reading a suspended recreation. Old gloves are a treasure. The presence of a veteran cigar-smoker is a prize. Fans are a luxury. Woe to that person who becomes immersed in thought, or interested in conversation, or overcome by drowsiness in exposed situations. In ten minutes' time, mosquitoes have duly marked him as a rash man; and on the morrow his mirror will become suggestive of small-pox; and his cologne bottle and flesh brush will find active employment in the duties of the toilet.

One retires to rest, and, with as much of the rapidity of lightning as can be employed by nervous fingers, draws his bar of netting and duly tucks it in; forming a wall secure against the assaults, and mining and sapping operations of the whole mosquito army. Behind this he lies until morning, and can sing to his heart's content "Beneath cool shades reposing" with an orchestral accompaniment whose only fault is its monotony.

There is much of science to be displayed in getting beneath this netting of the bed, so that none of the hungry swarms accompany you. I found it no bad plan to institute a feigned attack upon one side, thus drawing thitherward every insect in the room; and then making a rapid march for the other side, escape them thence into the snug quarters of your bed. Or taking a corner seat for a few moments as if about to read; and when the wily insects are beguiled towards you, make the same rapid march for the further corner of the bed. Perhaps often there will be a few mosquitoes who have already obtained an entrance, (admitted to the bar under some new constitution and without an examination,) after ingeniously plotting and planning through the daylight, like the burglars they are. They must be carefully assassinated, while some good friend without, or your body-servant, holds the light in assistance of the tedious search that must sometimes supervene before the prey be ensnared. In default of the friend or the body-servant, a little experience, and an attentive ear, will make you a sharp-shooter even in the shade of night, as, guided by the humming of the enemy, you track him to execution.

Old jokers will tell you of mosquitoes who contemptuously spurn bars and netting; and who will crib your bed of straw or even mattress hair, and

suck you (julep-wise) from without. But this is scan. mag. against the whole insect tribe, and Porter of the "Picayune" should long ago have been assessed in damages for the story.

Cunning and sagacity are eminent characteristics of the mosquitoes of New Orleans. Those who in the daylight most do congregate, know a cane-backed chair a room's length off. They can detect a slight break of leather in your boots as soon as brought within their reach. They are sworn enemies to holes in the elbows or short arm coat-cuffs; or low shoes; or bare necks; or gaping shirt-frills. And a man in their company need well examine his hat before tipping his head with it, or combing and brushing the hair will become rather an exercise than a mere duty of the toilet.

But joking and metaphor aside, the mosquitoes of New Orleans deserve a distinct niche in the temple of its history. They are parts and parcels of its population; coming between the negroes and the mules in nuisance valuation; and far before all men, women and children in point of numbers. They are differently sized, and differently shaped, and differently armed, and differently aged, and differently educated, according as they are in different sections of the city. The First Municipality possesses its mosquito denizens who have become torpid, sluggish, and lazy. Then there are the mosquitoes of the Second Municipality, who are active, energetic, enterprising; who get fat on borrowed capital; who serve and receipt their own bills; who are always active and vigilant. Some of them are dainty, and associate only with fat people whose nightmares are based upon turtle steaks and oyster pies. Others have a promiscuous appetite, and cling to drayman, hoosier, and banker, with equal tenacity. Some are deficient in instinct, and suffer, or die unknown and unregretted in damp corners of closets and on dusty window panes, while their more shrewd and crafty brethren get fat and audacious. Some live through many seasons; seemingly smelling a frosty day twelve hours off, and duly housing in some cast off garment which prudent observation has taught them will not be called into active service; or seeking the friendly aid of a warm chimney corner, whither no dust cloth or broom of vigilant housemaids may track them. Some have eyes keen as their bills, (these are on the day watch, and are old the moment they come into this breathing world, to judge from the greyness of their moustache and hair,) and will watch from a corner of the room until you are absorbed in reading, or writing, or in reflection, then making a sudden dash, lance you, take a long pull, (like a thirsty man at an iced ale,) and withdraw to a rumination; whilst you are left to scratch and rub at leisure the small sized mountains raised upon the place of their visitation by the poison left behind. These do not expose themselves to assassination; but are wary and watchful. Speaking *à la militaire*, if you are eyes right, they have left; if you are eyes front, they fall on your rear; if your eyes are all over, they are nowhere. If you strive at any time to clutch or imprison them in the closing palm, you will find that, Macbeth-like, you had but clutched an airy and unsubstantial vision.

Apocryphos of mosquito diplomacies. A friend of

mine, with his wife, came to New Orleans for a few days in the month of December, preparatory to steaming across the Gulf to Havana in the steamship Alabama, then in the trade. They 'put up' (so the phrase goes for 'lodging' in the South and West) at the St. Charles Hotel; and the first evening of their arrival was spent by me in their company. I left with the promise to come early in the morning for a short tour among the lions.

The water for my breakfast-eggs the following day was quite refractory in bubbling up to boiling point, and I was, therefore, late at the hotel, expecting to find my impetuous friend pedestriating the gentleman's parlor in an agony of impatience. But I walked through the various apartments without finding him. "Perhaps he is tired of waiting, and so gone," thought I; "I will inquire."

"Ah, number 25 is in the smoking room, sir—ah stop—No. 25 that was—No. 25 is now No. 30—couldn't stand the click of the billiard balls near him—No. 25 has not come out yet," said the good-natured and voluble clerk whose mind was wedded to the now involuntary habit of classing ladies and gentlemen by the rooms they filled.

"Beg pardon, sir," said a waiter, "25 had breakfast sent up to them,—beg pardon again, sir, but acted very queerly too, and took the trays in themselves through the crack of the door."

"Parbleu," ejaculated I, "they must be sick—let me run up."

"Jack, my boy—beg Clara's pardon for looking in; but are you sick?" I cried through the key-hole.

"Come in, *sans ceremonie*," answered the full-chested voice of my friend. He was not sick, at all events.

I went in, but immediately started back!

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed out my friend, as he sat very composedly in his easy chair with his wife opposite, and a very tolerable *debris* of a breakfast on the centre table; "don't be frightened: it's rather amusing than otherwise."

"Now, Jack," pouted his usually lively wife, "I'm sure it's a horrid adventure; worse than encounters with African beasts."

I was gazing speechlessly at their countenances, which from the hair line of the forehead to the point of the chin, looked like bushes full of half ripe blackberries.

"Ha, ha, ha," shouted my friend, "I'll bet a quarter you've the same idea as my wife's maid, who, poor little traitress, has gone off somewhere after merely looking in upon us—I'll bet a quarter he thinks we're getting the small-pox," he continued, turning to his wife, who slightly relaxed her

pout as the cheerful hilarity of her spouse resounded through the apartment.

"It certainly looks like it," said I.

"We're horrid frights, I know," added his wife rather despairingly of tone, "and that's the reason we are not down to breakfast at the ordinary."

"But it ain't small-pox," chuckled my friend, "it's—it's—it's *mosquitoes*!"

I took a step or two forward and glanced in at the adjoining bed-room. There was no netting to the bedsteads!

"Why, Jack—Clara—my good friends—where is your 'bar'; this is unpardonable neglect from the house; I—"

"There—there; be easy, don't blame the wrong passenger; it's all our own stupidity in not calling for some one to hang it up. Poor unsophisticated Yankees that we are—coming from a place where a mosquito is pinned against a cabinet shelf, by naturalists for a curiosity—what did we know about mosquitoes, and netting, and all that?—and the thing has been lying on a chair by the bed-side all night. But I must tell you about it. Hold on a bit, though, for a good 'scratch'! When we first retired, we thought there was a curious hum in the air; presently the buzzing came nearer. My wife had the first bite; (as we used to say in our fishing days;) and Clara, you know, is excessively nervous with the very *idea* of bugs in any shape. Soon the truth flashed on us. It was mosquitoes! I got up and struck a light. Clara joined forces and at them we went with slippers and boots. I suppose we killed some hundreds or less—the rascals biting us all the time—when we rather became exhausted. Clara proposed opening the window and driving them out with napkins—a womanish plan you know of de—parlor—ating flies. So we opened the window and slashed about with towels at a vigorous rate. Miscalculating mortals that we were: there was an 'army of reserve' waiting outside, and in *they* made; and down came the window sash *ex necessitate*. We retired again; and again came the buzzing and the biting. One stout mosquito regularly waylaid me like a highwayman; the light we kept burning, and I eyed him for half an hour. Now he would come one side, and then dash at the other; then feigned to withdraw only to resume attack. It was doze—buz—bite—thrash—slap—and scratch until daylight, and here we are what we are. I suppose we're in for all day. Shall we not frighten everybody, and set all the mothers in the streets crazy with the vaccination fever?"

So much for a night of unsophistication with the New Orleans mosquitoes.

## THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

### A Hard-Shell Baptist Sermon.

[This characteristic effusion first appeared in a New Orleans paper. It is a *waltz* worthy of preservation. The locality is supposed to be at a village on the bank of the Mississippi River, whither the volunteer person had brought his flat boat for the purpose of trade.]

I MAY say to you my brethring, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that edication is necessary for a Gospel minister, for I believe the Lord edicates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edicated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny,

whar I live, thar's no man as gets bigger congregations nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethring, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hard



Shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethring, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethring, and although I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capt'ing of the flatboat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my brethring.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice to say, it's in the leds of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhar between the first chapter of the book of Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texes as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it, you shill find it to read thus:—

“And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits uv jest men made perfeck.”

My text, my brethring, leads me to speak of sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fuss place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and thar's the sperits uv turpentine, and thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artikel of them kind of sperits on my flatboat as ever was fotch down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kinds of sperits, for the tex says, “He played on a harp uv a *t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d* strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck.”

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, is *fiar*. That's the kind uv sperits as is meant in the tex, my brethring. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fuss place there's the common sort of fire you light your cigar or pipe with, and then thar's foxfire and camphire, fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex says, “He played on the harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits of jest men made perfeck.”

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brethring—it's *HELL FIRE*! an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for “He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck.”

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piscalpations, an' they are a high sailin' and high-falutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road, and “He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck.”

And then thar's the Methodis, and they may be likened unto the squirril runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums kerfumix, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallen from grace, ah! and “He played on a harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck.”

And then, my brethring, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and clings and he clings furever, for “He played on the harp uv a *thousand* strings, sperits uv jest men made perfeck.”

ADAM laid down and slept;—and from his side  
A woman in her magic beauty rose;

Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman bride,  
And his first sleep became his last repose.

## CAST-OFF GARMENTS.

FROM "NOTHING TO WEAR." BY WILLIAM A. BUTLER.

WELL, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,  
 With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,  
 I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
 At least in the property, and the best right  
 To appear as its escort by day and by night:  
 And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—  
 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,  
 And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—  
 I considered it only my duty to call,  
 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
 I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
 When the time intervening between the first sound  
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
 Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—  
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
 To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
 She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,  
 I thought that you went to the Flasher's to dinner!"  
 "So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,  
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,  
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
 And now will your ladyship so condescend  
 As just to inform me if you intend  
 Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend  
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow),  
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-  
 morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
 And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, mon  
 cher,  
 I should like above all things to go with you there;  
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;  
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
 I engage, the most bright and particular star  
 On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped for her eye,  
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"  
 (Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a  
 shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your  
 pink"—

"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."  
 "Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown moire antique"—"Yes, and look  
 like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey  
 dressmaker

Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,  
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."  
 (Here the nose took again the same elevation)  
 "I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could  
 strike it

As more comme il faut—"Yes, but, dear me,  
 that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,  
 And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;  
 That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,  
 That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich grenadine"—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen."

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite  
 crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you  
 sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,  
 When you quite turned the head of the head of  
 the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much  
 courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,  
 And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,  
 As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,  
 "I have worn it three times at the least calculation,  
 And that and the most of my dresses are ripped  
 up!"

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash.  
 Quite innocent, though; but to use an expres-  
 sion

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling  
 Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men  
 have no feeling,

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.

Your silly pretence—why what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to  
 wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,  
 But you do not believe me" (here the nose went  
 still higher).

"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know  
 what."

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief;

But this only proved as spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;  
 It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and  
 hailed

Interjections, verbs; pronouns, till language quite  
 failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,

And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-

ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

## EXCERPTS.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

A JUDGE in Indiana threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

An Alabama editor says, in an ill-natured paragraph, that he is "very unlike the gentleman of the Louisville Journal." The latter replies that he is probably unlike *any* gentleman.

We think it is an undeniable truth that the Africans, let them go to what part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people the odor of nationality.

A paper, calling itself literary and miscellaneous, advertises that it intends to swallow up every thing around it "like a great maelstrom." We have little doubt that it will prove a great "take in."

An editor says that he gives no heed to what we say—that our words go in at one ear and out at the other. We have no doubt of it. Things pass easily through a vacuum.

A bitter writer in a sectarian newspaper calls his opponent a "hypocrite and a hyena." There is some similarity between the two animals. One prays, and both prey.

A western editor talks of giving in one of his columns the fibs of his neighbor. We presume that the other thirty-five are to be filled with his own—as usual.

The question is discussed in some of the Missouri papers whether raising hemp is a good business. A much better business certainly than being raised by it.

A Canada editor says he has "a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His friends, if they are prudent, will take it from him. He might commit suicide.

A man in the interior of Kentucky has brought suit against his neighbor for bruising his shins. If the jury award damages they should order the amount to be paid in shin-plasters.

A Richmond paper says that "the moon has been rising for some nights with a face as red as a topper's." No imputation ought to be cast upon Cynthia's sobriety. She fills her horn only once a month.

A contemporary wants to know whether fat men are not more kind and compassionate than lean ones. Perhaps they are as a general rule, but all bowels are not bowels of compassion.

A western editor, not noted for brilliancy, says that he "would rather put questions than respond to them." He is perhaps right. He has probably read that fools may ask questions, but that it takes wise men to answer them.

Mr. Thomas Pott, a citizen of Western Texas, publishes a violent communication against his neighbors in general because he has had an axe stolen. His rage is evidently a tempest in a *T Pott*.

A Kentucky editor thinks he is to be pitied because he has been "a whole week without mail intelligence." Perhaps some are still more to be pitied for having been all their lives without intelligence of any sort.

The Washington Union asks whether any party that acts from mere policy can long retain power. Certainly it can, if it acts from a wise policy, and most especially if it acts from the best of all policies, honesty.

A country editor says that we may question his veracity, but that we have no veracity to question. We should never think of questioning such veracity as his, for it won't answer.

A lady has just sent us a basket of fruit, the very sight of which, she thinks, must make us smack our lips. We thank her, and would greatly prefer smacking hers.

Brigham Young in a recent sermon, told the Mormons that it was "more important to raise saints than to raise crops." No doubt he thinks it the more agreeable husbandry of the two.

A contemporary wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. But certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

A lady who could not conceal even from herself the plainness of her face, boasted that her back was perfect. "That is the reason, I suppose, that your friends are always glad to see it," said one of her listeners.

A dishonest and malignant critic, by severing passages from their context, may make the best book appear to condemn itself. A book, thus unfairly treated, may be compared to the laurel—there is honor in the leaves but poison in the extract.

We have heard of men celebrating their country's battles, who, in war, were celebrated for keeping out of them.

## THE LITERATURE OF MIRTH.

BY EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

THE ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. Mirth is a Proteus, changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character, from the most superficial gaiety, to the deepest, most earnest humor. Thus, the wit of the airy, feather-brained Farquhar, glances and gleams

like heat lightning; that of Milton blasts and burns like the bolt. Let us glance carelessly over this wide field of comic writers, who have drawn new forms of mirthful being from life's ludicrous side, and note, here and there, a wit or humorist. There is the humor of Goethe like his own summer morning, mirthfully clear; and there is the tough and

knotty humor of old Ben Jonson, at times ground down to the edge to a sharp cutting scorn, and occasionally hissing out stinging words, which seem, like his own Mercury's, "steeped in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire." There is the incessant brilliancy of Sheridan,—

Whose humor, as gay as the fire-fly's light,  
Played round every subject, and shone as it played;  
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

There is the uncouth mirth, that winds, stutters, wriggles and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Isaac Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation,—and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee,—and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith,—sly, sleek, swift, subtle,—a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! Mark, in contrast with him, the beautiful heedlessness with which the Ariel-like spirit of Gay pours itself out in benevolent mockeries of human folly. There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonic smile; and, see! the immortal personality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and, in a strait, luminous line, with a twang like Scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope,—to

Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,  
And bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star.

There a little above Pope, see Dryden keenly dissecting the inconsistencies of Buckingham's volatile mind, or leisurely crushing out the insect life of Shadwell,—

—owned, without dispute,  
Throughout the realms of Nonsense, absolute.

There, moving gracefully through that carpeted parlor, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyrotechnic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter, to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humor, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving. And now for another change,—glance at the jerks and jets of satire, the mirthful audacities, the fretting and teasing mockeries, of that fat, sharp imp, half Mephistophiles, half Falstaff, that cross between Beelzebub and Rabelais, known in all lands as the matchless Mr. Punch. No English statesman, however great his power, no English nobleman, how-

ever high his rank, but knows that every week he may be pointed at by the scoffing finger of that omnipotent buffoon, and consigned to the ridicule of the world. The pride of intellect, the pride of wealth, the power to oppress,—nothing can save the dunce or criminal from being pounced upon by Punch, and held up to a derision or execration which shall ring from London to St. Petersburg, from the Ganges to the Oregon. From the vitriol pleasantries of this arch-fiend of Momus, let us turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character, by that humor which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter; which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists, whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire, in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in a subtlety of insight which often reaches farther than the subtlety of Steele,—the humor of Hawthorne presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the subtle sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis,—

And no speed of ours avails  
To hunt upon their shining trails.

And now, let us breathe a benison on these our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses, these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

The stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
That weighs upon the heart,—

wherever Wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity,—there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the ludicrous side of life is its wicked side, no less than its foolish; that in a lying world there is still no mercy for falsehood; that Guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn; and that the lesson they teach, agrees with the lesson taught by all experience, that life, in harmony with reason, is the only life safe from laughter—that life, in harmony with virtue, is the only life safe from contempt.

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# CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

MODERN WIT AND HUMOR.



IRISH.

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Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

There is the uncouth mirth, that winds, stutters, wriggles and screams, dark, scornful, and savage, among the dislocated joints of Carlyle's spavined sentences. There is the lithe, springy sarcasm, the hilarious *badinage*, the brilliant, careless disdain, which sparkle and scorch along the glistening page of Holmes. There is the sleepy smile that sometimes lies so benignly on the sweet and serious diction of old Isaak Walton. There is the mirth of Dickens, twinkling now in some ironical insinuation,—and anon winking at you with pleasant maliciousness, its distended cheeks fat with suppressed glee,—and then, again, coming out in broad gushes of humor, overflowing all banks and bounds of conventional decorum. There is Sydney Smith,—sly, sleek, swift, subtle,—a moment's motion, and the human mouse is in his paw! Mark, in contrast with him, the beautiful heedlessness with which the Ariel-like spirit of Gay pours itself out in benevolent mockeries of human folly. There, in a corner, look at that petulant little man, his features working with thought and pain, his lips wrinkled with a sardonic smile; and, see! the immortal personality has received its last point and polish in that toiling brain, and, in a strait, luminous line, with a twang like Scorn's own arrow, hisses through the air the unerring shaft of Pope,—to

Dash the proud gamester from his gilded car,  
And bare the base heart that lurks beneath a star.

There a little above Pope, see Dryden keenly dissecting the inconsistencies of Buckingham's volatile mind, or leisurely crushing out the insect life of Shadwell,—

—owned, without dispute,  
Throughout the realms of Nonsense, absolute.

There, moving gracefully through that carpeted parlor, mark that dapper, diminutive Irish gentleman. The moment you look at him, your eyes are dazzled with the whizzing rockets and hissing wheels, streaking the air with a million sparks, from the pyrotechnic brain of Anacreon Moore. Again, cast your eyes from that blinding glare and glitter, to the soft and beautiful brilliancy, the winning grace, the bland banter, the gliding wit, the diffusive humor, which make you in love with all mankind, in the charming pages of Washington Irving. And now for another change,—glance at the jerks and jets of satire, the mirthful audacities, the fretting and teasing mockeries, of that fat, sharp imp, half Mephistophiles, half Falstaff, that cross between Beelzebub and Rabelais, known in all lands as the matchless Mr. Punch. No English statesman, however great his power, no English nobleman, howev-

er high his rank, but knows that every week he may be pointed at by the scoffing finger of that omnipotent buffoon, and consigned to the ridicule of the world. The pride of intellect, the pride of wealth, the power to oppress,—nothing can save the dunce or criminal from being pounced upon by Punch, and held up to a derision or execration which shall ring from London to St. Petersburg, from the Ganges to the Oregon. From the vitriol pleasantries of this arch-fiend of Momus, let us turn to the benevolent mirth of Addison and Steele, whose glory it was to redeem polite literature from moral depravity, by showing that wit could chime merrily in with the voice of virtue, and who smoothly laughed away many a vice of the national character, by that humor which tenderly touches the sensitive point with an evanescent grace and genial glee. And here let us not forget Goldsmith, whose delicious mirth is of that rare quality which lies too deep for laughter; which melts softly into the mind, suffusing it with inexpressible delight, and sending the soul dancing joyously into the eyes to utter its merriment in liquid glances, passing all the expression of tone. And here, though we cannot do him justice, let us remember the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne, deserving a place second to none in that band of humorists, whose beautiful depth of cheerful feeling is the very poetry of mirth. In ease, grace, delicate sharpness of satire, in a felicity of touch which often surpasses the felicity of Addison, in a subtlety of insight which often reaches farther than the subtlety of Steele,—the humor of Hawthorne presents traits so fine as to be almost too excellent for popularity, as, to every one who has attempted their criticism, they are too refined for statement. The brilliant atoms flit, hover, and glance before our minds, but the subtle sources of their ethereal light lie beyond our analysis,—

And no speed of ours avails  
To hunt upon their shining trails.

And now, let us breathe a benison on these our mirthful benefactors, these fine revellers among human weaknesses, these stern, keen satirists of human depravity. Wherever Humor smiles away the fretting thoughts of care, or supplies that antidote which cleanses

The stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
That weighs upon the heart,—

wherever Wit riddles folly, abases pride, or stings iniquity,—there glides the cheerful spirit, or glitters the flashing thought, of these bright enemies of stupidity and gloom. Thanks to them, hearty thanks, for teaching us that the ludicrous side of life is its wicked side, no less than its foolish; that in a lying world there is still no mercy for falsehood; that Guilt, however high it may lift its brazen front, is never beyond the lightnings of scorn; and that the lesson they teach, agrees with the lesson taught by all experience, that life, in harmony with reason, is the only life safe from laughter—that life, in harmony with virtue, is the only life safe from contempt.



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# CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

MODERN WIT AND HUMOR.



IRISH.

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# CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### IRISH.

#### PADDIANA.

FROM "SCRAPS AND SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE, PRESENT AND PAST." BY THE AUTHOR OF "A HOT-WATER CURE."

On the pier above, stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in gray frieze coats, corduroy breeches, unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder—and every one with a large, long, blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole

forepart, and subsequently the waist, were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin passengers were driven to the extreme afterpart, alongside the tiller; but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin, but every available portion of the deck was crammed with a dense mass of human beings—we of the state cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.

How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned. "Sure, we'll shake in our places by and by," said he; "they'll be quiet enough when they're out of the river: it's then we'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em, too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his



breeches;—no, not him, th' other with the big hole—sure we can't take ye. Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers—haul aft the jib-sheet." And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb tide, and the wind dead against us.

If the reader has ever passed over London bridge on an Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday cockneys, the unvaried gray of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the "dooddeen," instead of the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavored Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places; before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to think of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily; but towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure, and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between the two rival factions, whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued, as till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be trying his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down, to stamp him to death.

At the first appearance of the "shindy," the captain went amongst them to try and stop it; but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and, getting over the side, contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out the vessel was laying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm, she came of course head to wind, and the mainsail jibing swept the boom across the deck, flooring every body abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept

them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption, they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on; and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbors right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo showed to the efforts of the deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights.

An Irishman may be called *par excellence* the bone-breaker amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this their natural propensity there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play: there is no such thing known, whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of—"Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why should we let him up again?"

Painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming "High for Cloney!" He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a "High" for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows are given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the black-thorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with at least one pair of fair but powerful arms; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a soft-hearted fellow—he can't stand it at all—they still squeeze him close; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some distant booth, where in a few minutes more he is "on the floor" in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

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I was walking along the long drinking-tents or booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor being occupied by jig-dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round, these, being close to the canvass walls, showed to the spectators outside the bulging indication of heads, shoulders, elbows, etc. One leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous "alpeen." He looked again at the head—a de-



structive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit; surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the stick under his left arm, and rubs his hands. He smiles; some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quietly round—makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down the heavy knob with all his force upon the skull protruding from the canvas—whack! The heavy sound was awful; surely no human bones could stand this!—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull-breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

Now, this might have been his father, brother—nay, his mother or sister. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected. On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers.

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Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine gray moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odor of the bog myrtle, he threw his gun and game bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene. There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game of leapfrog, or the power to throw a sunnyside, or a license to shout aloud; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gray little *chanson à boire*, murdered Alice Grey outright, and still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck, and gave with that hearty good-will—that unmistakable *con amore* only seen in those who sing without an audience—the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock:—

When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,  
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.  
I took her so lovingly round the waist,  
And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast,  
Oh! these were the joys of our dancing days.

"Bedad, ye may say that!" said a voice within ten yards of him; "that's the way I coorted Kitty. If ye'd been consaled on the premises ye couldn't have tould it better!" If a thunderbolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog beside a grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this greeting; and the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the gray moss, there peered forth the good-humored face of a man about thirty, lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowering, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance showed nothing of

the judge's gravity. The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter—

"Faith, it's true for you!" said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him; "but how the divle ye came know it, sorrow know I know. It's shy enough she was at first, but it's meself that stuck to her. I'll tell yer honor all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that's her father). 'Let her be,' says he; 'wait a while, sure the heifer's young. Any how, ye'r rough in yer ways,' says he. 'Faith, Mr. Hickey,' says I, 'its because I'm in airnest.' 'Divle a doubt of it,' says he; 'but that's no rason why y'd be crushing my choild wid yer hugs. Any how,' says Lanty, 'I'll not consent to it yet; sure I can't spare her till we've got in the praties. So hands aff's fair play,' says he. 'Besides,' says Lanty, (sure he's a cute ould chap, that one), 'where would ye take her if ye were married itself? Ye'd bury her underground,' says he, 'in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it's no place to take me daughter to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convanience in Kilbeggan. If she did consent, it's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There's Burke of Athy says he's proud to discourse wid her when he comes this way; and it's not a week ago,' says he, 'that Oolahan the grocer sent me the half-gallon of Parliament; it's long since ye did the like o' that, or even poteen itself. Faith,' says he, 'the laste ye could do would be to fill the keg in the other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for the winter,' says he. 'Och, murder!' says I; 'Mr. Hickey, ye'r hard upon me,' says I, 'wid yer Burkes, and yer Oolahans. Is it Oolahan? Sure ye wouldn't marry yer daughter to an ould man like him? The divle a taste of a grandfather ever ye'd be, barrin what I'd be shamed to mention. Come,' says I, 'Mr. Hickey, ye'll give me ye'r daughter—she's fond o' me. Clap hands upon that,' says I, 'and I'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the raal stuff,' says I, 'oncet ye taste it, ye'll put Oolahan's Parliament in a jar, and throw stones at it. And I'll build ye the stack if ye'll wait till the turf's dhry; I've a rare ould o' the deep cutting,' says I, 'as hard as stones.'

"Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits and the turf, but the divil a Kitty I got; and I heard it's aften they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. Faith, thinks I, the next thing 'll be I'll have the guager (sure he's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Phillipstown jail. But, any how, says I, I'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come, I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. 'Now,' says I, 'Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't discourse so fine as Mr. Oolahan,' says I, 'but, any how, bring out the key o' the doore, and we'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I'd like to keep him safe,' says I. 'What's that?' says Kitty; 'sure I thought I heard voices beyant,' says she. 'Oh, nothin, me darlint!' says I, 'but a couple o' boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar, wid their harses, and they'll stop for me till I go 'long wid em.'

"Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak; and, says she, 'I'll jist step across to Biddy

Fay's for the haarbes.' 'Well,' says Lanty, 'do so; and while ye're gone I'll jist take a sup o' Oolah-an's sperrits. Faith, it's great stuff,' says he, 'and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronnin's. It's raw stuff, his,' says Lanty. (Th' ould villain, and better never came out of a still!) 'Well,' says he, 'Kitty, I'm poorly to-night, and I'll take it warm; make me a tumbler o' punch,' says he, 'Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me,' says he, 'but I'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that's got a license to sell good sperrits, like Oolah-an, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high,' says he, 'for they're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow,' says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was holding the doore ready to come—'Anyhow, Kitty,' says he, 'ye must think no more o' Mike (that's me); what'll he do for ye,' says he, 'down in the bog? Sure his sperrits is but quare stuff; and what's the trifle

the people do be passing in the lane.' 'Well, with that I caught her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed. 'Ah, can't ye stop?' says she, 'I'd die before I'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me, for the honor o' God; sure I'm young 'as yit!' But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pillalooing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heerd! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in, half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. 'Let me out o' this!' says Lanty, most choked. 'Be quite, Mr. Hickey,' says Pat; 'don't alarm the town. What would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy? Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad sperrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye.



o' turf he sent?—it's most the top-cutting, and mighty light." (The lying ould rap!) 'Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty,' says he, taking a dhrink; 'go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself,' says he; 'sure th' officers do be smoking their cigars upon the bridge,' says he, 'and they're mighty blackguards afther dark. And make haste back, for it's toired I'm getting.'

'Well, faith, at last I heerd her shut the doore; so I just stepped up, and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuk her away towards the harses, and says she, 'Where ye goan? Can't ye coort me here?' says she; 'sure

Betther for ye,' says he, 'to marry your daughter to an honest boy, that does ye no harm,' says he, 'than an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it's getting late,' says Pat, 'and I've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey.' 'Well, well,' says Pat, 'sure th' airly boat do be passing up soon afther daylight, and they'll think it curious to see ye stuck that way in the wall!'

'Well, faith, we left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convience, and its mighty happy we are, barrin the guager.'

#### A SMART RETORT.

The following is from the pen of a celebrated Irish wit. Lord E. declared in a large party, that "a wife was only a *tin canister* tied to one's tail;" upon which Lady E. was presented with the following lines:—

"Lord E. at woman presuming to rail,  
Calls a wife a "tin canister tied to one's tail,"  
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,  
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison.

But wherefore degrading? Considered aright,  
A canister's *polished*, and *useful*, and *brigh*t,  
And should dirt its original purity hide,  
That's the fault of the *puppy* to whom it is *tied*!"

## FATHER O'LEARY.

FROM "PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES." BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

I FREQUENTLY had an opportunity of meeting at my father-in-law's, Mr. Grogan's, where he often dined, a most worthy priest, Father O'Leary, and have listened frequently with great zest to anecdotes which he used to tell with a quaint yet spirited humor quite unique. His manner, his air, his countenance, all bespoke wit, talent, and a good heart. I liked his company excessively, and have often regretted I did not cultivate his acquaintance more, or recollect his witticisms better. It was singular, but it was fact, that even before Father O'Leary opened his lips, a stranger would say, "That is an Irishman," and at the same time guess him to be a priest.

One anecdote in particular, I remember. Coming from St. Omer, he told us, he stopped a few days to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne sur Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity which all the people were running to see—a curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of lingo which they called *patois*, but which nobody understood.

O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candlelight, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was

tired; the keeper hit him with the pole; he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen: his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length, the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and rising on his hind legs, swore at his tormentor in very good native Irish.

O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguards of fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear-skin, and were showing him for six sous! This civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend: at last O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival the bear was still upon duty: and O'Leary, stepping up to him, saying, "*Gand c tha havon, Pat?*" (How do you do, Pat?)—" *Slanger a manngouth*," (Pretty well, thank'ee), says the bear. The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke: but the mayor directly ordered him to be ripped up; and after some opposition and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth (stark naked) out of the bear-skin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off; the men stood astonished; and the mayor ordered the keepers to be put in jail unless they satisfied him; but that was presently done. The bear afterwards told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and



late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper, however, with a short spike at the head of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw, and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way; in fact, our priest was quite diverted. The beast at length grew

did not care much about the clothing, only they worked him too hard. The fishermen had found him at sea upon a hencoop, which had saved him from going to the bottom with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvon, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilbao. He could not speak a word of any lan-

guage but Irish, and had never been to sea before. The fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavored to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.

O'Leary's mode of telling this story was quite admirable. I never heard any anecdote (and I believe this one to have been true) related with so much genuine drollery, which was enhanced by his not changing a muscle himself while every one of his hearers was in a paroxysm of laughter.

Another anecdote he used to tell with incomparable dramatic humor. By-the-by, all his stories were in some way national; and this gives me occasion to remark, that I think Ireland is at this moment nearly as little known on many parts of the continent as it seems to have been then. I have myself heard it more than once spoken of as an *English town*.

At Nancy, where Father O'Leary was travelling, his native country happened to be mentioned; when one of the *société*, a quiet French farmer of Burghundy, asked in an unassuming tone, "If Ireland stood *encore*?"—"Encore!" said an astonished John Bull courier, coming from Germany, "*encore*! to be sure she does: we have her yet, I assure you monsieur." "Though neither very safe, nor very sound," interposed an officer of the Irish brigade who happened to be present, looking over significantly at O'Leary, and not very complacently at the courier. "And pray, monsieur," rejoined the John Bull to the Frenchman, "why *encore*?" "Pardon, monsieur," replied the Frenchman, "I heard it had been worn out (*fatigué*) long ago by the great number of people that were living in it!"

The fact is, the Frenchman had been told, and really understood, that Ireland was a large house where the English were wont to send their idle vagabonds, and whence they were drawn out again as they were wanted to fill the ranks of the army: and (I speak from my own personal knowledge) in some interior parts of the continent the existence of Ireland, as a nation, is totally unknown, or it is,

at best, considered as about a match for Jersey, etc. On the seacoasts they are better informed. This need not surprise us, when we have heard of a native of St. Helena formerly (who never had been out of the island), who seriously asked an English officer, "If there were many *landing places in England*?"

Some ideas of the common Irish are so strange, and uttered so consciously, that in the mouths of any other people they might be justly considered profane. In those of my countrymen, however, such expressions are idiomatic, and certainly spoken without the least idea of profanity.

The present Lord Ventry was considered, before his father's death, the oldest heir apparent in the Irish peerage, to which his father had been raised in 1800, in consequence of an arrangement made with Lord Castlereagh at the time of the union. He had for many years been bed-ridden, and had advanced to a *very* great age latterly without any corresponding utility: yet little apprehensions were entertained of his speedy dissolution.

A tenant on the estate, the stability of whose lease depended entirely on the son surviving the father, and who was beginning to doubt which of them might die of *old age* first, said seriously to the heir apparent, but without the slightest idea of any sort of impropriety, either as respected God or man:—

"Ah, then, Master Squire Mullins, isn't it mighty strange that my poor ould landlord (Heaven preserve his noble lordship!) should lie covered up in the bed all this time past? I think, please your honor, that it would be well done, to take his lordship (Lord bless his honor!) up to the tip-top of Crow-Patrick, and hold him up there as high as could be—just to show his lordship a bit to the Virgin. For I'm sure, please your honor, if God Almighty hadn't quite forgotten his lordship, he would have taken him home to himself long and many a day ago."

## A STORY WITHOUT A TALE.

BY WM. MAGINN.

So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty story in Essex Court. There was, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Macgillicuddy, Humpy Harlow, Bob Burke, Antony Harrison and myself. As Jack Ginger had little coin and no credit, we contributed each our share to the dinner. He himself provided room, fire, candles, tables, chairs, tablecloth, napkins—no, not napkins; on second thoughts we did not bother ourselves with napkins—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, (which he borrowed from the wig-maker,) tumblers, lemons, sugars, water, glasses, decanters—by the by, I am not sure that there were decanters—salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, bread, butter, (plain and melted,) cheese, radishes, and cookery. Tom Meggot was a cod's head and shoulders, and oysters to match—Joe Macgillicuddy, a boiled leg of pork, with peas-pudding—Humpy Harlow, a sirloin of beef roast, with horseradish—Bob Burke, a gallon of half-and-half, and four bottles of whiskey, of prime quality

("Potteen," wrote the whiskeyman, "I say, hy Jupiter, but of which *many*-facture *He* alone knows")—Antony Harrison, half-a-dozen of port, he having tick to that extent at some unfortunate wine-merchant's—and I supplied cigars *à discretion*, and a bottle of rum, which I borrowed of a West Indian friend of mine as I passed by. So that, on the whole, we were in no danger of suffering from any of the extremes of hunger and thirst for the course of that evening.

We met at five o'clock—*sharp*—and very sharp. Not a man was missing when the clock of the Inner Temple struck the last stroke. Jack Ginger had done every thing to admiration. Nothing could be more splendid than his turn-out. He had superintended the cooking himself of every individual dish with his own eyes—or rather eye—he having but one, the other having been lost in a skirmish when he was midshipman on board a pirate in the Brazilian service. "Ah!" said Jack, often and often, "these were my honest days—Gad—did I ever think

when I was a pirate that I was at the end to turn rogue and study the law."—All was accurate to the utmost degree. The table-cloth, to be sure, was not exactly white, but it had been washed last week, and the collection of the plates was miscellaneous, exhibiting several of the choicest patterns of delf. We were not of the silver-fork school of poetry, but steel is not to be despised. If the table was somewhat rickety, the inequality in the legs was supplied by clapping a volume of Vesey under the short one. As for the chairs—but why weary about details—chairs being made to be sat upon, it is sufficient to say that they answered their purposes, and whether they had backs or not—whether they were cane-bottomed or hair-bottomed, or rush-bottomed, is nothing to the present inquiry.

Jack's habits of discipline made him punctual, and dinner was on the table in less than three minutes after five. Down we sate, hungry as hunters, and eager for the prey.

"Is there a parson in company?" said Jack Ginger, from the head of the table.

"No," responded I from the foot.

"Then, thank God," said Jack, and proceeded, after this pious grace, to distribute the cod's head and shoulders to the hungry multitude.

The history of that cod's head and shoulders would occupy but little space to write. Its flakes, like the snow flakes on a river, were for one moment bright, then gone for ever; it perished unpitably. "Bring hither," said Jack with a firm voice, "the leg of pork." It appeared, but soon to disappear again. Not a man of the company but showed his abhorrence of the Judaical practice of abstaining from the flesh of swine. Equally clear in a few moments was it that we were truly British in our devotion to beef. The sirloin was impartially destroyed on both sides, upper and under. Dire was the clatter of the knives, but deep the silence of the guests. Jerry Gallagher, Jack's valet-de-chambre, footman, cook, clerk, shoeblack, aid-de-camp, scout, confidant, dun-chaser, bum-defer, and many other offices *in commendam*, toiled like a hero. He covered himself with glory and gravity every moment. In a short time a vociferation arose for fluid, and the half-and-half—Whitbread quartered upon Chamytton—beautiful heraldry!—was inhaled with the most savage satisfaction.

"The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Bob Burke," said Joe Macgillicuddy, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"With pleasure, Joe," replied Bob.—"What wine do you choose? You may as well say port, for there is no other; but attention to manners always becomes a gentleman."

"Port, then, if you please," cried Joe, "as the ladies of Limerick say, when a man looks at them across the table."

"Hobnobbing wastes time," said Jack Ginger, laying down the pot out of which he had been drinking for the last few minutes; "and, besides, it is not customary now in genteel society—so pass the bottle about."

[I here pause in my narrative to state, on more accurate recollection, that we had not decanters; we drank from the black bottle, which Jack declared was according to the fashion of the continent.]

So the port was passed round, and declared to be superb. Antony Harrison received the unanimous applause of the company; and, if he did not blush at all the fine things that were said in his favor, it

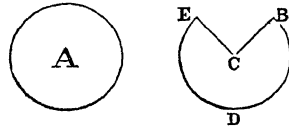
was because his countenance was of that peculiar hue that no addition of red could be visible upon it. A blush on Antony's face would be like gilding refined gold.

Whether cheese is prohibited or not in the higher circles of the West end, I cannot tell; but I know it was not prohibited in the very highest chambers of the Temple.

"It's double Gloucester," said Jack Ginger; "prime, bought at the corner—Heaven pay the cheesemonger, for I shan't—but as he is a gentleman, I give you his health."

"I don't think," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "that I ought to demean myself to drink the health of a cheesemonger; but I'll not stop the bottle."

And, to do Joe justice, he did not. Then we attacked the cheese, and in an incredibly short period we battered in a breach of an angle of 45 degrees, in a manner that would have done honor to any engineer that directed the guns at San Sebastian. The cheese, which on its first entry on the table presented the appearance of a plain circle, was soon made to exhibit a very different shape, as may be understood by the subjoined diagram:—



[A, original cheese; EBD, cheese after five minutes standing on the table; EBC, angle of 45°.]

With cheese came, and with cheese went celery. It is unnecessary to repeat what a number of puns were made on that most pun-provoking of plants.

"Clear the decks," said Jack Ginger to Jerry Gallagher. "Gentlemen, I did not think of getting pastry, or puddings, or desserts, or ices, or jellies, or blancmange, or any thing of the sort, for men of sense like you."

We all unanimously expressed our indignation at being supposed even for a moment guilty of any such weakness; but a general suspicion seemed to rise among us that a dram might not be rejected with the same marked scorn. Jack Ginger accordingly uncorked one of Bob Burke's bottles. Whop! went the cork, and the pottéen soon was seen meandering round the table.

"For my part," said Antony Harrison, "I take this dram because I ate pork, and fear it might disagree with me."

"I take it," said Bob Burke, "chiefly by reason of the fish."

"I take it," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "because the day was warm, and it is very close in these chambers."

"I take it," said Tom Meggot, "because I have been very chilly all the day."

"I take it," said Humpy Harlow, "because it is such strange weather that one knows not what to do."

"I take it," said Jack Ginger, "because the rest of the company takes it."

"And I take it," said I, winding up the conversation, "because I like a dram."

So we all took it for one reason or another—and there was an end of that.

"Be off, Jerry Gallagher," said Jack—"I give to

you, your heirs and assigns, all that and those which remains in the pots of half-and-half—item for your own dinners what is left of the solids—and when you have pared the bones clean, you may give them to the poor. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Brush away like a shoeblack—and levant.”

“Why, thin, God bless your honor,” said Jerry Gallagher, “it’s a small liggacy he would have that would dippind for his daily bread for what is left behind any of ye in the way of the drink—and this blessed hour there’s not as much as would blind the left eye of a midge in one of them pots—and may it do you all good, if it a’n’t the blessing of heaven to see you eating. By my sowl, he that has to pick a bone after you, won’t be much troubled with the mate. Howsomever!”

“No more prate,” said Jack Ginger. “Here’s twopence for you to buy some beer—but, no,” he continued, drawing his empty hand from that breeches-pocket into which he had most needlessly put it—“no,” said he, “Jerry—get it on credit wherever you can, and bid them score it to me.”

“If they will!”—said Jerry.

“Shut the door,” said Jack Ginger, in a peremptory tone, and Jerry retreated.

“That Jerry,” said Jack, “is an uncommonly honest fellow, only he is the d——t rogue in London. But all this is wasting time—and time is life. Dinner is over, and the business of the evening is about to begin. So, bumpers, gentlemen, and get rid of this wine as fast as we can. Mr. Vice, look to your bottles.”

And on this Jack Ginger gave a bumper toast.

This being done, every man pulled in his chair close to the table, and prepared for serious action. It was plain, that we all, like Nelson’s sailors at Trafalgar, felt called upon to do our duty. The wine circulated with considerable rapidity; and there was no flinching on the part of any individual of the company. It was quite needless for our president to remind us of the necessity of bumpers or the impropriety of leaving heel-taps. We were all too well trained to require the admonition, or to fall into the error. On the other hand the chance of any man obtaining more than his share in the round was infinitesimally small. The Sergeant himself, celebrated as he is, could not have succeeded in obtaining a glass more than his neighbors. Just to our friends, we were also just to ourselves; and a more rigid circle of philosophers never surrounded a board.

The wine was really good, and its merits did not appear the less striking from the fact that we were not habitually wine-bibbers, our devotion generally being paid to fluids more potent or more heavy than the juice of the grape, and it soon excited our powers of conversation. Heavens! what a flow of soul! More good things were said in Jack Ginger’s chambers that evening, than in the Houses of Lords and Commons in a month. We talked of every thing—politics, literature, the fine arts, drama, high life, low life, the opera, the cock-pit—every thing from the heavens above to the hells in St. James’s street. There was not an article in a morning, evening, or weekly paper for the week before, which we did not repeat. It was clear that our knowledge of things in general was drawn in a vast degree from these recondite sources. In politics we were harmonious—we were Tories to a man, and defied the Radicals of all classes, ranks and conditions. We deplored the ruin of our country, and breathed a sigh over

the depression of the agricultural interest. We gave it as our opinion that Don Miguel should be King of Portugal—and that Don Carlos, if he had the pluck of the most nameless of insects, could ascend the throne of Spain. We pitched Louis Philippe to that place which is never mentioned to ears polite, and drank the health of the Duchess of Berri. Opinions differed somewhat about the Emperor of Russia—some thinking he was too hard on the Poles—others gently blaming him for not squeezing them much tighter. Antony Harrison, who had seen the Grand Duke Constantine, when he was campaigning, spoke with tears in his eyes of that illustrious prince—declaring him, with an oath, to have been a d—d good fellow. As for Leopold, we unanimously voted him to be a scurvy hound; and Joe Macgillicuddy was pleased to say something complimentary of the Prince of Orange, which would have, no doubt, much gratified his Royal Highness, if it had been communicated to him, but I fear it never reached his ears.

Turning to domestic policy—we gave it to the Whigs in high style. If Lord Grey had been within hearing, he must have instantly resigned—he never could have resisted the thunders of our eloquence. All the hundred and one Greys would have been forgotten—he must have sunk before us. Had Brougham been there, he would have been converted to Toryism long before he could have got to the state of typification in which he sometimes addressed the House of Lords. There was not a topic left undiscussed. With one hand we arranged Ireland—with another put the Colonies in order. Catholic Emancipation was severely condemned, and Bob Burke gave the glorious, pious, and immortal memory. The vote of £20,000,000 to the greasy blacks was much reprobated, and the opening of the China trade declared a humbug. We spoke, in fact, articles that would have made the fortunes of half a hundred magazines, if the editors of those works would have had the perspicacity to insert them—and this we did with such ease to ourselves, that we never for a moment stopped the circulation of the bottle, which kept running on its round rejoicing, while we settled the affairs of the nation.

Then Antony Harrison told us all his campaigns in the Peninsula, and that capital story how he bilked the tavernkeeper in Portsmouth. Jack Ginger entertained us with an account of his transactions in the Brazils; and as Jack’s imagination far outruns his attention to matters of fact, we had them considerably improved. Bob Burke gave us all the particulars of his duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th, and how he hit him on the waistcoat pocket, which, fortunately for the Ensign, contained a five shilling piece, (how he got it was never accounted for,) which saved him from grim death. From Joe Macgillicuddy we heard multifarious narrations of steeple-chases in Tipperary, and of his hunting with the Blazers in Galway. Tom Meggot expatiated on his college adventures in Edinburgh, which he maintained to be a far superior city to London, and repeated sundry witty sayings of the advocates in the Parliament House, who seem to be gentlemen of great facetiousness. As for me, I emptied out all Joe Miller on the company; and if old Joe could have burst his cerements in the neighboring churchyard of St. Clement Danes, he would have been infinitely delighted with the reception which the contents of his agreeable miscellany met with. To tell the truth, my jokes were not more known to my

companions than their stories were to me. Harrison's campaigns, Ginger's cruises, Burke's duel, Macgillicuddy's steeple-chases, and Tom Meggot's rows in the High Street, had been told over and over—so often indeed, that the several relators begin to believe that there is some foundation in fact for the wonders which they are continually repeating.

"I perceive this is the last bottle of port," said Jack Ginger; "so I suppose that there cannot be any harm in drinking bad luck to Antony Harrison's wine-merchant, who did not make it the dozen."

"Yes," said Harrison, "the skindint thief would not stand more than the half, for which he merits the most infinite certainty of non-payment."

(You may depend upon it that Harrison was as good as his word, and treated the man of bottles according to his deserts.)

The port was gathered to its fathers, and potteen reigned in its stead. A most interesting discussion took place as to what was to be done with it. No doubt, indeed, existed as to its final destination; but various opinions were broached as to the manner in which it was to make its way to its appointed end. Some wished that every man should make for himself; but that Jack Ginger strenuously opposed, because he said it would render the drinking unsteady. The company divided into two parties on the great questions of bowl or jug. The Irishmen maintained the cause of the latter. Tom Meggot, who had been reared in Glasgow, and Jack Ginger, who did not forget his sailor propensities, were in favor of the former. Much erudition was displayed on both sides, and I believe I may safely say, that every topic that either learning or experience could suggest, was exhausted. At length we called for a division, when there appeared—

*For the jug,*  
Bob Burke  
Joe Macgillicuddy  
Antony Harrison  
Myself.

*For the bowl,*  
Jack Ginger  
Humpy Harlow  
Tom Meggot.

Majority 1, in favor of the jug. I was principally moved to vote as I did, because I deferred to the Irishmen as persons who were best acquainted with the nature of potteen; and Antony Harrison was on the same side from former recollections of his quarterings in Ireland. Humpy Harlow said that he made it a point always to side with the man of the house.

"It is settled," said Jack Ginger, "and, as we said of Parliamentary Reform, though we opposed it, it is now law, and must be obeyed. I'll clear away these marines, and do you, Bob Burke, make the punch. I think you will find the lemons good—the sugar superb—and the water of the Temple has been famous for centuries.

"And I'll back the potteen against any that ever came from the Island of Saints," said Bob, proceeding to his duty, which all who have the honor of his acquaintance will admit him to be well qualified to perform. He made it in a couple of big blue water-jugs, observing that making punch in small jugs was nearly as great a bother as ladling from a bowl—and as he tossed the steamy fluid from jug to jug to mix it kindly, he sang the pathetic ballad of Hugger-mofane.

I wish I had a red herring's tail, etc.

It was an agreeable picture of continued use and or-

nament, and reminded us strongly of the Abyssinian maid of the Platonic poetry of Coleridge.

The punch being made, and the jug revolving, the conversation continued as before. But it may have been observed that I have not taken any notice of the share which one of the party, Humpy Harlow, took in it. The fact is, that he had been silent for almost all the evening, being outblazed and overborne by the brilliancy of the conversation of his companions. We were all acknowledged wits in our respective lines, whereas he had not been endowed with the same talents. How he came among us I forget; nor did any of us know well who or what he was. Some maintained he was a drysaler in the City; others surmised that he might be a pawnbroker at the West End. Certain it is that he had some money, which perhaps might have recommended him to us, for there was not a man in the company who had not occasionally borrowed from him a sum, too trifling, in general, to permit any of us to think of repaying it. He was a broken-backed little fellow, as vain of his person as a peacock, and accordingly we always called him Humpy Harlow, with the spirit of gentlemanlike candor which characterized all our conversation. With a kind feeling towards him, we in general permitted him to pay our bills for us whenever we dined together at tavern or chop-house, merely to gratify the little fellow's vanity, which I have already hinted to be excessive.

He had this evening made many ineffectual attempts to shine, but was at last obliged to content himself with opening his mouth for the admission, not for the utterance, of good things. He was evidently unhappy, and a rightly-constituted mind could not avoid pitying his condition. As jug, however, succeeded jug, he began to recover his self-possession; and it was clear, about eleven o'clock when the fourth bottle of potteen was converting into punch, that he had a desire to speak. We had been for some time busily employed in smoking cigars, when, all on a sudden, a shrill and sharp voice was heard from the midst of a cloud, exclaiming in a high treble key,—

"Humphries told me"—

We all puffed our Havanas with the utmost silence, as if we were so many sachems at a palaver, listening to the narration which issued from the misty tabernacle in which Humpy Harlow was enveloped. He unfolded a tale of wondrous length, which we never interrupted. No sound was heard save that of the voice of Harlow, narrating the story which had to him been confided by the unknown Humphries, or the gentle gliding of the jug, an occasional tingle of a glass, and the soft suspiration of the cigar. On moved the story in its length, breadth, and thickness, for Harlow gave it to us in its full dimensions. He abated it not a jot. The firmness which we displayed, was unequalled since the battle of Waterloo. We sat with determined countenances, exhaling smoke and inhaling punch, while the voice still rolled onward. At last Harlow came to an end; and a Babel of conversation burst from lips in which it had been so long imprisoned. Harlow looked proud of his feat, and obtained the thanks of the company, grateful that he had come to a conclusion. How we finished the potteen—converted my bottle of rum into a bowl, (for here Jack Ginger prevailed)—how Jerry Gallagher, by superhuman exertions, succeeded in raising a couple of hundred of oysters for supper—how the com-



pany separated, each to get to his domicile as he could—how I found in the morning, my personal liberty outraged by the hands of that unconstitutional band of gens-d'armes created for the direct purposes of tyranny, and held up to the indignation of all England by the weekly eloquence of the Despatch—how I was introduced to the attention of a magistrate, and recorded in the diurnal page of the newspaper—all this must be left to other historians to narrate.

At three o'clock on the day after the dinner, Antony Harrison and I found ourselves eating bread and cheese—part of the cheese—at Jack Ginger's. We recapitulated the events of the preceding evening, and expressed ourselves highly gratified with the entertainment. Most of the good things we had said were revived, served up again, and laughed at once more. We were perfectly satisfied with the parts which we had respectively played, and talked ourselves into excessive good humor. All on a sudden Jack Ginger's countenance clouded. He was evidently puzzled; and sat for a moment in thoughtful silence. We asked him, with Oriental simplicity of sense, "Why art thou troubled?" and till a moment he answered—

"What was the story which Humpy Harlow told us about eleven o'clock last night, just as Bob Burke was teeming the last jug?"

"It began," said I, "with '*Humphries told me*.'"

"It did," said Antony Harrison, cutting a deep incision into the cheese.

"I know it did," said Jack Ginger; "but what was it that Humphries had told him? I cannot recollect it if I was to be made Lord Chancellor."

Antony Harrison and I mused in silence, and racked our brains, but to no purpose. On the table of our memories no trace had been engraved, and the tale of Humphries, as reported by Harlow, was as if it were not, so far as we were concerned.

While we were in this perplexity, Joe Macgillcuddy and Bob Burke entered the room.

"We have just been taking a hair of the same dog," said Joe. "It was a pleasant party we had last night. Do you know what Bob and I have been talking of for the last half hour?"

We professed our inability to conjecture.

"Why, then," continued Joe, "it was about the story that Harlow told last night."

"The story begins with '*Humphries told me*,'" said Bob.

"And," proceeded Joe, "for our lives we cannot recollect what it was."

"Wonderful!" we all exclaimed. "How inscrutable are the movements of the human mind!"

And we proceeded to reflect on the frailty of our memories, moralizing in a strain that would have done honor to Dr. Johnson.

"Perhaps," said I, "Tom Meggot may recollect it."

Idle hope! dispersed to the winds almost as soon as it was formed. For the words had scarcely passed "the bulwark of my teeth" when Tom appeared, looking excessively bloodshot in the eye. On inquiry, it turned out that he, like the rest of us, remembered only the cabalistic words which introduced the tale, but of the tale itself, nothing.

Tom had been educated in Edinburgh, and was strongly attached to what he calls *metaphysics*; and, accordingly, after rubbing his forehead, he exclaimed—

"This is a psychological curiosity, which deserves to be developed. I happen to have half a sovereign about me," (an assertion, which, I may remark, in passing, excited considerable surprise in his audience,) "and I'll ask Harlow to dine with me at the Rainbow. I'll get the story out of the humpy rascal—and no mistake."

We acquiesced in the propriety of this proceeding; and Antony Harrison, observing that he happened by chance to be disengaged, hooked himself on Tom, who seemed to have a sort of national antipathy to such a ceremony, with a talent and alacrity that proved him to be a veteran warrior, or what, in common parlance, is called an old soldier.

Tom succeeded in getting Harlow to dinner, and Harrison succeeded in making him pay the bill, to the great relief of Meggot's half sovereign, and they parted at an early hour in the morning. The two Irishmen and myself were at Ginger's shortly after breakfast; we had been part occupied in tossing





halfpence to decide which of us was to send out for ale, when—Harrison and Meggot appeared. There was conscious confusion written in their countenances. "Did Humpy Harlow tell you *that* story?" we all exclaimed at once.

"It cannot be denied that he did," said Meggot. "Precisely as the clock struck eleven, he commenced with '*Humphries told me*'—"

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, there it is," said Antony Harrison, "may I be drummed out if I can recollect another word."

"Nor I," said Meggot.

The strangeness of this singular adventure made a deep impression on us all. We were sunk in silence for some minutes, during which Jerry Gallagher made his appearance with the ale, which I omitted to mention had been lost by Joe Macgillcuddy. We sipped that British beverage, much abstracted in deep thought. The thing appeared to us perfectly inscrutable. At last, I said, "This will never do—we cannot exist much longer in this atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty. We must have it out of Harlow to-night, or there is an end of all the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion and assent. I have credit," said I, "at the widow's in St. Martin's Lane. Suppose we all meet there to-night, and get Harlow there if we can?"

"That I can do," said Antony Harrison, "for I quartered myself to dine with him to-day, as I saw him home, poor little fellow, last night. I promise that he figures at the widow's to-night at nine o'clock."

So we separated. At nine every man of the party was in St. Martin's Lane, seated in the little back parlor; and Harrison was as good as his word, for he brought Harlow with him. He ordered a sumptuous supper of mutton kidneys, interspersed with sausages, and set to. At eleven o'clock precisely, the eye of Harlow brightened, and putting his pipe down, he commenced with a shrill voice—

"*Humphries told me*"—

"Aye," said we all, with one accord, "here it is—now we shall have it—take care of it this time."

"What do you mean?" said Humpy Harlow, performing that feat, which by the illustrious Mr. John Reeve is called "flaring up."

"Nothing," we replied "nothing, but we are anxious to hear that story."

"I understand you," said our broken-backed friend. "I now recollect that I did tell it once or so before in your company, but I shall not be a butt any longer for you or anybody else."

"Don't be in a passion, Humpy," said Jack Ginger.

"Sir," replied Harlow, "I hate nicknames—it is a mark of a low mind to use them—and as I see I am brought here only to be insulted, I shall not trouble you any longer with my company."

Saying this the little man seized his hat and umbrella, and strode out of the room.

"His back is up," said Joe Macgillcuddy, "and there's no use of trying to get it down. I am sorry he is gone, because I should have made him pay for another round."

But he is gone, not to return again—and the story remains unknown. Yes, as undiscoverable as the hieroglyphical writings of the ancient Egyptians. It exists, to be sure, in the breast of Harlow; but there it is buried, never to emerge into the light of day. It is lost to the world—and means of recovering it, there, in my opinion, exist none. The world must go on without it, and states and empires must continue to flourish and to fade without the knowledge of what it was that Humphries told Harlow. Such is the inevitable course of events.

For my part, I shall be satisfied with what I have done in drawing up this accurate and authentic narrative, if I can seriously impress upon the minds of my readers the perishable nature of mundane affairs—if I can make them reflect that memory itself, the noblest, perhaps the characteristic, quality of the human mind, will decay, even while other faculties exist—and that in the words of a celebrated Lord of Trade and Plantations, of the name of John Locke, "we may be like the tombs to which we are hastening, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the imagery is defaced, and the inscription is blotted out forever."

## SAINT PATRICK.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

A fig for St. Dennis of France,  
 He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;  
 A fig for St. George and his lance,  
 Which spitted a heathenish dragon;  
 And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot  
 Are a couple of pitiful pipers,  
 Both of whom may just travel to pot,  
 Compared with the patron of swipers,  
 St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle  
 On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;  
 The steamboat he beat to a mile,  
 Which mighty good sailing was counted:  
 Says he, "The salt water, I think,  
 Has made me most bloodily thirsty,  
 So bring me a flagon of drink,  
 To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye,  
 Of drink that is fit for a saint."



He preach'd then with wonderful force,  
 The ignorant natives a-teaching;  
 With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,  
 "For," says he, "I detest your dry preaching."

The people, with wonderment struck  
 At a pastor so pious and civil,  
 Exclaim'd "We're for you, my old buck,  
 And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,  
 Who dwells in hot water below."

This ended, our worshipful spoon  
 Went to visit an elegant fellow,  
 Whose practice each cool afternoon  
 Was to get most delightfully mellow.  
 That day, with a black jack of beer,  
 It chanced he was treating a party;  
 Says the saint, "This good day, do you hear,  
 I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty,  
 So give me a pull at the pot."

The pewter he lifted in sport,  
 (Believe me, I tell you no fable,)  
 A gallon he drank from the quart,  
 And then planted it full on the table.  
 "A miracle!" every one said,  
 And they all took a haul at the stingo;  
 They were capital hands at the trade,  
 And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!  
 The pot still frothed over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, "'Tis a fast,  
 But I've nought in my larder but mutton,  
 And on Fridays who'd make such repast,  
 Except an unchristian-like glutton?"  
 Says Pat, "Cease your nonsense, I beg,  
 What you tell me is nothing but gammon;  
 Take my compliments down to the leg,  
 And bid it come hither a salmon!"  
 And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,  
 How the snakes in a manner most antic,  
 He march'd to the county Mayo,  
 And trundled them into th' Atlantic.  
 Hence not to use water for drink  
 The people of Ireland determine;  
 With mighty good reason, I think,  
 Since St. Patrick has fill'd it with vernin,  
 And vipers, and other such stuff.

O! he was an elegant blade,  
 As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper,  
 And though under the sod he is laid,  
 Yet here goes his health in a bumper!  
 I wish he was here, that my glass  
 He might by art magic replenish;  
 But as he is not, why, alas!  
 My ditty must come to a finish—  
 Because all the liquor is out!

TOO SAVING BY HALF.—A new stove had been invented, and a gentleman soliciting orders for it was praising its comfortable and economical qualities in the highest terms, to Mr. O'Shaughnassey, who listened with the greatest attention. As a climax to his eulogium, the interested party declared that the use of one of the said stoves would save the purchaser one half the quantity of fuel he at present consumed.

"Do you mane to say," earnestly inquired Mr. O'Shaughnassey, "That one of the stoves would save half my fuel?"

"Most decidedly I do. I will answer for it," said the salesman.

"Then give me your hand, my friend," said he, delighted, "and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have two stoves, and save it all."

## THE HEDGE SCHOOL.

FROM "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY." BY W. H. CARLETON.

THE reader will be pleased to picture to himself a house in a line with the hedge; the eave of the back roof within a foot of the ground behind it; a large hole exactly in the middle of the "*riggin*," as a chimney; immediately under which is an excavation in the floor, burned away by a large fire of turf, loosely heaped together. This is surrounded by a circle of urchins, sitting on the bare earth, stones, and hassocks, and exhibiting a series of speckled shins, all radiating towards the fire, like sausages on a *Poloni* dish. There they are—wedged as close as they can sit; one with half a thigh off his breeches—another with half an arm off his tattered coat—a third without breeches at all, wearing as a substitute, a piece of his mother's old petticoat, pinned about his loins—a fourth, no coat—a fifth, with a cap on him, because he has got a scald, from having sat under the juice of fresh hung bacon—a sixth with a black eye—a seventh, two rags about his heels to keep his kibes clean—an eighth,

power, the woful instrument of executive justice, and the signal of terror to all within his jurisdiction. In a corner below is a pile of turf, where, on entering, every boy throws his two sods, with a *hitch*, from under his left arm. He then comes up to the master, catches his forelock with finger and thumb, and bobs down his head, by way of making him a bow, and goes to his seat. Along the walls on the ground is a series of round stones, some of them capped with a straw collar or hassock, on which the boys sit; others have bosses, and many of them hobs—a light but compact kind of boggy substance found in the mountains. On these several of them sit; the greater number of them, however, have no seats whatever, but squat themselves down, without compunction, on the hard floor. Hung about, on wooden pegs driven into the walls, are the shapeless yellow "*caubeens*" of such as can boast the luxury of a hat, or caps made of goat or hare skin, the latter having the ears of the animal



crying to get home, because he has got a head-ache, though it may be as well to hint, that there is a drag-hunt to start from beside his father's in the course of the day. In this ring, with his legs stretched in a most lordly manner, sits, upon a deal chair, Mat himself, with his hat on, basking in the enjoyment of unlimited authority. His dress consists of a black coat, considerably in want of repair, transferred to his shoulders through the means of a clothes-broker in the county-town; a white cravat, round a large stuffing, having that part which comes in contact with the chin somewhat streaked with brown—a black waistcoat, with one or two "tooth-an'-egg" metal buttons sewed on where the original had fallen off—black corduroy inexpressibles, twice dyed, and sheep's-gray stockings. In his hand is a large, broad ruler, the emblem of his

rising ludicrously over the temples, or cocked out at the sides, and the scut either before or behind, according to the taste or humor of the wearer. The floor, which is only swept every Saturday, is strewn over with tops of quills, pens, pieces of broken slate, and tattered leaves of "*Reading made Easy*," or fragments of old copies. In one corner is a knot engaged at "*Fox and Geese*," or the "*Walls of Troy*" on their slates; in another, a pair of them are "*fighting bottles*," which consists in striking the bottoms together, and he whose bottle breaks first, of course, loses. Behind the master is a third set, playing "*heads and points*"—a game of pins. Some are more industriously employed in writing their copies, which they perform seated on the ground, with their paper on a copy-board—a piece of planed deal, the size of the copy, an appendage

now nearly exploded—their cheek-bones laid with-in half an inch of the left side of the copy, and the eye set to guide the motion of the hand across, and to regulate the straightness of the lines and the forms of the letters. Others, again, of the more grown boys, are working their sums with becoming industry. In a dark corner are a pair of urchins thumping each other, their eyes steadily fixed on the master, lest he might happen to glance in that direction. Near the master himself are the larger boys, from twenty-two to fifteen—shaggy-headed slips, with loose-breasted shirts lying open about their bare chests; ragged colts, with white, dry, bristling beards upon them, that never knew a razor; strong stockings on their legs; heavy brogues, with broad, nail-paved soles; and breeches open at the knees. Nor is the establishment without a competent number of females. These were, for the most part, the daughters of wealthy farmers, who considered it necessary to their respectability, that they should not be altogether illiterate; such a circumstance being a considerable drawback, in the opinion of an admirer, from the character of a young woman for whom he was about to propose—a drawback, too, which was always weighty in proportion to her wealth or respectability.

Having given our readers an imperfect sketch of the interior of Mat's establishment, we will now proceed, however feebly, to represent him at work—with all the machinery of the system in full operation.

"Come, boys, rehearse—(buz, buz, buz)—I'll soon be after calling up the first spelling lesson—(buz, buz, buz)—then the mathematicians—book-keepers—Latinists, and Grecians, successfully. (Buz, buz, buz)—Silence there below!—your pens! Tim Casey, isn't this a purty hour o' the day for you to come into school at? arrah, and what kept you, Tim? Walk up wid yourself here, till we have a confabulation together; you see I love to be talking to you."

"Sir, Larry Branagan, here; he's throwing spits at me out of his pen."—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"By my sowl, Larry, there's a rod in steep for you."

"Fly away, Jack—fly away, Jill; come again, Jack—"

"I had to go to Paddy Nowlan's for tobacco, Sir, for my father." (Weeping, with his hand knowingly across his face—one eye laughing at his comrades.)—

"You lie, it wasn't."

"If you call me a liar again, I'll give you a dig in the mug."

"It's not in your jacket."

"Isn't it?"

"Behave yourself; ha! there's the masther looking at you—ye'll get it now."

"None at all, Tim? And she's not after sinding an excuse wid you? What's that undher your arm?"

"My Gough, sir."—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"Silence, boys. And, you blackguard Lilliputian, you, what kept you away till this?"

"One bird pickin', two men thrashin'; one bird pickin', two men thrashin'; one bird pickin'—"

"Sir, they're stickin' pins in me, here."

"Who is, Briney?"

"I don't know, Sir, they're all at it."

"Boys, I'll go down to yez."

"I can't carry him, Sir, he'd be too heavy for me: let Larry Tool do it, he's stronger nor me; any way, there, he's putting a corker pin in his mouth."\*  
—(Buz, buz, buz.)



"Whoo-poo-poo-poo—I'll never stay away agin, Sir; indeed I won't, Sir. Oh, Sir dear, pardon me this wan time; and if ever you catch me doing the like agin, I'll give you lave to welt the sowl out of me."—(Buz, buz, buz.)—

"Behave yourself, Barny Byrnc."

"I'm not touching you."

"Yes, you are; didn't you make me blot my copy?"

"Ho, by the livin', I'll pay you going home for this."

"Hand me the taws."

"Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo—what'll I do, at all at all! Oh, Sir dear, Sir dear, Sir dear—hoo-hoo-hoo."

"Did she send no message, good or bad, before I lay on?"

"Oh, not a word, Sir, only that my father killed a pig yesterday, and he wants you to go up to-day at dinner time."—(Buz, buz, buz.)—

"It's time to get lave—it isn't, it is—it isn't, it is," etc.

\* In the hedge schools it was usual for the unfortunate culprit about to be punished, to avail himself of all possible stratagems that were calculated to diminish his punishment. Accordingly, when put upon another boy's back to be horsed, as it was termed, he slipped a large pin, called a corker, in his mouth, and on receiving the first blow, struck it into the neck of the boy who carried him. This caused the latter to jump and bounce about in such a manner, that many of the blows directed at his burthen missed their aim. It was an understood thing, however, that the boy carrying the felon should aid him in every way in his power, by yielding, moving, and shifting about, so that it was only when he seemed to abet the master that the pin was applied to him.

"You lie, I say, your faction was never able to fight ours; didn't we lick all your dirty breed in Buillagh-battha fair?"

"Silence there."—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"Will you meet us on Saturday, and we'll fight it out clane?"—

"Ha-ha-ha! Tim, but you got a big fright, any how: whist, ma bouchal, sure I was only jokin' you; and sorry I'd be to bate your father's son, Tim. Come over, and sit beside myself at the fire here. Get up, Micky Donohue, you big burnt-shinn'd spalpeen you, and let the dacent boy sit at the fire."

"Hullabaloo hoo-hoo-hoo—to go to give me such a welt, only for sitting at the fire, and me brought turf with me."—

"To-day, Tim?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Faith, the dacent strain was always in the same family." (Buz, buz, buz.)—

"Horns, horns, cock horns: oh, you up'd wid them, you lifted your fingers—that's a mark, now—hould your face, till I blacken you."—

"Do you call thim two sods, Jack Lanigan? why, 'tis only one long one broke in the middle; but you must make it up to-morrow, Jack; how is your mother's tooth?—did she get it pulled out yet?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, tell her to come to me, an' I'll write a charm for it, that'll cure her.—What kept you till now, Paddy Magouran?"

"Couldn't come any sooner, Sir."

"You couldn't, Sir—and why, Sir, couldn't you come any sooner, Sir?"—

"See, Sir, what Andy Nowlan done to my copy."—(Buz, buz, buz.)—

"Silence! I'll massacre yez, if yez don't make less noise."—(Buz, buz, buz.)

"I was down with Mrs. Kavanagh, Sir."

"You were, Paddy—an' Paddy, *ma bouchal*, what war you doing there, Paddy?"—

"Masther, Sir, spake to Jem Kenny here; he made my nose bleed."—

"Eh, Paddy?"

"I was bringin' her a layin' hen, Sir, that my mother promised her at mass on Sunday last."

"Ah, Paddy, you're a game bird yourself, with your layin' hens; you're as full of mischief as an egg's full o' mate—(*omnes*—ha, ha, ha, ha!)—Silence, boys—what are you laughin' at?—ha, ha, ha!—Paddy, can you spell Nebachodnazure for me?"

"No, Sir."

"No, nor a better scholar, Paddy, could not do that, *ma bouchal*; but I'll spell it for you. Silence, boys—whist, all of yez, till I spell Nebachodnazure for Paddy Magouran. Listen; and you yourself, Paddy, are one of the letthers:

A turf and a *clod* spell Nebachod—  
A knife and a razor, spells Nebachodnazure—  
Three pair of boots and five pair of shoes—  
Spells Nebachodnazure, the king of the Jews.

Now, Paddy, that's spelling Nebachodnazure by the science of ventilation; but you'll never go that deep, Paddy."—

"I want to go out, if you please, Sir."

"Is that the way you ax me, you vagabone?"

"I want to go out, Sir,"—(pulling down the fore lock.)

"Yes, that's something dacent; by the sowl of Newton, that invinted fluxions, if ever you forget to make a bow again, I'll flog the entrils out of you—wait till the pass comes in."

Then comes the spelling lesson.

"Come, boys, stand up to the spelling lesson."

"Micky," says one urchin, "show me your book, till I look at *my* word. I'm fifteenth."

"Wait till I see my own."

"Why do you crush for?"

"That's my place."

"No, it's not."

"Sir, spake to—I'll tell the masther."

"What's the matther there?"

"Sir, he won't let me into my place."

"I'm before you."

"No, you're not."

"I say, I am."

"You lie, pug-face: ha! I called you pug-face, tell, now, if you dare."

"Well, boys, down with your pins in the book: who's king?"

"I am, Sir."

"Who's queen?"

"Me, Sir."

"Who's prince?"

"I am prince, Sir."

"Tag, rag and bob-tail, fall into your places."

"I've no pin, Sir."

"Well, down with you to the tail—now, boys."\*

Having gone through the spelling task, it was Mat's custom to give out six *hard words* selected according to his judgment—as a final test; but he did not always confine himself to that. Sometimes he would put a number of syllables arbitrarily together, forming a most heterogeneous combination of articulate sounds.

"Now, boys, here's a deep word, that'll thry yez; come, Larry, spell *me-mo-man-dran-san-ti-fi-can-dan-dan-ti-a-li-ty* or *mis-an-thro-po-mor-phi-ta-ni-anus-mi-ca-li-a-tion*;—that's too hard for you, is it? Well, then, spell phthisic. Oh, that's phsyic you're spellin'. Now, Larry, do you know the difference between phsyic and phthisic?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, I'll expound it: phthisic, you see, manes—whisht, boys; will yez hold your tongues there—phthisic, Larry, signifies—that is, phthisic—mind, it's not phsyic I'm expounding, but phthisic—boys, will yez stop yer noise there?—signifies—but, Larry, it's so deep a word in larnin' that I should draw it out on a slate for you: and now I remember, man alive, you're not far enough on yet to under-stand it: but what's phsyic, Larry?"

"Isn't that, Sir, what my father tuck, the day he got sick, Sir?"

"That's the very thing, Larry: it has what larned men call a medical property, and resembles little ricketty Dan Reilly there—it retrogrades. Oh! och! I'm the boy that knows things—you see, now, how I expounded them two hard words for yez, boys—don't yez?"

"Yes, Sir," etc., etc.

"So, Larry, you haven't the larnin' for that either: but here's an 'asier one—spell me Ephabridotas (Epaphroditus)—you can't! hut! man—you're a big dunce entirely; that little shoneen

\* At the spelling lesson the children were obliged to put down each a pin, and he who held the first place got them all with the exception of the queen—that is, the boy who held the second place, who got two; and the prince, &c. the third, who gets one. The last boy in the class was called *Bobtail*.

Sharkey there below would *sack*. God be wid the day when I was the likes of you—it's I that was the bright gorsoon entirely—and so sign was on it, when a great larned traveller—silence, boys, till I tell yez this, [a dead silence]—from Trinity College, all the way in Dublin, happened to meet me one day—seeing the slate and Gough, you see undher my arm, he axes me—'Arrah, Mat,' says he, 'what are you *in*?' says he. 'Faix, I'm in my breeches, for one thing,' says I, off hand—silence, children, and don't laugh so loud—(ha, ha, ha!) So he looks closer at me: 'I see that,' says he; 'but what are you reading?' 'Nothing, at all at all,' says I; 'bad manners to the taste, as you may see, if you've your eye-sight.' 'I think,' says he, 'you'll be apt to *die* in your breeches,' and set spurs to a fine saddle mare he rid—faith, he did so—thought me so *cute*—(omnes—ha, ha, ha!) Whisht, boys, whisht; isn't it a terrible thing that I can't tell yez a joke, but you split your sides laughing at it—(ha, ha, ha!)—don't laugh so loud, Barney Casey."—(ha, ha, ha!)

BARNEY. "I want to go out, if you please, Sir."

"Go, avick; you'll be a good scholar yet, Bar-

ney. Faith, Barney knows whin to laugh, any how."

"Well, Larry, you can't spell Ephabridotas?—thin, here's a short weeshy one, and whoever spells it will get the pins;—spell a red rogue wid three letters. You Micky? Dan? Jack? Natty? Alick? Andy? Pether? Jim? Tim? Pat? Rody? you? you? Now, boys, I'll bould ye that my little Andy here, that's only beginning the *Rational Spelling Book*, bates you all; come here, Andy, alanna: now, boys, if he bates you, you must all bring him a little *miscaun* of butter between two kale blades, in the mornin', for himself; here, Andy avourneen, spell red rogue wid three lethers."

ANDY. "M, a, t—Mat."

"No, no, avick, that's myself, Andy; it's red rogue, Andy—hem!—F——."

"F, o, x—fox."

"That's a man, Andy. Now, boys, mind what you owe Andy in the mornin', plase God, won't yez?"

"Yes, Sir." "Yes, Sir." "Yes, Sir." "I will Sir." "And I will, Sir." "And so will I, Sir," etc., etc., etc.

## NED M'KEOWN.

FROM "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY." BY W. H. CARLETON.

Who within the parish, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl, did not know Ned M'Keown and his wife Nancy, joint proprietors of the tobacco-shop and public house at the cross-roads of Kilrudden? Honest, blustering, good humored Ned was the indefatigable merchant of the village; ever engaged in some ten or twenty-pound speculation, the capital of which he was sure to extort, perhaps for the twelfth time, from the savings of Nancy's frugality, by the equivocal test of a month or six weeks' consecutive sobriety; and which said speculation he never failed to wind up by the total loss of the capital for Nancy, and the capital loss of a broken head for himself. Ned had eternally some bargain on his hands; at one time you might find him a yarn merchant, planted upon the upper step of Mr. Birnie's hall-door, where the yard market was held, surrounded by a crowd of eager country-women, anxious to give Ned the preference—first, because he was a well-wisher; secondly, because he hadn't his heart in the penny; and thirdly, because he gave a sixpence a spangle more than any other man in the market. There might Ned be found, with his twenty pounds of hard silver jingling in the bottom of a green bag, as a decoy to the customers, laughing loud as he piled the yarn in an ostentatious heap, which in the pride of his commercial sagacity, he had purchased at a dead loss. Again you might see him at a horse-fair, cantering about on the back of some sleek, but broken-winded jade, with spavined legs, imposed on him as "a great bargain entirely," by the superior cunning of some rustic sharper; or standing over a hogshead of damaged flaxseed, in the purchase of which he shrewdly suspected himself of having overreached the seller, by allowing him for it a greater price than the prime seed of the market would have cost him. In short, Ned was never out of a speculation, and whatever he undertook was sure to prove a complete failure. But he had one mode of consolation,

which consisted in sitting down with the fag-end of Nancy's capital in his pocket, and drinking night and day with this neighbor and that, whilst a shilling remained; and when he found himself at the end of his tether, he was sure to fasten a quarrel on some friend or acquaintance, and to get his head broken for his pains. None of all this blustering,



however happened within the range of Nancy's jurisdiction. Ned, indeed, might drink, and sing, and swagger and fight—and he contrived, to do so; but

notwithstanding all his apparent courage, there was *one* eye which made him quail, and before which he never put on the Hector;—there was *one*, in whose presence the loudness of his song would fall away into a very awkward and unmusical quaver, and his laughing face assume the visage of a man who is disposed to any thing but mirth. The fact was this: Whenever Ned found that his speculation was *gone shaughtran*, as he termed it, he fixed himself in some favorite public-house, from whence he seldom stirred while his money lasted, except when dislodged by Nancy, who usually, upon learning where he had taken cover, paid him an unceremonious visit, to which Ned's indefensible delinquency gave the color of legitimate authority. Upon these occasions, Nancy, accompanied by two sturdy servant-men, would sally forth to the next market-town for the purpose of bringing home "graceless Ned," as she called him. And then you might see Ned between the two servants, a few paces in advance of Nancy, having very much the appearance of a man performing a pilgrimage to the gallows, or of a deserter guarded back to his barrack, in order to become a target for the muskets of his comrades. Ned's compulsory return always became a matter of some notoriety; for Nancy's excursion in quest of the "graceless" was not made without frequent denunciations of wrath against him, and many melancholy apologies to the neighbors for entering upon the task of personally securing him. By this means her enterprise was sure to get wind, and a mob of all the idle young men and barefooted urchins of the village, with Bob McCann, "*a three quarther clift*," or mischievous fellow, half knave, half fool, was to be found a little below the village, upon an elevation of the road, that commanded a level stretch of half a mile or so, in anxious expectation of the procession. No sooner had this arrived at the point of observation, than the little squadron would fall rearward of the principal group for the purpose of extracting from Nancy a full and particular account of the capture.

"Indeed, childher, id's no wondher for ye to enquire! Where did I get 'im, Dick?—mushe, an' where wud I get 'im but in the ould place, a-hagur; wid the ould set; don't ye'es know that a dacent place or dacent company wouldn't sarve Ned?—nobody bud Shane Martin, an' Jimmy Tague, an' the other blackguards."

"An' what will ye do wid 'm, Nancy?"

"Och! thin, Dick, avourneen, id's myself that's jist tired thinkin' iv that; at any rate, consumin' to the loose foot he'll get this blessed month to come, Dick, agra!"

"Troth, Nancy," another mischievous monkey would exclaim, "if ye hadn't great patience entirely, ye cudn't put up wid such thratement, at all, at all."

"Why, thin, God knows, id's thrue for ye, Barney. D'ye hear that, "graceless"—the very childher makin' a laughin'-stock an' a may-game iv ye?—but wait till we get under the roof, any how."

"Ned," a third would say, "isn't id a burnin' shame for ye to break the poor crathur's heart, this a-way? Troth, but ye ought to hould down yer head, sure enough—a dacent woman! that only for her wudn't have a house over ye, so ye wudn't."

"An' throth an' id's goin', Tim," Nancy would exclaim, "an' whin id goes, let 'im see thin who'll do for 'm: let 'im thry if his blackguards 'll stan' to 'm, whin he won't have poor foolish Nancy at his back."

During these conversations, Ned would walk on between his two guards, with a dogged-looking and condemned face, Nancy behind him, with his own cudgel, ready to administer the restorative of an occasional bang whenever he attempted to slacken his pace, or throw over his shoulder a growl of dissent or justification.

On getting near home, the neighbors would occasionally pop out their heads, with a smile of good-humored satire on their faces, which Nancy was very capable of translating:

"Ay," she would say, "I've caught 'im—here he is to the fore. Indeed ye may well laugh, Katy Rafferty; not a wan iv myself blames ye for id.—Ah, ye mane crathur," turning to Ned, "iv ye had the blood of a hen in ye, ye wudn't have the neighbors brakin' their hearts laughin' at ye in sich a way; an' above all the people in the world, them Raffertys, that got the decree agin iz at the last sessions, although I offered to pay within fifteen shillins' of the differ—the grubs!"

Having seen her hopeful charge safely deposited on the hob, Nancy would throw her cloak into this corner, and her bonnet into that, with the air of a woman absorbed by the consideration of some vexatious trial; she would then sit down, and, lighting her *doodeen*, exclaim,

"Wurrah, wurrah! id's me that's the heart-scalded crathur wid that man's four quarters! The Lord may help me, an' grant me patience wid him, any way!—to have my little, honest, hard-earned penny spint among a pack o' vagabonds, that didn't care him an' me war both down the river, so they cud get their bellyful iv dhrink out iv 'im. No matter, agra! things can't long be this a-way;—but what diz Ned care?—give him dhrink and fightin', an' his blackguards about 'im, an' that's his glory. There now's the lan'lord comin' down upon us for the rint, an' 'cept he takes the cows out of the byre or the bed from anundher iz, what in the wide arth is there for 'im?"

The current of this lecture was never interrupted by a single observation from Ned, who usually employed himself in silently playing with "Buntie," a little black cur, without a tail, and a great favorite with Nancy; or, if he noticed anything out of its place in the house, he would arrange it with great apparent care. In the mean time, Nancy's wrath generally evaporated with the smoke of the pipe—a circumstance which Ned well knew;—for after she had sucked it until it had emitted a shrill bubbling sound, like that from a reed, her brows, which wore at other times a habitual frown, would gradually relax into a more benevolent expression—the parenthetical curves on each side of her mouth, formed by the irascible pursing of her lips, would become less marked—the dog or cat, or whatever else came in her way, instead of being kicked aside, or pursued in an underfit of digressional peevishness, would be put out of her path with a gentler force—so that it was, in such circumstances, a matter of little difficulty to perceive that conciliation would soon be the order of the day. Ned's conduct, on these critical occasions was very prudent and commendable; he still gave Nancy her own way, never "jawed back to her," but took shelter, as it were, under his own patience, until the storm had passed, and the sun of her good humor began to shine again. Nancy herself, now softened by the fumes of her own pigtail, usually made the first overtures to a compromise, but without departing from the prac-

tice and principles of higher negotiators—always in an indirect manner; as, “Judy, avourneen, may be that crathur ate nothing to-day; ye had better, agra, get ’m the could bacon that’s in the cupboard, and warm for ’im, upon the greeshaugh, them yallow-legs\* that’s in the cullindher, though God he knows it’s ill my common—bud no matther, a higur, there’s enough sed, I’m thinkin’—give ’em to ’im.

On Ned seating himself to his bacon and potatoes, Nancy would light another pipe, and plant herself on the opposite hob, putting some interrogatory to him, in the way of business—always concerning a third person, and still in a tone of dry ironical indifference; as,

“Did ye see Jimmy Conolly on yer thravels!”

“No.”

“Humph! Can ye tell iz if Andy Morrow sowld his cowl?”

“He did.”

“Maybe ye have gumption enough to know what he got for ’im?”

“Fifteen ginneys.”

“In troth, an’ id’s more nor a poor body would get; bud, any way, Andy Morrow desaves to get a good price; he’s a man that takes care of his own bizness, an’ minds nothin’ else. I wish that filly of ours was dockt; ye ought to spake to Jim M’Quade about id; id’s time to make her up—ye know we’ll want to sell her for the rint.”

This was an assertion by the way, which Ned knew to have every thing but truth in it.

“Never heed the filly,” Ned would reply, “I’ll get Charley Lawher to dock her—but id’s not her I’m thinkin’ iv; did ye hear the news about the to-backy?”

“No, but I hope we won’t be long so.”

“Well, anyhow, we were in look to buy in them three last rowls.”

“Eh? in look! death-alive, how, Ned?”

“Sure there was three ships iv id lost last week, on their way from the kingdom of Swuzzerland, in the Aste Indians, where id grows; we can rise id thruppence a-pound now.”

“No, Ned! you’re not in arnest?”

“Faith, bud ye may say I am; an’ as soon as Tom Loan comes home from Dublin, he’ll tell iz all about id; an’ for that matther, maybe, id may rise sixpence a-pound: faith, we’ll gain a lob by id, I’m thinkin’.”

“May I never stir! bud that’s look: well, Ned, ye may thank me for that, any way, or not a rowl we’d have in the four corners iv the house—an’ ye wanted to persuade me agin buyin’ thim; bud I knew better—for the to-backy’s always sure to get a bit iv a hitch at this time a year.”

“Bedad, ye can do id, Nancy; I’ll say that for ye—that’s an’ give ye yer own way.”

“Eh! can’t I Ned?—an’ what was better, I bate down Pether M’Entee three-ha’pence a pound afther I bought them?”

“Ha! ha! ha! by my sannies, Nancy, as to market-makin’, they may all throw their caps at ye; ye thief o’ the world, ye can do them nately.”

“Ha! ha! ha! Stop, Ned, don’t dhrink that wather—id’s not from the rock well; but I’ll jist mix a sup iv this last stuff we got from the mountains, till ye taste id; I think id’s not worse nor the last—for Hugh Traynor’s an’ old hand at makin’ id.”

This was all Ned wanted; his point was now carried: but with respect to the rising of the tobacco, the less that is said about that the better for his veracity.

## IRISH MERMAIDS.

ANON.

’Twas on the thirty-first of March, the night was rather chilly,

The good ship “Pat,” of the “Cove of Cork,” lay off the rocks of Scilly;

The Captain, he was thinking of the dear land he was born in,

And ruminated o’er his grog, till night was nearly morning:

O! the land—the dear land he was thinking of;

O! the grog—the sweet grog he was drinking of.

He sipp’d and sipp’d his seventh glass, as long as it would hold out;

Then quaff’d a pint of undiluted, just to keep the cold out;

And having freed himself from doubts of his getting from the vapor ill,

He deem’d ’twas time to go to bed, for ’twas the first of April:

O! the heaviness that weigh’d upon his peepers—

For Captain Sullivan he was the soundest of all sleepers.

In the “twinkling of a bed-post” the weather grew unruly,

The chamber smelt sulphureously, the candles they burnt bluely;

The Captain’s whiskers both shot out sparks of electricity;

The cat stared wildly, as to ask—“O! my poor master, is it he?”

O! the accumulated horrors of the moment,—  
Words could never paint it, so superfluous is comment.

First came a flash of forked lightning, then a clap of thunder;

The Captain felt an earthquake shock both over him and under:

His senses clean abandon’d him, ’twixt listening and gazing;

And he fell into a deadly swoon, both awful and amazing:

O! for asafetida, hartshorn, salts, or other,

Or somebody to tickle well his nostrils with a feather.

When swooning Captain Sullivan recovered from his fainting fit,

His whey face for any thing was more than for a painting fit;—

His teeth began to chatter, chatter—his knees to knock together,

Heart to roll from side to side, like porpus in wet weather;

\* A kind of potato.



And his little cabin smelt so fishy and so salmony,  
It made his stomach feel as queer as if he'd taken  
scammony.

Close to the table were four chairs, beside the one  
he sat upon,  
And a little stool beside the fire, the which had  
been his cat upon;  
No longer empty were the seats, but occupied all  
four of 'em;  
He saw the strangers' heads and arms, but couldn't  
see no more of 'em;  
For their legs, if legs they had, were hid below  
the table,  
And they look'd as if they meant to speak, as  
soon as they were able.

The first of them was like an ape, with high cheek-  
bone and ugly;  
His nose lay flat upon his cheek, as you've seen the  
nose of pug lie;  
His eyes the color of dead sprats—his ivories were  
tusky;  
His voice, "untuned to melody," was croaking,  
harsh, and husky;  
His hands and visage seem'd to be, by the glim-  
mer of the candle,  
In color like the tawny wood you get from Coro-  
mandel.

The second was not beautiful, but then she was a  
female—  
Of her we speak more tenderly than bound to do  
of the male;  
Her hair was green like bulrushes, and fell adown  
her shoulders,  
And she comb'd and put curl-papers in it, spite of  
the beholders;  
Her stays she then amused herself with lacing  
and unlacing,  
And occasionally took a glass to see her pretty  
face in.

The gentleman then waved his hand, but first put  
on his cock'd hat,  
An indecorum polish'd Captain Sullivan was shock'd  
at;  
Then with a phiz as grave and starch as if to preach  
a sermon,  
He said, "Your servant, Captain Sullivan, Sir, I'm  
a Merman.  
This, Sir, is my lawful wife, the queen of all the  
Mermaids,  
The sovereign of coral rocks, and these, good  
Captain, her maids."

"A mermaid!" squall'd the Captain; "I have heard  
of such an odd fish,—  
A kind of—sort of—as it were, half woman and  
half ood-fish;  
My lad, your nonsense won't do here,—you've not  
a fool to talk to;  
And, if you don't sheer off, my buck, I'll show you  
where you'll walk to."  
"To prove, Sir," quoth the Merman, "that we do  
not mean to gammon,  
Look at my tail," by Jove, he did, and found it  
was a salmon.

"Your business, Mr. Fish-and-flesh—I pray you,  
Sir, what is it  
That gives to Captain Sullivan the honor of your  
visit?  
Will you take a cup of any thing, or will your wife  
or daughter,—  
A glass of rum, or whiskey punch, or a little gin  
and water,—  
A noggin of good cherry-bounce, as sweet as  
sugar-candy;  
Or smoke a pipe, and sip between a gill of ale or  
brandy?"

Quoth Merman, "You're a gentleman; but, Sir, we  
do not dare it;  
Our stomachs here are so-so-ish,—perhaps they  
wouldn't bear it;



We feed on other sorts of things, beneath the  
briny waters,—  
We suck sea-serpent's eggs, and drink the milk of  
alligators;

And as for smoking them there things, we havn't  
got the knack how;  
And another thing's against it, too—we've neither  
pipes nor 'bacco.

"We've come to ask a favor of you and your men,  
good Captain,—

In letting go the anchor, Sir, our chimney it has  
dropt in;

A party came to dine with us, and 'twas indeed  
provoking,

It overturn'd our cockle-soup, and set the chimney  
smoking;

So prithee, Captain Sullivan, weigh your anchor  
quickly,  
Or we'll raise a storm about your ears, will make  
you feel sea-sickly.

With that the party bobb'd adieu, and sidled to the  
billow,

Commending Captain Sullivan to seek his downy  
pillow;

Then smooth'd their scales, and grinn'd a grin, and  
with a graceful motion,

They flapp'd their arms, and curtseying, *three* popp'd  
into the ocean;

The *fourth*, the Captain caught by the fin, and  
stopp'd her, willy nilly,

And 'tis the very Mermaid you may see in Pic-  
cadilly.

## INSURANCE AND ASSURANCE.

BY ROBERT SULLIVAN.

"It is inconceivable to the virtuous and praise-  
worthy part of the world, who have been born and  
bred to respectable idleness, what terrible straits  
are the lot of those scandalous rogues whom For-  
tune has left to shift for themselves!"

Such was my feeling ejaculation when, full of  
penitence for the sin of urgent necessity, I wended  
my way to the attorney who had swept together,  
and, for the most part, pecked up, the crumbs  
which fell from my father's table. He was a little,  
grizzled, sardonic animal, with features which were  
as hard as his heart, and fitted their leather jacket so  
tightly that one would have thought it had shrunk  
from washing, or that they had bought it second-  
hand, and were pretty nearly out at the elbows.  
They were completely emblematic of their posses-  
sor, whose religion it was to make the most of every  
thing, and, amongst the rest, of the distresses of  
his particular friends, amongst whom I had the hap-  
piness of standing very forward. My business re-  
quired but little explanation, for I was oppressed by  
neither rent-rolls nor title-deeds; and we sat down  
to consider the readiest means of turning an excel-  
lent income for one year into something decent for  
a few more.

My adviser, whose small experienced eye had  
twinkled through all the speculations of the age,  
and, at the same time, had taken a very exact ad-  
measurement of my capabilities of turning them to  
advantage, seemed to be of opinion that I was fit  
for nothing on earth. For one undertaking I wanted  
application; for another I wanted capital. "Now,"  
said he, "as the first of these deficiencies is irre-  
mediable, we must do what we can to supply the  
latter. Take my advice—Insure your life for a few  
thousands; you will have but little premium to pay,  
for you look as if you would live for ever; and from  
my knowledge of your rattle-pated habits and the  
various chances against you, I will give you a hand-  
some sum for the insurance."

Necessity obliged me to acquiesce in the propo-  
sal, and I assured the old cormorant that there was  
every likelihood of my requiting his liberality by  
the most unremitting perseverance in all the evil  
habits which had procured me his countenance.  
We shook hands in mutual ill-opinion, and he

obligingly volunteered to accompany me to an In-  
surance Office, where they were supposed to esti-  
mate the duration of a man's life to a quarter of an  
hour and odd seconds.

We arrived a little before the business hour, and  
were shown into a large room, where we found  
several more speculators waiting ruefully for the  
oracle to pronounce sentence. In the centre was  
a large table, round which, at equal distances, were  
placed certain little lumps of money, which my  
friend told me were to reward the labors of the In-  
quisition, amongst whom the surplus arising from  
absentees would likewise be divided. From the  
keenness with which each individual darted upon  
his share and ogled that of his absent neighbor, I  
surmised that some of my fellow-sufferers would  
find the day against them. They would be ex-  
amined by eyes capable of penetrating every crevice  
of their constitutions, by noses which could smell a  
rat a mile off, and hunt a guinea breast high. How,  
indeed, could plague or pestilence, gout or gluttony,  
expect to lurk in its hole undisturbed when sur-  
rounded by a pack of terriers which seemed hungry  
enough to devour one another? Whenever the  
door slammed, and they looked for an addition of  
their cry, they seemed for all the world as though  
they were going to bark; and if a straggler really  
entered and seized upon his portion, the intelligent  
look of vexation was precisely like that of a dog  
who has lost a bone. When ten or a dozen of these  
gentry had assembled, the labors of the day com-  
menced.

Most of our adventurers for raising supplies upon  
their natural lives were afflicted with a natural con-  
ceit that they were by no means circumscribed in  
foundation for such a project. In vain did the  
Board endeavor to persuade them that they were  
half dead already. They fought hard for a few  
more years, swore that their fathers had been al-  
most immortal, and that their whole families had  
been as tenacious of life as so many eels. Alas!  
they were first ordered into an adjoining room,  
which I soon learned was the condemned cell, and  
then delicately informed that the establishment  
could have nothing to say to them. Some, indeed,  
had the good luck to be reprieved a little longer,

but even these did not effect a very flattering or advantageous bargain. One old gentleman had a large premium to pay for a totter in his knees; another for an extraordinary circumference in the girth; and a dowager of high respectability, who was afflicted with certain undue proportions of width, was fined most exorbitantly. The only customer who met with any thing like satisfaction was a gigantic man of Ireland, with whom death, I thought, was likely to have a puzzling contest.

"How old are you, sir?" inquired an examiner.

"Forty."

"You seem a strong man?"

"I am the strongest man in Ireland."

"But subject to the gout?"

"No.—The rheumatism.—Nothing else, upon my soul."

"What age was your father when he died?"

ring growl, and agreed that, upon his paying a slight additional premium for his irregularities, he should be admitted as a fit subject.

It was now my turn to exhibit; but, as my friend was handing me forward, my progress was arrested by the entrance of a young lady with an elderly maid-servant. She was dressed in slight mourning, was the most sparkling beauty I had ever seen, and appeared to produce an instantaneous effect, even upon the stony-hearted directors themselves. The chairman politely requested her to take a seat at the table, and immediately entered into her business, which seemed little more than to show herself and be entitled to twenty thousand pounds, for which her *late husband* had insured his life.

"Zounds," thought I, "twenty thousand pounds and a widow!"

"Ah, Madam," observed the chairman, "your hus-



"Oh, he died young; but then he was killed in a row."

"Have you any uncles alive?"

"No: they were all killed in rows too."

"Pray, sir, do you think of returning to Ireland?"

"May be I shall, some day or other."

"What security can we have that you are not killed in a row yourself?"

"Oh, never fear! I am the sweetest temper in the world, barring when I'm dining out, which is not often."

"What, sir, you can drink a little?"

"Three bottles, with ease."

"Ay, that is bad. You have a red face and look apoplectic. You will, no doubt, go off suddenly."

"Devil a bit. My red face was born with me; and I'll lay a bet I live longer than any two in the room."

"But three bottles —"

"Never you mind that. I don't mean to drink more than a bottle and a half in future. Besides I intend to get married, if I can, and live snug."

A debate arose amongst the directors respecting this gentleman's eligibility. The words "row," and "three bottles" ran, hurry-scurry round the table. Every dog had a snap at them. At last, however, the leader of the pack addressed him in a demur-

band made too good a bargain with us. I told him he was an elderly, sickly sort of a man, and not likely to last; but I never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage."

An elderly, sickly sort of a man! She would marry again, of course! I was on fire to be examined before her, and let her hear a favorable report of me. As luck would have it, she had some further transactions, which required certain papers to be sent for, and, in the pause, I stepped boldly forward.

"Gentlemen," said my lawyer, with a smile which whitened the tip of his nose, and very nearly sent it through the external teguments, "allow me to introduce Mr. —, a particular friend of mine, who is desirous of insuring his life. You perceive he is not one of your dying sort."

The directors turned their eyes towards me with evident satisfaction, and I had the vanity to believe that the widow did so too.

"You have a good broad chest," said one. "I dare say your lungs are never affected."

"Good shoulders, too," said another. "Not likely to be knocked down in a row."

"Strong in the legs, and not debilitated by dissipation," cried a third. "I think this gentleman will suit us."

I could perceive that, during these compliments and a few others, the widow was very much inclined to titter, which I considered as much as a flirtation commenced; and when I was ordered into another room to be farther examined by the surgeon in attendance, I longed to tell her to stop till I came back. The professional gentleman did his utmost to find a flaw in me, but was obliged to write a certificate, with which I re-entered, and had the satisfaction of hearing the chairman read that I was warranted sound. The Board congratulated me somewhat jocosely, and the widow laughed outright. Our affairs were settled exactly at the same moment, and I followed her closely down stairs.

"What mad trick are you at now?" inquired the cormorant.

"I am going to hand that lady to her carriage," I responded; and I kept my word. She bowed to me with much courtesy, laughed again, and desired her servant to drive home.

"Where is that, John?" said I.

"Number —, sir, in — street," said John; and away they went.

We walked steadily along, the bird of prey reckoning up the advantages of his bargain with me, and I in a mood of equally interesting reflection.

"What are you pondering about, young gentleman?" he at last commenced.

"I am pondering whether or no you have not overreached yourself in this transaction."

"How so?"

"Why, I begin to think I shall be obliged to give up my harum-scarum way of life; drink moderately, leave off fox-hunting, and sell my spirited horses, which, you know, will make a material difference in the probable date of my demise."

"But where is the necessity for your doing all this?"

"My wife will, most likely, make it a stipulation."

"Your wife!"

"Yes. That pretty disconsolate widow we have just parted from. You may laugh; but, if you choose to bet the insurance which you have bought of me against the purchase-money, I will take you that she makes me a sedate married man in less than two months."

"Done!" said the cormorant, his features again straining their buck-skins at the idea of having made a double profit of me. "Let us go to my house, and I will draw a deed to that effect, gratis."

I did not flinch from the agreement. My case, I knew, was desperate. I should have hanged myself a month before had it not been for the Epsom Races, at which I had particular business; and any little additional reason for disgust to the world would, I thought, be rather a pleasure than a pain—provided I was disappointed in the lovely widow.

Modesty is a sad bugbear upon fortune. I have known many who have not been oppressed by it remain in the shade, but I have never known one who emerged with it into prosperity. In my own case it was by no means a family disease, nor had I lived in any way by which I was likely to contract it. Accordingly on the following day, I caught myself very coolly knocking at the widow's door; and so entirely had I been occupied in considering the various blessings which would accrue to both of us from our union, that I was half way up stairs before I began to think of an excuse for my intrusion. The drawing-room was vacant, and I was left for a moment to wonder whether I was not actually in some temple of the Loves and Graces. There was

not a thing to be seen which did not breathe with tenderness. The ceiling displayed a little heaven of sportive Cupids, the carpet a wilderness of turtles-doves. The pictures were a series of the loves of Jupiter, the vases presented nothing but heartscase and love-lies-bleeding; the very Canary birds were inspired, and had a nest with two young ones; and the cat herself looked kindly over the budding beauties of a tortoise-shell kitten. What a place for a sensitive heart like mine! I could not bear to look upon the mirrors which reflected my broad shoulders on every side, like so many giants; and would have given the world to appear a little pale and interesting, although it might have injured my life a dozen years' purchase.

Nevertheless, I was not daunted, and I looked round for something to talk about, on the beauty's usual occupations, which I found were all in a tone with what I had before remarked. Upon the open piano lay "Auld Robin Gray," which had, no doubt, been sung in allusion to her late husband. On the table was a half-finished drawing of Apollo, which was, equally without doubt, meant to apply to her future one; and round about were strewed the seductive tomes of Moore, Campbell, and Byron. This witch, thought I, is the very creature I have been sighing after! I would have married her out of a hedge-way, and worked upon the roads to maintain her; but with twenty thousand pounds—ay, and much more, unless I am mistaken, she would create a fever in the frosty Caucasus!

I was in the most melting mood alive, when the door opened, and in walked the fascinating object of my speculations. She was dressed in simple gray, wholly without ornament, and her dark brown hair was braided demurely over a forehead which looked as lofty as her face was lovely. The reception she gave me was polite and graceful, but somewhat distant; and I perceived that she had either forgotten, or was determined not to recognize me. I was not quite prepared for this, and in spite of my constitutional confidence, felt not a little embarrassed. I had, perhaps, mistaken the breakings forth of a young and buoyant spirit, under ridiculous circumstances, for the encouragements of volatile coquetry; and, for a moment, I was in doubt whether I should not apologize and pretend that she was not the lady for whom my visit was intended. But then she was so beautiful! Angels and ministers! Nothing on earth could have sent me down stairs unless I had been kicked down! "Madam," I began—but my blood was in a turmoil, and I have never been able to recollect precisely what I said. Something it was, however, about my late father and her lamented husband, absence and the East Indies, liver complaints and Life Insurance; with compliments, condolences, pardon, perturbation, and preter-plu-perfect impertinence. The lady looked surprised, broke my speech with two or three well-bred ejaculations, and astonished me very much by protesting that she had never heard her husband mention either my father or his promising little heir-apparent, William Henry Thomas, in the whole course of their union.

"Ah, Madam," said I, "the omission is extremely natural! I am sure I am not at all offended with your late husband on that score. He was an elderly, sickly sort of a man. My father always told him he could not last, but he never thought he would have died so soon after his marriage. He had not time—he had not time, Madam, to make his friends happy by introducing them to you."

I believe, upon the whole, I must have behaved remarkably well, for the widow could not quite make up her mind whether to credit me or not, which, when we consider the very slender materials I had to work upon, is saying a great deal. At last I contrived to make the conversation glide away to Auld Robin Gray and the drawing of Apollo, which I pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Permit me, however, to suggest, that the symmetry of the figure would not be destroyed by a little more of Hercules in the shoulders, which would make his life worth a much longer purchase. A little more amplitude in the chest too, and a trifle stronger on the legs, as they say at the Insurance Office."

The widow looked comically at the recollections which I had brought to her mind; her rosy lips began to disclose their treasures in a half smile; and this, in turn, expanded into a laugh like the laugh of Euphrosyne. This was the very thing for me. I was always rather dashed by beauty on the stilts; but put us upon fair ground, and I never supposed that I could be otherwise than charming. I ran over all the amusing topics of the day, expended a thousand admirable jokes, repeated touching passages from a new poem which she had not read, laughed, sentimentalized, cuddled the kitten, and forgot to go away till I had sojourned full two hours. Euphrosyne quite lost sight of my questionable introduction, and chimed in with a wit as brilliant as her beauty; nor did she put on a single grave look when I volunteered to call the next day and read the remainder of the poem.

It is impossible to conceive how carefully I walked home. My head and heart were full of the widow and the wager, and my life was more precious than the Pigot Diamond. I kept my eyes sedulously upon the pavement, to be sure that the coal-holes were closed; and I never once crossed the street without looking both ways, to calculate the dangers of being run over. When I arrived, I was presented with a letter from my attorney, giving me the choice of an ensigncy in a regiment which was ordered to Sierra Leone, or of going missiona-

ry to New Zealand. I wrote to him, in answer, that it was perfectly immaterial to me whether I was cut off by fever or devoured by cannibals, but that I had business which would prevent me from availing myself of either alternative for two months, at least.

The next morning found me again at the door of Euphrosyne, who gave me her lily hand, and received me with the smile of an old acquaintance. Affairs went on pretty much the same as they did on the preceding day. The poem was long, her singing exquisite, my anecdote of New Zealand irresistible, and we again forgot ourselves till it was necessary, in common politeness, to ask me to dinner. Here her sober attire, which for some months had been a piece of mere gratuitous respect, was exchanged for a low evening dress, and my soul, which was brimming before, was in an agony to find room for my increasing transports. Her spirits were sportive as butterflies, and fluttered over the flowers of her imagination with a grace that was quite miraculous. She ridiculed the rapidity of our acquaintance, eulogized my modesty till it was well nigh burnt to a cinder, and every now and then sharpened her wit by a delicate recurrence to Apollo and the shoulders of Hercules.

The third, and the fourth, and the fifth day, wit twice as many more, were equally productive of excuses for calling, and reasons for remaining, till at last I took upon me to call and remain without troubling myself about the one or the other. I was received with progressive cordiality; and, at last with a mixture of timidity which assured me of the anticipation of a catastrophe which was, at once to decide the question with the Insurance Office and determine the course of my travel. One day I found the Peri sitting rather pensively at work, and, as usual, I took my seat opposite to her.

"I have been thinking," said she, "that I have been mightily imposed upon."

"By whom?" I inquired.

"By one of whom you have the highest opinion—by yourself."

"In what do you mistrust me?"

"Come, now, will it please you to be candid, and tell me honestly that all that exceedingly intelligible story about your father, and the liver complaint, and Heaven knows what, was a mere fabrication?"

"Will it please you to let me thread that needle, for I see that you are taking aim at the wrong end of it?"

"Nonsense! Will you answer me?"

"I think I could put the finishing touch to that sprig. Do you not see?" I continued, jumping up and leaning over her. "It should be done so—and then so. What stitch do you call that?"

The beauty was not altogether in a mood for joking. I took her hand—it trembled—and so did mine.

"Will you pardon me?" I whispered, "I am a sinner, a counterfeit, a poor, swindling, disreputable vagabond—but I love you to my soul."

The work dropped upon her knee.

\* \* \* \* \*

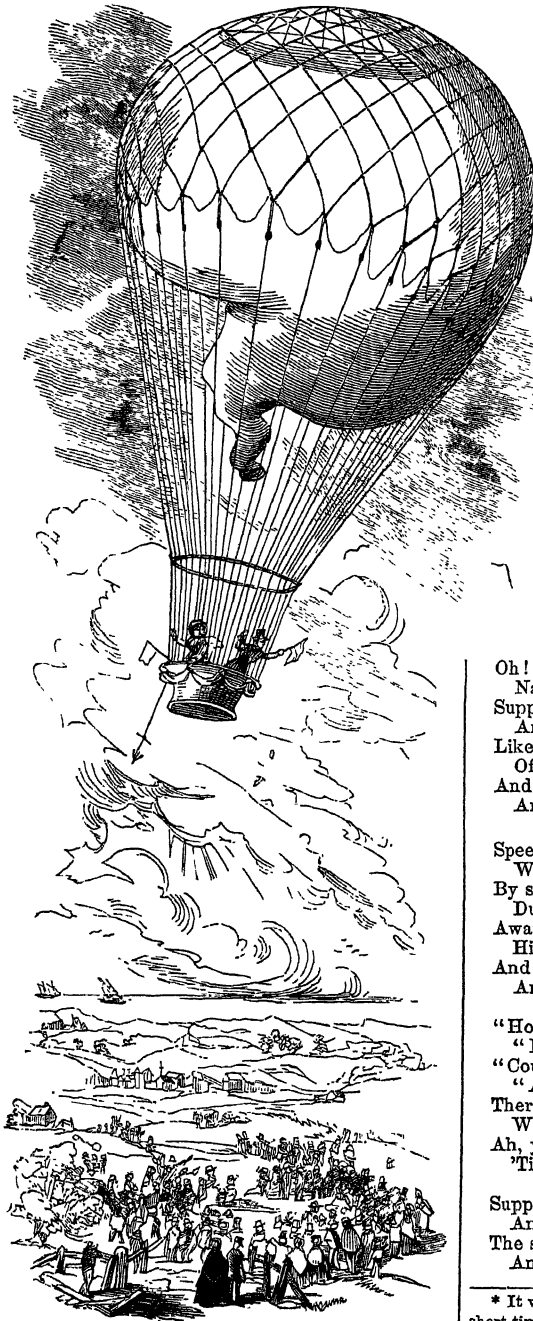
In about a fortnight from this time I addressed the following note to my friend.

Dear Sir: It will give you great pleasure to hear that my prospects are mending, and that you have lost your wager. As I intend settling the insurance on my wife, I shall, of course, think you entitled to the job. Should your trifling loss in me oblige you to become an ensign to Sierra Leone, or a missionary to New Zealand, you may rely upon my interest there.



## MARY-LE-BONE LYRICS.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.



Mr. Graham now handed Miss Dawson into the car, and in a few minutes the aeronaut and his accomplished and beautiful fellow-voyager were lost to the gaze of the admiring multitude.—KENDAL PAPER.

Here we go up, up, up,—  
And now we go down, down, down,—  
Now we go backward and forward  
And heigh for London town!

SWIFT.

MR. GRAHAM TO MISS DAWSON IN  
THE CLOUDS.

Who says the moon is made of cheese?  
The sky a sheet of paper?  
The little stars so many peas—  
The sun a mere gas\* taper?  
That all the clouds are chimney smoke  
The Sun's attraction draws on?  
'Tis clear as noon 'tis all a joke  
To you and me Miss Dawson.

The secrets of the sky are ours—  
The heaven is opening o'er us—  
The region of the thunder-showers  
Is spreading wide before us.  
How pleasant from this fleecy cloud,  
To look on ancient places,  
And peer upon the pigmy crowd,  
Of upturned gaping faces!

Oh! what a place were this for love!  
Nay, never start, I pray,  
Suppose our hearts could jointly move  
And in a lawful way.  
Like Ixion I should scorn the crowds  
Of earthly beauties to know,  
And love a lady in the clouds—  
And you should be my Juno.

Speed higher yet—throw out more sand—  
We're not the last who'll rise,  
By scattering with lavish hand,  
Dust in our neighbors' eyes.  
Away! away! the clouds divide—  
Hish! what a freezing here!—  
And now we thread the mist-hill side  
And now the heavens appear.

"How blest!" (so Tommy Moore might sing)  
"Did worldly love not blind us,  
"Could we to you bright cloud but wing,  
"And leave this earth behind us.  
There, fed on sunshine—safe from woe—  
We'd live and love together!"  
Ah, you and I, Miss Dawson, know,  
'Tis very foggy weather.

Suppose some future act made void  
And lawless Gretna marriages,  
The snuff-man joiner's trade destroy'd  
And nullified post carriages:

\* It will be recollected that this was actually asserted a short time since by a celebrated professional gentleman.

What think you if a Greta here,  
With post-balloons were given?  
Such marriages (we all could swear)  
At least were made in Heaven.

How small, Miss Dawson, from the sky  
Appears that man below—  
The triton of the *rabbing* fry,  
The saddler-king of Bow!  
A fig for Dogberry, say we!  
For leathern bench and "watches!"  
A fig for law! I'd like to see  
What Bishop here could catch us?

Suppose we smash the stars for fun?  
Have with the larks a *lark*?

Or hang a cloak upon the sun.  
And leave the world all dark?  
Or upwards still pursue our flight,  
Leave that dull world at rest,  
And into Eden peep—and fright  
The banquet of the blest?

Whiz! whiz! the fatal word is spoke—  
The sprites are round our ear—  
Our gas is spent—our pinion broke,  
And, like a shooting star,  
Down, down we glide—the clouds divide  
They close above our head—  
Now, safe and sound, we touch the ground,  
And now—we go to bed.

## THE BISHOP'S ISLAND.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

Tantundem dat tantidem.

"THEY talk a dale about bishops in our own times," plase your honor, "in regard o' reform, an' things that way; but I hard a story of a bishop that was then long ago, an' I declare if he didn't flog all the bishops in Europe; its a dhroll thing. Do you see that island out oppozzite us in the wather?"

The speaker pointed with his stick to an island, standing about fifty yards from one of those stupendous cliffs which look out upon the Atlantic from the western coast of Ireland. It was a singular piece of land, rising from the waters almost to the height of the precipice, on whose brink we stood; that is to say, about three hundred feet. From its contiguity to the cliff and the similarity of its structure, it might be conjectured that it had at one time formed part of the shore, and was separated from it by the raging of that immense ocean, whose overgrown billows meet here their first impediment. The summit of this singular islet was a small tabular plot of ground, on which a few sheep were grazing, though by what means an animal without wings could reach that height seemed enigmatical. Between this lonely rock and the mainland, a multitude of sea-fowl mingled their discordant screams with the roar of the troubled waters, that heaved and foamed against the base of the cliff.

"Do you see that island out frontin' us?" repeated my companion.

"I do."

"Well, an' do you see now a darony stone, with the sea-gull sittin' above upon it, in among the sheep?"

With some difficulty I was able to perceive the stone.

"That stone was onst a *statute* of a bishop that owned the island, although there's little marks of a stone statute about it now. That's the bishop I'm tellin' you I heard talks of in regard of his doin's, an' I'll tell you the story if you like it."

Perceiving me attentive and curious, he sat at his ease upon the mossy border of the precipice, and commenced his narrative.

"There was a bishop long ago, an' he had a great house upon that island. 'Tis the way he used to go

to and fro betune it an' the land was be manes of a dhrowbridge, that he could pull ashore after him either on one side or the other, as he plased.

"Well, what do you think of this lad of a bishop? He used to keep open house on the island, invitin' all the quality about the country to his house, and thratin' 'em like a prince; only I'll tell you of a thrick he had, for all the good opinion the people had of him about the place, that wasn't over seemly for a bishop.

"He'd invite a parcel o' jettlemen an' ladies of a time that he'd know had plenties o' money, an' he'd give 'em the best of entertainment for a couple o' days. Well an' good. After that, may be, he'd get up of a mornin' before sunrise, an' he'd ashore with himself, an' he'd dhraw the dhrawbridge after him, an' he'd lave all the company there upon the island without a bit of vittals, may be for as good or better than a week or a fortnight, an' they havin' no manes o' comin' ashore. Maintime, himself would go about the counthry divartin'. Well, when he'd think the company had time to be starved, back he'd go to the cliff, an' lay out the dhrawbridge again, an' step across to the island to see what was the matter there; an' findin' 'em all dead with the hunger, he'd take all their cash an' goods, and' flog the bodies out over the cliff into the say, an' nobody but himself knowin' any thin' about it.

"Well, aisy until I tell you how this *janius* of a bishop was pinned in the latter end. 'Tis unknown how long he was goin' on with these capers, until of a time one o' them ould chieftains an' his wife, a great haro of a lady, that lived near the village o' New Auburn over, begun talkin' about the business of a day an' they after break'ast.

"Erra, isn't it dhroll," says the lady, "that any company that goes to the bishop at any, somehow or another we never hear any more of 'em after?"

"'Tis eroo," says the ould chieftain.

"I declare to my heart," says she, "I'd like to make it out."

"Hardly the word was out of her mouth, when who should walk in the doore to 'em only the lad himself, an' he comin' to ax 'em to his great house.

"I'd be happy to accept your lordship's offer," says the ould chieftain, "only I've a mort o' money

in the house, an' I'd be in dhread to lave it afther me.'

"'Eh, can't you get a big chesht, an' bring it with you, man?' says the rogue of a bishop, (knowin' well what he was about.)

"'Do, eroo,' says the wife; 'be said by his lordship,' says she; 'an' sure 'twill be safer there than here itself,' says she.

"Well, it was so settled, sir, and the lady, unknownst to her husband, ordered a couple more baskets, an' filled one with arms an' the other with provisions, roast and boiled, eatables and drinkables, an' away with 'em to the island. When the bishop seen the three cheshts, you'd think his heart would jump into his mouth, although he never pertended any thing, only smiled an' welcomed 'em to the place. In they went, an' found a great company inside before them, ladies and jettlemen, an' they as pleasant as could be, sportin' an' talkin'. Well, afther two days faistin', the ould chieftain got up of a mornin', and walkin' out to the hall doore, what should he see only the dhrawbridge dhrawn ashore upon the cliff, and not a sight o' the bishop to be seen high or low, nor one belongin' to the house, an' not a sign o' breakfast. Well, the company were bothered, and the ould chieftain began scold-

in' his wife for biddin' him to be said by the bishop. She said nothin', only let 'em talk away, and they all wondherin' what made her look so calm. Afther lettin' 'em fast for a couple o' days, she carried the ould chieftain with her into the room where they laid the chests, an' then she opened 'em an' showed him the arms and provisions, an' every ha'porth.

"Well, they all gev it up to her that they owed her their lives, an' they *kiltched* with what was in the chest, until they seen the ould poet of a bishop settlin' his dhrawbridge, cock-sure they were all dead. In he came quite aisy, just like a cat that would be stalin' into an ould garret, an' spyin' about for the mice. Well, if he did, my lady had 'em all ranged with their swords an' bagnits in the hall, an' when he put his nose inside the doore, they fell upon himself an' his men, an' threatened 'em just in the same way he meant to threat themselves, by castin' 'em out over the cliff into the main ocean.

"I think, sir, concluded my informant, with a sagacious nod, "that was a rale poet of a bishop."

#### MORAL.

Never go to dine with a bishop who lives alone on an island in the sea, without taking arms and provisions concealed in your chest.

## MAKING A NAME; OR, MORTIFICATIONS AND MISFORTUNES.

BY LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

"I THINK it is an excellent scheme, provided we could make a name," said my aunt.

"Yes, yes, provided we could just make a name," returned my uncle.

"Certainly, papa, if we could only make a name," was said in chorus by my four cousins.

We were a family of project-formers and castle-builders; and whenever any member of the family group suggested an easy path to fame, fashion, or fortune, it was always eagerly swallowed by the others as the very best scheme on earth, and their rejoinder was always—"That's *elegant*, if we could but make a name."

Need I, after this, say that we were all, "real Irish."

The present discussion had arisen in consequence of the disturbed state of our county, in which we were by no means popular. My uncle had tried to render himself so; or, as he termed it, "to make a name as a patriot," some years before; and his voice had been the loudest in opposition at county meetings, elections, etc., bawling for the rights of the much-injured, and greatly-suffering, and all-enduring Irish peasantry; but finding that the people whose cause he vindicated did not give to a protestant advocate credit for sincerity, while on the other hand the aristocracy looked coldly on the "man of nothing," who opposed them, he changed his system altogether, and determined to make a name as an "Orangeman," on the other side of the question.

My aunt, too, had her share of little troubles and disappointments. For some years after her marriage, she had endeavored to make a 'name for charity,' and had visited the neighboring poor, giving them advice and assistance,—but not in equal quantities, I suspect; for their gratitude was by no means so rapid and so luxuriant in its growth as she expected

from the good seed she planted; and in disgust she determined to direct her future efforts towards 'making her name' as a good manager and economist.

There is nothing on earth which the lower order of Irish dislike so much as "good management," which they contemptuously term "*mainness*." Instead of being congratulated on the grand show she made at a trifling expense, my aunt used to encounter sneers and clever Irish jokes not unmingled with *soubriquets* of "main skinflint," and "ould swaddlin' nigger;" they had likewise threatened "to make the old farram too hot to hould her;" and whenever there was a "rising in the county," they always neutralized her economy by breaking her windows, destroying her poultry, etc. etc. The discussion of this evening was relative to our future residence; and my uncle had proposed England, to which the family had made the usual rejoinder. I never was honored by being asked my opinion, as I had ever been (with my uncle Lawrence) quite averse to the name-making system; but as I saw it was in vain to contend against the wishes of those with whom my orphan state obliged me to reside, I never ventured into an argument on these matters.

We were obliged to let the farm at a very low rent, on account of the crops being all destroyed; and as it was the only means my uncle had of supporting his family, he wished to live in England in what he termed "a quiet genteel way," which means among us Irish, only fifty per cent. beyond the actual income. My aunt insisted on taking a Dublin servant with her, who knew something of style, to make a name for elegance in our future domicile; but my uncle stoutly objected to the expense, and was only induced to agree by my aunt introducing a "handy lad" (about fifty-nine) who had offered to accompany her without wages, merely to see Eng-



land; so we hired this bargain, without a character, and he really happened to be very clever, and had an appearance of having attended families of better style than our own. He was a strange-looking being, lame and deformed, with fire-colored hair, while his complexion was dark mahogany; and when he laughed he displayed teeth which, from their whiteness, were quite ghastly beside his frog-like skin. With the singular acuteness of his clever nation, he was *au fait* with all our characters in a few hours; and while fooling my uncle and aunt "to the top of their bent," he really seemed to guess my thoughts and wishes as soon as they were formed.

When we were packing and directing the trunks on the morning of our departure, my aunt reading one of the cards which I had written, exclaimed—"Well! O'Casey, dear, isn't ours an ugly name!—Will I make the child Frenchify it into '*Cassee*,' which sounds something like Napoleon's man that wrote the journal?"

"To be sure, an' you may," returned my uncle; "write '*P. Casse, Esq.*' on some cards, Fanny."

When I had written them, my uncle, with the little nails ready, and the *poker* to drive them (for among us Irish nothing does its own work—the *poker* acts '*hammer*,' and the end of the *bellows* acts '*poker*') my aunt stopped him once more, saying, "Ah! then, O'Casey, if we call ourselves a French name, we can only trace our family to the French revolution; but if we omit the '*O*,' won't we be able to say we're related to the Caseys of Bally-knock-nakil-Casey, and the Caseys of Castle-bally-na-Shamusmore-Casey, and the great Caseys of Clon-carrick-lough-Casey, near New-town-mount-Casey, county Kildare, and they are descended from O'Connor-M'Columb-kil-Casey, king of Munster, you know."

"Success to you, then! but you're clever!" said my uncle, gazing with admiration on his inventive wife: "Fanny, dear, write some more cards, with '*P. Casey, Esq.*' upon them."

According to orders I wrote another set, which was no easy task, my cards being taken from a pack rejected by the nursery. The chaise was now at the door, and we had scarcely time enough allowed us to reach the packet: not one of the overflowing trunks would close, and there were three still unpacked, while my uncle was hurrying off with the wet cards, which he blotted in his anxiety to dry them (I do not know if blotting-paper be made in Ireland, but I may venture to say that none is used there): just as he reached the door, his wife exclaimed, "Ah! wait, O'Casey dear, isn't it a pity you can't put '*Captain*' before your name, just to stop the impudent English from asking our lad '*What was your mashter, Paddy?*'"

"Why wouldn't I put it?" said my uncle, smiling and turning back: "Or, as every body can be a *Captain*, will I call myself *Major*?"

"You've hit it then!" said Mrs. O'Casey, "sure *yours* is the head for contriv'n' after all."

For the third time I altered the direction; the cards were nailed on; *Major Casey's* trunks pressed and corded, hundreds of requisites forgotten, hasty farewells, and at length we just reached the packet in time.

Many persons can *plan* falsehoods, which they consider to be very clever, but they cannot always *support* them; my relatives kept up to the spirit of theirs like old campaigners.—Both had studied from the army-list the officer's names in the —th dragoons, and applied them to extempore military stories—my

aunt talking of the meajor, and the meajor's services, and the meajor's bravery, to the edification of the tenants of the ladies' cabin: while, as I was on deck, I heard my uncle holding forth about the dullness of this piping time of peace, 'Jackson of ours,' 'exchange,' 'difference,' 'Waterloo,' 'Quatre-bras,' etc. and stating that all other accounts were incorrect. His '*troop*' in particular (we were none of your infantry '*company*' people!) had done wonders, for the truth of which he appealed to our 'lad' Larry O'Shaughnessey, who willingly gave testimony with "*Thru' for youh, surr.*"—*Iss indeed, upon my saafe conscience, surr.*"—*Au, sure enough, surr, it's the raal thruth,*" while he turned round his large black eyes with a demure look. He was evidently a humorist in his own way, for I often detected him silly watching and enjoying my confusion and annoyance when he had induced my uncle to carry a military story beyond the limits of safety.

I forgot to say that he was ordered to personate the character of a trooper of my uncle's, who had saved his officer's life; and any one who heard him relate the adventure would have supposed he applied to *lying*, Lord Chesterfield's hackneyed maxim that "if it be worth while to *do* a thing, it is worth while to *do it well*." Each time Larry told his story, he increased the danger and the number of enemies, never failing at the end to say with a sigh, looking at me hypocritically, "I thought Miss Fanny there, was kilt didd when the mashter and me came home wounded and tould her the story; but I won't minshin it agin afore the soft-hearted crathur, blessings on her swate face!"

When we arrived in England, and had taken a house, for which we paid beyond its value on account of my uncle's *high military rank*, the next anxiety was how to become acquainted with our neighbors. In vain the major lounged at the library, opening the door, offering seats to the ladies, and bestowing glances of Irish admiration and softness upon them: in vain he retained the newspaper, after spelling it twice over, until some person of consequence entered, to whom he landed it with a bow: the paper was received at arm's length as if it carried infection, and the bow was only met with a stare and a distancing '*hem*.' Equally vain were his attempts of "*What sport, sir?*" addressed to the fishers and shooters, who either whistled a tune, or moved away, saying, "*Not any—hem!*" Then the major joined clubs, meetings, dinners, subscriptions, *et cetera, et cetera*: all in vain. A stranger, and an Irish stranger, (save the mark!) was something too dreadful to be approached, and name, rank, bravery, and even the great Caseys of Cloncarriek-lough-na-Casey, were totally useless.

At length, a Mr. Dobbs, an old bachelor, whose sole amusements were tying fishing-flies, and learning every one's business, came to see us, one desperately rainy day.

How the little purple man was flattered, and praised, and devoured by my despairing relatives: my uncle would not hear of his refusing to dine with us; and I fancy our guest was nothing loath to see the "raal Irish" at their meals. The old man, I could see, amused himself by taking a mental inventory of our dinner, which was in the true plentiful Irish style, a whole week's provision having been sacrificed to render it so. I pass over the large dishes which are common to both nations, but I perceived Mr. Dobbs looked with wonder at a large *boiled turkey* with celery sauce mixed with oysters;



relays of fried potatoes; that untempting-looking dish called laver or sloak; roast salmon; salad of celery and red cabbage; and, above all, a mountain of Irish flummery (poor man, he had to swallow a dose of the latter *in words also*). He nearly destroyed my aunt's amiability by asking her the name of every thing 'in Irish.'—It is quite insulting to be considered guilty of understanding a word of one's native tongue in her country, and she gravely replied, "I reely cawn't tell you, for neither the Meajor nor me *can* speak wan word of Haarish, it is not used in owa province, 'pon mee honor."

"Well, well now," said the old man quickly, "wouldn't it be funny if I, an Englishman, went to Ireland, and could not speak English? he! he!"

"Haw! haw! and thure far yeuh, surr!" said old Larry, who knew my aunt spoke Irish with the greatest fluency; "but that's the differ surr, be-choux't people's feelings."

"Dobbs, my dear friend, what wine will I help you to?" inquired the host, throwing back his shoulders and settling his military whiskers.

"Why, as I want to taste every thing Irish, I should greatly prefer some whiskey-punch—don't you call it so?"

This was my uncle's favorite beverage, *en famille*, but was much too vulgar to be acknowledged; and with an affected laugh he declared that "his good friend Dobbs had asked for the only spirit which the cellar did not contain, therefore he must put up with claret of our own importing, and madeira which had visited his wealthy brother at Madras, and come back again!"

In this silly way was passed the whole evening (Larry having quite won the hearts of his master and mistress by his cleverness both in words and deeds), and Mr. Dobbs was a frequent and welcome guest, although, alas! still the only one. Thus we might have gone on unto the end of our lives, but fortunately that most useful of all events for making little people great, a general election, took place.

One of the candidates had so great a majority of friends, that Mr. Wavering, his opponent, could not

find any person of respectability to assist him in his unpopular canvassing; being an elderly, thin, nervous little man, his small stock of courage failed him, and he was about to resign, when Mr. Dobbs suggested that as Major Casey belonged to no party, he would doubtless join the first who asked him:—here he enumerated 'the great Caseys,' etc. etc., and added that a man of the Major's rank and high connexions would be a credible assistant.

Lady Emily Wavering, the candidate's wife, conveniently recollected that she had known the great Caseys formerly, and ordering her carriage, she drove up (decked with crimson and orange election-ribbon, and drawn by four grays) to our rusty carriage gate, which slowly yawned with wonder at the novelty it admitted. Lady Emily inquired for many branches of the Casey family, to which my aunt answered as correctly as if she were first cousin to them; for although the Irish may be uninformed in some matters, I defy any nation to be better genealogists, particularly with respect to families whom they do not know even by sight! Mr. Wavering also asked after some of my uncle's "companions in arms" whom he had known, and he received "neat and appropriate answers." He then invited his new friend to an election dinner on the following day, while *dear* Mrs. Casey could go to the Castle, and stay with Lady Emily; both invitations were joyfully accepted, and the parties at length separated, although I began to think their hands would grow together during the prolonged grasp of the *election-shake* and the *Irish squeeze*.

Major and Mrs. Casey returned at a late hour, delighted with their respective debuts; while the Major had convinced all the electors of his long services and military knowledge, his lady had been 'making the family name' with her hostess and a bevy of female guests, and she had discovered that the qualities most esteemed in young ladies by Lady Emily were amiability, wit, accomplishments, and beauty. These cardinal points were to be represented by Amelia, Belinda, Clarissa, and Dorothea Casey. Amelia was extremely plain, and deficient

in every sort of acquirement, therefore she was to make a name for amiability; Belinda, being pert and confident, was marked out by nature for a wit; Clarissa could paint a butterfly on a rose-bud, and play 'Duncan Gray' and two preludes on the harp, so her name was already made as 'the accomplished;' while my dear artless Dorothea, a fat, rosy, romping, restless school-girl, was starved, laced, and imprisoned into a tolerably quiet beauty, although 'unfortunately deficient in languor,' her mother said, while looking at her smiling bright eyes.

The next event was an invitation to the Waverings to dine with us, and as we gave them a fortnight's notice, they could not decline. The Casey family were busily employed in rehearsing their characters during this interval; and Larry, good old indefatigable Larry assisted every one. Belinda was to say clever pointed things, and Amelia to make amiable replies to soften them: Larry furnishing the witty poisoned-shaft for one, and the soothing antidote for the other; he shewed Clarissa the position in which his late mistress sat at the harp (Clarissa was rather fond of keeping her *fingers straight* and her *thumbs bent*, with her elbows touching her sides); he likewise hinted that she wasted too much carmine upon her roses; and as for Dorothea, he constantly discovered some new plan to render her thin and pale, snatching away her plate if she attempted to consume more than a bird's allowance, saying, "Faith, I'm ashamed o' ye, miss, where's your dacency in your atin'?" He also insisted upon having 'a raal illigant Frinch dinner,' which he described volubly, and said he could dress in perfection.

Meantime the election went on, and notwithstanding the Major's Irish shoulders, whiskers, and voice, Mr. Wavering was thrown out by a most mortifying majority, which Dobbs kindly told us was ascribed by "the rejected" to having employed a person to canvass for him, whom nobody knew!

This was a sad termination to our schemes, on which we had expended so much money; but then, we knew a '*Lady Emily*,' and that must make our

name. On the eventful day of the dinner, Lady E. Wavering arrived nearly an hour sooner than we expected, and brought with her a stately-looking girl, her niece; Mr. Wavering, she said, was detained with a friend, whom he would take the liberty of introducing. My aunt and I were the only members of the family who had completed the labors of the toilette: and as the girls seemed in no haste to appear, Lady Emily asked Miss Wavering to try the harp; she instantly complied, and played in such a style as to convince even a mother's ear that Clarissa had better not exhibit 'Duncan Gray' nor either of the preludes. The simple style of our young visitor's dress, too, threw a new light on my aunt's ideas of beauty: and she cleverly contrived to write on a slip of paper for Larry, "*Tell Miss C. not to play, and bid Miss D. put on a white frock;*" this she dropt on the floor, and her aid-de-camp as cleverly picked it up, making a comical *aside-face*, which nearly made me laugh aloud and spoilt the by-play.

But here Mr. Larry's cleverness ended as if by witchcraft:—he left the drawing-room open (*à l'Irlandaise*), and going to the foot of the stairs, he shouted, loud enough to be heard by our silent and too attentive guests, "Miss Clarissy, ye mustn't play a 'tap o' yer haarp, 'cause wan o' the leedies bates ye at it to smithereens, and ye'd betthur come down and put away yer pictur-hook, 'cause I seen her smilin' at thim grate rid-roze-buuds in it. Whe' thin murdhur! Miss Dolly, is it a schrolin' play-aethur yer afthur makin' o' yerself in that rid-an-yolla gownd? Gid out o' that wid ye! atin a grate luump o' cake; the Mistress tould me to ordhur ye to put on yer white hib-an-tuuckur, Miss." Miss Wavering dashed away a loud prelude to drown Mr. Larry's hints, but like a canary-bird, he struggled to make the most noise, continuing, "Miss Milly, shure ye won't be forgittin' the smart spaich I tould ye to say to the leedies, an' yeu, Miss Lindy, don't be afthur lavin out yer purty answer in the right plaace, for I'll be so bothur'd wid my Frinch dishes, dat I cant be to the fore, riddy to prompt yez when



yer out, as I've been doin' all the blessed week past.'

In a few minutes there was a rustling of silks heard, and the four sisters entered, stiffened out, as nearly like the caricature-ladies in the magazines, as they could render themselves: Belinda, our wit, in particular, had built up her head with bows, gallery-combs, wires and flowers, to so great a height that she seemed afraid to move round, for fear of upsetting the unsteady edifice, and she was obliged to keep her neck as stiff as a Roman water-carrier.

Larry ushered in the sisters, and described them to Lady Emily as they advanced;—"That's Miss Milly, me Lady, mighty amiable; next is Miss Lindy, me Lady, she's a powwur o' wit, and lashins o' hair as ye'd see in a summer's day; that's Miss Clarry, me Lady, who's had the wurruld's wondhur of an iddicashun, and bates the Thrinity-boys at the larnin': and last of all, this is Miss Dolly, me Lady, an ye see she bates Banagher entirely for beauty an' illigance, shure! She's the litlest aiter on the blessed earth, but faith ye see she doesn't put that same 'litle' into an ill skin, as the sayin' is, me Lady!"

Our guests could not help laughing as they shook hands with the Misses Casey; and Larry, being encouraged by their smiles, turned round as he departed, and whispered loudly to my aunt, putting his hand to one side of his mouth and winking, "Whe! thin, lit me a lowan for puffin' yeez!"

It was now too evident that our confidential Larry, our aid-de-camp, prompter and factotum, had tasted the good things (the liquids at least) until his senses had become perplexed; and I sincerely pitied my poor aunt, who had incurred so much trouble, and a vast expense, on account of this entertainment, which we could but ill afford, as the tenant had now run away from the farm in Ireland without paying, and we were deeply in debt (to every creature who would trust us) in consequence of having kept "open house" for Mr. Wavering's electors, so that we now knew not where to obtain money, or *credit*, which is just as good in the estimation of our hapless, unthinking nation.

Shortly after his daughters, Major Casey entered, smoothing his mustachios, and greeting our guests with "How aw yaw? quaat delaated to see you, 'pon me honaw!" pronounced in the true English-Irish style; and lastly came Mr. Wavering, accompanied by a sickly-looking, curry-powder-colored gentleman, advanced in years, whom he merely introduced as "an old friend;" my uncle and the melancholy stranger exchanged bows, and Mr. Wavering stared as if he had expected something extraordinary in this meeting, which, however, did not occur, and we descended to Mr. Larry's "illigant" French repast.

It consisted of the wildest looking mixture I ever saw: vegetables at the head and foot; meat at the sides; and, in fact, Larry had bewildered the cook so much with his orders, that it was impossible to recognize even our old friend the boiled turkey with celery and oysters.

Lady Emily's manner became gradually cooler, and my poor aunt's countenance flushed warmer at each mistake: and if Miss Wavering had not kindly exerted herself, I think the conversation would have failed, for even my uncle was what is termed in his country, "taken aback."

The names of the dishes were unknown to us all, and when our guests wished to venture on any

thing, Larry attempted to give the French name, which Lady Emily pretended to mistake for Irish, and said, "Oh! a *native* dish—not any, thank you; I dislike *potatoes* in any form." And this rudeness she continued, until Miss Wavering kindly christened some *plat* before her, and helped her aunt to some.

Our *amiable* Amelia, who should in character have lent her aid in this dilemma, quite forgot her *role*, and laughed outright at Larry's blunders, in spite of his loudly whispered reprimand, "How mighty nicely yer playin' *amiable*, Miss Milly!" Belinda, too, whose wit should have withdrawn the observation of our guests from these *contretems*, was totally silent, because nothing had been said to lead to the impromptus she had studied: and Larry, perceiving this, said angrily, "Faith and throth, I'm ashamed o' ye, Miss Linny; arrah, spake out at wanst thin, an' don't sit stickin' yer two eyes into the pudd'n, an sayin' juust nothin' at all at all there, like an omadhaun!"

It was evident that Larry became worse, and unfortunately my uncle knew that his presence was indispensable, as there was no other attendant, therefore he affected to laugh at every thing, whispering to the gentlemen who sat on each side of him, "That poor attached creetur was wounded in the head at Watawloo, and we nevaw maand anny of his remawks!"

Lady Emily having asked my aunt whether her name was *Casey* or *O'Casey*? she replied, "Oh! good gracious, now, Lady Emily, why, *Casey*: faw wot reason did you ask that question?"

"My niece here, saw Major Casey for the first time yesterday in the town, and she said, 'That is one of the Irish orators whom I heard speak on opposite sides of a question in the space of one week; a farmer O'Casey.' Now, although I knew she was wrong in thinking they were both the *same* person, yet I fancied they might be near relations!"

"Ah! I can assua your Ladyship we have no relations but the Caseys of Bally-knock-na—"

"I remember perfectly what you told me," interrupted Lady Emily, quietly: "are you nearly related to them?"

"First cousins *only*,—he! he! he!"

"Those Caseys are most delightful people," said Miss Wavering, "I had a letter from the daughter yesterday."

"Ah! isn't she an elegant, beautiful, lovely creatua?" said my aunt in affected ecstacy.

"Beautiful in mind, my dear madam; but Miss Casey is unfortunately deformed, and remarkably plain."

"Oh! yes, of course I meant beautiful in mind, poor child," stammered my aunt, reddening.

"It is very strange," said Lady Emily, "that I desired my niece to write to Miss Casey, and inform her I intended to pay attention to her relatives, Major Casey's family; and she, in reply, says she has no relations in the army!"

"Oh!" returned my aunt, "as the Meajor is on half-pay now, that amusing gel says he is not in the army, he! he! he!"

Her ladyship gave a cool, doubting look at her hostess, whose days of favor were evidently past; but all eyes were speedily attracted towards poor Dorothea, who, having ventured to help herself to some dinner, was just commencing to demolish it, when Larry rushed across the room and seized her plate, saying, "Och! murder! Miss Dolly, would

ye spile yer illigant figur by thrying to ate that grate hape o' mate in that dhredful way: whe' thin, it's asheamed I am o' ye Miss, affthir fastin for a week like a thrue Roman in lint."

"Larry, a spoon, if you please," said the Major. Larry ran round behind him, and audibly whispered, "Faith, an' ye must do without it, surr; for ye know all but thim six is pawned to pay for the dinner."

Just at this time Miss Wavering said something, to which our witty girl thought one of her *impromptus* applied; and turning round too hastily, she forgot the unusual size of her *coiffure*, which, losing its balance, fell down, dispersing black-pins, combs, flowers, bows and wires in every direction: and, poor thing! although I pitied her confusion, I could not but rejoice at this '*hair breadth's escape*' from uttering one of Larry's ridiculous *bon-mots*.

After dinner, no wine having made its appearance, the Major ordered Larry to bring some from bin 47 and 29, saying to the yellow gentleman, "I want you to taste my Madeira, which has been out to my brother at Madras: perhaps, sir, you knew him there?"

"I only knew *one* Casey there, sir, who had a very excellent situation, but last year he was hanged for embezzling stores!"

My uncle could have, with truth, denied any relationship to the felon; but he had too clearly described to the Waverings the situation which his pseudo-brother held, which he had learned from the India-list; and, therefore, he was obliged to sit in guilty silence. From a wish, I supposed, to remedy the evil he had done, the yellow stranger asked what sort of person was the colonel of my uncle's regiment?

"Oh! a cross old wretch, horribly detested by the lads," said my uncle: "I remember the year before last, when that merry dog young M'Phun made a bot that he would steal every sporting-dog in the town in which we were living—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir, but did Mr. M'Phun accomplish this honorable feat, and were you then with the regiment?"

"Faith, he did, sir, and I have cause to remember being with him, for I foolishly gave him permission to fasten two dozen of the dogs in my stable, and such a row—"

"That is all a falsehood," said the yellow invalid, coolly.

The Major colored highly, and rose in an Irish passion. "Stop," said his tormentor, "sit down; in the first place the colonel of the —th, is a very amiable *young* man, much liked by the whole regiment, and especially by the officer whom you have described as a dog stealer; but I fancy in future you will scarcely call him '*young* M'Phun,' when I tell you that I am that identical person, the hero of your stories. Mr. Wavering can tell you that I have been in the —th dragoons during the last fifteen years, but I never had the advantage of seeing Major Casey in that regiment."

I burst into tears at this fresh mortification my poor relatives experienced, and my aunt fell into hysterics: Larry at this moment rushed into the room, saying, "Och! murdher, surr, but that mane landady of the '*Pig and Asthma*' yondhur, won't give me a dhrop more wine until thim two is paid for, that I got in such a splutthur when Lady Imly come an' ait a snack wid us on could mate the day afore yisthurday: what was lift was dhrank this day at dinner ye naw, surr; what 'ill I do now, I wondhur!"

Here all attention was turned towards the door, where angry voices were disputing the right of entrance with our female servant; and at length the village tradesmen rushed in and insisted that they should not be put off any longer, for they would not leave the house until their demands were settled.

The Wavering group now rose, and formally took leave of us, Lady Emily 'being fearful they were interrupting Mr. O'Casey's domestic affairs.' Miss Wavering had contrived to leave her purse concealed in the serviette, but we were happily enabled to avoid our difficulties without her charitable aid. Larry having collected the bills, which amounted to nearly one hundred pounds, asked my uncle could he pay them? The unfortunate man shook his head, and this strange old servant (suddenly become perfectly sober) said, "I will pay the bills, sir, provided you will also let me pay for the whole family to return to your neglected farm, and promise never to leave it again."

"Oh! I will do any thing to leave this country, and hide myself from every thing but my own wretched thoughts!" sobbed my poor uncle.

Larry required no more; but drawing out his purse, paid all demands, and dismissed the wondering trades-people. I wept afresh at being in the power of this mad creature, but oh! what was my surprise on hearing him say, "Fanny, my little darling, you have no cause to weep, for you joined with your odd old god-father in hating this name-making!" He extended his arms, and I flew to my dear, odd, rich, kind god-father, uncle Lawrence, who now spoke to me in his natural voice, although disguised as Larry O'Shaughnessy.

Turning to his disconsolate brother, he kindly said, "My dear Patrick, we quarrelled many years since about the '*name-making*,' and apted in anger: but when I found you bent on ruining yourself and your very large family for the same empty pursuit, I determined to interfere and save you, which I knew could not be effected without giving you a severe lesson. You have rendered it *severe* than I wished, but perhaps the effect may be more lasting; and we need never regret the late events, if they have taught you, as an Irish farmer, to live among and cherish the fine peasantry who support your family; and may kindness and attention to that peasantry, great care of your family, and strict attention to the duties of our humble line of life, be the only means you will ever employ to make for the O'Casey's—a name!"

EPIGRAM.—Counsellor Garrow, during his cross-examination of a prevaricating *old female* witness, by which it was essential to prove that a *tender* of money had been *made*, had a scrap of paper thrown him by the opposite counsel, on which was written—

Garrow, submit; that tough old jado  
Can never prove a tender made.

EPIGRAM.—One day Moore, who had stolen a lock of hair from a lady's head, on being ordered by her to make restitution, caught up a pen and dashed off the following lines:

On one sole condition, love, I might be led  
With this beautiful ringlet to part;  
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head  
Could I guin but the *key* to your heart.

## THE VULTURE; AN ORNITHOLOGICAL STUDY.

After the late Edgar A. Poe.

BY ROBERT B. BROUGH.

The Vulture is the most cruel, deadly, and voracious of birds of prey. He is remarkable for his keen scent, and for the tenacity with which he invariably clings to the victim on whom he has fixed his gripe. He is not to be shaken off whilst the humblest pickings remain. He is usually to be found in an indifferent state of feather.—NEW TRANSLATION OF CUVIER.



ONCE upon a midnight chilling, as I held my feet unwilling  
O'er a tub of scalding water, at a heat of ninety-four;  
Nervously a toe in dipping, dripping, slipping, then outskipping,  
Suddenly there came a ripping whipping, at my chambers' door.  
"Tis the second floor," I mutter'd, "flipping at my chambers' door—  
Wants a light—and nothing more!"

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the chill November,  
And each cuticle and member was with Influenza sore;  
Falt'ringly I stirr'd the gruel, steaming creaming o'er the fuel,  
And anon removed the jewel that each frosted nostril bore,  
Wiped away the trembling jewel that each reddened nostril bore—  
Nameless here for evermore!

And I recollect a certain draught that fanned the window curtain  
Chill'd me with a horror of two steps across the floor;  
And, besides, I'd got my feet in, and a most refreshing heat in,  
To myself I sat repeating—"If I answer to the door—  
Rise to let the ruffian in who seems to want to burst the door,  
I'll be ——" that and something more.

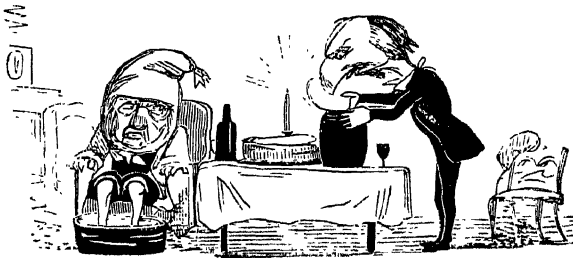
Presently the row grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Really, Mister Johnson, blow it!—your forgiveness I implore  
Such an observation letting slip, but when a man's just getting  
Into bed, you come upsetting nerves and posts of chambers' door,  
Making such a row, forgetting"—Spoke a voice beyond the door:  
"Tisn't Johnson"—nothing more!

Quick a perspiration clammy bathed me, and I uttered "Dammy!"  
(Observation wrested from me, like the one I made before)  
Back upon the cushions sinking, hopelessly my eyes, like winking,  
On some stout for private drinking, ranged in rows upon the floor,  
Fix'd—and on an oyster barrel (full) beside them on the floor,  
Look'd and groan'd, and nothing more.

Open then was flung the portal, and in stepped a hated mortal,  
By the moderns call'd a VULTURE (known as *Sponge* in days of yore).  
Well I knew his reputation! cause of all my agitation—  
Scarce a nod or salutation changed, he pounced upon the floor;  
Coolly lifted up the oysters and some stout from off the floor,  
Help'd himself, and took some more!



Then this hungry beast untiring fixed his gaze with fond admiring  
On a piece of cold boiled beef I meant to last a week or more,  
Quick he set to work devouring—plates, in quick succession, scouring—  
Stout with every mouthful showering—made me ask, to see it pour,  
If he quite enjoyed his supper, as I watched the liquid pour;  
Said the Vulture, "Never more."



Much disgusted at the spacious *vacuum* by this brute voracious  
Excavated in the beef—(he'd eaten quite enough for four)—  
Still, I felt relief surprising when at length I saw him rising,  
That he meant to go surmising, said I, glancing at the door—  
"Going? well, I won't detain you—mind the stairs and shut the door——"  
——"Leave you, Tomkins!—never more."



Startled by an answer dropping hints that he intended stopping  
All his life—I knew him equal to it if he liked, or more—  
Half in dismal earnest, half in joke, with an attempt at laughing,  
I remarked that he was chaffing, and demanded of the bore,  
Asked what this disgusting, nasty, greedy, vile, intrusive bore  
Meant in croaking "Never more."

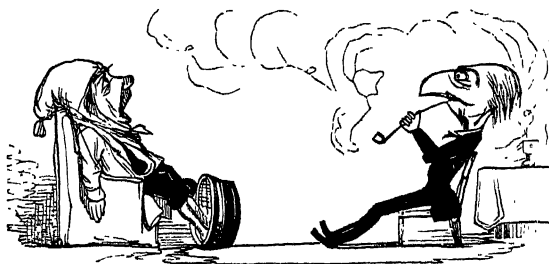
But the Vulture not replying, took my bunch of keys and trying  
Several, found at length the one to fit my private cupboard door;  
Took the gin out, filled the kettle; and, with a *sang froid* to nettles  
Any saint, began to settle calmly down the grate before,  
Really as he meant departing at the date I named before,  
Of never, never more!





"Smith!" I shriek'd—the accent humbler dropping, as another tumbler  
 I beheld him mix, "be off! you drive me mad—it's striking four.  
 Leave the house and something in it; if you go on at the gin, it  
 Won't hold out another minute. Leave the house and shut the door—  
*Take your beak from out my gin, and take your body through the door!*"  
 Quoth the Vulture "Never more!"

And the Vulture never flitting—still is sitting, still is sitting,  
 Gulping down my stout by gallons, and my oysters by the score:  
 And the beast, with no more breeding than a heathen savage feeding,  
 The new carpet's tints unheeding, throws his shells upon the floor.  
 And his smoke from out my curtains, and his stains from out my floor,  
 Shall be sifted never more!



## ONE OF THE BOYS.

## A Reminiscence.

PADDY SHANNON was a bugler in the 87th Regiment—the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*—and with that regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, served all through the Peninsular campaign. When the campaign was over, Paddy had nothing left him but the recollections of it. His only solace was the notice taken of him in the canteen. It is no wonder, then, he became a convivial soul. From the bottle he soon found his way to the halberts.

The regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

"Listen, now, Sir Hugh. Do ye mean to say you are going to flog me? Just recollect who it was sounded the charge at Borossa, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on the colors."

"Take him down," said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before Paddy again found himself placed in similar circumstances.

"Go on," said the Colonel.

"Don't be in a hurry," ejaculated Paddy, "I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh."

"The eagle won't save you this time, Sir."

"Is it the eagle, indeed! then I wasn't going to say any thing about that same, though you are, and ought to be proud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French,

and only the 87th to defend it, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up 'Garryown, to glory, boys,' and you, Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them upon your coat of arms in testimony thereof."

"Take him down," said the Colonel, and Paddy was again unscathed.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services to get through, and a good deal of whiskey, and ere another two months he was again tied up, the sentence read, and an assurance from Sir Hugh Gough, that nothing would make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was of no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride and the breach of Tarifa without any avail.

"And is it me," at last he broke out, "that you are going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole regiment, who knew it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French Field-Marshal's staff at the battle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a Field-Marshal into the bargain? The Prince Regent said, 'You've sent me the staff of a Field-Marshal of France; I return you that of a Field-Marshal of England.' Wasn't it Paddy Shannon that took it? Paddy Shannon, who never got rap, or recompense, or ribbon, or star, or coat of arms, or mark of distinction, except the flogging you are going to give him."

"Take him down," cried Sir Hugh, and again Paddy was forgiven.



## TOM HOULAGHAN'S GUARDIAN SPRITE.

BY JOHN L'ESTRANGE.

ANY body who knows Kilkenny should also know the black quarry, where all the black marble comes from, for which the once magnificent, but now poor old ruined city, is so famous. And any body who knows the black quarry, should also know Tom Houlaghan; *ould* Tom, blind Tom, shooting Tom, lame Tom, queer Tom, Tom the Fisherman—for under all these titles was he known. Tom was one of the most odd, whimsical, drunken, and notorious characters, for many miles around. He wore a curiously cut coat, after a pattern of his own, a calf-skin waistcoat, with the dappled hair outside, made by himself, half boots, like a pair of Indian snow shoes, and a hat with a cock in it unlike any thing that ever covered the head of mortal man—add to this *outré* appearance, that he is blind of one eye, and lame of one leg. He is now over seventy years of age, and can drive, ride, shoot, or fish, with any man in Ireland—aye, fishing is his study, the delight of his heart; and I have fished in many waters, both in Leinster and Connaught, and never yet met a sportsman, high or low, who could handle a rod, or fix a fly, in competition with “ould Tom.”

On a fine morning in September, I accompanied Tom on an excursion. About mid-day we threw ourselves on the grass near the rock of Montegle, opposite the “wild wood,” with the river flowing brown and beautiful at our feet. The “Quest” sent his deep horse coo over the waters, from the woody dell—the falling oak—for “the woods were cutting”—crashed in its interior, eliciting sounds strangely and awfully beautiful. “What an indescribable sublimity,” thought I, “there is in the music of the woods—it speaks to the soul in the words and the voice of Ossian!”

“How purty that distillery of O'Donnell's looks at the top of the strame!” remarked Tom, interrupting my high-flying cogitations.

We had been more than usually successful, and in triumph basked our naked limbs in the sun. The bee hummed joyously along through the meadow flowers, and the trees whispered gladness among their leaves, the birds vied with each other in melody, the brooks and streams sung and played in their own subdued music, and the fishes jumped—in our baskets. I was becoming dreamy amidst the luxuries of nature.

“Oh! then to be sure, the power of fine whiskey there's med there from morn till night,” remarked Tom, following up his meditations on O'Donnell's distillery, with one hand in the provision basket all the time, and now and then throwing scraps to his two fierce dogs, that lay with erect ears and watchful eyes, at a respectful distance, while he occasionally helped himself to a little of the undiluted, poured into an empty pot that once contained “Warren's Jet.”

“Ah! Tom,” said I, “your thoughts are ever running in the one channel—whiskey, whiskey, for ever.”

“Ah! then, for all that I sometime *takes the wather*,” he replied, with a twinkle of his one eye; and I never yet saw such meaning in any eye, as in the single glance of Tom's lonely optic, especially

when employed in giving expression to what he considered a knowing thing; “maybe you didn't hear I was swimmin' yesterday, sur?” he asked.

“Swimming!” I answered, “what devil's angel put such madness into your head—the old *spirit*, I suppose?”

“No, in throth, now, sur,” he replied. “You're always goin' an'—I done it in spite of meself—but better do that than worse—an' only *my friend the fairy*, gev me the *warnin' wink*, sore and sorry for it I'd be.”

“Your friend the fairy?” said I. “Come, Tom, that day is gone by—I'm not so soft as that yet.”

“Augh, aye, sur; smile, and talk away, and shake your head; but as sure as I hooked that big trout on the tail fly, and as sure as the robbers hung ‘Glory’ for the murder of the archbishop, I'm not telling you a pin's worth of a lie,—there now.”

“Well, Tom, while we're resting and settling our affairs, let me hear it all.”

“Well, then, sur, it was about eight years ago, that at the dusk, one evenin', I slipped up as far as Peery Dunne's, (there at the foot of Rannal's moat, one of the most hauntedest places on earth,) just to get a few feathers for the green dhrake, out ov the ould paycock Well. When I got the feathers, like a decent neighbor, as Peery always was, he axed me to sit down and rest, an' afore I could draw my stool to an anchor, he sent his *gosssoon* Larry for a dhrop down the road, ‘just, sez, he ‘to take the smell of the smoke off us.’ We talked and gostered over ould times, and then we had another dhrop, and, maybe, another afther, till it was all hours. I then thought it was high time to be movin', so up I got and shuck my giblets. ‘Give us the half of tin, Peery,’ sez I, shakin' hands with him, and biddin' him good night. So I canthered down the lane as straight as an arrow, as I thought; but, after a while, I found that I couldn't get on at all, good or bad; every step cost me five minutes hard labor, just for all the world as if I was walking up the roof of a house, or goin' to the gallows against my will. At last, I found meself thrippin' through long grass, and nettles, and thistles, and *boughlarns*, and tazed and tarmented every step I took. ‘Be me safe conscience, Tom Houlaghan,’ sez I to myself, ‘you're not at home, be no manner o' means, nor is it likely you'll be there to-night;’ so down I sat quite tired entirely. In a minit, my darlint, I was surrounded by a whole throop of the queerest and the funniest lookin' little chaps that I ever saw in my life. They began caperin', and shoutin', and huzzain' about me like mad. At last one of them spies my hat beside me, and seizin' it, he rises it into the air with a kiek. ‘Oh! gawlies, boys,’ sez he, ‘there's a hat;’ so they handed it round, and they all began laughin' at it as if they'd burst. ‘Why, then, by the gonnies, my chap,’ sez I, ‘you needn't boast out of your own *beraudh* (cap); shew it here till I cock it for you.’ I whipt it off his head, and settin' it tasty like, I took one o' the eyes of the paycock's tail, and stuck it into it, quite rakish. ‘Ifould over your dumplin,’ sez I, ‘till I put it on you;’ faith an' it was quite an improvement, and all the rest of the little chaps began

dancin' as pleased as Punch about him—faith, he was quite a dandy among them. 'Well, Tom Houlaghan, my gay good fellow,' sez he, 'I'll prove your friend for this yet, never you fear; so turning to the rest of the little chaps, 'Come away, boys,' sez he, 'and let poor Tom take his nap in quiet.' When I awoke, I found meself undher a crookad three, in the very heart of the moat, and a big stone grindin' the side out o' me. That was the very first time I saw my friend the fairy.

"The second time I saw him was in the big wood of Kilfera. I was down as far as *Feoghorough* (the streams of the fishes) layin' down the throut nets, and was comin' home about two in the mornin', when just as I entered a narrow path where the big threes met abow my head, I saw my friend peepin' from behind a thrunk. I knew him at once by the feather in his cap;—he gave me a knowin' wink, and pointed with his finger up the path before me. I looked along;—and that I may never taste a drop worse than this, (another swig,) if the branches of the threes worn't actually breakin' down with wild cats. There they were on every bough and branch—here and there—over and undher, up and down, and they all watchin' me; but the devil a *maw* out of their heads. 'Oh ye villains o' the world,' sez I to meself, 'is this the dirty threacherous revinge you're goin' to make ov me?' I looked at my friend the fairy, and he put his finger to his mouth to imitate whistlin', and vanished. I took the hint,—'you're right,' sez I, '*ma Bouchelleen bawn*,' my fair son,) for perfect fear took the memory out ov me, so I put my finger to my mouth, and med the woods screech with the father of a whistle. In two minits I had *Devilskin*, *Firetail*, and *Rosy*, the little terrier creethers at my side, (for I left them at Jim Walsh's furninst (opposite) to where the ould mill was over against Collis's stone yard). 'Hulloo, the cats, my good dogs,' sez I; 'and before I could turn my head, there wasn't a wild cat in the seven counties, I think, but was on the top of my poor dogs. You may be shure I didn't wait to see how the battle went, but med the best of my way up the hill, home, as fast as the ould shanks could carry me. The poor anymals kem home in the mornin' without a whole inch of hide on one of them; my heart was as full as a bed-tick when I saw them. *Devilskin* you see is blind of the off eye ever since; and *Firetail* is in want of a nostril.

"You see, sur," added Tom, parenthetically, after a grin, filling and emptying the *warren*, "it was all out of revinge of the cats—they lay in ambush to kill me; for I killed more wild cats than any other tin min in all Ireland."

"Aye, or tame cats either, Tom," I replied; for Tom was a general furrier; and no animal that ever wore a skin, no matter how mean, but he could find use for it. There was not an old woman within a circle of ten miles' diameter, keeping his own house as a centre, but was in his debt for a weasel-skin purse.

"Well, the next time I saw my friend the fairy," continued Tom, "was as I'll tell you—and may this be holy wather to coax me to mass, (another pull at the '*warren*'), but he stood my friend this time in earnest. You see the poor pig's house wanted a coverin' very badly, be reason I couldn't spare time to tatch it; but as I was comin' home one evenin' by Jerry Finnegan's, the tithe procthur, may the grass never grow on the sod that covers his corp—

I saw a mighty nate, smooth, purty bit of flag lyin' in the yard, that with the first measure of my eye I knew would just shoot the poor pig to a hair. 'By the crass of my shtick,' sez I, 'if God spares me life, health and strinth, I'll stale you this very night. —It's a mortal sin to see you standin' idle in the murderin' tithe procthur's way, in danger of breakin' the blackguard's nick, and the could rain comin' down on my poor baste of a pig.' About twelve o'clock that night I hopped across the fields to the procthur's, and over the stile with me into the yard. I laid hould of my brave bit of a flag, and had it just riz to my shouldher, when I spied my poor friend the fairy: he winked at me, shook his head and made sigus for me to be off. I wheeled the flag round before my face that I might look over my shouldher to see where the danger lay, when before I could take a blink, whizz!—crack! a gun was fired, and smack! a bullet flattened on the flag, right furninst my head. That procthur was a murderin' purty shot, sur! 'May that be your Christmas dinner, you bloody minded thief! siz I throwin' down the flag, and smashin' it, though it went to my heart; and boundin' over the stile, I was far away before he could load again, and take another crack at my poor ould sence. But isn't it a mighty curious thing entirely, sur, that the procthur was shot in the stomach, at a tithe battle in the Barony of Gowran, the Christmas-eve aftther?"

"So, then, you aspire to the spirit of prophecy, Tom, amongst the rest of your qualifications?" said I.

"Augh, any sort of sperrits at all, sometimes, sur; though, by my song, it's seldom I taste the likes ov this"—and another *pot-full* joined its fellows in Tom's interior. "Don't you think, sur, but the weather's mighty swelthry (sultry) for the season?" he added, drawing a long breath; 'I'd recommend a thrife of it to yourself, sur; it 'ill purvent the sun from preyin' on your complexion."

"Time enough, Tom; finish your story."

"Why then, sur, I'll do that same," setting himself once more in his attitude of narration. "It was just yestherday evenin', by way of thinkin' o' nothin', I got a lift in O'Donnell's cart to see how affairs wer' goin' on down here in regard of the big, speckled throut undher the Sally, (sallow willow,) beyand—the big blackguard, you know, sur, that refused all the timptin' morsels I offered him, the last day we wer' out. Ned Flood advised me to thry him with the natheral fly; so I took a couple of blue-bottles in my pouch, detarmined on coaxin' his fancy. I crassed below at the shallows, and up wid me to the ould spot, where I soon spied my gay *ogawney* (loiterer), in a study stand seemin'ly as innocent as the calf that eat the wig for a wisp o' grass—but all the time as big a rogue as *Petherreen Cawm* (little Crooked Peter) that stole the gould ov the priest's vestments, while hearin' mass. I dropped the fly quite sly about a yard above him, lettin' it gradually float down, wid a few twitches now and then to make him believe it was workin' in convulsions, and dyin' saft. 'Now, my bully boy,' sez I to meself; 'you're cottenin' to it.' It was too great a temptation for his weak mind. I thought I'd gasp when I saw the way I was *flakin'* him; and I roared or laughed in a way that struck my body like an aspen; but the rolher o' the world twiggin me turned tail, and thought to be off. I riz my hand, and struck at him, and that I may die drhinkin'—your health agin, sur—if I didn't drive the hook

beyond the beard into the thick fin of his tail. 'Don't be in a hurry, young man,' sez I, 'wait for your change, avick'—and givin' him the heel of the rod, I riz him above the wather to see what sort of stuff he was med of. I thought he was a young whale, and turnin' round for the net, determined to land him by main force, who should I see but my ould friend the fairy, as busy as a devil's-needle, knottin' the grass across the path in the meadow? He beckoned to me, and pointed to the top of the 'hill, behind me, givin' at the same time a knowin' nod at a sign board nailed to a tree above my head. Be gogsty, I never noticed it before—here it was—

"Take Notice, (in big letthers,) any person foun' fishin' on these *lands*, (as if a body could fish in a field,) or threspassin' on these premises shall be persecuted as the law directs.' I hadn't my eye well off this, when I spies a big ogre of a fellow makin' down the hill like nad, and shakin' a murderin' big alpeen at myself. It was the deepest part of the river, right furnint me, an' the throut was leapin' the hight o' the house every minit out o' the wather. 'Ho! you poachin' rascal,' roared the fellow, '*ma corp san dioul*, but I'll smash every bone in your skin and send you to gaol afther;' the words were hardly out of his mouth when he went head over heels across one of the knots that my little friend med for him. 'Now or never, Tom,' sez I to myself, seizin' the tail of a cow that was grazin' at my side. I gave another look over my shoulder to see how my inimee was gettin' on, and there he was tumblin' about and cursin' like a mad man. 'Hullups,' sez I to the baste, givin' her a keen prod wid the spear of the rod that med her jump. 'Hullups, my hearty,' and another prod med her kick up her heels and plunge into the wather like a wild animal. I still held on by the tail, and

away we swam for the bare life. 'Bring back the cow, you thief,' shouted my pursuer, 'bring back the honest man's cow.' I looked back and there was my little friend on the ditch o' the wood, and a score more along with him leapin' and laughin' and throwin' their caps into the air, and pointin' at me and my 'steam packet' every minit. When got tother side, I riz the rod to see was my bould throut gone. Oh! no, there he was as tired as myself, and I hawled him up like a horse's head to a bone-fire, before the fellow's face. 'Turn back the cow, you schemin' ruffin,' sez he. 'I'd be very much obleeged to you to fling over the ould nit I left afther me,' sez I. 'No, nor the *duoul* a bit,' sez he, 'but turn over the cow, or I'll have the law o' you.' 'The sorra *cush*,' (foot) sez I, 'but tell me whether you'll give the nit civil or no?' All this time I was puttin' the monster of a fish two-double in the basket. 'You ould blind *bocagh* (cripple) of a thief,' sez he, 'if I was over with you I'd give you a decent jaunt to the other world.' 'Why then by the mortal fly,' sez I, 'Ill give you a decent jaunt in this world,' sez I, seizin' the cow by the tail, and dhrivin' her on towards home, 'I'll take the worth o' the ould nit out o' your *threcheens*, you indecent bosthoon,' so off I dhrove her, and left him swearin' and cursin' afther me, and it's a fine jaunt he had—his four long miles into Kilkenny. So, sur, don't you think but I have reason to be thankful to *my friend the fairy*?"

"Indeed you have, Tom, but now as we're in trim for the road, and that your fairy tale is ended, I think you may as well handle the creels, and let us be jogging."

"Wira yes, sur, the moment I dhrink your health, and the good fairy's health once more, an' here's an ould man's blessin' on you both."

## FATHER PROUT.

FROM "BITS OF BLARNEY."

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

THOSE who have perused that polyglot of wisdom and wit, learning and fun, wild eccentricity and plain sense 'yclept "THE PROUT PAPERS," which originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, during the editorship of Dr. Maginn, may feel some curiosity respecting the individual whose name has thus been preserved (not unlike the fly in amber) through all literary time. They would naturally think, after admiring the rare facility of versification, the playfulness, the fancy, the wit, the impetuous frolic, the deep erudition which distinguishes the said "Papers," that Father Prout must have been a wonderful man, gifted in an extraordinary manner.

What is there in the language more spirited than the Prout translations from Béranger? As was said of Goethe's *Faust*, translated by Anster, the fact was *transfused* into our vernacular. What wondrous flexibility is given to the old Latin tongue, by the versions of Moore into that language! What charming mastery of learning, as exhibited in the translations of "The Groves of Blarney" into a variety of tongues! What grave humor in treating that original song as if it were only a translation! Two wits—who not only belonged to Cork, but had seen a great many *drawings* of it in their

time—were the perpetrators of this literary mystification. Frank Mahony and Frank Murphy—a priest and a lawyer. On their own hook, to use a common phrase, they have done nothing worth particular mention; but some plants, we know, produce flowers, while others yield fruit.

For a long time, in England, the full credit of the Fraserian articles was given to Father Prout. Then set in a spring-tide of disbelief, and the very existence of such a man was doubted. Erroneous doubt! for I have seen him—spoken to him—dined with him. The Father Prout, however, of real life was very different from him of the Prout Papers. He was parish-priest of Watergrass-hill, midway between the city of Cork and the town of Fermoy—a locality known as the highest arable land in Ireland. Prout was one of the old priests who, when it was penal for a Catholic clergyman to exist in Ireland, picked up the elements of his education how he could, completed it at a foreign university, and came back to Ireland, a priest, to administer the consolations of religion to the peasantry of his native land. Sometimes, the Catholic priest evidenced to the last, in conduct and manners, that his youth had been passed in countries in which

social civilization had extended further than in Ireland. Sometimes, the learning and the polish which had been acquired abroad were forgotten at home—as the sword loses its brightness from disuse—and, living much among the peasantry, the priest lost a part of the finer courtesy of the gentleman, and assumed the roughness of the bulk of his parishioners. Wherever there was a resident Protestant landowner, the priest of the olden time instinctively formed friendly relations with him—for, at that time, the priestly order was not invariably supplied from the peasantry, and tolerance was more declared than practised by members of all persuasions, in Ireland, at that time than it is now. Prout was literally a “round, fat, oily man of God.” He had a hand small as a woman’s and was very proud of it. He had an unconquerable spirit of good humor, and it was utterly impossible for any one to be in his company for ten minutes without feeling and basking in the sunshine of his buoyant and genial good nature. Of learning he had very little. I do not know what his share might have been half a century before, when he was fresh from Douay or the Sorbonne, but few traces were left in his latter years. In the society of his equals or his superiors, Prout could keep up the shuttlecock of conversation as well as any one, and in the fashion of the place and class, but he was equally at home amid the festivities of a country wedding, or the genialities of the hospitable entertainment which followed the holding of a country station at a rich farmer’s domicile.

What the world has received as “The Reliques of Father Prout,” owes nothing to the little *padrone*. He had a strong sense of the humorous, and, when the fancy seized him, was not very particular how or where he indulged it.

Prout, residing only nine miles from Cork, frequently visited that city, where he had a great many acquaintances, at all times glad to see him. In one Protestant family with which he was intimate, there were several very handsome daughters, full of life and high spirits, who especially delighted in drawing out the rotund priest. He had repeatedly urged them to “drop in” upon him, some day; and when the spirit of fun was strong, early on a Sunday morning in June, they ordered out the carriage, and directed their Jehu to drive them to Watergrass-hill.

Now, though that terminus was only nine (Irish\*) miles distant, the greater part of the way—certainly all from Glanmire—was terribly up-hill. The result was that, instead of reaching Father Prout’s about ten o’clock, as they had anticipated, they did not draw up at his door until an hour and a half later, and were there informed that “his Reverence had just gone off to last mass.” They determined to follow him, partly from curiosity to see in what manner divine worship was performed in a Catholic chapel.

The chapel in which Father Prout officiated was by no means a building of pretension. At that time the roof was out of repair, and, in wet weather, acted as a gigantic shower-bath. The floor, then, consisted of beaten earth, which was somewhat of

a puddle whenever the rains descended and the winds blew. The Cork ladies soon found the chapel, entered it, and (accustomed to the rich churches of their own persuasion) gazed in wonder on the humble, unadorned place of worship in which they stood. It may literally be said “in which they stood,” for there were no pews, no chairs, not even a solitary stool.

Presently the chapel began to fill, and “the pressure from without” gradually drove the ladies nearer and yet nearer to the altar. At length, Father Prout entered in his clerical attire, and commenced the service. In Catholic churches the priest officiates, during the early part of the service, with his face to the altar, and his back to the congregation. Thus, it happened that Prout never saw his Cork friends until the time when he turned round to the congregation. Then he beheld them, handsomely and fashionably attired, standing up (for the floor was too puddled to allow them to soil their vesture by kneeling, as every one else did), the gazed-at by all beholders, looking and feeling the reverse of comfortable.

Father Prout immediately looked at his clerk, Pat Murphy—an original in his way—caught his eye and his attention, and gently inclining towards him, whispered, “send for three chairs for the ladies.” Pat, who was a little deaf, imperfectly caught his master’s words, and turned round to the congregation and roared out, “Boys! his Reverence says, ‘Three cheers for the ladies.’” The congregation, obedient and gallant, gave three tremendous shouts, to the surprise of the ladies and the horror of the priest. There was a good deal of merriment when the mistake was explained, but to his dying day Father Prout was reminded, whenever he visited Cork, of the “Three cheers for the ladies.”

Pat Murphy, his clerk, was quite a character. He affected big words, and was mortally offended whenever any one called him *clerk* or *sexton*. “I pity the weakness of your intellectual organization,” he would contemptuously exclaim. “If you had only brains enough to distinguish B from a bull’s foot, you would appreciate my peculiar and appropriate official designation. The words ‘clerk’ and ‘sexton’ are appellations which distinctify the menial avocations of persons employed in heretical places of worship. My situation is that of Sacristan, and my responsible duty is to act as custodian of the sacred utensils and vestments of the chapel.”

Murphy had an exaggerated idea of the abilities of his principal, and stoutly maintained that if the Pope knew what was good for the Church, he would long since have elevated Father Prout to the episcopal dignity. His chief regret, when dying, was, that he did not survive to see *this* consummation.

Sometimes Pat Murphy would condescend to enter into a *viva voce* controversy with one of the “heretics,” (as he invariably designated the Protestants,) on the comparative merits of the rival churches. His invariable wind-up, delivered gravely and authoritatively, as a clincher, to which he would permit no reply, was as follows:—“I commiserate your condition, which is the result of your miserable ignorance. Unfortunate individual! out of the New Testament itself I can prove that your religion is but a thing of yesterday. With you Protestants the Apostle Paul had not the most distant acquaintance, whereas he corresponded with us of the Holy Roman Church. You doubt it?

\* Irish miles are longer than English, in the proportion of 11 to 14. A traveller complained to the chaise-driver of the narrowness of the way. “Oh, then,” said the man, “why need you be angry with the roads? Sure, we make up the length for scanty measure we get in the width.”

Know you not that, from Corinth, he wrote an Epistle to the *Romans*, and if the Protestants were in existence then, and known to him, why did he not as well send an Epistle unto them?"

Father Prout was short and rotund. His Sacristan was tall and thin. Immemorial usage permits the clerical cast-off garments to descend, like heirlooms, to the parish clerk. Pat Murphy, in the threadbare garments which erst had clothed the rotundity of Father Prout, was a ludicrous looking object. The doctrine of compensation used to be carried out, on such occasions, with more truth than beauty. The waist of the priest's coat would find itself under Murphy's arms, the wristbands would barely cover his elbows, and the pantaloons, sharing the fate of the other garments, would end at his knees, leaving a wide interval of calf visible to public gaze. On the other hand, by way of equivalent, the garments would voluminously wrap around him, in folds, as if they were intended to envelope not one Pat Murphy, but three such examples of the mathematical definition, "length without breadth." On one occasion, I had the double satisfaction of seeing Father Prout, like Solomon, in all his glory, with Pat Murphy in full costume. It happened in this wise:—

There was pretty good shooting about Watergrass-hill, and the officers of an infantry regiment, who were quartered at Fermoy, at the period to which I refer, had made Prout's acquaintance, while peppering away at the birds, and had partaken of a capital impromptu luncheon which he got up on the moment. Prout, it may be added, was in the habit of receiving presents of game, fish, and poultry from his friends in Cork, (the mail-coaches and other public conveyances passing his door several times every day,) and as long as Dan Meagher, of Patrick street, was in the wine-trade, be sure that his friend, Father Prout, did not want good samples of the generous juice of the grape. Of course, he also had a supply of real *potheen*. Cellar and larder thus provided for, Prout was fond of playing the host.

A great intimacy speedily sprung up between Prout and his military friends, and he partook of numerous dinners at their mess in Fermoy Barracks. At last, determined to return the compliment, he invited them all to dine with him at Watergrass-hill. One of my own cousins, who happened to be one of the guests, took me with him—on the Roman plan, I presume, which permitted an invited guest to bring *his shade*. I was a youngster at the time, but remember the affair as if it were of yesterday.

If there was any anticipation of a spoiled dinner, it was vain. Prout, who was on intimate terms with all his neighbors for half a dozen miles round, had been wise enough to invoke the aid of the Protestant rector of Watergrass-hill, who not only lent him plate, china, and other table necessities, but—what was of more importance—also spared him the excellent cook who, it was said, could compose a dinner, in full variety, out of any one article of food. Each of the officers was attended at table by his own servant, and Pat Murphy, in full dress, officiated as servitor, at the particular disposal of Father Prout himself.

The dinner was excellent,—well cooked, well served, and worthy of praise for the abundance, variety, and excellence of the viands. There was every thing to be pleased with—nothing to smile at.

I beg to withdraw the last four words. There was Pat Murphy, in an ex-suit of Prout's, looking such a figure of fun, that, on recalling the scene now, I wonder how, one and all, we did not burst into a shout of laughter when he first was presented to view. He looked taller, and scraggier, and leaner than usual—his clothes appearing greater misfits than ever! Prout, who kept his countenance remarkably well, evidently saw and enjoyed the ludicrous appearance of his man. On the other hand, the man, taking on himself the duties of Major Domo, ordered the other attendants about in all directions, muttering curses between his teeth whenever they did not do exactly as he commanded. But every thing went off gaily, and Prout's rubicund face became redder and more radiant under the influence of this success.

In the course of the entertainment, Father Prout, addressing his attendant, said, "Pat, a glass of porter, if you please." The liquor was poured, and, as it frothed in the glass, Prout raised it to his lips with the words, "Thank you, Pat." Waiting until he had completed the draught, Pat, in a tone of earnest remonstrance, said, "Ah, then, your Reverence, why should you thank me for what's your own? It would be decent for these genteels who are dining here, to thank me for the good drink, but you've no right to do any thing of the sort, seeing that the liquor is your own. It is my supplication that you will not do so again; there is an incongruity in it which I disrelish." We had some difficulty in not laughing, but contrived to keep serious faces during this colloquy.

The liberality of the little padre had provided us with three courses, and just as Pat Murphy was in the act of relieving a noble roasted haunch of mutton, before his master, by a dish of snipe, he happened to look out of the window and see one of his own familiar associates passing along the street. Hastily flinging down the dish, he threw up the window, and, kneeling down, with his long arms resting on the window sill, loudly hailed his friend, "Where are ye going, Tom?" The answer was, that a dance was expected in the neighborhood, and at which, of course, Pat would be "to the fore." Now, the said Pat, very much like Ichabod Crane in figure, had a sort of sneaking desire, like him, to be wherever pretty women were to be seen. "No," said Pat, "I do not anticipate to be relieved in any thing like proper time from attendance here this evening. His Reverence, who has been ating and drinking, with remarkable avidity, on the military officers down in Fermoy, is hospitable to-day, and entertains the whole squad of them at dinner. To see them *ate*, you'd think they had just got out of a hard Lent. 'Tisn't often, I dare say, that they get such a feast. There's the mutton sent by Chetwood of Glanmire; and the poultry by Cooper Penrose, of Wood-hill; and the lashings of game by Devonshire, of Kilshanneck; and the fruit by Lord Riversdale, of Lisnegar—that is, by his steward, for 'tis little his Lordship sees of the place that gives him a good six thousand a year; and the barrel of porter from Tommy Walker, of Fermoy; and the wine from red-faced Dan Meagher, of Cork; and every thing of the best. Depend on it, the officers won't stir until they have made fools of all the provender. By-and-bye, that the poor mightn't have a chance of the leavings, they will be calling for grilled bones, and devilled legs and gizzards. No, Tom, my mind migives me that I





can't go to the dance this evening. Here's the officers, bad 'cess to them, that are sedentary fixtures until midnight."

This oration delivered,—and every one had been silent while Pat Murphy was thus unburthening his mind,—he arose from his knees, closed the window, and resumed his place behind Father Prout, with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," calm and unconcerned as if nothing had occurred out of the ordinary routine. At that moment, Prout threw himself back on his chair, and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks, and thus encouraged, the company followed his example, and laughed also. When the mirth had subsided, it was almost renewed by the solemn countenance of Pat Murphy, grave rather than severe—a sort of domestic Marius sitting, in sad contemplation, amid the ruins of Carthage.

Father Prout had rather a rough set of parishioners to deal with. He could be, and was, very much of the gentleman, but it pleased him to appear plain and unpolished to those among whom his lot was cast. At times, when nothing else would do, he would address them, in an exhortation, very much in the spirit of Swift's "if you like the conditions, down with the dust!" At such times, Rabelais, "in his easy chair," would have smiled, and Swift himself would have hailed Prout as a congenial spirit.

I have a memorandum of one of these sermons. The object was to collect some arrears of "dues" from certain non-paying parishioners, (constituting rather a large portion of his congregation,) and I have been told that the discourse was much to this effect:

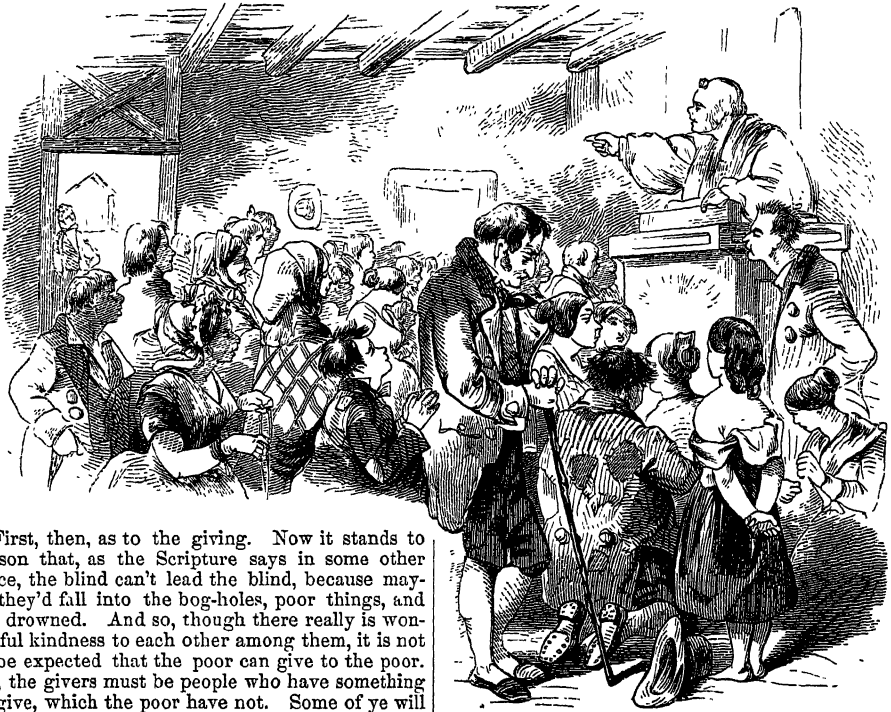
#### FATHER PROUT'S SERMON.

Somewhere in the Scriptures it is written, that whoever gives to the poor, lends to the Lord. There are three reasons why I don't tell you exactly where this may be found. In the first place, poor creatures that you are, few of you happen to have the authorized Douay edition, printed and published by Richard Coyne, of Dublin, and certified as correct by Archbishop Troy, and the other

heads of the Church in Ireland—few among you, I say, have *that*, though I know that there is not a house in the parish without a loose song-book, or the History of the Irish Rogues. In the second place, if ye had it, 'tis few of ye could read it, ignorant haythens that ye are. And in the third place, if every man-jack of ye did possess it, and could read it, (for the Church still admits the possibility of miracles,) it would not much matter at this present moment, because it happens that I don't quite remember in what part of it the text is to be found;—for the wickedness of my flock has affected my memory, and driven many things clean out of my head, which it took me a deal of trouble to put into it when I was studying in foreign parts, years ago. But it don't matter. The fault is not mine, but yours, ye unnatural crew, and may-be ye won't find it out, to your cost, before ye have been five minutes quit of this life. Amen.

"He who gives to the poor."—Ye are not skilled in logic, nor indeed in any thing that I know except playing hurley in the fields, scheming at cards in public-houses for half gallons of porter, and defrauding your clergy of their lawful dues. What is worse, there's no use in trying to drive logic into your heads, for indeed that would be the fulfilment of another text that speaks of throwing pearls before pigs. But if ye *did* know logic—which ye don't—ye would perceive at once that the passage I have just quoted naturally divides itself into two branches. The first involves the *giving*; that is, rationally and syllogistically considered, what ye ought to do. And the second involves the *poor*; that is, the receivers of the gifts, or the persons for whom ye ought to do it.





First, then, as to the giving. Now it stands to reason that, as the Scripture says in some other place, the blind can't lead the blind, because maybe they'd fall into the bog-holes, poor things, and get drowned. And so, though there really is wonderful kindness to each other among them, it is not to be expected that the poor can give to the poor. No, the givers must be people who have something to give, which the poor have not. Some of ye will try and get off on this head, and say that 'tis gladly enough ye'd give, but that really ye can't afford it. Can't ye? If you make up your minds, any one of you, to give up only a single glass of spirits, every day of your lives, see what it will come to in the course of a year, and devote *that* to the Church—that is to the Clergy—and it will be more than some of the well-to-do farmers, whom I have in my eye at this blessed moment, have had the heart to give me during the last twelve months. Why, as little as a penny a day comes to more than thirty shillings in the year, and even that insignificant trifle I have not had from some of you that have the means and ought to know better. I don't want to mention names, but, Tom Murphy, of the Glen, I am afraid I shall be compelled to name you before the whole congregation, some day before long, if you don't pay up your lawful dues. I won't say more now on that subject, for, as St. Augustine, says, "A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse."

Now, the moral of the first part being clearly shown, that all who *can* give *ought* to give, the next branch is to *whom* should it be given? The blessed text essentially states and declares "to the poor." Then follows the inquiry, who's "the poor." The whole matter depends on *that*.

I dare say, ignorant as ye are, some of you will think that it's the beggars, and the cripples, and the blind travellers who contrive to get through the length and breadth of the country, guided by Providence and a little dog tied to their fingers by a bit of string. No, I don't want to say one mortal word against that sort of cattle, or injure them in their honest calling. God help them. It's their trade, their estate, their occupation, their business

to beg—just as much as 'tis Pat Mulcahy's business to tailor, or Jerry Smith's to make carts, or Tom Shine's to shoe horses, or Din Cotter's to make potheen, and my business to preach sermons, and save your souls, ye heathens. But these ain't "the poor" meant in the text. They're used to begging, and they like to beg, and they thrive on begging, and I, for one, wouldn't be the man to disturb them in the practice of their profession, and long may it be a provision to them and to their heirs for ever. Amen.

May-be, ye mean-spirited creatures, some among you will say that it's yourselves is "the poor." Indeed, then, it isn't. Poor enough and niggardly ye are, but you ain't the poor contemplated by holy Moses in the text. Sure 'tis your nature to toil and to slave—sure 'tis what ye're used to. Therefore, if any one were to give any thing to *you*, he would not be lending to the Lord in the slightest degree, but throwing away his money as completely as if he lent it upon the security of the land that's covered by the lakes of Killarney. Don't flatter yourselves, any of you, for a moment, that you are "the poor." I can tell you that you're nothing of the sort.

Now, then, we have found out who should be the givers. There's no mistake about *that*—reason and logic unite in declaring that every one of you, man, woman, and child—should give, and strain a point to do it liberally. Next, we have ascertained that it's "the poor" who should receive what you give. Thirdly, we have determined who are *not* "the poor." Lastly, we must discover who *are*.

Let each of you put on his considering cap and think. Well, I have paused that you might do so.

Din Cotter is a knowledgeable man compared with the bulk of you. I wonder whether he has discovered who *are* "the poor." He shakes his head—but there is not much in *that*. Well, then, you give it up. You leave it to me to enlighten you all. Learn, then, to your shame, that it's the Clergy who are "the poor."

Ah! you perceive it now, do you? The light comes in through your thick heads, does it? Yes, it's I and my brethren is "the poor." We get our bread—coarse enough and dry enough it usually is—by filling you with spiritual food, and, judging by the congregation now before me, it's ugly mouths you have to receive it. We toil not, neither do we spin, but if Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed better than we are, instead of being clothed in ermine and fine linen, 'tis many a time he'd be wearing a thread-bare black coat, white on the seams, and out at the elbows. It's the opinion of the most learned scholars and doctors in divinity, as laid down before the Council of Trent, that the translation is not sufficiently exact in regard of this text. And they recommend that for the words "the poor," we should substitute "the clergy." Thus corrected, then, the text would read "he who gives to the Clergy, lends to the Lord," which, no doubt, is the proper and undiluted Scripture.

The words of the text are thus settled, and you have heard my explanation of it all. Now for the application. Last Thursday was a week since the fair of Bartlemy, and I went down there to buy a horse, for this is a large parish, and mortification and fretting has puffed me up so, that, God help me, 'tis little able I am to walk about to answer all the sick calls, to say nothing of stations, weddings, and christenings. Well, I bought the horse, and it cost me more than I expected, so that there I stood without a copper in my pocket after I had paid the dealer. It rained cats and dogs, and as I am so

poor that I can't afford to buy a great coat, I got wet to the skin, in less than no time. There you were, scores of you, in the public houses, with the windows up, that all the world might see you eating and drinking as if it was for a wager. And there was not one of you who had the grace to ask, "Father Prout, have you got a mouth in your face?" And there I might have stood in the rain until this blessed hour (that is, supposing it had continued raining until now), if I had not been picked up by Mr. 'Mun Roche, of Kildinan, an honest gentleman, and a hospitable man, I must say, though he is a Protestant.\* He took me home with him, and there, to your eternal disgrace, you villains, I got as full as a tick, and 'Mun had to send me home in his own carriage—which is an everlasting shame to all of you, who belong to the true Church.

Now, I ask which has carried out the text? You who did not give me even a poor tumbler of punch, when I was like a drowned rat at Bartlemy, or 'Mun Roche, who took me home, and filled me with the best of eating and drinking, and sent me to my own house, after that, in his own elegant carriage? Who best fulfilled the Scripture? Who lent to the Lord, by giving to his poor Clergy? Remember, a time will come when I must give a true account of you:—what can I say then? Won't I have to hang down my head in shame, on your account? 'Pon my conscience, it would not much surprise me, unless you greatly mend your ways, if 'Mun Roche and you won't have to change places on that occasion—he to sit alongside of me, as a friend who had treated the poor Clergy well in this world, and *you* in a certain place, which I won't particularly mention now, except to hint that 'tis little frost or cold you'll have in it, but quite the contrary. However, 'tis never too late to mend, and I hope that by this day week, it's quite another story I'll have to tell of you all. Amen.

## THE MARRIED ACTRESS.

FROM "TALES OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD." BY GEORGE CROLY, D. D.

WOMEN have their stars, like men; and the star of Matilda Myrtle was whatever star presides over theatres. She was born in a country town, visited four times a year by one of the most formidable companies that ever caricatured Sheridan or Shakspeare. At twelve she played Juliet at school with prodigious applause. At fifteen, she blossomed into a genius, and studied alternately the sampler and the "School for Scandal." At seventeen, she became romantic, and pined for love. At eighteen, she burned for glory, and was upon the stage!

The early career of all actresses is much the same. Dress, admiration, head-aches, exhausted eyes, and eternal farces, are the chief cares and pleasures of their existence. Some are unlucky; and after a campaign in which the world discovers that they have mistaken their profession, are sent to acquire the graces in the circuit of the country barns.

But Matilda was among the fortunate; she had taste, and sang with touching sweetness; she had talent, and played with easy vivacity; her figure, if not bewitching, was feminine; and her face, if not fatal, was expressive. In short she became a public favorite. All that was graceful in the loves and sorrows of the drama was her peculiar province;

the sighs and smiles of youthful passion could be pictured by no other skill; the anguish of the rejected child, the love of the innocent wife, the fond frenzy, and the tender despair, were hers without a rival. Wealth flowed in upon her; and, most hazardous of her trials, lovers followed in merciless profusion.

There is a vast deal of tender passion perpetually wandering through the world; but routs and drawing-rooms, morning practices, and midnight quadrilles, nay, masquerades, are the frigid zone to the temperature of the green-room. A perpetual fire of billets-doux pours in upon the idol; and if a conflagration could be kindled within her bosom by embossed paper and perfumed wax, a handsome actress would be burned to the ground within the first week of the season.

At length, one lover came; fashionable, fond, and devoted, beyond all the language of devotedness. Matilda still spurned the chain; but who can forever resist time, importunity, and a handsome man of five and twenty, who swears that he will drown himself? She yet resisted long; and detected, with

\* Created Lord Fermoy in 1855.

the dexterity of women, the little arts by which the lover sought to have an opportunity of flinging himself at her fairy feet in the presence of a wondering world.

She developed him behind her coach in partnership with her footman, and dismissed them both without a character. She saw him through the beard of a rabbi, who persecuted her with the cheapest shawls and attar of roses on earth. She declined injuring the revenue by dealing in Brussels lace, which the most elegant of smugglers offered her at fifty per cent. under prime cost.

She lost the patronage of a match-making peeress in her own right, by refusing to shine at an "intellectual" party, in which the faithful and ill-used Sir Charles was to display in the deepest azure.

She affronted a veteran baroness by refusing to take a seat in her box, to receive a lecture on the subject; and during the week before her benefit, when Plutus himself marches with his hands in both his pockets, to have the honor of paying at once for his box and the sight of the fairest object of human adoration, she shut herself up from human eyes; and in bitterness, worthy of a chancellor of the exchequer in the fall of stocks, lamented the hour when this enemy of her peace and purse first cast his glance upon her captivations.

But if her persecution in private were severe, it was inveterate, indefatigable, and intolerable in public.

From the moment when, blooming from the hands of the firewoman, and exhilarated by a full view of her attractions in the pier-glass of the green room, (a glass which, if gazing could wear out, would not last a year in any theatre in England,) she tripped upon the stage, to the moment when, loaded with applause she withdrew, and, as the curtain fell, bore all hearts with her, one eternal opera-glass was pointed towards the scene. She saw this optic ordnance with its crystal muzzle levelled point-blank upon her charms; now covering her countenance; now sending its full discharge into her fair and agitated bosom; now leisurely ranging over her form, to revert with exhaustless attack to a face blushing through all the rouge that was to blush through the five endless acts of a modern comedy.

What was to be done? To repel the assailant was impossible, except by ordering his assassination: to love him might be difficult; but—to marry him was easy. She made up her mind; and then, as is usual, applied for advice.

Her confidante and privy-councillor was a pretty actress, in her own style; and her frequent double, when she was seized with a sudden indisposition—to make her appearance.

"There," said Matilda, pointing to a pile of MSS., "there is my task for the week to come; who could endure such drudgery?"

"Horrible!" said Sophonisba.

"Those managers are absolutely barbarous," said Matilda. "Can they imagine that minds, memories, or spirits, can hold out under this eternal study?"

"Perfectly impossible," said Sophonisba.

"I would rather quit the stage, or London, or the world, than be at the mercy of those task-masters. Better be milking cows, or making cheeses; or teaching brats in a village school; or nursing an old husband; or doing any of the hundred miseries of women; than wasting life, health, understanding, and temper on the stage," declaimed Matilda.

"Undeniably true, my dear Matilda; what I have

thought a hundred times a day, but never could express as you can," said Sophonisba, charmed with the chance of getting rid of her.

"Yes, my dear Sophy, by quitting the stage, I should escape a sea of troubles. What woman on earth could endure wading through the infinite mass of stupidity that lies upon that table! And then to stand before the public, the ridiculous figure that every ridiculous writer imagines to be charming; to bear the blame of all; the worn-out jest; the dull dialogue; the unnatural character, that every dramatic dunce conceives to be wit, eloquence, and nature. Even to disgrace my figure, such as it is, by the burlesque costume and horrid materials that would make even beauty hideous; and do all this, not once, but every night in every year, of a miserable, toilsome, thankless existence."

"You speak like an oracle," said Sophonisba.

"It is absolutely scandalous that talents and beauty like yours should be condemned to our unhappy profession—chained like a galley-slave to the oar!"

"Or, like a wretch condemned to the mines; working for the profit of others, and the slave of twenty tyrants, till he dies," exclaimed Matilda.

"Or, like a recruit in a marching regiment, beguiled in an hour of inexperience into his dreadful trade; and from that hour, not daring to call his soul his own, till hardships break up his constitution for the hospital, or the field consigns him to the grave!" still more sorrowfully exclaimed her friend.

"Then, dearest Sophy, the morning rehearsal; the march through hail, rain, and snow, to shiver on a stage, dreary as a dungeon, with no more light than serves to show the faces of the condemned drudges to each other."

"Then the evening performance; the toil, whether out of spirits or in: the frightful necessity of looking delighted when you are miserable, and of smiling and singing when you would give the world for leave to yawn and go to bed," said Sophy, with a face of despair.

"Then, the misery of failure; the chance of being hissed by some drunken wretch, privileged by the half-price of the shilling gallery. The certainty of being attacked by the horrid criticisms of the newspapers; ill-treated every day in the week, and twice worse on a Sunday. Others may have nerve to endure it; but Matilda Myrtle must die."

"True, frightfully true;—to be the habitual resource of scribblers, when there is no parliamentary nonsense, or suburb squabble to fill their columns, when ministers are gone to sleep, and the Old Bailey hangs no more."

"'Tis melancholy!—Then, the chance of illness that may, in an hour, destroy the features of the beauty, or leave the singer without a note; and the certainty that every year of a profession which, like ours, wears out life, will be leaving room for horrid comparisons even with ourselves," murmured Matilda, casting an involuntary glance at the mirror.

"Then, the being forced to give up all society, by the perpetual labor of the stage; or worse, the being compelled, under pain of her making a party against you, to attend the rout of some supercilious woman of fashion, to exhibit for her supercilious set, and give her the *ecclat* of public talent cheap. Let me die first!" murmured Sophonisba.

"Yes, to stand upon a pedestal, and play candelabra for the honor and glory of her drawing-room; to be shown, like the laughing hyena, for the mere oddity of the creature; or perched like a parrot, or



a kangaroo upon its hind legs, for the tricks and teasings of all the grown children of the red-book. It is what I have endured, with my soul wringing, but what I never *will* endure again!" exclaimed the agonized Matilda.

"Then, my love, to return with an aching head at two in the morning, and find a peremptory note from the theatre, with a packet of stuff that you must force into that aching head before rehearsal on that very day; a business which, of course, compels you to sit up till morning; or, if you sleep, fills you with hideous sights and sounds, nightmares made up of angry managers; pitfalls of puppies, hissing, grimacing, and groaning at you; and whole theatres in uproar for your utter ruin."

"Or, after having worn my eyes red, and labored myself into a mortal fatigue, that would make one envy a post-chaise driver at an election; or a donkey at Brighton; or a ministerial member ordered to sit up for *all* the divisions; or a pedestrian curate with three churches and *no* connection with a lord; or any thing that in this weary world is the very essence of weariness; to find that all goes for nothing, and that the thing you have to appear in is hissed from the first scene, and sent to the shades, author, actress, and all, by a discriminating audience, of whom one half are half seas over."

"Misery indescribable! I have felt it often. But for you, my dearest Matilda, to appear before such an audience!—I have innumerable times said to myself, and said with anguish at the hard fate of our profession,—Shall such a being, so graceful, so lovely, so formed to ornament and delight the first circles, be exposed, night after night, to the rudeness, the horrid clamor, and the silly caprice of a multitude, not one of whom was fit to come within the same walls with her, to breathe the same air, to look——"

"Now, you flatter. But you are always kind, Sophy. And yet there is great justice in what you say. The truth is, no woman of common sensibility can feel at her ease before the mixed kind

of persons that, in the theatre, take the liberty of insulting every thing one looks, says, or does. But then, even this is better than the attentions, the—how can I pronounce it?—the love.—What can be more odious, than to be the perpetual object of vulgar admiration; to be honored by the flames of gentlemen from Cheapside, and clerks in banking-houses, ready to be hanged for your

sake; to be placarded as the goddess of some thriving pawnbroker, or create pistoling in the souls of two apprentices in the depths of Whitechapel!"

"Say no more, Matilda; I die at the thought. But your feelings must have deceived you. Those desperate persons must have kept their follies to themselves; they dared 'never tell their love.' They must have 'pined in thought' behind their counters, and shut up their sorrows like their shops."

"Come now, confess, Sophy, have you not yourself been showered with notes in this style? These are but this morning's work, the produce of a single twopenny-post."

She threw a handful of billets on the table, of which her friend read fragments.

"*Ange de mon cœur*,—Inspired by your divine beauty, *j'ai l'honneur* to make you know, that I am *professeur de danse* to the *Théâtre Olympique*; that I am *enivré de vos charmes*; and that I am ready to resign *ma liberté*, *la liberté délicieuse du célibat*, for the honor of calling *la bellissima figlia di Thalìa* mine *aveo*——"

"How could any human heart resist the Frenchman's two legs and three languages? But, dismissing poor Hippolyte Adonis, what comes next? A military lover."

"Divine girl of my soul,—I saw you on the stage last night, and have adored you ever since. I have prospects of the highest military kind. I am ensign in a crack corps of local militia. I may be lieutenant and adjutant in time. Be mine, my angel; and if I fall, you will be entitled to the pension allotted to the widows of heroes; and——"

"I cannot get through any more of Julius Cæsar Stubbs."

"Spell-bound, like myself," said Matilda, with a sad smile, "the gallant ensign's words are as irre-

gular recruits as any in his regiment; and his orthography is quite as much the child of nature as his passion. But read this one, much more to the purpose; and, by the paleness of its ink, and the stiffness of its character, probably a fac-simile of the attic philosopher himself."

"Madam,—I scorn to disguise either my feelings or my circumstances on any occasion whatever. As to the latter,—I am between sixty and seventy. The scoundrel pamphleteers who hoodwink this contemptible generation, and calumniate the friends of truth, call me a dotard of eighty. It is a falsehood.

"I live on a fourth floor in Seven Dials; receive for my literary labors between fifty and sixty pounds a year; and live, as you may perceive, a proud, philosophic, and independent life. It is proper to apprise you that I have a cough, which, however, is not dangerous, for I have had it these forty years; that I have a weekly fit of the gout, which, however, goes off by nursing and the *eau d'husson*; and that at the full of every moon I have sensations which the empiricism of physicians calls being out of one's mind.

"Having done so much for mankind, I think it time to do something for myself. I have heard of you, madam, in a favorable point of view, and offer you the honor of my alliance.

"Your income added to mine would increase our mutual enjoyments. You would have sufficient occupation for your leisure, in dusting my books, copying my MSS., making my gruel, and mending my stockings.

"I should have more leisure to scourge the absurdities of the living generation, and enlighten the darkness of the future.

"I remain, if not with the silly ardor of youth, with the wisdom and constancy of years, madam,

"Yours, as you may deserve,

"FRANKLIN HAMPDEN MACKOUL.

"Or, originally and more properly, MAC-OWL."

"I shall have the tastelessness to resist the charms of 'divine philosophy,' even with its feet wrapped in flannels," said Matilda; "and now, I beseech you, throw those ardent missives into their congenial fire."

"One I must positively rescue; it is so charmingly musked," said Sophonisba. "It is, I perceive, a specimen of the dashing style."

"Angel of the drama! delight of Drury! sweet magician of melo-drama! I am a wild young fellow, in love with you to distraction. I tell you with the proudest consciousness of your reciprocating my feelings, that I have not one shilling to rub to another. Within these two days, I have smiled my adieu to the gates of King's Bench; and in two minutes more I shall be at your feet, if you command me.

"Disdain me not, my enchantress; for if my passion is potent, my hate is horrible; if my fondness is flame, my revenge is ruin.

"I shall wait at the new Hummuns just half an hour for your answer. Come, live with me, and be my love; nay, if you insist upon it, my wife. But if I hear nothing from you, beware! As surely as you play Juliet this night, you will find a Romeo in the front row of the pit with a brace of pistols, loaded with slugs to the muzzle; one of which he

will fire at your too lovely, too perfidious face; and the other into his own too tender, too adoring bosom.

"I am in despair, my angel. Life is valueless without you. Love me, and I shall secure an engagement in the Birmingham company for us both; scorn me, and we die together.

"Adieu, Charlotte! till seven o'clock this evening, pistol in hand.

"Yours, ever and ever,

"WERTER."

"Have I not real cause to tremble at this madman?" said Matilda.

"Frightful, but too true," said her friend. "A popular actress ought always to insure her life at the commencement of the season. There is Fanny Phantom fired at as regularly as a partridge in September; and poor Lucy Lovelace's exquisite skin has been riddled in the most merciless manner. Yes, we are a perfect pigeon-match; with only this difference, that they fire at us in our cage."

"And still worse than those evils of our wretched profession, my kind Sophy, are the horrid equivocal or unequivocal attentions of coxcombs, every word on whose tongues is the most impudent condescension. To be hunted from party to party, by cornet this of the Lancers, and general that of the Guards; to be given over by the whisperers as the peculiar property of Colonel Jilt, that plague of the green-room; and declared to be ready to drop into the mouth of Lord Piper, that plague of every other room, if he would but take the trouble to swallow us—"

"Quite undeniable, and quite abominable; but what is to be done, but fly the stage and the world together?" sighed Sophonisba.

"Nothing but to die—or marry. The alternative is painful, and I have never thought about it; and yet, my dear,—if there were a being devoted to one for oneself alone!" sighed Matilda.

"Oh, that is a tale of other days. Man is of all animals the most selfish; and the actors are——"

"Heavens! you don't think I could marry any human being connected with the stage? No, acquit me of the frightful idea. In one word,—I wanted your opinion about Sir Charles," said Matilda, covered with a rosy blush, love's proper hue.

"The man of all men that I should have chosen for my inestimable friend. But you will not, must not, think of quitting the stage yet! What am I to do, deprived of my model, my guide, my inspirer, my friend of friends?"

"I have asked your advice, and upon it will depend my acceptance or rejection of Sir Charles. Say—no, and I dismiss him at once, and am an actress for life," faintly pronounced Matilda.

"Then, that will I never say;" and Sophonisba's zeal for matrimony flowed back in full current. "My dearest love, you must consult your own happiness. You have chosen well, and wisely. Perish the stage! perish all inferior ties! and let your beauty and your talents shine in the circle for which they were formed. Now, take this pen, and write an answer to a lover, who will make you the envy of one sex, as you are already the admiration of the other,—write, write, write."

"And yet I have some lingering doubts—some childish fondness for the stage still," and Matilda's cheek grew pale.

"Impossible! for the stage—for weariness—ex-

posure—caprice! No, no! Sir Charles must not be ill-treated, made unhappy, perhaps driven to make away with himself. Let me write the note to him, and be the first to wish you both joy."

Sophonisba's cheeks flushed with anticipated triumph, as she handed the note to the reluctant bride.

The deed was done; the note flew forth, Sir Charles flew to the feet of the young actress on the wings of romance. A week of delightful hurry vanished away in bridal preparation. Of that week, not a moment found Sir Charles without a speech, a present, or a project for making the path of life a path of rosebuds.



Matilda had no time to think of the past, present, or future. She married; was called "your ladyship," was on board the Calais packet, and was in the rue de la Paix, before her head had ceased to whirl; or her day to be a dream of white dresses, showy liveries, and the handsomest chariot and four that ever glittered over the Chaussée from St. James' Church door.

The dream continued, though its objects were changed; and in it the fair Matilda was swept, with English rapidity, over the Alps, through luxuriant Lombardy to regal Milan; was enraptured in the marble halls of Florence; was more enraptured in the antique majesty of Rome; was more enraptured still among the picturesque delights of Naples; till, saturated with banquets, concerts, the Chiaja, and the San Carlo; having seen the royal boat-races, the museums, the old king, the young king, Pompeii and Vesuvius, till loyalty and curiosity sank under the burden; she left them all, and flew through the gay Bolognese to queenly Venice, already half devoured by the sea, and altogether devoured by the Austrians; floated over the Milanese lakes, with their wooden islands, and their palazzi of plaster; mounted to the Simplon, disgraced by so many coach-loads of tourists, every fool of them trying to write something more foolish than the fool who wrote before; and closed her weary wings

in a *ferme ornée*, wrapped in the thickest of all autumnal vineyards, on the lake of Geneva.

A month of ripe grapes, Clarens, and Mont-Blanc; of poetic moonlight, goat's milk, and boating on the burnished waters; twilight, and Tell's chapel, exhausted the tourist glories of Switzerland. Matilda returned to England; entered her mansion in Portman square, and was received by a legion in livery; gave a private party to five hundred friends, and—the dream was done.

There are two worlds even here; the real and the imaginary; the world of man, and the world of woman.

Sir Charles had returned into his, at the moment when Matilda's had vanished. He was an

honorable, liberal, and loving man. But his horses and his tenantry, his club and St. Stephen's, shared the soul that love had exclusively filled during the first year. He had gone through the regular stages of the tender passion; and was now in that temperature that makes an excellent husband.

Matilda was fonder of him than in their earliest union; yet she unaccountably pined. Her color fled; in the midst of all the means of enjoyment, she was unconsciously distressed and discontented.

One evening, as she was sitting in an apartment filled with luxury, and opening on a garden breathing exotic fragrance, her involuntary sigh attracted the attention of Eugenia, a young relative of Sir Charles; who, as she raised her eyes, from a volume in her hand, was struck with the contrast of so much unhappiness in a countenance so formed to please.

The western sun threw a faint tinge upon the cheek, and touched the profusion of ringlets that clustered over it with rich lights; but the lip was pale, the eye was sunk, and the white hand that supported the head was languid and thin. Eugenia anxiously inquired whether "she was indisposed?"

"No," was the answer; "I never was freer from actual illness in my life."

"Yet, you are evidently unhappy. Has Sir Charles offended?"

"He is the kindest of the kind;—and yet, Eugenia, I will acknowledge I feel a weariness indescribable; a loss of interest in existence; a heavy depression of heart and senses, which would almost reconcile me to abandoning society, life—possibly, I am dying."

Eugenia, in alarm, approached her, and taking her hand, asked whether its wild yet fearful throbbings might not be the mere effect of the summer's day? whether she had ever been liable to fluctuations of spirits?

"Never," was the answer. "For six years I led the happiest life that woman could lead. I was the gayest of the gay. I never knew a moment of dreariness while—I was upon the stage."

"Your ladyship surprises me:—it may have had its amusements: but the trouble, the actual toil—"

"Absolutely nothing," was the reply. "Or if it were something, habit gives ease. One part is so like another,—originality is not the crying sin of modern authorship,—that a single play generally lets one into the secret of every other during the season. I have known one French melo-drame figure in the fourfold shape of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, for a twelvemonth together."

"But the horror of appearing before an audience—I should absolutely die of the first fright," said Eugenia, with a shudder.

"Women are sometimes very courageous animals," said the mourner, with a rising smile. "Half our present acquaintance exhibit an intrepidity which I never dreamed of equalling. Have you ever observed Lady Maria driving the reluctant duke into the matrimonial net, in the face of the whole laughing universe; or the fortitude of the Baroness Bronze, under the hottest fire of all sorts of scandal? No; the actress is too much absorbed in her part, to think of any thing else after the first five minutes; and after all, what is there to terrify any one in applause?"

"But failure—the misery of having to bear the sins of some creature of commonplace, and be answerable for the innumerable *sottises* of the most stupid of this stupid world."

"Quite a bagatelle," said Matilda. "Nothing is more easily disengaged than the actress from the author. The wretch is ruined; the actress rises only the more, a phoenix from the funeral pile. The public hiss the play, and applaud the performer, with the purest impartiality. They pity 'the charming Miss A—' for having had a part so unworthy of her talents; or give the 'exquisite Miss B—' double credit for the delightful vivacity with which she bore up against the abominable dulness of the dullest dialogue that ever oozed from human pen." A glow of recollected triumph began to tinge the melancholy cheek.

"But, then, to be excluded from the world; if it were by nothing but the perpetual employment of the stage?"

"Excluded from what world?" pronounced Matilda, with a glance of scorn. "From the tedious, commonplace, and worthless world that we are now condemned to; from the infinite honor of mixing with idiotic young men, who spend life in yawning, and making every one else yawn; or wicked old ones, whose vice is as hideous as its marks upon their countenances; or with vapid young women, whose soul contains but two ideas—a sense of their own perfections, and a longing for the rent-roll of some uncouth lord of the adjoining acres;

or with old ones, possessing but two others—how to beg, borrow, or steal a match for their sons and daughters; and how to level the reputation of every woman of honor to their own."

"True, desperately true. Yet to know none but actors—a strange race, as I should conceive; and not very captivating to a refined taste," laughed Eugenia.

"You had better not make the experiment, my dear," was the reply, "if you wish to have your 'bosom's lord sit lightly on its throne.' There are varieties of character among them, it is true; and perhaps no one should choose there, who was determined to be the wife of a prime minister or a lord chancellor. But recollect what they have been, and are; almost all urged to the stage by natural animation, by that turn for wit, that taste for adventure and pleasantry, the true drama of life, which makes human beings most amusing and amused. The stage cultivates all those powers; fills the story-teller with anecdote, the humorist with jest, and the man of observation with a knowledge of the most stirring and singular portion of life. Some, too, are beings of real genius; glowing with fine thought, touched with the poetry of mind, eloquent and various in conversation, and with manners softened and polished by the graces of the stage. Some of those, too, are handsome; for, such the stage chooses from society; and now, Eugenia, only wonder that I remained long enough uncaptivated to be the wife of Sir Charles."

"But those were the sunny hours," said Eugenia. "How could one endure the incessant rehearsals, the late hours, or even the wearisome repetition of the same characters?"

"I never knew the misery of late hours," said Matilda, with a sigh, "until I lived in the world of duchesses—how I envy those untriable skeletons the faculty of keeping awake all night. I was generally sung into the soundest of all slumbers, before any woman of rank in town had put on the night's rouge for the first of the half hundred parties that she must terrify with the moral of her physiognomy before morn. My dreams, too, were delight itself;—no horrid round of spectres predicting broken fortune and public disclosure;—no morning levies of duns, nor agonies at the displeasure of my waiting maid; but the sounds of the stage still in my ear, and heightened by the magic of sleep into deliciousness; the figures of the drama living again before me in lovely procession—myself a queen, or a sylph, or in some bower of rocks and all kinds of sweets, receiving the homage of seraskiers, and sovereigns; or ordering my car, and floating like another goddess of the waters; or some other idea, equally strange and charming."

Her fancy kindled her fine face as she said the words, and she looked the handsome creature that she had been.

"I see I must give up the question," said Eugenia; "but if your ladyship looked as dangerous on the stage as you do at this moment, you must have been horribly plagued with the attentions of all kinds of strange men."

"Rather say perplexed, my dear;" and the cheek wore a still livelier crimson, as Matilda rose, and walked towards the magnificent mirror. "The number of attentions that one receives may be embarrassing, and the admirers may be now and then very odd people; but, *entre nous*, no woman ever dies of the most overwhelming admiration. Some

of those attentions were elegant, and from the elegant. The simplest pleasure of knowing that the simplest world thinks well of one's appearance is a pleasure; but the delight of being the object of high-bred animation, or receiving the unequivocal homage, that, paid to an actress, can be paid only to her beauty and her genius; of feeling that she is not pursued by the mercenary for her fortune, nor by the mean for her rank; is absolutely the most intoxicating draught that can steal away the understanding of woman."

She stood, in the reviving pride of loveliness, arranging her fine hair before the mirror. "But, apropos, it grows late. What was the hour for our undergoing the countess's dinner?"

"I must acknowledge your ladyship's complete victory," said Eugenia; "and shall leave you but for a moment to dress. In the meantime, here is the evening paper, just come, and full of the opera, and the arrival of the French ambassador, covered with ribbons, and leaving all the belles of Paris in despair."

On her return, she found Matilda sitting at the table, with her eyes fixed on the paper, her color gone, her lips quivering, and tears stealing down her cheek. Astonished and alarmed, she glanced over the paper to discover the fatal news; it was neither battle nor shipwreck, but a paragraph in almost invisible print, in an almost invisible corner.

"Last night, the favorite drama from the French, 'Julia, or the Recovered Daughter,' was performed. The lovely Sophonisba Sweetbriar played the heroine, with the universal applause of a crowded house. Her disdain of the marquis, the anxiety of her escape, and the agony of meeting her indignant father, were admirable. If nothing can efface our recollection of its former exquisite representative, at least its present one is without a rival."

"There!" exclaimed Matilda, starting from the table; "there! see an example of the basest perfidy. What an abominable creature!—I at last see what was the purpose of her whole conduct—or her cunning, her advice;—insidious wretch!—I was in her way, and she determined to remove me."

She burst into a flood of tears. Eugenia attempted to soothe her: the attempt was in vain.

But the dinner hour was come; and she at length asked the weeping fair one whether she should not order the carriage?

"Yes," said Matilda; "order it, and instantly; for I must see this abominable woman's performance before I sleep—if I am ever to sleep again. Never will I put faith in human protestations while I live."

The carriage was at the door. Matilda arrived at the theatre as the curtain rose. She saw her wily friend, looking pretty enough on the stage to make any woman in the boxes miserable. She heard the plaudits; she heard them reiterated; and the clever actress played better and better; till Matilda could endure the sight no longer, and flew out of the house.

In the carriage she flung herself on Eugenia's neck, and owned that, with every means of happiness, she was the most unhappy being alive.

Her habits had been broken up; the natural pursuit of her mind was taken away; the current of her original delights was turned off; and fashionable life, opulence, and enjoyment, could not refill the deserted course. "Let no actress," sighed she, "ever dream of happiness, but in adhering to the profession of her heart, her habits, and her genius!"

Matilda withered like an autumnal flower. The climate of England threatened her with consumption. Travel was prescribed; and the Swiss and Italian atmosphere kept the flower on its stalk—no more.

Within six months, letters from home informed her that Sir Charles had died, like a patriotic Englishman, of a victory at a contested election in the height of the dog-days. She gave many a tear to the memory of this honest, loving, and by no means brilliant, husband. She loved him; and, if she could have conceived it possible to make his figure succeed on the stage, she would have certainly not loved him the less; but now the world was before her. Sophonisba was still playing *her* "Julia;" drawing tears from half the world, and receiving proposals from the other half, which she was too cunning to accept.

Matilda ordered a postchaise and four; drove through Fondi, with a speed that knocked up her escort of chasseurs, and distanced Il Gran Diavolo, who was on the look-out for her equipage; rushed through Lombardy, to the astonishment of even the English; and scarcely slept, ate or existed, till she stopped at the St. James's hotel.

Her family affairs were despatched with the swiftness of a woman determined on any purpose under heaven. Her arrival was incog.; her existence had of course been utterly forgotten by her "dear five hundred friends" within the first week of her absence. She portioned off her three waiting-maids; sold her mansion; and, next morning, sent for the manager of her original theatre, by her original name.

The manager waited on her with an expedition most incredible to those who know the movements of those weights of the great theatrical pendules; heard her determination with rapture; and announced the reappearance of the public favorite in red letters, of a length that was the wonder of the arts.

Matilda appeared; she delighted the audience. Sophonisba disappeared; she found that she had nothing to do but to marry; and she took pity upon the silliest heir to the bulkiest estate that had been quadrilled for during the season. Matilda enjoyed the double triumph; glowed with new beauty; flashed with renewed brilliancy; was the fortune of the manager; the pride of authorship; the charm of the day; and was supposed to be one of the principal holders of the last three loans of the last war, and to have dug, for the honor of her country, half a tunnel.

A PERTINENT ANSWER TO AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.—Jonathan and Paddy were riding together, when they came in sight of what is very unusual in any civilized state nowadays, an old gallows or gibbet. This suggested to the American, the idea of

being witty at the expense of his Irish companion. "You see *that*, I calculate?" said he, pointing to the object first mentioned. "And now, where would you be, if the gallows had its due?"

"*Riding alone*," coolly replied Paddy.







## THE GRIDIRON; OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth you won't sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the subject matter in hand, he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches" as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat (turning to the man evidently pleased at the notice paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, please your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat. "Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had" in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps was choak'd, (devil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she wassinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I

never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrife o' rum aboard, and any other little mathers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many shrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we drifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket and the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed illegant, for we darn't show a stitche o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wonder of the world we wor n't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkin. And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land any where,' says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and throth, it's myself wishes the same.'

"Oh," says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a sudden,' says he.

"Thru for you, captain, darlint," says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase distress makes uz all equal—'thru for you, captain, jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl'd—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thunder and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-um-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"'Oh, no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I; 'maybe it id be in *Roosia* or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oeant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's *France* it is, captain, dear,' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same,' and throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will.

"'Well, with that, my heart begun to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why then,' says he, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth, I'm not such a *gommooh* all out as that, any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-steak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beef-steak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant,' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnest, now,' says he; 'you *gommooh*,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's *France*—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sensible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oeant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin,' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"'Parly voo frongsay,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he; 'Why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'Parly voo frongsay,' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he—'pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyfull before long.'

"'So with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white shtrand, an lligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was after bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowlid and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timping like.

"'By the powdheres o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convenient. And so I wint up to the dure, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"'So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"'Well, to be sure, they all stoop ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; 'and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"'By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I, (knowing what was in their minds), 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"'So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"'Well, sir, with that throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not *France* at all at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in *France*, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'Parly voo frongsay?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"'Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I

had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, sir, says I, '*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

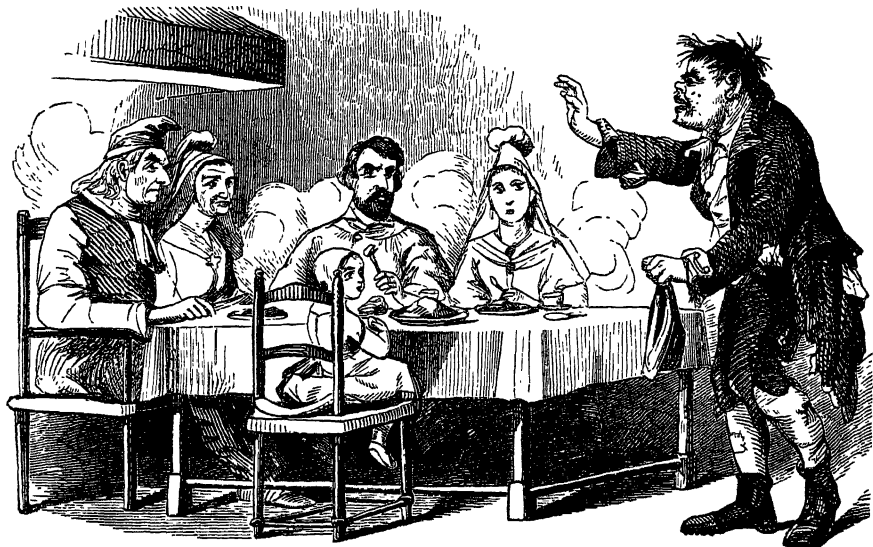
"Well, sir, the ould chap begun to munseer me, but the devil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all

but can't you listen to raison,' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"We, munseer.'

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country, it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you ould sinner,' says I, 'the devil a longer I'll darken your dure.'



their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in distress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and a drop of dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mille failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mille failte* seemed to stchreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might underhstand—'*Parly-voo—Frongsay*, munseer?'

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"Phoo!—the devil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all;

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his consience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishtan at all at all? are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you underhstand your own language?—'*Parly voo Frongsay*,' says I.

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then, thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'the curse o' the hungry on you, you owld negardly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth its often since, that I thought that it was remarkable."

NO, THANK YOU!—"Come down," said the boatswain of a man-of-war, to a mischievous young son of Erin who had been idling in the main-top. "Come down, I say, or I'll give you a good round dozen with the cat, you rascal."

"Throth, sir, and I wouldn't come down if you'd give me two dozen."

ONE AT A TIME.—An Irish peasant, on a small ragged pony, was floundering through a bog, when the animal, in its efforts to push on, got one of its hoofs into the stirrups.

"Arrah, my boy," said the rider, "if you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

## HANDY ANDY.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singular ingenious knack of doing every thing the wrong way; disappointment awaited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nick-name the neighbors stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself clawed almost to death while her darling baby was in arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her till the blood came, with the other. Nevertheless she swore he was "the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;" and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash every thing breakable belonging to her, she only praised his precocious powers, and used to ask, "Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bowld as he did!"

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to any one who would accept them; but they were only those who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or, as he was familiarly called, *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the horses," because he bred many of these animals, and sold them at the neighboring fairs; and Andy one day offered his services to Owny when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom," as low grounds by a river side are always called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.—"Throth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch sir," said Andy.

"Why, you little spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."—"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"—"Becase I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"—"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, any how; and so go, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a wisp o' hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."—"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now, take care," said Owny, "that you're able to ride that horse if you get on him."—"Oh, never fear, sir. I can ride owd Lanty Gubbins's mule better nor any o' the other boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that, you may ride any thing," said Owny; and indeed it was true; for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common, being ridden sllily by all

the young vagabonds in the neighborhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers, that it might be well considered a feat to stick on him.

"Now, take grate care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.—"Don't be afeard, sir," said Andy, who started on his errand in that peculiar pace which is elegantly called a "sweep's trot;" and as the river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream.

Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Paudcen, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse; so he looked about the place until he found him, and, telling him the errand on which he was going, said, "If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride." This was temptation sufficient for Paudcen, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. When they had got the halter over his head, "Now," said Andy, "give me a lift on him;" and accordingly, by Paudcen's catching Andy's left foot in both his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, he hoisted his friend on the horse's back; and, as soon as he was secure there, Master Paudcen, by the aid of Andy's hand, contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heels into the horse's side with many vigorous kicks, and crying "hurru!" at the same time, endeavored to stimulate Owny's steed into something of a pace, as he turned his head towards the mill.

"Sure aren't you going to crass the river!" said Paudcen.—"No, I'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I'd rather go up to Owny's, and it's the shortest way across the river."—"Yes, but I don't like—"

"Is it afeard you are!" said Paudcen.—"Not I, indeed," said Andy; though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him; "but Owny towld me to take grate care o' the baste, and I'm loath to wet his feet."

"Go 'long wid you, you fool! what harm would it do him? Sure he's neither sugar nor salt that he'd melt."

"Well, I won't, any how," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good high trot, that shook every word of argument out of Paudcen's body; besides, it was as much as the boys could do to keep their seats on Owny's *Bucephalus*, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge. Here voice and rein were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure at a quiet pace. But whether his double load had given him the idea of double exertion, or that the pair of legs on each side sticking into his flanks (and perhaps the horse was ticklish) made him go the faster, we know not; but the horse charged the bridge as if an Enniskilliner were on his back, and an enemy before him; and in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge, that did not bend beneath him. No, it did *not* bend, but it broke; proving the falsehood of the boast, "I may break, but I won't bend;" for after all, the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever: it is

the unsound, that has only the seeming of strength, that breaks at last when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the young equestrians took over the ears of the horse, enough to make all the artists of Astley's envious; and plump they went into the river, where each formed his own ring, and executed some comical "scenes in the circle," which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord" that Dinny Dowling threw the performers, which became suddenly converted into a "tight rope" as he dragged the *vol-tigeurs* out of the water; and, for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them both an enormous thrashing with the dry end of the rope, just to restore circulation; and his exertions had they been witnessed, would have charmed the Humane Society.

As for the horse, his legs stuck through the bridge, as though he had been put in a *chiroplast*, and he went playing away on the water with considerable execution, as if he were accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were put in requisition immediately; and the horse's first lesson in *chiroplastic* exercise was performed with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair. Of course Andy did not venture on taking Owney's horse home; so the miller sent him to the owner, with an account of the accident. Andy, for years, kept out of Owney na Coppal's way; and at any time that his presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say, "Isn't that Owney na Coppal coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life.

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out or afore he wint in." After spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest craythur alive—and so willin'—nothing comes wrong to him."

"I suppose, the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.—"Throth, an' your honor, that's just it—if your honor would be plazed."

"What can he do?"—"Any thing your honor."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.—"Oh, no, sir. Every thing I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part, Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"—"The best of care, sir," said the mother, while the miller, who was standing behind the squire waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what he can do."—"May the Lord—"

"That'll do—there, now go."—"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and—"

"Will you go?"—"And may angels make your honor's bed this blessed night, I pray!"

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."



Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right—about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day, Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, as there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment; and Andy's boldness in this capacity made him soon a favorite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it was brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who was but just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants. "It's me, sir."

"Oh—Andy! Come in."—"Here's the hot wather, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket."—"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. "In two minutes more, Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honor, says there's not so much hot wather ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hands?"—"Yes, sir, but that's not nigh the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."—"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, any thing, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can. "Where'll I put it, sir?"—"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said,

"What did you do that for?"—"Sure you *tould* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

Though Andy's regular business was "whipper-in," yet he was liable to be called on for the performance of various other duties: he sometimes attended at table, when the number of guests required that all the subs should be put in requisition, or rode on some distant errand for "the mistress," or drove out the nurse and children on the jaunting-car; and many were the mistakes, delays, or accidents arising from Handy Andy's interference in such matters; but, as they were never serious, and generally laughable, they never cost him the loss of his place or the squire's favor, who rather enjoyed Andy's blunders.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head-man had been dining his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence that the snake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.—"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.—"Oh no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"—"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy after a long pause, "the devil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before."

The butler laughed a horse-laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as 'household words' to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension,—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, etc. But 'one day,' as Zanga says,—'one day' he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland, as a dinner beverage, that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.—"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gentleman!"—"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manœuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan!"—"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be! Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."—"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well!" said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you ax'd me for?"—"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"—"Soda-water; but, perhaps, you have not any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir? Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and, supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please, to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir!" said he.—"Bad luck to you! can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"—"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-water you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"—"The curse o' Crum'll on you—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.—"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir!"—"I wish you wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with his napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck,—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure, them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it—it's tied down?"—"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold-bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh, Lord!—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion;—few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were re-lighted,—the squire got his eye open again,—and, the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to



speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the *salle à manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way: in the mean time the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and water," Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other, for months after.

But, though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire, one day to our hero.—"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"—"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"—"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"—"Sure, I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"—"Yis, sir."

"And why don't you?"—"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"—"Yis, sir; where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said,

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letter, sir, if you please."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letter here, —that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"—"The master."

"And who's your master?"—"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"—"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."—"Bad luck to your impidence!" said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"—"Yis; have you any thing to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."—"Faith, then you'll never see me agin, if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"—"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment, a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known; and he vouched to the postmaster that the account he gave of himself was true.—"You may give him the squire's letter. Have you one for me?"—"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one: "fourpence."

The new-comer paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster. "You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"—"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Delany a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letter than this; and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to think what you please; but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letter."

"Go along, you stupid thief?" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letter?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get the common justice for his master which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire, in the mean time, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.—"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."—"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"—"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"—"That owld chate beyant in the town,—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"—"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letter at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Delany got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you

omadhaun! and pay him whatever he asks, and get me the letter."—"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a parcel of them that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.—"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."—"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."—"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters that lay on the counter; so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap; and, having effected that, waited patiently enough until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the misive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as his back could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head

while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying,



"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money, any how."

## PADDY THE PIPER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"I'll tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie:—It was in the time of the 'ruction, whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law,—that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz daar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor draw boult until the morning kem agin."

"Well, to come to my story: 'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of butther-milk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. 'Whisht,' says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now,' says he; 'bad luck to thim the villains, I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he. 'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.' 'Well, whisht, any how,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin;' and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door. 'Oh it's folly to purtind any more,' says my father—'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.' 'How can I see who's in it in the dark,' says I. 'Well,' says



he, 'light the candle, thin, and see who's in it, but don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim.'

"So with that, I wint to the door, and there was another knock. 'Who's there?' says I. 'It's me,' says he. 'Who are you?' says I. 'A friend,' says he. '*Baithershin*,' says I—'who are you, at all?' 'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he. 'Devil a taste,' says I. 'Sure I'm Paddy the piper,' says he. 'Oh, thunder and turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?' 'Sorra one else,' says he. 'And what brought you at this hour?' says I. 'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he. 'Oh, bloody wars!' says I—'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I; 'for you know yourself it's a hanging matter to be cotched out these times,' says I. 'Sure I know that,' says he, 'God help me; and that's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'and let me in for old acquaintance sake,' says Poor Paddy. 'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and troth if the Hussians or the Yeo's\* ketches you,' says I—'they'll murder you, as sure as your name's Paddy.' 'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intintions; but, plaze the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how.' 'Faix then,' says I, 'you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for troth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Hussians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!' 'Faith, thin, more's the reason you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy. 'It's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.' 'Oh then, millia murder!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all,' says he. 'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an illigant lock o' straw, that you may go asleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

"So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the pratees was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceived him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a better piper was in all the country round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was illigant an' the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' be-yant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meanderin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, until climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, he kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful unto

uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a tree. 'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you took astart out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to see the like, and to think of a Christan crathur being hang-up, all as one as a dog.

"Now 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase, you see, the corpse had got clothes on him, and that's the raison that one might know that it was the rebels,—by rayson that the Hussians and the Orangemen never hanged any body wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, 'eyein the corpse,' by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *transens*, and a corpse wid such an illigant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their bein so tight, or the branch of the three ajiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right houl't o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the illigant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots, any how, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this-a-way: 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and more be token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of friends before; and sure 'twas the wonder of every one, that two knowledgeable men, that ought to know better, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in friendship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts off the legs av the corps; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience; and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap—and thim, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moon-light deceived him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceived; and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corpse he was afthar maltheating, if he was found walking the country at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? the divil along Paddy was there until the sojers kem in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and 'faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

\* Yeomen.

"Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o' the prattees, for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, any how?'"

Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' and afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers!' says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?' and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet stickin' out from undher the hape o' sthraw—'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy, but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you havn't made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I'll disturb your dhramies, I'm thinkin', says I, and with that, I laid hould of his heels, (as I thought, God help me,) and givin' a good pull to waken him, as I intindid, away I wint, head over heels, and brains was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

"Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, on the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out



o' my hands, like a pair o' Hussian's horse-pistils—and I thought the sight 'd lave my eyes, whin I

seen they wor two mortal legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot prattee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murder. 'Oh, you murderin' villian,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow—'Oh, you unnath'ral baste,' says I, 'you've ate poor Paddy, you thievin' cannabe, you're worse than a neyger,' says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id serve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland! *Weirasthrul! weirasthrul!* what'll the whole country say to such an unnath'ral murder? and you, lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and eatin' your hay, as quite as if nothin' happened.—With that, I ran out, for throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' in to the house, I tould them all about it.

"Arrah! be aisy," says my father. 'Bad luck to the lie I tell you,' says I. 'Is it ate, Paddy?' says they. 'Divil a doubt of it,' says I. 'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother. 'I wish I was as sure

of a new pair of brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him, but his two legs.' 'And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?' says my father. 'By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I. 'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he, 'what a cruel taste she has for music!' 'Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.' 'Yis, I will,' says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?' 'You oughtn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof,' says my mother. 'By my sowl, thin' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff, says he, Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.' 'Troth I don't like to dhrive her,' says I. 'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he. 'Faith, I don't,' says I. 'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.' 'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care of her yourself.' 'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog and bark myself; and faith I rec'lected the sayin' from that hour—'let me have no more words about it,' says he, 'but be aff wid you.'

"So, aff I went, and it's no lie I'm tellin' whin I say it was sore agin my will I had any thing to do with sitch a villian of a baste. But, howsoever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ater iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all, at all.

"Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng'd it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin to the fair.

"God save you," says one to me. 'God save you, kindly,' says I. 'That's a fine beast you're dhruvin,' says he. 'Troth she is,' says I; though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. 'It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose,' says he, 'with the baste?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.) 'Faith, thin, you're right enough,' says I, 'it is to the fair I'm goin'.' 'What do you expec' for her?' says he. 'Faith, thin, myself doesn't know,' says I—and that was thrue enough, you see, becase I was bewildered like, about the baste, intirely. 'That's a quare way to be goin' to market,' says he, 'and not to know what you expec' for your baste.' 'Och,' say I—not likin to let him suspect there was any thing wrong with her—'Och,' says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure no one can tell what a baste 'll bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.' 'Indeed, that's nath'ral enough,' says he. 'But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he. 'Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I. 'Well thin, what will you ax for her?' says he. 'Why thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable,' says I—for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv her)—and so I'll take four pounds for her,' says I, 'and no less.' 'No less?' says he. 'Why sure, that's chape enough,' says I. 'Troth it is,' says he; 'and I'm thinkin' it's too chape it is,' says he; 'for if there wasn't somethin' the matter, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance?' 'Indeed thin,' says I, upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow.' 'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?' 'Och, by this and that,' says I, 'in regard of feedin', there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy, and if you

like her for the money, you may have her.' 'Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry,' says he, 'and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair.'

"With all my heart," says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned, but in throth I began to be afear'd that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her, at all, at all. At last, we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin' o' gingerbread and iligant ribbons, and makins o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-rounds, and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thiev-in' rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life, so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up struck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Walsh,' and my jew'l, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"Oh, murther!" says I, to the boys standin' by, 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' thim.

"Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen it corpse myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I; 'and it's a folly to be strivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never lave it aff—as Poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him.'

"Who's that takin' my name in vain?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng

to one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"Oh, hould him too," says I; 'keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

"Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it was Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin', so that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me, was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame of atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o' sper's t' explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin', and mony a one said the likes was never heerd before or sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sich a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes strikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

## A TRUE THOUGH TOUGH YARN.

### About Paddygoney and other matters.

BY TIRONE POWER.

"It's a long yarn," says Tibbs, in a deprecatory tone, evidently most desirous to spin it off to one towards whom, as a countryman, and a piece of a sailor, he felt some sympathy.

"Never mind, but lay along the sooner," returned I, quite as willing to listen, as my companion, despite of all his coquetry, was to talk. After a finishing puff or two at his cigar, therefore, he passed the back of his hand across his lips, and with a half smirk on his weather-beaten phiz, began:—

"Mr. Thompson—it's a queer story; though to be sure, I'll be bound it will make you laugh to think o' my being such a fool; but howsomever you shall have it, end for end. Well, you see, it was in the year 1816, I sailed mate of a Liverpool ship, bound for Sable Island, and an uncommon tidy run we had for about fifteen days, when just as we got to the westward o' the Banks, we fell in with unaccountable foul weather,—rain, and hail, and wind, and fog, and more of all on 'em than we much cared for; however, we kept on, making westing, in hopes o' gettin' a southerly blow, out of all this dirt, till at last down it came all of a lump, tails up, a regular roarer, about nor'-nor'-east. The first thing as happened partic'lar, was, just as we had clew'd up top-gallant-sails, away went our main-topsail-yard in the slings. 'O Lord!' squeals our skipper, shootin' up the companion, and clappin' his two fins fast together; 'what shall we do, sinners as we is!' No sooner said, than puff, away flies the foresail

and foretopsail-yard—jam goes the skipper's two fins together agin, chock-block!—but afore he could rap out a single word this time, snap, snap, flies cross-jack-yard, and mizzen-top-mast; and with that, out bolts his O Lord! with half a dozen little saints tack'd on to it for this last spell. Our skipper, you must know, was one o' your new-fashioned sea-saints, a regular white-o'-my-eye chap, as read the Bible in his berth all day Sundays, and got drunk every blessed afternoon on shou-shong-ten, with a trifle o' brandy in it by way o' milk; and yet, if you'd believe his long yarn, he'd as soon ha' toasted his cheese with the devil's three-pronged tormentor, as fairly fist a can o' right rum grog. Well, any way, there he stood this time, staring aloft, like Peter's pig; and I must confess, it was a little bit puzzlin' to fix where to begin first. However, one at a time's best, thinks I; so up the fore-rigging I starts with a gang, to send down the crippled spars, to see and get 'em fish'd—we wasn't partic'lar well handed, and it was just as much as both watches could do to overhaul one mast at a time, while the saint, and a boy at the helm, look'd after the deck. Well, there I stuck aloft, for five precious hours the very first spell, and then I sent the hands down to get their suppers—we'd gotten both yards on deck by this time, and I stopped aloft, puttin' the riggin' a little to rights, afore I came down to fish the sticks. As I was a workin' away, thinkin' what a precious job I'd gottin' afore me, bang we comes,

ight stem-on agin something cruel hard; tumble goes I, off the lifts, right head over heels into the ooze sail—hold on, thinks I, for I felt it was no feather-bed that was slippin' under our kelson—eel goes the ship over on her beam ends, and squash goes the foremast into the water—well, I kept scrambling and wriggling, to get my head out o' the sail, if it was only to tell how near I was to the bottom; and at last seeing there was no time for being over nice, I fumbled out my knife, and 'cut away,' was the word for dear life. But, would you believe it, no sooner was I got into daylight agin, than I spies, pullin' away to leeward the only boat we had, with all hands aboard, and our sanctified sea-cow of a skipper in the stern sheets, half slewed round, squinting like a dog-fish at the poor barkly. I found out that the mast I'd been on was floating along side, held fast by the lee-rigging; so I scrambled over it, till somehow or other I got up into the weather chains, and waved my arms over head, and shouted blue murder, for I saw the ship was settling down fast; at the same time, yowl goes some thing under my foot, and looking down, there stood shivering our captain's little poodle, Gracy, as he used to make such a pope of, skrewin' herself close under the lee o' the bulwarks. Well, yelp and yowl went poor Gracy, and shout, hallo, and whistle, went I! but it was all o' no use—once the men lay on their oars for a minute, but I saw our saint jam his fins together, so I knew no good could come o' that; and so it proved, for they gave way again, leaving poor Gracy and old Bill Tibbs, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, going right for heaven."

"What! Mr. Tibbs, did they then desert you, conscious of your being yet alive?"

"Conscience be cursed!" cried Tibbs, mistaking the word; "the lubbers hadn't as much conscience as would bait a cod-line among 'em."

"Were they then English?" I inquired with an indignant air.

"Every mother's son of 'em, excepting the skipper, and he was a Paisley weaver."

"Yours must have been but a bad sort of berth, just then, old boy."

"Why, I thought so myself at the time, but I've had worse before and after. Well, when I couldn't see the boat no longer, I crawled further aft, and got outside, on the starboard main-riggin', where I was high and dry; and after I'd shook myself, I begins to look about me—both the after-masts were yet standin'; on the weather side, the quarter deck well out of water, the sea wasn't much, and the barkly seemed tryin' to right herself every lurch she made; so, thinks I, if I could come by an axe, I'd lend you a hand, old lass, by easing you of these spars—as we'd been all ready to fish, when the second squall nipp'd us short. I guessed the carpenter's tool basket might yet be lying some where in the lee-scuppers, so I bends on one of the loose leading lines, takes a turn o' the bite round my wrist, and slips down to leeward, where, after a good deal of divin' and duckin' about, I sure enough gets houl't o' the very thing I wanted—now then, haul away, my mate, says I, with a good will, and try your luck, for there's life in a barnacle adrift—slash away, at it I went, and soon doused the lanyards, for they were strained as taut as fiddle-strings—

luff goes her bows right out o' water, and up she turns, till she was as right as a marlin-spike.—Huzza! cries I,—'bow, vow,' barks Gracy, givin' herself a shake, on finding she could once again keep her feet, without hangin' on by her claws, as she'd be'n compelled to afore. Poor little bitch! I couldn't help takin' a hearty squeeze of her paw, when she jumped up on me, as much as to say, thank'ee, old chap—for there we two was, any way, officers, crew, and supercargo. Soon a'ter night came on, and a long watch I had on't; however, the weather was moderate, and we wanted for nothin'; for on the quarter, right abaft the skipper's berth, I know'd that there was a lot o' cheeses, and sody-water, of his own, that he'd gotten for his venture—and O dear! how you'd a laugh'd, Mr. Thompson, to a'seen the little poodle a watchin' me openin' the sody bottles. Pop goes the cork, phiz goes the water, and bark-away goes Gracy, all the time wantin' a drink at it, poor brute! ay, and she took to it at last quite natural, and I do believe liked it."

"Could you manage to get any rest at all, Mr. Tibbs?" I here inquired, just by way of filling up the pause, while he turned his quid, and glanced upward at the lofty sails belying in the light breeze.

"Why, I tell you sir," he again resumed, in the same quiet tone, "it wasn't the best place for a nap, seeing that the fore part o' the ship was every now and then made a clear breach over by the sea, and the wonderment to me was how she kept afloat so long. However, the second night, or I may say mornin', I dropped off, across the top o' the companion, where Gracy and I always kept, and slept as sound as a sunned turtle—and there, I fancy, I'd a slept on till St. Peter had hailed me, if it hadn't be'n for poor Gracy. I was a dreamin' away, and getting all-a-tanto to go ashore at Falmouth in first chop twig; shavin' away, as I fancied, and swearin' a good un at my razor for scrapin' me so, when all of a sudden I wakes up—and, ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughin' when I think o' that—what, after all, do you think it was I took for a sawin' razor, Mr. Thompson?"

"Why, may-be, the dog clawing away at your face, Tibbs," replied I.

Tibbs stared for a moment, startled by this cunning guess, then gravely demanded: "Did I ever spin you the same yarn afore, sir?" I assured him, never.

"Well, I guess'd not," he continued, "but blow me if it isn't queer, too, for you've hit the mark, sure enough. When I opened my eyes there was little Gracy, holdin' her nose close to my face, barkin' for dear life, and lickin' away at my mouth with one of her fore paws, as much to say—rouse up, old chap, it's your watch. I sits up in a minute, and, my eyes! what a lookout was there. Land within half a mile—a long, low head, white with surf, glistening in the first rays of sunrise, and the old ship rolling fast on with a heavy ground-swell. Hold on all, says I, for we'll soon be brought up—and sure enough so we was in ten minutes, after—bump she comes, and then wheels right broadside on. She never gave a second rise—the old barkly was done. On roll'd the next long swell, right over all, and away goes poor Gracy from my side. I

very next wave, away I went after the poodie, that still kept head on the ship, as if tryin' to come aboard agin after me.

"I never was no great fish at swimming, and don't exactly know how the devil I made such good weather on it;—any way, in a very short time, roll I comes high and dry on to the beach, and in a minute or two after I spies out little Gracy, scramblin' about the edge o' the surf close to my berth; I run down to lend her a hand, and only to see, Mr. Thompson, the kind natur of the poor brute our Jew-parson deserted; may I be d——, if she wasn't all the while hanging on to the hat, that had been washed off o' my head by the sea that struck us when we took ground. When I see'd her tugging and turnin' keel up in the surf, making no more way than a bum-boat on a bow-lin'—knowin' she could swim like a dolphin—I wondered what ailed her, poor thing! however, I got her to land, hat and all, so there we was at last, sound as cocoanuts, altho' it was 'closer shavin' than I liked or would ever wish to try again, I can tell you, Mr. Thompson."

"Did you hear what became of your cowardly captain and his companions?"

"Not for certain, sir; but it stands to reason they was all grabb'd for cod-bait by old Davy, as none o' 'em ever turn'd up that I could hear on."

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"By the way, Tibbs, let's have out the rest o' that story; and first and foremost, whereabouts had you lighted on the occasion of that same mishap?"

"Close in aback o' Cape Ann, sir. I tould you how the skipper's bitch and me got ashore, and a precious tramp we had on't all that night; knee-deep through heavy, soft sands, till in the morning we fell in with a big decent-lookin' house. I turned in at the gate, and brought up on the front steps, thinkin' to wait quietly till such time as the people got out o' bed; and, he! he! I promise you that wasn't long first, for Gracy, you see, she'd set off rousin' about and overhaulin' every hole and corner, till at last she falls athwart-hawse o' two big dogs,

that was moor'd with a chain somewhere or other; and such a shilly-loo as they kick'd up surely! all hands in the house was up in a crack, both watches on deck at once, hailin' from all quarters gruff as a nor'wester. However, when I told them what was the matter, I must say civiller treatment couldn't be had.

"Go down quick, and open the door, you Sam," cries an ould chap right over-head; "let the man in, give him plenty to eat, and a stinger of whiskey by way of a nightcap; and, I say, you below there," says he to me, "don't you get under way in the morning till I've seen you."—"Ay, ay, sir!" says I; for I know'd he was a seaman by his hail. Any-way there warn't much fear o' my startin' in a hurry; for, after a good mess, and a jug o' egg-nog the nigger servant made for me, I was stow'd away in a warm bed; and blow me if I should ha' started tack or sheet for a blue-moon, if that same old gentleman hadn't piped me, up, about meridian next day. Well, I told him exactly how things had gone; and finally, in conclusion, he said next morning he'd give me a lift to Boston, where the English consul would no doubt do something for me. Well, that's all right, thinks I; and uncommon kind every body was to us—I mean, Gracy and I; and the young missus, a slim, fair-skin'd girl, with coal-black eyes and hair, and a brow of her own as smooth and white as an ivory fid—ay, as pretty a soul, Mr. Thompson, as you'd wish to look on—she took such a fancy to the poor bitchy, and made me tell about her hangin' on by my hat in the surf so often, that I see'd she was crazy to have the beast; so, knowin' as such a berth didn't cast up every day, I told her she might keep Gracy if she was so minded; and, to be sure, how pleased that young woman was, he, he, he! She hugg'd and kiss'd, and laughed and cried over that little black curly devil, all at the same spell; and the old gentleman her father—for she'd got never a mother—he laughed till the water come in his eyes; till at last, I'm shot if I could hold on any longer, but had a sort of a half laugh myself. Ay, it's comical enough, you think, I dare



say, Mr. Thompson, that we should ha' made such minnies of ourselves," here observed Tibbs, noticing a smile which I found it impossible to repress; "but, it's my mind, you'd ha' turned to yourself if you had been in company."

"Nothing is more probable, my old boy," laughed I; "but when did you start for Boston?"

"In the course of next day," resumed Tibbs; "the young lady, the old gentleman and Gracy, in a coach by themselves, and I and the nigger wallet by the stage. This nigger was an uncommon decent creature, and he told me that his master was one o' the biggest ship owners out o' Boston, and I don't know how it was, but by the time we got into the port, I thought instead o' leggin' about after our consul, which I'd no great stomach for, though they all said he was as good a soul as ever lived—Manners by name, and manners by nature—I'd try first if the owner would squeeze me into a decent berth, till I could set square again—no sooner said than done; I put it to him that very day, and he said he'd ship me at once as second officer, on board a craft of his, then going to sea, her old second being sick, and not liking the length of the voyage. I said done, without even so much as axin' to look at the craft, or where she was bound, which I seed pleased the old man mightily. That same night he gave me an order on his cashier, for an advance, and in forty hours after, I was settin' topsails on board the *Miss Ouri*," bound on a free trade cruise round the Horn, for not longer than three years, or less than two. That was my first service on board a Yankee, and wasn't it queer that I should a come to it in such a round-about way, whether I would or no, like a press'd volunteer!"

"Now, I think," said I, "that you were in exceeding good luck, to fall in with such a port, and so kind a master; but how did you get on in the '*Miss Ouri*,' so called after the young lady who fell in love with your dog, I suppose?"

"Well, now, that is queer again!" here exclaimed Tibbs, giving way to one of his long, low chuckles. If that wasn't the very idea struck me, when first I heard the ship's name; but we was both out—no, '*Miss Ouri*,' is the name of one o' their long-shore rivers, as they told me, but I can't say for certain; though I fancy it can't be nothing particular of a river, since I never see'd it laid down in a chart—any how she was a sweet boat, that same '*Miss Ouri*,'—in as first class order as any king's ship that ever rove blue buntin'—we had a prime crew of one hundred and ten men and boys, mounted ten fourteen-pound carronades, and two long eighteens, man o'war bulwarks, hammock nettin's, and arms enough for all hands that could use 'em—a sweeter lookin' nor a better behaved boat at all times I never did put my foot aboard of—it's a shame she should ever bin put into such lubberly hands!"

"Badly handed then, eh, Tibbs?" inquired I.

"No, sir, not that," he replied sorrowfully; "I don't delude to the crew, that was all smart enough—but you see we'd gotten a gentleman skipper—a half-cousin o' the owner's, one o' them chaps that comes aboard with a hop-jump through the cabin windows, and never goes further for'ard in a ship than the foot of the main-mast. This bird had been to sea for about eight years, chiefly in the Canton-line, where they square-away, and all hands goes to

to rouse out and fill the coppers, and milk the cow and feed the poultry—this captain, then, and ti two supercargoes, used to keep below all day pla in' fox and geese and such sort o' fun—he kept r watch, and couldn't abide cowl blowy weather—however, we went bowlin' on like a porpoise, ti such time as the captain guess'd he'd like to get squint at the coast, afore we haul'd round the Horn—now this I thought at the time sounded uncommon queer, because you see, Mr. Thompson, he said he had gotten a departure from the snowy Mountains—which, however, I never did believe, no don't now. That day bein' Monday, we up sticl and cracks away in for the land; at meridian o Tuesday we got an observation after thickish weather, and the captain made us about one hundre and sixty miles off the coast o' Pattygoney. The same night it came on to blow hard—I had th middle watch, and seein' it come down in heav short puffs, and gettin' thick as Indian mush, I furl' the spanker and courses; took a second reef on th topsails, and made her as easy as a hummin'-toy Well, sir, just as I'd struck four bells, who should pop out o' the companion but our captain. 'Whi are you about, sir, not to make sail?' was the fir salutation he gave me, 'loose away main and for sail, and set the spanker, Mr. Tibbs, directly, the call me again in a couple of hours.' 'Ay, ay, sir says I—and in less than no time, I'd both watch on deck, and as much sail made as she could loo up under. Mother o' Moses! but that hooker mac all crack again—the sea went streakin' alongsic as white and as frothy as thick milk. We'll soc get sight o' the coast o' *Pattygoney*, thinks I, if w walk along at this pace—when in less than a thoug after—bang! we brought up all standin'!—I w pitch'd off my feet like an earthquake, and thoug taken slam aback, when I look'd up and saw ti sticks standin', my first order was to lay all to th mast, and bring her by the wind—but I'd no soon passed the word, then I hears our skipper, mat and supercargo, roarin' in full chorus. 'Hold o she's half full o' water!' Is she; by jingo, thinks then it's time to look after one's traps—for you se I'd an old pair of slippity shoes on, not water tigh nor any thing else, so having a pair o' new fir rater's below, I thought it might be worth while t slip 'em on in case one got ashore—however, I coul not get to my berth, for she kept forging over t every heave of the sea, rollin' about like an empt beef-cask, and shipping water on all sides. O, m eyes! what a scene it was, to be sure—cut awa was the word; masts, gun-lashin's, and every thin that could be shoved off the hooks, soon wer adrift. As the haze lifted, we saw the coast plai enough, stretching away on both sides; and mo o' the hands hurrying to go ashore, they set-to t get the captain's cutter off the booms, for the qua ter-boats was both gone, and the skipper himse did not seem no ways particular about being last o the wreck. Now you see, Mr. Thompson, he'd bi a Tartar, so the men, thinkin' that their mess w now strongest, gave him a broad hint that he'd be wait till his turn come, and that 'ud be when h betters was sarved—this was tough junk, to be sur but he was obligated to chaw it. The weathe moderated, as it got clear, and by about eleven, A. M every mother's son was safe ashore on the coast t *Pattygoney*, and the *Miss Ouri* knock'd into as man



never meant to take the ground, so the very moment she struck, down she chopp'd, first at one side, then on the other, groaning and ripping every thing to fritters, like a saw-mill."

"You were not quite so hardly used this bout, any way, Mr. Tibbs," I here put in, in order to give the old boy breathing-time, "since your sufferings were abridged, and you the sooner on terra-firma."

"Why, I don't know what you call *terra-firma*, sir," gravely growled Tibbs, having readjusted his quid, "but such a blasted coast I never lighted on afore. Pattygoney's the last place God ever thought of makin'—the fag-end o' this precious world—the very jumpin'-place, I do think; and so the men said too, after they shook themselves, and came to look about them. We see'd at once there was nothing to be got by lying here; so after a sort o' council o' war about what course we should steer, we agreed to take the advice of our junior supercargo, and start, end on, right away from the shore into the heart of the country, for he'd lived a long time at Buenos Ayres, and said by that course we should soon fall

the whole famished squad, one after the other, like ducks bearing up for a pond on a hot day. Lord bless me! but next morning we was a fearful crew to look on. I couldn't help fancying, in the cold, gray dawn, that some of us cast ravenous eyes now and again at one another. For seven long hours I don't think there was a human voice lifted amongst that hundred and ten men, and I've often since thought that one word about that time would have made a mess-dish of our dandy captain—but for me and Ruth Hopkins, the boatswain, I'm sure he'd never have look'd on blue water again.

"We made our run back in quicker time than we took to get out, and found the beach cut a very different figure than it did when we left it; there was bales, and cases, and casks enough, lying about, to fill ten such craft as the *Miss Ouri*, seemingly; and what was best of all, there was some of our captain's poultry, all alive, and as wild as coots; but Billy-ducks soon managed to come round the cocks and hens and geese, for they, every mother's son, know'd him. A half-dead sheep, too, we skiver'd at once,



on some *Stanchy*, where the Portuguese keeps their cattle, or the cattle keeps them, as we afterwards found out. Not a single biscuit had come ashore from the wreck, nor any part o' the cargo; and as the squall had back'd right off the land, we didn't see a chance for better luck.

"Well, away we goes, all hands, like sodgers, plaguily down in the mouth you may think, for we hadn't any thing we could put a pint o' water in to carry with us—not that it was any great things we left here—and a precious cruise we made of it, you may suppose; for after standin' on all that day and night, till about meridian next day, without seein' a mortal soul except a few wild deer, we was compelled to bring-to, out of sheer starvation; and then we'd another round palaver. Some said we should try on for that day, and others that we should turn back for the wreck, seeing that the wind had again shifted, and was blowing hard, dead on to the land, and there was a chance o' coming by some stray prog. This party provin' strongest, about ship goes

and got a precious fill-out with that and some rice, and precious dear some on 'em paid for it; yousee, they'd not wait till the rice was more than half boiled, but kept stowin' away, and drinkin' like fishes, till after a bit the rice, you know, Mr. Thompson, begun to swell in the lower hold, and then there they was, by half-dozens, rolling about on the beach, croaking like Demerara frogs, and blown up as round as pumpkins; a jolly laugh we had at them to be sure—we christen'd them 'rice-birds.' But the best fun we had was the pigs; there was eight or nine o' them devils, mostly China-men, all hearty as cockroaches, but zever a near would they come-to, not for Billy-ducks, nor none of us; this we didn't count much on at first, thinkin' they'd heave short, after their frolic was over; so we continued to mess like admirals out o' what we'd got, till after two or three days we agreed to steer landward again, and accordingly the whole crew, men and boys, was piped up to hunt the pigs. But, lord, Mr. Thompson, you might just as well ha' run

after the wild deer—you'd ha' thought them sly varmint was up to our game, for they kept such a bright eye ahead, that though always hangin' on by us, devil a one could we fist, neither by means o' coaxin' 'em through their messmate, Billy-ducks, nor by giving fair chase. I can't help laughin' to think of them sly pigs; they outsailed and weathered on us all, spite of every contrivance we could think on."

Whilst the old boy chuckled for a minute over the image of these jocose porkers, I inquired, "and what stores were you able to collect, after all, for your second voyage?"

"A couple more dead sheep, and a cask o' flour, with about half a bag o' rice, and a good quantity o' shell-fish, sarved out fairly amongst us, in messes of seven, so that our provision might be easily carried. This cruise we was pretty lucky, for at sundown the second day we fell in with a couple o' *Mats* and a whole gang o' cows—my eyes, what a cheery-ho we gave, when we came on them over the brow of a hill, by a pool o' water; we scared them fairly, I promise you: they was on horse, and away before the wind, in a jiffey; and after they had rounded-to, kept a half hour's jaw at long-shot distance, before our supercargo could persuade them to haul alongside, though he said he spoke to them in their own lingo, which he did for any thing I know, for he bawled as loud as the best on 'em."

"That night they took us to their master's Stanchy, where we'd as much beef as we could look at, for they'd gotten cows for the killing; and next day our supercargo bargained with them to pay two hundred dollars Spanish, if they'd run us into Buenos Ayres, and mount and victual us for the voyage: accordingly, about noon, they' catch'd us a horse apiece with their lassos, and we began to get under way. But ha, ha, ha! Mr. Thompson! the pigs was a fool to that start—not a horse had any saddle, only a piece o' cowskin, with a strip o' the same for a bob-stay, bent on round the beast's under jaw; so, as most on us had never been outside a horse afore, no sooner was a hand well up on the larboard side, and beginning to right on to an even keel, and take a pull on the bob-stay, than the horse gets stern-way, and off goes Jack, plump over the starboard bow; some, to be sure, contrived to hang on for a good bit, by getting a hold o' the horse's mane, or his ears, or his tail, or any other standin' part they could overhaul, being no ways particular, and so weathered it out; but a good many swore they'd rather walk than be keel-hauled after such a fashion."

"I was sarved with a rough beast, to be sure, but, luckily I know'd something more than a guess o' the matter, for I'd rode afore that at Portstown races, where we used to hire a horse between three on us. So the very moment I got slew'd well round on his back, I twisted the bite of his long mane about my left hand, bows'd the bridle taught as a

fiddle with the right, and so stay'd myself up, as stiff as a pump-bolt."

"Next to me, our junior supercargo was the best jockey o' the squad, for I never saw him clean cap-sized only twice. But after the first day's sail, Mr. Thompson, O dear! I'd given a trifle to ha' bin copper'd, I promise you; my two knees, with hold-in' on, was as red as a marine's jacket; and yet not a pace would that cross-grained beast o' mine go, but a rough, up-and-down, short-sea jog, that made me fairly sing out for pain. At last we got safe into Buenos Ayres, where they hurra'd after us like devils, thinkin' we were prisoners o' war, they being at loggerheads with the Brazilians; and to be sure we didn't look much like Christians—all half naked, black as colliers, and with beards as long as my arm; some with jackets, and no trowsers or shoes; others with long stripes o' silk, all in rags, twisted about them, just as they'd rigged themselves at the wreck, out o' the cotton and silk bales; some with cotton shawls about their heads, like Turks; some bare-headed; but not a hat or cap amongst the whole squad. As for me, I'd bought the half of a plaid cloak from one of our hungry Super's for a ration o' rice; and in this I'd cut a slit, and poked my head through it, making it into punchy, as our guide called it; and as I'd gotten a pair o' trowsers besides, I was in pretty decent rig."

"Our next trip was afore the police, and then all hands began to look out for themselves; and after a day or two, I found my way, with a messmate as know'd the country, down to a place called *Elsenada*—for there was no gettin' out o' Buenos Ayres, it being closely blockaded by Pedro's fleet."

"At *Elsenada*, there was a country brig just about to weigh for St. Kitt's; and the captain said, if I liked to run the ship's chance, he'd give me a passage. I thought I might just as well be taken into Rio as stop here; so, walks my pumps aboard the brig, with my bag in my hand; and if it hadn't been for the American agent there, I'd ha' had as much use for a clothes bag, as a baboon has for a wig-box; but he'd supplied all hands with a few slops, and me amongst the rest, though I'd nothing due to me, and fairly told him I intended to shape my course for old England. But I was out o' my reckoning there, Mr. Thompson; for, after a short run, we got to St. Kitts; and, would you believe it? the only craft there, after all, was a schooner belonging to my old owner, bound home to Boston, and going to sail next day. I thought it rather hard luck; but it was Hobson's choice—that or nothing, go or starve. On board the schooner I went, and was back in Boston in just eighty-four days after I sailed in the *Miss Ourl*. After this spell, I guessed how things was: I felt that it was no use kicking agin orders; so here I've held on all weathers, for more than seven years—and here I am for my life, you may depend upon it, Mr. Thompson, laugh as much as you please."

A MAGNIFICENT PERORATION.—An Irish member of Parliament, speaking of a certain minister's well-known love of money, observed: "Let not the honorable member express a contempt for money—for if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honorable member, it is that of purse-bearer; a pension to him is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statesmanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, bet-

ter, and best, in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads pence, shillings, and pounds. I verily believe," exclaimed the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that if the honorable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarfs and hatbands for the survivors."

## A STAGE-COACH STORY.

ANON.

In all the changes which have taken place in this changeable world, since I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with it, the greatest is in travelling. When I was a youngster, I remember my father, who was Mayor of Cork in the year of grace '97, setting out for Dublin with the address from the Corporation of that loyal city to the Viceroy of the day. I remember it as it were but yesterday. It was thought at that time to be a great journey, and the leave-taking of friends and relatives was not without tears. They took two days to reach Limerick; on the third, they proceeded to Tullamore, where they slept; and on the fourth, taking ship in the canal boat, they arrived in the metropolis late at night. But now-a-days, what between railroads and steam-coaches, men go—

The old gentleman gave a sweep of his hand from his breast till he stretched it at arm's length, and then let it drop by his side. How wonderful is the eloquence of action! Words were invented but to help it out. I have seen an Italian gather up the points of his fingers till his hand looked like a pineapple, and shake it with a grimace that would have done honor to an ape. I have seen a Frenchman elevate his shoulders till he endangered his ears; but old Moonshine's motion was altogether on a great scale. It was magnificent; it was natural—such as I should suppose Adam to have made to Eve when he showed her the world was all before them. The very form of expression was grand; it was incomplete; it savored somewhat of infinity. "Men go," said he, with a wave of his hand—had he said "to the ends of the earth" it would have been nothing.

After a moment's pause, the narrator proceeded: "I shall never forget my first journey from Limerick to Dublin. A day-coach had been established, which was considered a marvel of celerity. It left Swinburne's hotel early in the morning, and contrived to accomplish half of the journey that day, arriving late in the evening at Mount-rath, where the travellers slept, whence, starting next morning, after an early breakfast, it entered the metropolis by the light of the old oil lamps, upon the

second day. You may yet see the old roadside inn a little way outside the town of Mountrath—a large, high house, retired a short way from the road, having a spacious sweep of gravelled space before it, and a multitude of windows; but, alas! it is now falling fast into decay; and one never sees the bustling face of the white-aproned waiter standing at the door, or hears the crack of the postillion's whip as he leads out his poststers to horse a gentleman's travelling-carriage.

"Well, all that is past and gone. On the second day of our journey, we had all assembled drowsily in the parlor, which smelled villanously of the preceding night's supper, and had sat down to our hurried breakfast. By the time we had half finished our meal, a car drove up to the door, and in a few moments after, a gentleman entered in a large drab travelling coat, with half-a-dozen capes, and a huge red shawl wound around his neck. He deposited a travelling-case leisurely on the sideboard, and then looked keenly around him. The survey did not seem to give him much gratification. The eggs had all disappeared, and the cold beef was in a very dilapidated condition. However, he sat down, took off his coat and shawl, and addressed himself to the cold meat like a hungry man. The waiter made his appearance.

"Just five minutes more, gentlemen; the horses are putting to."

The traveller looked up quietly. He was not a man to be put out of his way. He ordered some eggs, and desired the waiter to make fresh tea.

"Are you going by the coach, sir?" inquired the attendant.

"Yes, certainly," was the reply, in an English accent (he was a traveller from a London house,) "but



I must have my breakfast first; so, be quick, will you?"

The waiter left the room, and immediately after we heard the fellow telling the guard to be expeditious; an exhortation to which that worthy responded by a clamorous blast of his horn that made us all start from our seats, and hurry out of the room, leaving the English gentleman alone to finish his breakfast, which, to do him justice, he seemed by no means disposed to neglect. The waiter, meantime, brought in the tea, and retired: but was speedily summoned back by a vigorous ringing of the bell.

"A spoon, please," said the gentleman.

The waiter advanced to the table to procure the article, but, to his astonishment, there was not a spoon to be seen; nay, even those which had been in the cups had all disappeared.

"Blessed Virgin!" ejaculated the dismayed attendant, "what's become of all the spoons?"

"That's just what I want to know, you blockhead," said the other.

"Two dozen and a half—real silver," cried Tom.

"I want only one," said the gentleman. "Haven't you a spoon in your establishment, my man?"

Tom made no reply, but rushed distractedly out of the room, and running up to the coachman, cried out, "stop, Dempsey, for the love of Heaven!"

"All right!" said Dempsey, with a twirl of his whip, gathering up the reins and preparing to start—for we had all taken our places.

"Tisn't all right," cried Tom, "where are the spoons?"

"What spoons? Arrah! don't be bothering us, man; and we five minutes behind time. Joey, hold that off-leader's head, till she goes on a bit."

By this time, the master of the inn had come out to learn what all the hubbub was about. Tom, half blubbering, poor fellow, made him acquainted with the fact, that all his silver spoons had vanished. The landlord cried out "robbery!" the housemaids screamed out "murder!" and a variety of other exclamations, too dreadful to contemplate. When silence was restored, the inn-keeper insisted on stopping the coach till he ascertained if the report of Tom was true. Ere many moments he returned, as pale as a ghost, and said—

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to trouble you; but I must beg you'll come down, till a search is made for my property. Tom, here, will swear that there was a spoon in every tea-cup this morning as usual—won't you, Tom?"

"Be-dad, I'll take my Bible-oath of that same, sure enough," replied Tom; "and sure I didn't swallow them."

The passengers all indignantly refused to submit to the search proposed by the landlord. An old lady inside went off in hysterics when the inn-keeper opened the door, and proposed to turn her pockets inside out. There was an officer with a wooden leg on the box-seat, who swore, in the most awful manner, that he would run the first man through the body that attempted to lay a hand on him—by the way, he hadn't a sword, but he forgot that in his fury. There was a justice of the peace for the county, who protested that he would commit the host for contempt; and a Dublin attorney in the back-seat intimated his determination to indict Tom, who had laid hold of his leg, for an assault; and, moreover, to commence an action against his master for defamation. As I was but a youngster then, and the weakest of the party, the landlord chucked

me down in a twinkling, and hauled me into the parlor, half dead with fright; and thereupon the rest of the passengers, including the wooden-legged captain, scrambled down, and followed, determined to make common cause and protect me from insult with their lives, if necessary. And now we were all again in the breakfast-room, clamoring and remonstrating, while to add to the din, the guard kept up a continual brattle with his horn. All this time the English gentleman was steadily prosecuting his work upon the eggs and toast, with a cup of tea before him, which he was leisurely sipping, quite at his ease like.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said he, looking up, "can't you let a man take his breakfast in comfort?"

"The plate!" said the master.

"The silver spoons!" cried the butler.

"Robbery!" shouted the mistress.

"Murder!" etc., screamed the housemaids.

"Search every one," demanded the host; "come, let us begin with this young chap," diving his hand into my breeches pocket.

"I think," said the English gentleman, coolly, "'twould be as well first to search the premises. Is the waiter long in your service?"

"Fifteen years last Shrovetide, and I defy any man to lay as much as the big of his nail to my charge."

By this time, the English gentleman had finished his breakfast, and, wiping his mouth most deliberately, he commenced to search the room. He opened every drawer of the sideboard, then he looked under the table, then behind the window-shutters, but all in vain. After that, he stopped a moment to reflect, when a bright thought seemed to cross his mind, and he raised the lid of one of the teapots, but with as little success as before; nevertheless, he continued his examination of the teapots, and when he came to the last, what do you think, but he thrust in his hand, and drew out first one spoon, and then another, till he laid a number of them upon the table. Tom rushed up, and began to count—"Two, four, six," till at length he exclaimed—

"May I never see glory but they're all right, everyone. The Lord be between us and harm, but this bangs all that ever I seen!"

"I'll tell you what, my man," said the gentleman, looking sternly at the astonished waiter, "I strongly suspect you have been playing tricks upon your master. A nice haul you'd have had of it when the company had gone away! I don't like the look of the fellow, I tell you," he continued, addressing himself to the host; "and if it wasn't for the fortunate circumstances of my coming in a little late and wanting a spoon, you would have lost your property, sir. You may count it a lucky day that I came to your house."

The landlord was struck dumb with amazement; even the mistress hadn't a word to say, though she looked wickedly at poor Tom, and the housemaids began to cry and bless themselves.

"Gentlemen," proceeded the Englishman, "I hope you will overlook the insult you have received; as, after all, the landlord is not to be blamed; and if he will insist on this blackguard waiter making an ample apology, I will take upon me to say for you all, that you will not take any proceedings."

All cheerfully expressed their assent to the proposition, except the attorney, who still muttered something about assault and defamation, which so ter-

rified Tom that he most humbly entreated pardon of the whole company, though he still protested that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

"Gammon!" said the gentleman; "but as you have made proper submission, and nothing has been lost, I shall make it a further condition with your master that he won't turn you adrift on the world with a thief's character, but give you an opportunity of reforming. Keep a sharp eye on him, however, sir, I advise you. And now, gentlemen, I think we'd better be moving."

We all hurried out and took our places, the English gentleman getting up on the seat behind the coachman. Dempsey "threw the silk" into the horses; the guard blew an impatient blast on his horn, and off we went at a slapping pace, the host bowing humbly to us until we were out of sight.

"I'm driving on this road these ten years," said Dempsey, when he slackened his pace up a hill; "and I never knew such a thing as that happen before."

"Very likely," said the Englishman, quietly, "and never will again."

"I always thought Tom Reilly was as honest a fellow, man and boy, as any in the parish."

"I make no doubt he is," replied the other; "he has a very honest countenance."

"I thought, sir," said the captain, "you said you didn't like his look?"

"Maybe I did say so," was the reply.

"And pray, sir, do you still think 'twas he hid the spoons?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then who the d—l did?"

"I did. Do you think I'm green enough to travel so cold a morning as this without having a comfortable breakfast?"

"Well," said Dempsey, "that's the knowingest trick I ever heard of, in my life."

"Not bad," replied the gentleman with great *sang froid*, "but it won't do to be repeated."

When we arrived at Portarlington, the gentleman—who, by the way, turned out to be a very pleasant fellow, and up to all sorts of life—got off

the coach, and ordered his travelling-case to be taken into the inn.

"Do you stop here, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Yes, for the present. I have a little business to do here, as well as at Mountrath."

The gentleman, having given the usual gratuity to the guard and coachman, and also a slip of paper to Dempsey, which he directed him to give to the host at Mountrath, passed into the inn; the coach drove on, and I never saw him again.

Dempsey having pocketed the shilling, looked at the paper with some curiosity, in which, to say the truth, we all shared.

"There's no harm in reading it, as it is open," said the Captain, taking it from Dempsey.

They were a few lines, written in pencil, on the leaf of a pocket-book, and the Captain read them out—I remember them to this day:—

"This is to certify that Tom Reilly put nothing into the teapot this morning except hot water and sloe-leaves, and that the other ingredients, the spoons, were added by me, for the purpose of giving the composition some strength. I further certify that the said spoons are capital for making a "stir."

"Given under my hand,

"ELKANAH SMITHERS, JUN."

You may be sure we all enjoyed this finish to the joke, and Dempsey forwarded the paper by the down coach, that poor Tom Reilly's character might be cleared with the least possible delay. Tom was fully reinstated in the confidence of his employers; but the landlady had got such a fright that she determined that her silver spoons should never again be placed at the mercy of any traveller. Accordingly, she transferred them to the private part of the establishment, substituting for them in the public room a set of very neat pewter articles—there was no German silver or alбата, or such things in those days—which, when cleaned, look nearly as well as silver. Many a time I stirred my tea at breakfast with one of them, and thought of "Elkanah Smithers, jun."

## NED GERAGHTY'S LUCK.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

### CHAPTER I.

BRAVE old Ireland is the Land of Fairies, but of all the various descriptions there isn't one to be compared to the LEPRECHAUN, in the regard of cunning and 'cuteness. Now if you don't know what a Leprechaun is, I'll tell you. Why then—save us and keep us from harm, for they are queer chaps to *gosh* about—a Leprechaun is the fairies' shoemaker; and a mighty conceited little fellow he is, I assure you, and very mischievous, except where he might happen to take a liking.

But, perhaps, the best way to give you an idea of their appearance and characteristics, will be to tell you a bit of a story about one.

Once upon a time, then, many years ago, before the screech of the steam engine had frightened the "good people" out of their quiet nooks and corners, there lived a rollicking, good-natured, rakish boy, called Ned Geraghty; his father was the only miller in the neighborhood for miles round, and being a

prudent, saving kind of an old hunk, was considered to be amazingly well off, and the name of the town they lived in would knock all the teeth out of the upper jaw of an Englishman to pronounce: it was called Ballinaskerrybaughkilinashlaghlin.

Well, the boy, as he grew up to a man's estate, used to worry the old miller nearly out of his seven senses, he was such a devil-may-care, good-for-nothing. Attend to any thing that was said to him he would not, whether in the way of learning or of business. He upset ink-bottle upon ink-bottle upon his father's account-books, such as they were; and at the poor apology for a school, which the bigotry of the reverend monopolizers of knowledge permitted to exist in Ball—, the town—he was always famous for studying less and playing more, than any boy of his age in the barony.

It isn't to be much wondered at then, that when in the course of events, old Geraghty had the wheat of life threshed out of him by the fail of un pitying

Time, Master Ned, his careless, reprobate son, was but little fitted to take his position as the head-miller of the country.

But to show you the luck that runs after, and sticks close to some people, whether they care for it or not, as if, like love, it despiseth the too ardent seeker.

Did you ever take notice, that two men might be fishing together at the same spot, with the same sort of tackle and the same sort of bait, one will get a bushel full before the other gets a bite—that's luck,—not that there's any certainty about it; for the two anglers might change places to-morrow. Ah! it's an uncomfortable, deceiving, self-confidence-destroying, Jack-o'-lantern sort of thing is that same luck, and yet, how many people, especially our countrymen, cram their hands into their pockets, and fully expect that the cheating devil will filter gold through their fingers.

But, good people, listen to me, take a friend's advice, don't trust her, and of this be assured, although a lump of luck may, now and then—and mighty rarely at that—exhibit itself at your very foot, yet to find a good vein of it you must dig laboriously, unceasingly. Indolent humanity, to hide its own laziness, calls those *lucky* men, who, if you investigate the matter closely, you'll find have been simply *industrious* ones.

But to return to the particular luck which laid hold of Ned Geraghty, every body thought, and every body of course, the worst, and that Ned the rover would soon make ducks and drakes of the old man's money; that the mill might as well be shut up now, for there was nobody to see after it: every gossip, male and female, had his or her peculiar prognostic of evil. Sage old men shook their heads, grave old matrons shrugged their shoulders, while the unanimous opinion of the marriageable part of the feminine community was, that nothing could possibly avert the coming fatality, except a careful wife.

Now, candor compels the historian to say, that the mill-hoppers did not go so regularly as they did

formerly; and, moreover, that Ned, being blessed with a personal exterior, began to take infinite pains in its adornment. Finer white cords and tops could not be sported by any squireen in the parish; his green coat was made of the best broadcloth, an intensely bright red Indian handkerchief was tied openly round his neck, a real beaver hat on his impudent head, and a heavy thong-whip in his hand, for he had just joined modestly in the Bally etc., etc. hunt.

This was the elegant apparition that astonished the sober and sensible town folk, a very few months after the decease of the miserly old miller, and of course all the evil forebodings of the envious and malicious were in a fair way to be speedily consummated, when my bold Ned met the piece of luck that changed the current of his life, and gave the lie to those neighborly and charitable prognostics.

It was on one fine moonlight night that Ned was walking homeward by a short cut across the fields, for his sorry old piece of horse-flesh had broken down in that day's hunt, and for many a weary mile he had been footing it through bog and brier, until, with fatigue and mortification, he felt both heart-sick and limb-weary, when all at once his quick ear caught the sound of the smallest kind of a voice, so low, and yet so musical, singing a very little ditty to the accompaniment of tiny taps upon a diminutive lapstone. Ned's heart gave one great bound, his throat swelled, and his hair stuck into his head like needles.

"May I never eat another day's vittals, if it ain't a Leprechaun," said he to himself, "and the little villian is so busy with his singing that he didn't hear me coming; if I could only ketch a-howlt of him, my fortune's made."

With that, he stole softly towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and peeping slyly over a short clump of blackthorn, there, sure enough, he saw a comical little figure not more than an inch and a half high, dressed in an old-fashioned suit of velvet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a sword by his side, as grand as a prime



minister, hammering at a morsel of fairies' sole-leather, and singing away like a cricket that had received a musical education.

"Now's my chance," said Ned, as, quick as thought he dropt his hat right over the little vagabond. "Ha! ha! you murtherin schemer, I've got you tight," he cried, as he crushed his hat together, completely imprisoning the Leprechaun.

"Let me out, Ned Geraghty; you see I know who you are," squalled the little chap.

"The devil a toe," says Ned, and away he scamp-ered towards home with his prize, highly elated, for he knew that the Leprechauns were the guardians of all hidden treasure, and he was determined not to suffer him to escape until he had pointed out where he could discover a pot of gold.

When Ned had reached home, the first thing he did was to get a hammer and some nails, and having placed his hat upon the table, he fastened it securely by the brim, the little fellow screeching and yelling like mad.

"Now, my boy, I've got you safe and snug," says Ned, as he sat down in his chair to have a parley with his prisoner.

"There's no use in kicking up such a hullabulloo—tell me where I can find a treasure, and I'll let you go."

"I won't, you swaggering blackguard, you stuck up lump of conceit, you good for nothing end of the devil's bad bargain, I won't," and then the angry little creature let fly a shower of abuse that gave Ned an indifferent opinion of fairy gentility.

"Well, just as you please," says he; "it's there you'll stay till you do," and with that Ned makes himself a fine, stiff tumbler of whisky-punch, just to show his independence.

"Ned," said the little schemer, when he smelt the odor of the spirits, "but that's potteen."

"It's that same it is," says Ned.

"Ah! ye rebel! ain't you ashamed of yourself to chate the gauger. Murther alive! how well it smells," chirps the cunning rascal, snuffing like a kitten with a cold in his head.

"It *tastes* better, *avic*," says Ned, taking a long gulp, and then smacking his lips like a post-boy's whip.

"Arrah, don't be greiggin a poor devil that way," says the Leprechaun, "and me as dry as a lime-burner's wig?"

"Will you tell me what I want to know, then?"

"I can't, really I can't," says the fairy, but with a pleasanter tone of voice.

"He's coming round," thought Ned to himself, and as with a view of propitiating him still further,

"Here's your health, old chap," says he, "and it's sorry I am to be obliged to appear so contrary, for may this choke me alive if I wish you any harm in the world."

"I know you don't, Ned, allana," says the other, as sweet as possible; "but there's one thing I'd like you to do for me."

"And what might that be?"

"Jest give us the least taste in life of that elegant punch, for the steam of it's gettin' under the crevices, an' I declare to my gracious it's fairly killin' me with the drouth."

"Nabocklish," cried Ned, "I'm not such a fool; how am I to get it at you?"

"Aisy enough; just stick a pin-hole in the hat, and gi' me one of the hairs o' your head for a straw."

"Bedad, I don't think that would waste much o' the liquor," says Ned, laughing at the contrivance; "but if it would do you any good, here goes."

So Ned did as the Leprechaun desired, and the little scoundrel began to suck away at the punch like an alderman, and by the same token, the effect it had on him was curious: at first he talked mighty sensibly, then he talked mighty lively, then he sung all the songs he ever knew, and some he never knew; then he told a lot of stories as old as Adam, and laughed like the mischief at them himself; then he made speeches, then he roared, then he cried, and at last, after having indulged in

Willie brewed a peck o' malt,

down he fell on the table with a thump as though a small sized potato had fallen on the floor.

"Oh! may I never see glory," roared Ned, in an explosion of laughter, "if the little ruffian ain't as drunk as a piper."

"Ha! Ned, Ned, you unfeelin' reprobate an' bad Christian; have you no compassion at all at all," squeaked the Leprechaun in drunken but most miserable accents.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" the poor little creature groaned, like a dying tadpole.

"What's the matter?" says Ned, with real concern.

"Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Air! air!" grunted the Leprechaun.

"The fellow's dead drunk," thought Ned, "so there'll be no harm in lettin' him have a mouthful of fresh air," so he ripped up two or three of the nails, when, with a merry little laugh, the cunning vagabond slid through his fingers, and disappeared like a curl of smoke out of a pipe.

"Mushen then, may bad luck to you, for a de-ludin' disciple, but you've taken the conceit out o' me in beautiful style," cried Ned, as he threw himself into his chair, laughing heartily, however, in spite of his disappointment, at the clever way the little villain had effected his release.

"What a fool I was to be taken in by the dirty mountebank."

"No, you are not," said the voice, just above his head.

Ned started with surprise, and looked eagerly round.

"There's no use in searching, my boy; I've got my liberty, and I'm now invisible," said the voice, "but you'r lettin' me out was a proof that you had a good heart, Ned, and I'm bound to do you a good turn for it."

"Why then, yer a gentleman ivery inch of ye, though it's only one an' a bit," cried Ned, jumping up with delight; "what are you goin' to gi' me? a treasure!"

"No, better than that," said the voice.

"What then?"

"A warning."

What the warning was we shall see in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

"WHAT the mischief is the matter wid me at all at all? said Ned; "sure don't I know every foot of the ground between this and the next place, where-ever it is? but bad luck attend the bit of me knows where I'm stan'in' now."

"Howsomever, I can't stand here all night, so here goes for a bowld push, somewhere or an-other."

With that, my bold Ned struck at random through the fields in one direction, hoping to find some well-known land-mark which might satisfy him as to his whereabouts, but all in vain, the whole face of the country was changed; where he expected to meet with trees, he encountered a barren waste; in the situation where he expected to find some princely habitation, he met with nothing but rocks—he never was so puzzled in his life.

In the midst of his perplexity, he sat down upon a mound of earth, and scratching his head, began seriously to ponder upon his situation.

"I'll take my Bible oath I was on my track before I met with that devil of a Leprechaun," said he, and then the thought took possession of him, that the deceitful fairy had bewitched the road, so that he might wander away, and perhaps lose himself amongst the wild and terrible bogs.

He was just giving way to an extremity of terror, when, upon raising his eyes, what was his astonishment to find that the locality which, before he sat down, he could have sworn was nothing but a strange and inhospitable waste, was blooming like a garden; and what's more, he discovered, upon rubbing his eyes, to make sure that he was not deceived, it was his own garden, his back rested against the wall of his own house; nay, the very seat beneath him, instead of an earthy knoll, was the good, substantial form that graced his little door-porch.

"Well," cries Ned, very much relieved at finding himself so suddenly at home, "if that don't beat the bees, I'm a heathen; may I never leave this spot alive if I know how I got here no more nor the man in the moon: here goes for an air o' the fire, any way, for I'm starved intensely wid the cowlid."

Upon that he started to go in, when he found that he had made another mistake; it wasn't the house he was close to, but the mill.

"Why, what a murderin' fool I am this night; sure it's the mill I'm forniust, and not the house," said he; "never mind, it's lucky I am, to be so near home, any way; there it is, just across the pad-dock;" so saying, he proceeded towards the little stile which separated the small field from the road, inly wondering as he went along, whether it was the Leprechaun or the whisky that had so confused his proceedings.

"It's mighty imprudent that I've been in my drinkin'," thought he, "for if I had drunk a trifle less, the country wouldn't be playin' such ingenious capers wid my eye-sight, and if I had drunk a trifle more, I might a hunted up a soft stone by way of a pillow, and made my bed in the road."

Arrived at the stile, a regular phenomenon occurred, which bothered him more and more—he couldn't get across it, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertion; when he went to step over, the rail sprang up to his head, and when taking advantage of the opening he had to duck under, he found it close to the ground.

The moon now popped behind a dense, black cloud, and sudden darkness fell upon the place, while at the same moment, the slow, rusty old village clock gave two or three premonitory croaks, and then banged out the hour of midnight.

Twelve o'clock at night is, to the superstitious, the most terror-fraught moment the fearful earth can shudder at, and Ned was strongly imbued with the dread of ghostly things; at every bang of the deep-

toned old chronicle, he quivered to the very marrow of his bones; his teeth chattered, and his flesh rose up into little hillocks.

There he was, bound by some infernal power. The contrary stile baffled all his efforts to pass it; the last reverberation of the cracked bell ceased with a fearful jar, like the passing of a sinner's soul in agony, and to it succeeded a silence yet more terrible.

"May-be it's dyin' that I am," thought Ned; and all that was lovely and clinging in God's beautiful world, rushed across his mind at the instant.

"If it is to be my fate to leave it all, so full of life and hope, and yet so unmindful of the great blessings I have unthankfully enjoyed, heaven pity me, indeed, for I'm not fit to go." At this moment his ear caught a most familiar sound, that of the mill-hopper, so seldom heard lately, rising and falling in regular succession.

Surprised still more than ever, he turned round and beheld the old mill, brilliantly lighted up; streams of brightness poured from every window, door, and cranny, while the atmosphere resounded with the peculiar busy hum which proceeds from an industriously employed multitude.

Fear gave place to curiosity, and Ned stealthily crept towards the mill opening, and looked in; the interior was all a-blaze with an infinity of lights, while myriads of diminutive figures were employed in the various occupations incidental to the business. Ned looked on with wonder and admiration to see the celerity and precision with which every thing was done; great as was the multitude employed, all was order and regularity; here thousands of little atoms pushed along sack after sack of corn—there, numberless creatures ground and deposited the flour in marked bags, while Ned recognized his old friend, the Leprechaun, poring over a large account-book, every now and then reckoning up a vast amount of bank bills and daz-zling gold pieces.

Ned's mouth fairly watered as he saw the shining metal, and he heard the crisp creasing of the new bank notes, which took the little accountant ever so long to smooth out, for each one would have made a blanket for him; as soon as the Leprechaun had settled his book affairs to his satisfaction, he after the greatest amount of exertion, assisted by a few hundred of his tiny associates, deposited the money in a tin case, whereupon Ned distinctly read his name.

While he was hesitating what course to adopt, whether to try and capture the Leprechaun again, or wait to see what would eventuate, he felt himself pinched on the ear, and on turning round, he perceived one of the fairy millers standing on his shoulders, grinning impudently in his face.

"How do you do, sir?" says Ned, very respectfully, for he knew the power of the little rascals too well to offend them.

"The same to you, Ned Geraghty, the sporting miller," says the fairy. "Haven't we done your work well?"

"Indeed, an' it's that you have, sir," replied Ned, "much obliged to you, I am, all round."

"Won't you go in and take your money?" says the fairy.

"Would it be entirely convenient?" said Ned, quietly, although his heart leaped like a salmon.

"It's yours, every rap, so in an' lay a-howld ov it," said the other, stretching up at his ear.





"They wouldn't be agin' me havin' it, inside, would they?" inquired Ned.

"The money that you have earned yourself, we can't keep from you," said the fairy.

"That's true enough, and sure if I didn't exactly earn it myself, it was earned in my mill, and that's all the same," and so, quieting his scruples by that consoling thought, Ned put on a bold front, and walked in to take possession of the tin case, in which he had seen such an amount of treasure deposited. There was not a sound as he entered—not a movement as he walked over to the case; but as he stooped down and found that he could no more lift that box from the ground than he could have torn a tough old oak up by the roots, there arose such a wild, musical, but derisive laugh from the millions of fairy throats, that Ned sank down upon the coveted treasure, perplexed and abashed; for one instant he held down his head with shame, but summoning up courage he determined to know the worst, when, as he raised his eyes, an appalling scene had taken place.

The fairies had vanished, and instead of the joyous multitude flitting like notes in a sunbeam, he beheld one gigantic head which filled the entire space; where the windows had been, a pair of huge eyes winked and glowered upon him; the great beam became a vast nose, the joists twisted themselves into horrible matted hair, while the two hoppers formed the enormous lips of a cavernous mouth. As he looked spell-bound upon those terrible features, the tremendous lips opened, and a voice like the roar of a cataract when you stop your ears and open them suddenly, burst from the aperture.

The sound was deafening, yet Ned distinguished every syllable.

"Ain't you afraid to venture here?" bellowed the voice.

"For what, your honor?" stammered out Ned, more dead than alive.

"For weeks and weeks not a morsel has entered these stony jaws, and whose fault is it? yours!" thundered the awful shape; "you have neglected us, let us starve and rot piecemeal; but we shall not suffer alone—you, you! must share in our ruin."

At these words, a pair of long, joist-like arms thrust themselves forth, and getting behind Ned, swept him into the space between the enormous hoppers—the ponderous jaws opened wide—in another instant he would have been crushed to atoms. But the instinct of self-preservation caused him to spring forward, he knew not where; by a fortunate chance he just happened to leap through the door, alighting with great force on his head; for a long time, how long he could not tell, he lay stunned by the fall; and, indeed, while he was in a state of insensibility, one of his neighbors carried him home, for he remembered no more until he found himself in bed, with a bad bruise outside of his head, and worse ache within.

As soon as he could collect his senses, the scenes of the past night arose vividly to his mind.

"It is the Leprechaun's warning," said he, "and it's true he said it was better far than gold, for now I see the error of my ways, and more betoken, it's mend that I will, and a blessin' upon my endayvors."

It is but fair to Ned to say that he became a different man; gave up all his fine companions and evil courses, and stuck diligently to his mill, so that in process of time he lived to see well-filled the very tin case that the Leprechaun showed him in *the warning*.

**A HARD-HEADED BULL.**—An Irishman quarrelling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue, he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty skull.

**A GRAVE BULL.**—An Hibernian gentleman when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

## THE EXPEDITION OF MAJOR AP OWEN TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BY W. H. MAXWELL.

Art thou lunatic?

This is mere madness:  
And thus awhile the fit will work on him.—SHAKESPEARE.

MAJOR AP OWEN was in command of a wing of the gallant 8-th, and I was acting adjutant. Ap Owen, it need scarcely be added, was a Welshman, and believed himself the lineal descendant of a prince with an unpronounceable name. He was, of course, in manner lofty and ceremonious, and in temper hot as a pepper-pod. On the whole, however, he was an honest fellow, and in our regimental relations we got on smoothly enough. It is true he was short-grained and irritable; but the squall was quickly over, and the little commander was always miserable after a bilious burst upon parade, until a general reconciliation was effected over an extra cooper of old port.

He was a stout stumpy gentleman, far beneath the middle size; with a small gray eye, a red face, such as a two-bottle Christian man should have, and a nose of extraordinary dimensions; indeed, this useful organ was framed on a scale of extensive liberality, which, in more than one garrison had obtained for the proprietor the flattering *soubriquet* of "Nosey." Brave as a lion, the little major had one constitutional infirmity—insane people were his abomination—and with nerve enough to face a howitzer loaded with buck-shot to the muzzle, a madman at a mile off would, to the offspring of "a royal line," cause fear and trepidation.

It was autumn—the half yearly inspection was over—drill suspended for a season, and nothing to do in barracks but pace the yard or pore over the newspaper. Some of us shot; some were occupied in giving their horses preparatory gallops for hunting, when the little commander announced his intention of visiting Killarney, and to prove, by a personal survey, that the lakes there were wonderfully inferior to certain loughs he averred as existing in North Wales. Unhappily, my father's house was directly in the route—the Major travelled on horseback—Killmacreenan was but twenty miles from ———, and the castle—for so my paternal home was designated—would, from lying on the line of march, form an excellent halting-place for the night.

The 28th of October rose gloriously—the short commander issued in due form from the gate—taking of his "charge of foot" a most ceremonious leave, and intimating that we need not count upon the light of his countenance before the next return, to wit, the tenth of the following month.

It was the evening of the day on which the short commander had departed, that we were settled comfortably round the horse-shoe table, and, determined to make it a wet night, and had just ordered a broiled bone. All were in high spirits, and I particularly. The hounds had been out for the first time that season—drawn the cover of Dunmallow—found the fox at home, and after a ten mile run, killed him in good style, and that too at a slapping pace and over a break-neck country. Splinter-bar—ah! what a fencer he was!—and not through kept me at the head of the field; and not

a man took the sunk fence and deer-park wall, when we run into the "red rascal," but the whipper and myself. He was hanged, poor fellow, afterwards, for shooting an informer; and more the pity, for a trifle of the sort, to choke the best light-weight in Roscommon!

Well, that night we were all in high force, and in the course of conversation, our absent friend, the little Major, was not forgotten.

"Tom," said the junior captain, "I wish we could take a peep into Killmacreenan, and see what condition the honest Welshman is in. I hear your father goes it awfully."

"The governor," I replied "can take his liquor; and if there be faith in old port, the short commander is by this time *hors de combat*, and unable to identify his own brother from the Lord Mayor of London."

I had scarcely finished the sentence, when the door opened, and a short, stout gentleman glided in. The noise of our hilarity enabled the stranger to pass the screen unnoticed, when lo! the little Welshman presented himself *in propria persona*, rage and indignation flashing from his small gray eyes:

For no saluting did he wait, but tapping the senior captain on the shoulder, signalled that he should follow him, and then, silently departed.

We were all astounded at the unexpected apparition of the short commander. "What's the matter?" asked every body, but nobody could answer the question. The only attempt to elucidate the mystery was essayed by the lieutenant of grenadiers, who laid his finger on his forehead, closed his left eye, and muttered in an under voice, "rats in the garret, for a hundred!" thereby insinuating that the little Major's upper story was rather out of order.

Captain Maguire speedily returned, called me behind the screen, and intimated that for mortal offence, immediate satisfaction was required; and Major Ap Owen, God willing, would be punctually on the Breefy race-course, at the hour of seven o'clock, at the turn where Dick Dogherty broke his neck.

"And pray let me inquire, wherefore I am to be shot at where Dick dislocated the best bone in his body?" I modestly inquired.

"Faith, my dear boy, I cannot exactly answer the question. Ap Owen was in a rage, I in a hurry, and I forgot to ask what the quarrel was about," responded Captain Maguire.

"What have I done?"

"Devil have them that knows best," was the satisfactory reply.

"And am I to be targeted because that crazy Welshman has taken some crotchet into his head?"

"Phoo, man," responded the second Sir Lucius. "He's commanding officer, you know, and we must strain a point to oblige him. Ask no questions, but be punctual to the time."

"Did he assign any cause for this most extraordinary call?" I inquired.

"Egad, none particularly; but he muttered something about madmen, and an asylum," replied Mr. Maguire.

"Upon my life, the latter place is the fittest residence for your friend at present. But I presume I am expected to fight first, and ascertain the cause of the quarrel afterwards."

"Precisely so," exclaimed the Captain.

"Then I had better send Plunkett to your room, and make the necessary arrangements," I observed.

"Just the thing, my boy; no use 'fending and proving' when a shot settles all, and saves argument and bother;" and with this conclusive remark, the worthy Captain returned to his friend the Major.

Having despatched my representative, I retired to my own rooms, to wait the result, and conjecture in what way I had raised the wrath of the descendant of Caractacus. Vain was the attempt. The more the quarrel was investigated, the more mystified it became. After a tedious interval of suspense, Plunkett presented himself, and if I calculated on having "doubt removed by him," I was grievously mistaken.

"Well, nothing but a meeting will do!" he said, closing the door carefully; "and, to be candid, Tom, you took an unpardonable liberty with your superior."

"Propound—for, on my soul, I am in utter ignorance of my offending," I replied.

"Indeed! Was it exactly correct, when aware of the little man's antipathy to mad people, to send him to a lunatic asylum?"

"Send him to a lunatic asylum!" I repeated in amazement.

"Ay, when he would rather lead a forlorn hope than encounter a person of doubtful intellect, as every body knows."

"Upon my word, my dear Plunkett, in my private opinion you are all mad."

"It was a *mad* freak; but, in short, he won't listen to an apology, which I offered almost unconditionally on your part."

"Listen to the devil!" I exclaimed passionately; "you are all deranged—all, principals and seconds. Come, the sooner this farce ends the better; and I'll go and ask that Welsh goose what the deuce has added him."

Accordingly, off I set with my fighting friend, and the *éclaircissement* was singularly ridiculous.

To elucidate this mysterious affair, I must acquaint the reader that Killmacreenan, like every other Irish establishment, had its own particular residents and visitors. Three of these personages I find it necessary to introduce; and these were Frankine Kelly,\* Fidge Macdonna, and Penelope O'Dowd; and by an inverted order of etiquette, in describing the respective parties, the fool shall have precedence of the fair.

Frankine was a sort of goose-gibbie, who devoted a portion of his time to the management of the fowl-yard, and spent the remainder in climbing up the ash trees, swinging on the gates, or sleeping beside the kitchen fire. He was sane on all matters but two—the one was a preposterous fancy for wearing soldiers' clothes; the other, a settled conviction that Jack D'Arcy, my worthy father and his liege lord, and Jack D'Arcy's domicile, the castle

of Killmacreenan, were universally known and admired by every inhabitant of the earth, from Town Hill, even to the gates of Timbuctoo.

Fidge Macdonna was a more important personage. He was a slight, meagre man, past the noon of life, having a small fortune and no fixed residence. Connected with many families in the neighborhood, he flitted from house to house, never remaining in any beyond a week or two, at most. From this restless disposition, he had acquired his by-name, and his baptismal appellation of Philip had long since merged into the *soubriquet* of Fidge. For the greater portion of the year, Fidge, who considered his personal attractions as all but irresistible, spent his time in harmless fopperies, such as interweaving the dozen hairs he possessed over his bald occiput, under the fond delusion that thereby he concealed his infirmity. But, in autumn, a periodical fit came on, his eccentricity and restlessness increased, his habits underwent an entire change, and from a country dandy he became a dirty sloven.

Last, comes Miss Penelope O'Dowd. She was a *claveeina*\* of my father, and, like Fidge Macdonna, belonged to that migratory order, once so common in the west of Ireland, who spend a life in visiting their community of cousins. Pen, as she was familiarly termed, was a tall, gaunt, hard-featured elderly gentlewoman, vain of the antiquity of her family, the elegance of her carriage, and her proficiency in music. She walked with an out-turned toe, and the stiffness of a drum-major; and, in her pilgrimages round the county, carried an old-fashioned stringed instrument, from which, in her own estimation, she "discoursed most eloquent music." Her auditors, however, held a different opinion, and few who had once heard her "touch the light guitar" ever ventured themselves afterwards in the same room when the instrument was uncased. Like Frankine Kelly, in dress she was rather showy than select; and, on state occasions a sky-blue gown and scarlet turban formed her favorite costume.

Now it so happened that Mr. Macdonna and Miss O'Dowd had most unfortunately arrived at Killmacreenan with the post-bag that contained my epistle announcing the advent of Major Ap Owen. Nothing could be more *mal-à-propos*. Fidge had the dirty fit upon him, and for days immemorial had been guiltless of clean linen. Nor was Penelope herself precisely the style of person that one encounters in Willis's Rooms, or the *soirées musicales* of the Countess St. Antonio. To exhibit either to a stranger was not desirable, and so thought my worthy father.

"Mary," he said to my mother, "I wish these devils were in Australia. How surprised the Major will be! and, faith! no wonder. Do try and lay an embargo on the turban and guitar, and induce Fidge to shave and sport a light-colored shirt. I shall ride to Cooldermott; meet Tom's commander at the village, and bring him here;" and with such instructions to my mother, and intentions towards his guest, my worthy sire departed. Would that he had accomplished his designs—what a world of trouble it would have saved me and others!

Unluckily, Killmacreenan was approachable by two roads to Cooldermott. The carriage-way required a *détour* to avoid a swamp, and the other, a mile shorter, led through a bog, and crossed a ford, impracticable to all save horsemen and pedestrians.

\* Frankine—*Anglice*, Little Frank.

\* *Claveeina*—*Anglice*, a relative in a distant degree.

By this latter route Ap Owen made his advance, and desperate conclusions might have resulted from his preferring a *booreeina*\* to a carriage drive.

The day was hot, and Major Ap Owen corpulent. He was not travelling *express*, and a man "on pleasure bent" has no occasion to ride like a courier. It was past four when he reached Coldermott; and on inquiring his route, of course received directions to take the bog road as the shorter.

On he journeyed, for some time; the path, occasionally skirted by some straggling firs, at last terminated in a thick plantation; and a gate attached to a huge ash tree barred his farther progress. Ap Owen dismounted to unclose it, but his efforts were unsuccessful. The gate was what an Irish gate should be, rough, rickety, and hanging by a single hinge; and all the Welshman's strength and skill were strained to displace it, and strained in vain. What was to be done? Nothing but secure his horse, and find his destination on foot, as he best could. Accordingly the bridle was fastened to a tree, and the gate, with a partial fracture in the unmentionables, surmounted. Straining his sight to penetrate the deep foliage of the copse, the little commander muttered in a petulant under tone, "Now, where the devil can this Jack D'Arcy live?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a fool, not to know where Jack D'Arcy lives?" was promptly returned from above; and on looking up, the startled Welshman perceived a nondescript animal, arrayed in the tattered remnants of a drummer's jacket, and astride on the topmost branch of a tree, on which, like a parrot in a swing, he swayed himself to and fro with untiring constancy. Endeavoring to conceal his alarm, the short commander politely inquired the road.

"Ha! ha! ha! To ask the road to Killmacreenan! Ha! ha! Was there ever such a fool!"—and the mad-looking biped laughed, and swung and shouted, "Ha! ha! ha! was there ever such a fool?"

Ap Owen tarried for no further questioning, but fairly abandoning horse and cloak-case to the mercy of the maniac, he fled by the first path that presented itself. While through casual openings in the wood, the wild cacklings of Frankine Kelly, occasionally heard, accelerated the commander's flight, as a sudden burst of the hounds stimulates a jaded hunter. At last, blown and exhausted, he was fairly run to "a stand-still," when he found himself on the bank of a rivulet, and on a sloping rise in his front stood the house of Killmacreenan.

Having returned thanks to his patron saint, wiped his face, arranged his neck-cloth, and ascertained that the damage sustained by his nether garment in the recent escalade was immaterial, the little Welshman crossed the river by a range of stepping-stones, and leisurely approached the mansion of the D'Arcys. He was safe—that was consolatory—the river was between him and the madman, and the house close by. Here, too, he might obtain assistance, and rescue his horse and accoutrements from the gentleman in the drum-boy's jacket.

Relieved thus from all alarm touching the safety of his person and effects, he recovered his breath and self-possession; but on arriving at the mansion of my progenitors, a new and unexpected difficulty arose, and that was as to how he should announce his presence. The hall door was open, but there was no servant in the hall; and worse

still, there was no bell visible by which a servant might be summoned. But we must leave Major Ap Owen for a few minutes on the steps, to explain matters, which will be found necessary to elucidate the *dénouement* of the story.

I have already stated that there were visitors in the house; that my father meditated a toilet-reform for both, and left instructions with his lady-wife to effect it. To restrict a too redundant display in the costume of Penelope O'Dowd might be achieved, but to persuade Fidge Macdonna to abridge a hirsute prodigality of beard, and ensconce himself in clean linen, required all the seductive powers of my mother to accomplish. Of course, to the latter task she addressed herself. By an infinity of persuasions Fidge was induced to use a razor, and was partially depilated, when a few discordant notes from the guitar reminded her that Penelope must be depilated. Accordingly, from the dressing-room of Mr. Macdonna, she hurried to the boudoir of Miss O'Dowd, but she was gone; and guided by the strings as Penelope "touched and turned them all," my mother pursued her to the drawing-room.

She entered the state chamber in doubt and dread, and one glance told that her worst fears were realized. Pen was standing before the chimney-glass lost in personal admiration, for more than customary care had that day been lavished on her toilet. The sky-blue robe and the scarlet turban were both in requisition; every bead was on duty, and the pink plume, only sported at the annual race ball, waved its ostrich honors over her left ear, until its extremities touched her shoulder. Suspended by a coral necklace, the portrait of a whey-faced youth, "her lamented brother Phelim, slain at Bunker Hill," rested on a virgin bosom, which for fifty years Dan Cupid had assailed in vain, and which for the same round period, had never been profaned by "lover's touch." Even the guitar had new appointments, and its variegated ribbons would have put a recruiting party to the blush.

My mother—God rest her!—was good-natured to a proverb. A kindlier heart never throbbed in woman's bosom; and how could she wound the feelings of poor Penelope, by denouncing the red turban, and putting an embargo on the guitar? Anxious to effect my father's wishes, she was considering the best method of opening her commission, when a thundering knock at the hall-door announced the expected stranger. In her attempt to reform the costume of her guests, her own had been unfortunately forgotten; and, at the first volley from the knocker, my mother leapt through a side-door, leaving Penelope in "silk attire," and undisturbed possession of the drawing-room, to receive the military guest when he presented himself.

When the lady of the mansion retreated in double quick time, at the loud alarm of the Major, if she supposed that a favorable change had been consummated on the outer man of Fidge Macdonna, she was lamentably mistaken. No sooner had she closed the door of his apartment, than with constitutional recklessness he flung the razor aside, and started after her down stairs; and when my mother entered the drawing-room, Fidge ensconced himself in the parlor. At this moment the short commander presented himself at the hall-door; and after a short uncertainty, decided on appealing to the knocker. The first tap routed my worthy mother, while the second produced a catastrophe that even perilled my life, and threatened to interrupt the

\* *Booreeina*, in English, means a bridle road.

succession to the house of Killmacreenan, by consigning me, its heir, to the tomb of all the Capulets.

Ere the peal ceased, an opening door apprised the Welshman that the garrison was alarmed. With his usual dignity, he slowly turned round to receive the expected servitor, when a semi-shaved apparition in a soiled shirt stood within a few feet, and advanced grimacing to his very elbow. The nervous system of Major Ap Owen had already sustained considerable damage in his recent interview with Frankine Kelly; and as Fidge Macdonna approached the hall-door, the alarmed Welshman retreated towards the drawing-room. For a few seconds, like able tacticians, each regarded the other's movements in silence, as they manoeuvred over the floor. Neither spoke—fear having taken from Ap Owen the power of utterance, and Fidge having been taciturn from the cradle. At length the latter burst into a horse-laugh, as he shouted in a voice that echoed to the very attics, "Ha! ha! ha!—Was there ever such a fool! to knock at the hall-door, and it already open!"

Dreadful suspicions distracted the astonished commander. His retreat had brought him to the drawing-room door. As he sought either a weapon of defence, or an opportunity of escaping, a rustling noise in his rear occasioned new alarm.

"Look at her!" roared he of the soiled shirt.

thrown out against her general propriety by Fidge Macdonna. One look decided the terror-stricken Welshman on his course of action.

The case, indeed, was desperate—his front threatened by a maniac in a dirty shirt—his flank turned by a gentlewoman in blue and red, "mad as a hatter!" Without a moment's hesitation he bounded to the door, overturned Fidge Macdonna, and exclaiming, "All lunatics, by G—!" rushed out at "headlong speed."

Evan dhu Maccombich very properly remarks, that "a haggis, God bless her, can charge down a hill," and Major Ap Owen proved the truth of the observation. In ten seconds, he gained the river-bank, and young Lochinvar never swam the Esk in more sporting style, than Major Ap Owen "took soil" at Killmacreenan. Luckily, his retreat was unopposed. Frankine, "on some fule's errand," had moved from his perch upon the ash tree, and both steed and cloak-case remained as he had left them, *in statu quo*. Persuaded that, with a felonious design against his person, I had under false representations seduced him into a lunatic asylum, vengeance succeeding terror, he rode furiously home, intending to annihilate me at the peep of day: and, I assure you, I escaped honorable assassination only by a vehement obtestation of my innocence, and the production of impartial evidences to establish



"Look at ould Peny O'Dowd! she tried for fifty years every man she met, but none would touch her with the tongs. Hilloo! Look at her! she's tall as the steeple, and mad as a hatter! Hilloo!"

Ap Owen *did* look round. There stood Penelope in all the awful majesty of outraged virtue, while scorn flashed from her eyes at the base insinuations

the extent of Fidge Macdonna's eccentricity to be merely a love of locomotion and foul linen; while it was admitted upon all hands, that the mental powers of Miss Penelope O'Dowd were only equalled by her personal accomplishments; both being, like her virtue, on a par with Cæsar's wife's, "*sans tache*."

LOVE OF FLATTERY.—An Irish orator, while describing the inordinate love of praise that characterized a political antagonist, said: "The honorable gentleman is so fond of being praised, that I

really believe he would be content to give up the ghost, if it were but for the pleasure of being able to look up and read the stone-cutter's puff upon his grave."

## BEGGARS IN IRELAND.

FROM "SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS." BY S. C. HALL.

It was a pitiable sight—the host of dirty, starving creatures who thrust themselves around the carriage-door, so as completely to prevent its being opened. The servant came round to the other side, which was less blockaded, and placing his face close to the glass, whispered—

"If yez will be pleased to throw a few half-pence among them, it'll scatter them, my lady, and then you can get out."

"A few half-pence!" To look upon the moving mass of starvation and misery, one would have imagined that the wealth of Cræsus would go but a short way to alleviate their distress. One of the group—a tall, lithesome fellow, with black rolling eyes, and a pitiable vacancy of look—grasped the carriage-lamp, or rather the part where the lamp should have been, and swung himself backwards and forwards, singing out, "A penny for Johnny, a penny for Johnny—long life to the king and O'Connell—O'Connell and the king! A penny for Johnny, and another for Jack—poor Jack! poor Johnny! poor Johnny! poor Jack!" "Don't mind him, lady dear," shouted a woman, the upper part of whose form was enveloped in a coarse blue cloth cloak, while from over either shoulder, lolled forth the head and arms of a squalid, half-starved child; "sure, he's a fool, and the fools never want—every one gives to the fools, to set off their own sense—look at me, and God bless your sight!—look at me, with nothing but a blind man,—(come here, Dan'el, lead him forward, Lanty,)—nothing but a blind man for a father over my ten children." "But see here, your honor, look at me, with as good as eleven, and no father at all over them!" interrupted another, who, not being encumbered with two living creatures on her back, was, I suppose, better able to fight her way, and maintain her station at the carriage-door. "Stand back, Mary Shiels, ma'am!" exclaimed a third; "what a brag you make about your children—and every one of them far away, barring those ye borrow for a set-off—eleven, indeed!—it's asy for the likes o' you to have double eleven, when you never cares what comes o' them!" This address, delivered to Mrs. Mary Shiels, was given in a tone and with an air of what I should imagine Billingsgate eloquence—the head thrown back, the arms a-kinbo, the voice wound to a high pitch, and the eye discoursing as rapidly and decidedly as the tongue; but as the second part of her speech was addressed to ourselves, the attitude, air, manner, and voice changed miraculously, and was delivered in a drawling brogue. "God mark ye to grace, and bestow a trifle upon the poor widdy, the *raal* widdy—give her a *teaster*, or a little sixpence, just to keep her from starving! Sure, it's yourselves have the kind heart! See here the hardship God sent upon me," and she lifted a child distorted in all its limbs, and in the lowest state of idiocy, close up to the window. The miserable creature clapped its twisted hands together, and as the thick matted hair fell over its small dull eyes, and it scratched at the glass like some wild animal seeking to disinter its prey, I thought I had never seen so painful or disgusting a spectacle. Those unfortunate idiots which in England are confined in proper asylums, in Ireland are reared to excite com-

passion from the traveller: and I think that at least every tenth family is cursed with one of those helpless creatures. You meet them by the wayside, in the cottages, basking in the sunshine, wallowing with the pigs upon the dunghills, and always soliciting alms, which is hardly ever denied them. Many of those witless beings, as they grow up, attain a degree of cunning which, with a species of animal instinct, they manage to turn to good account. And what are called "*Naturals*," in the expressive idiom of the country, form a class perfectly unknown in any other land. But this topic I have treated elsewhere. To return to the beggars. Let it not be imagined that the few I have specified were the only ones who demanded gifts; there were blind, and lame, and drunk, and sober—but all civil, and all tolerably good-tempered—exercising their eloquence or their wit, as it might chance, upon their auditory, and intent upon extorting money from our compassion. My feelings were at the time too strongly excited to be amused, though one, a *bocher*, or lame man, succeeded in clearing a space that he might give my honor a dance, while "Piping Brady," an old, blind, white-headed man, "set up the pipes" to the exhilarating tune of "Saint Patrick's Day," which acted like magic upon the group. "Poor Johnny, poor Jack," who had continued whirling round and round, keeping up his petition and singing it in every variety of tone, fixed, like Ixion, upon the wheel; and as the decrepit creature jumped to the music with extraordinary rapidity, and flourished his crutch in the air, the whole assembly seemed spell-moved, the old men and old women beating time with their feet and sticks, and snapping their fingers at the conclusion of every bar; and the children, forgetful of their misery, dancing in right down earnest, their pale cheeks flushing with exercise, and their rags quivering about them.

Nearer to the door of the inn, stood a girl—I could hardly call her a woman—who had asked for charity with the silent eloquence of her eyes, but had neither pressed forward, nor been excited by the music. The hood of her long blue cloak was thrown over her head, and shadowed the upper part of her beautiful face; her eyes were mild and blue, they might have been bright once, but their lustre was dimmed by weeping; and her fair long hair hung uncombed, untrained, down either side of her face. There was something so classic in her form, that it called to mind those Grecian models, where the drapery clings so closely that you imagine it adheres to the form—the falling shoulders, the outline of the graceful back were distinctly marked, and she had gathered the folds up in front to cover a sleeping infant, which she clasped to her bosom, so that the cloak, thus confined, fell in many and thick folds, nearly to her ankles, which, of course, were divested of any covering. The *bocher's* dance was finished, and well pleased were the exhibitors to receive a silver sixpence between them—threepence for the piper, threepence for the dancer; "poor Jack, poor Johnny," recommenced his tune and whirl, and the beggars invented fresh miseries.

"Why, then, 'twas a lucky drame I had last night

brought me to the town to-day!" exclaimed one of the score who followed us under the very porch, "and maybe you'd listen to it?—I dreamed I was down in the very bottom of a paytee pit, and three magpies came flying over my head, and one, God save us! was like the gauger that broke my husband by his lies, and the other was the very moral of that handsome gentleman; and, sure, it's myself sees the likeness in your sweet self, lady, to t'other mag!"

"A hole in yer ballad!" exclaimed another voice—"A hole in yer manners!" shouted another—"Likens a fair-faced lady to a magpie, Judy!" vociferated a third.

"And why not?" replied the impenetrable Judy, "why not? isn't a magpie a knowin' bird, and a handsome bird, and a fine bird?"

"Yet ye said he was like a gauger, just now:" answered a little gray-eyed, cunning-looking man.

"People may be like each other, and yet not the same at all at all; you're like yer father, Tim, and yet he was six feet high. He was an honest man, Tim. Neighbors, dear," she continued, appealing to the crowd, "do any of ye see any likeness betwixt Tim an' his father in that way?" There was a loud laugh, and Tim shrank behind, while Judy went on.

"Well, the last magpie said to me, says she, 'Never heed the gauger,' (and sure I saw in a minute, it wasn't a magpie at all, but yer darlint self was in it,) 'for I'll give ye an English half-crown to buy a blanket and linsey woolsey to make ye a petticoat'—what, God break hard fortune! I've not had these five years."

We distributed perhaps more than we ought amongst the crowd, for which our worthy landlady reproved us; while directing her maid, a slipslop, capless girl, to dust every thing in the house barring the pictures, which must not be touched, which she never would have touched since Ally Kelly rubbed out his reverence's nose with her scrubbing-brush and cleanliness.

I have been often much astonished at the—not apathy, for that is the last fault the Irish can be accused of—indifference manifested, particularly by the middling class of society, to the horrid misery of the poor. You cannot walk out in a country town without meeting at every turn a population of poverty. I have attempted to count the beggars—I found it impossible—the barefooted creatures were without number—and yet the shop-keepers and trades-people, nay, the greater part of the gentry, do not appear pained or distressed by the recurrence of such scenes as freeze a stranger's blood, and make him hasten to quit a country where the degrading wretchedness of his fellow-creatures seems to upbraid him for the indulgence of his smallest luxury.

"Lord, ma'am," said the landlady, "we have fewer beggars in our county than in almost any other, and it is useless to attempt to suppress them or lessen their numbers; they spring up like mushrooms. The men set off to make English hay, and gather in the English harvest, and then the woman shuts the door of her cabin, rolls her infant in her blanket, secures the blanket on her back by turning the tail of her gown over it: the eldest girl carries the kettle, the eldest boy the begging bag, the middle



"Oh! a penny, any way, lady dear! to keep the could from my heart," roared another.

"There's two-pence for you," exclaimed my companion, "if you will promise not to drink it." "Success!" exclaimed the fellow, catching the half-pence gaily in his hand, "I'll do that same this minute," and off he went to the whiskey-shop, where unfortunately, three parts of the Irish spend what little they can obtain.

ones have nothing to carry, and a couple of younger children hang by the mother's cloak, and so they travel from place to place, and there's none of the farmers will refuse them a *lock* of straw to sleep on, a shed to sleep under, a mouthful of potatoes, or a dole of meal. They are much happier than they look, and by the time the winter closes in, why the husband comes home, and then they live maybe comfortable enough till the next spring, when the

mother, with the addition most likely of another child to roll in the blanket, again shuts the door, and again wanders through the country, while the husband repeats his visit to England, where he is well fed, and well paid."

"How wretched!" I exclaimed.

"I dare say it seems so to you, ma'am," she replied, "but they are used to it—they do not feel it a disgrace; and many a fine man and woman is reared that way, after all."

"To what purpose?" I almost unconsciously inquired.

"Purpose," she repeated—as the Irish generally do when they hear a word whose import they do not clearly comprehend—"Why, as to purpose, the boys, in the time of war, used to make fine soldiers—I don't exactly see what all the '*little garsoons*' who are growing up now are to do—go to America, I suppose, or beg, or—"

"Starve!" I added.

"Ay, indeed!" she replied, but without any emotion; "so they do starve by dozens and dozens, up the country; and my husband says it's a sin to send so many pigs and things to England, and the poor craythurs here without food."

"And yet your provisions are so cheap; I saw fine chickens to-day for eightpence a couple."

"Is it eightpence?" exclaimed the landlady in amazement. "Ah, lady dear, they knew you were a stranger—catch them asking me eightpence! I could get the finest chicks in the market for sixpence-halfpenny a couple: eightpence, indeed! Oysters are up to tenpence a hundred, and potatoes to twopence a stone—and more shame now that the country is poorer than ever—but what signifies the price, when the poor have not it to give? "But there's Mrs. Lanagan, I ask yer pardon, but may I just inquire how she is? She came to me for a bad pain she had on her chest, and I gave her a blister to put on it." I requested Mrs. Lanagan might walk in, and in she came, a delicate-looking woman, with a harsh, deep cough.

"Well, Mrs. Lanagan," commenced the hostess, "how are you to-day?"

"Oh, then, thank you kindly for asking; *sorra a boillak* on me at all at all.\* I was pure and hearty yesterday, but I'm entirely overcome to-day. I've been out among the Christians looking for a trifle; but the regular ones gets the better of me; and the farmers' wives have little pity for us, as long as we're able to keep the roof over our head."

"But your chest, Mrs. Lanagan; did you put the blister on your chest as you promised, and did it rise?" inquired the landlady.

The poor woman looked up, with an expression of simplicity I shall never forget, while she replied—

"Why, thin, mistress dear, the niver a chest had I to put it on, but I have a little bit of a *boz*, and I put it upon that, but *sorra* a rise it rose; and if ye don't believe me, come and see, for its stickin' there still!"

This affected my gravity, or rather destroyed it; but the landlady commenced a regular lecture upon the stupidity of ignorance, which she intended me to understand as the evidence of her superiority. She assured Mrs. Lanagan that she was ashamed of

her, and that it was such as she who brought shame and disgrace upon her country.

"Why, thin," replied the woman, "as to disgrace, mistress honey, it is not our fault if we're not taught better, for no one can call us stupid, barrin they're *stupid themselves*."

It will scarcely be believed, yet it is true, that I was tempted once more to ascend a "jaunting car;" it is a weakness to be overcome by persuasion, a desperate weakness, and yet I could not help it. The car was new, handsome, and the property of a kind friend: there were many things I must see—Johnstown Castle and the lower portion of the Barony of Forth, celebrated for fresh eggs, "*sweet*" butter, and pretty girls. I esteem fresh eggs as a rarity, and I dearly love pretty girls. I cannot understand how a person can ever look without a smile into a pretty face; it is a sentiment, a point of feeling with me. And certainly the girls of the Barony of Forth, or, as they call it, Barny Fort, are very, *very* pretty, well worth going even ten miles, but not on a jaunting car, to look at; their eyes are so bright and black, their hair superb, and their manners so shy, so winning—so—I hardly know how to define it,—except from their being so un-English, so unstarched. Nor do I know a prettier sight than three or four dozen of those nice, clean, smiling, blushing girls drawn up at either side of a dirty, hilly, ugly street in ugly Wexford on market-day. Their clean willow baskets hanging from their well-turned arms, their green or crimson silk neckerchiefs carefully pinned, and the ends in front drawn beneath their neat chequered aprons, while, at every step you take, you are saluted with—"New laid eggs, my lady, three a penny,"—"Sweet fresh butter,"—"Beautiful lily-white chickens, my own rearing,"—"I'm sellin' these bran new turkey eggs for a song, for I'm distressed for the money to make up the price of the cotton to weave in with my own yarn."

"I'll sing you five songs for them, Patty!" exclaimed a wag.

"Oh, let us alone, Peter, and don't make us forfit our manners by breaking your head before the quality; it's a bad market we'd be bringing our eggs to if we let you have them!"

I have seen many more superb market-places, but I never saw so many pretty girls as in the ugly town of Wexford.

Having agreed once more to perform *dos-a-dos* upon the afore-named car, I made up my mind to suffer more than ever from the beggars, but I found they always assembled in proportion to what they considered the greatness of the equipage. Thus a car would attract less attention among these knight-errants of poverty than a carriage; and as two carriages were standing at the door of the principal inn, we passed comparatively free. The Irish have an idea that upon those *dos-a-dos* you see the country better than from any other machine—heaven help them! they have strange ideas on many subjects. We passed through the town with not more than a score of beggars dangling after us, and repeating their petitions in every variety of tone—thrusting their idiot and half-starved children almost into our arms, making us exceedingly angry at one minute by their importunity and noise, and the next amusing us so much by their wit and good temper, that we could bestow upon them half, nay, all our money with good will—at one time provoked by their dirt and indolence, and again sympathizing

\* I cannot translate this literally, but it means, I am not at all better.



most sincerely with their poverty and distress. You are perpetually excited either by displeasure, pain, or amusement, and you can hardly tell which preponderates.

After much jolting and delay, we passed the suburbs, and there, beneath the trunk of a blasted tree, her entire figure shrouded in her cloak, sat the girl whose appearance had attracted my notice amongst the crowd on a former occasion. I could not see her face, even her hair was concealed by the hood which fell unto her knees; but I felt assured I could not be mistaken; the rounded shoulder, the graceful sweep of the back, all convinced me I was right.

I ordered the servant to stop—I called to her,—there was no reply,—I sprang off the car—I drew back the hood of her cloak—still she moved not, her hair had fallen like a shroud over her features, and upon the baby which was pressed to her bosom,—I threw back her hair, and laid my hand upon her forehead; it was clammy and cold as with the damps of death! I attempted to move her

head back, and, sinking on my knees, looked into her face—it was as the face of a corpse before the features have been decently composed by the hand of the living; the purple lips were parted, the teeth clenched, the eye fixed, the hollow cheek was white as marble. I saw that the infant moved, and I tried to unclasp her arms from around it—I even succeeded in pulling the little creature in some degree from her embrace; but the mother's love was stronger than death; rigid, lifeless as she appeared, she felt what I was doing; her arms tightened round her baby, and her lips moved as if in speech; the child cried, and clung to the breast from which it could draw no sustenance, and the miserable parent grasped it with an earnestness which almost made me tremble lest she should crush out its little life. The cloak had fallen from her; but I quickly drew it over her shoulders, for I perceived that she was destitute of any other covering, except some tattered flannel that had been wound round her waist; the case was sufficiently plain—mother and child were dying of starvation.

## IRISH LUCK.

BY S. C. HALL.

Some call it Providence, and others Fate.

"WELL, ma'am dear, I never thought that ye'r going into foreign parts would make a heathen of ye entirely. To be sure, it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift that way against what the whole world knows to be as true as gospel! It's myself that couldn't even it to you, at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears!"

"I assure you, Moyna, you are very much mistaken in imagining that the whole world adopt your notions of predestination, for"—

"I ax ye'r pardon for interrupting you, my lady; but I said nothing about pra—pra—I can't twist my tongue round the word," continued Moyna; adding, with that exuberant vanity which prevents the Irish from ever pleading guilty to the sin of ignorance—"Not but I've often heard it before."

"Predestination, Moyna, means what you call Luck—a thing you believe you cannot avoid—a sort of spirit that deals out to you good or evil, in defiance of your own wishes."

Moyna looked puzzled—exceedingly puzzled; she knocked the ashes out of her pipe against the post originally intended to support a gate, which, according to Moyna's reading, "her luck" had prevented from being either made or hung; and, stuffing her middle finger into the bowl of the little puffing medium, so as to ascertain that no hidden fire remained in its recess, she returned it to her pocket—clasped her hands so as to grasp the post within her palms, and, leaning against it, one foot crossed over the instep of the other, she turned her head a little round, and called to her husband by the familiar but affectionate appellation of "Tim a vourneen!"

"Tim"—or, to speak correctly, Timothy Brady—made his congée from beneath the roof of a picturesque but most comfortless sheeling—a cottage that would have looked delightful in a painted landscape—a matter essentially different from a delightful cottage in reality. Nothing could be more

beautiful than the surrounding scenery; wood and water—hill and dale—a bold mountain in the distance—a blue sky over head—the turrets of a lofty castle shining among the woods—and the lawns and shrubberies of another, extending to the little patch of common, on which seven or eight huts, similar in appearance to my poor friends' dwelling, were congregated. The lord of the one mansion imported his own mutton into England; and the master of the other assured his London friends, that his agent assured him, that the peasantry in the neighborhood of his park were "the finest and happiest peasantry on the face of the earth." But neither the one nor the other had any thing to do with my poor cotter and his wife, for it was many years since they had visited their estates. Had it been otherwise, Timothy and Moyna must have thought more wisely, and acted more discreetly.

Timothy Brady differed in nothing from the generality of his countrymen, except that he was "better larned," for he could read and write, and, when a lad, was in great esteem as a "mass server," and noted as being "remarkable handsome at the altar." I had not seen him for some time, and was struck with the painful change which a few years had made in his fine athletic form. Moyna had ever been a careless, affectionate "slob of a girl," who would "go from Bantry to Boyne to sarve me on her bare knees," but had little idea of serving herself. Such a character is not improved by age; but there was a time when I had hoped a better fate for Timothy. His sunken eye became bright and animated when he saw one who had rendered him some service, and he pulled up his stockings over his bare legs, with that striking regard to propriety which an Irish peasant rarely forgets in the presence of a female. After the usual civilities had passed, Moyna commenced—

"The lady's at me agin about the luck; and now, may be, she'll have the goodness to say what she said awhile ago."

"I told your wife that Predestination is what she calls Luck, and that she would agree very well with the Turks."

"The Turks!" repeated Moyna, throwing up her hands and eyes in horror. "Oh, ma'am, honey—I never thought you'd even the Turks to one of your own country! Oh, Tim, Tim! was I like a Turk when I sat by your bed, night and day, while ye had the typhus fever? Was I like a Turk when I took Mary Clooney's child from off the dead breast of its mother, and she kilt at the same time by that very fever that kilt her husband? Was I like a Turk when I took the bed, that was no bed, only a lock o' straw, from under me, that blind Barry might die decent and easy, in consideration of the high family that owned him? Was I like a Turk when?"

"Moyna, will ye whisht, woman dear!—you have no understanding; the lady only meant that you and the Turks had different names for the same thing. Wasn't that it?"

I bowed and smiled.

"Was that it? Och, bother!—to be sure we have different names. I ax ye'r pardon, but I think ye said I'd agree with the Turks?"

"Yes, good Moyna, in one thing; you believe in Luck, and so do they."

Moyna was appeased, and Timothy took up the matter.

"There's no denying luck, nor no going against it, lady dear, that's the short and the long of it. It's my luck never to make as much by any thing as another. Why, the bonneen we reared from the size o' my hand, that Dorney Cobb offered me any money for at Candlemas, caught could and died at Easter—sorra a man on the common had the luck to lose a pig but myself!"

"How did it catch cold?"

"Out of nothing in the world but my luck; it was used, poor thing, to sleep in the cabin with ourselves, as the sty had no roof; but a neighbor's child was sick, and my woman axed some of the family in, and the pig was forced, out of manners, to give up his bed, and sleep in the sty, which, as

it had no roof, let in the rain. And it was mournful to hear the wheezing he had in the morning; and to see him turn his back on the pick of his mealy potatoes just before he died."

"Well, Timothy, I should call that mismanagement; I do not see either good or bad luck in the case; for it is clear that, if the sty had been roofed, the pig would not have been accustomed to cottage warmth, and, consequently, could not have caught cold."

"Well, lady; listen—it was my luck entirely that hindered my roofin' the sty. I'll tell ye all about it. Did you know Tom Dooly?—sorra a hand's-turn he'd do from Monday morning till Saturday night—barring the height of mischief. Ye didn't know Tom?—well, ma'am, I'm sure ye mind his brother Micky—'One-eyed Mick,' he was called, because he as good as lost the other in a bit of a spree at the fair of Rathmullin, and could get no justice for it."

"No justice for the spree, do you mean, Timothy?"

"No, ma'm, I mean no justice for his eye; clearly proving there's no law for the poor—God help them! The boy he fought with was as good as thirty years older than himself, a tough ould fellow, with a crack-stick skull that nothing could harm. So Mick know'd that, and he never offered at the head, but the shins—which he broke as complete as any thing you ever saw. And so the magistrate set the ould boy's shins against Mickey's eye, and bid them make it up. Ah! there's no law for the poor, at all, at all!"

"But, Timothy, let us get back to where we set out—the pig-sty."

"Troth, yes," returned Tim, "though I'm sorry to take a lady to a dirty subject. Tom Dooly says to me, says he, 'Tim, ye're in want of a lock of straw to keep the heavens out of the piggery.' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'come over to me, I've a lot of as fine barley straw as ever danced under a flail, and ye shall have it just for thank ye.' 'God bless ye, and good luck to you and yours, Mister Tom,' says I, 'good luck to you and yours





for ever and ever, amen!' 'And when 'ill you look over for it?' says he. 'To-morrow, for certain,' says I. 'Very good—to-morrow, by all means,' says he, 'and make my respects to the woman that owns ye.' Now, ma'm dear, mind the luck; something or other hindered Moyna from taking my brogues to be mended, to the brogue-maker's that night. So I couldn't go the next day, and that very evening a great splinter ran into my foot out of the spade-handle."

"Stop, my good friend, if the spade-handle was splintered, why did you not mend it?"

"Ma'am dear, that was a way you had, ever and always, tripping a body up in their story. Sure I did mend—that is I eased it with a bit of a cord. But it was my luck hindered me, and the bad foot, from going the day after that; and one thing or another came across me, until it was just a week before I could go for the straw. Well, the black boy himself put into my head to borrow Matthew Maccan's white mare. 'Take her, and welcome,' says Matty; 'but mind, if you put yourself er any thing else on her, she'll kick till she smashes every bone in your body, though she'll draw a creel, or a cart, till the day of judgment, as easy as May butter.'—'Thank ye kindly, Matthew,' says I, 'I'll mind fast enough,' and away I went. And at his own gate I saw Tom, as grand as Cromwell, with his hands in his pockets, and a silk Barcelona round his neck, like any gentleman. To be sure, the luck of some people! 'Good evening, Tim,' says he. 'Good evening kindly,' says I. 'Where are you going with Matthew Maccan's beast?' says he. 'No farther than this,' says I, 'until I go home again.' 'I'm always glad to see an ould friend,' says he; 'but why didn't ye come,' says he again, 'for the barley straw?' 'Sure I'm come for it now,' says I. 'You are?' says he, opening his great gray eyes at me, like a wild cat; 'sorra as much for ye, then, as would build a sparrow's nest,' says the traitor; 'If ye'd been glad of it, you would have come when you was bid to come, and not let a whole week rowl over your head. I gave the straw to Jemmy Hatchet, and by this time it's no straw, but a roof,

and a good one too, to his stye, and his neat, clean barn.' 'It's ill done of ye,' says I, 'as cool as a cabbage-leaf, though my blood was boilin' at the ill-luck that follows me; 'ye might have waited; but never heed,' and I turned the horse round to come home. 'Sure,' says he, 'ye're not going to stir ill blood out of the offer I made ye from kindness; if ye did not take advantage of it, it was your fault, not mine.' Well, I didn't value the straw a traneen, ma'am dear; I've a spirit above it; but I did not like his bestowing his dirty straw upon Jemmy Hatchet; so I makes answer, 'Do you say I'm in fault?' 'To be sure I do,' he says, with a grin of a laugh. 'Then by this, and by that,' I says, swearing a great whale of an oath, that I'd be sorry to repeat before a lady, 'I'll make ye eat both ye'r words and the straw.' 'Ye can't,' says he, 'and what's more ye dar'n't; a'nt I the priest's neph'?' Well, that would rouse the blood of a wood-queest, for it was cowardly-like; and, as my luck would have it, I hot him an unlucky blow; and a dale of sorrow it got me into; for I had the world and all of penance, to say nothing of being had up, and he swearing he gave no provocation. For sartin I didn't mean to have struck so hard, and didn't think his bones were so soft. But that wasn't all of it—going home the trouble of what I had done, uppermost, I forgot what Mat said about the horse, and got on the baste's back, who made no more ado, but kicked and plunged, and pitched me into the thick of a pond full of young ducks and geese; and two ganders set upon me, and as good as tore the eyes out of my head, before I could get out of the water; and I had to pay two and three-half-pence for the young that was killed in the scrummage. And well I know it's long afore such luck would have followed any other boy in the parish but myself. Now, ma'am dear, isn't that luck?"

"Is your story finished, Tim?"

"It just is, ma'am, darlint,—that is, I mean the sty story is finished; but I could tell ye twenty as good, and better, too, to show what ill luck I have."

"There is no luck, ill or well, that I can see, from

beginning to end. Your misfortunes entirely arose out of your want of punctuality; had your shoes been mended, as they ought to have been, you could have gone for the straw with comfort on the evening you were desired. Still, their not being mended was no excuse for your want of punctuality. You put me in mind of an anecdote I heard once of two Irishmen, who were too lazy to pluck the figs that hung over their heads in a beautiful garden in Italy. There they lay on their backs, beneath a tree covered with fruit, their mouths open for the figs to fall into. At last a fig, by what you would call 'luck,' fell into the mouth of one of these Irishmen. 'What a lucky dog you are, Paddy!' said the other, opening his great mouth still more widely. 'I don't know that, Looney,' replied Paddy, after swallowing the fig, 'for I have had the trouble of chewing it!'

"Agh, ma'm honey! I wonder how you have the heart to tell such stories against your own country; letting the foreigners laugh at us that way."

I wished them both a kind good-morrow, and

had nearly arrived at the village where we lodged, when, panting and breathless, she overtook me.

"What's the matter, Moyna?"

"Oh, the man has the tooth-ache so bad that I'm forced to run for a pipe, the smoking does it good."

"What, has he not a pipe?"

"He had, ma'am, but he lent it to Briney Moore."

"But I saw you put a pipe in your pocket not twenty minutes ago."

"So you might, ma'am dear, that's my luck; it would have stayed quiet and easy in any body else's pocket, but there was a hole in mine, so it walked out, and broke, without so much as by ye'r leave."

"Why did you not mend the hole?"

"Faith, ma'am, honey, if I did, it would break out again," said Moyna, with some impatience of tone and gesture. "Where's the good of mending any thing, when we've no luck?"

Poor Moyna! she would have been very angry had she known that I again compared her to the Turks, and was more than ever satisfied that, till belief in fatalism is rooted out, poor Ireland will "have no luck!"

## THE POOKAH.

BY H. G. PLUNKETT.



THERE'S a proverb, I'm told,  
Now remarkably old,  
Which says, "When a certain grim gentleman  
drives,  
As he puts them along  
Applying his thong,  
No matter how strongly the harnessed team strives,  
Helter skelter, slap dash, they must go for their  
lives,  
While with arm that ne'er loses a jot of its might,  
He lashes away with ecstatic delight,  
Arising from feelings called 'spitting his spite.'"

'Tis not my intention,  
More plainly to mention,  
To delicate ears the common cognomen  
Of one to whom Charon (the oldest of row-men)  
Escorts in his funny, sad spirits; but oh! men,  
For this I'll be bail  
If a hoof and a tail,  
Attached to a gentleman smelling of brimstone,  
In a way that defies "Lundy's Blackguard," or  
"Grimstone,"  
Eye snuff to depose  
The scent from your nose,  
Should happen at midnight your chamber to blurt  
in,  
And "tip you a wink" through a hole in your cur-  
tain,  
You may say to yourself—"that's the fellow for  
certain!"  
Though more of a night than a clear open day  
"gent,"  
The "Pookah" may fairly be classed as an agent—  
Possessing permission  
From him, by commission,  
To roam in the likeness of pony from Shetland,  
And mangle all title deeds, manage to get land  
Whereon, like a first-class immovable "squatter,"  
Not heeding the laws or their technical chatter,  
Or equity's dodging,  
He takes up his lodging  
And passes a life of comparative quiet—or  
Woe to the unhappy, rightful proprietor!  
For if he be crossed,  
From that moment is lost  
Like the smoke that curls blue o'er the bowl of the  
hookah,  
All chance of escape from the wiles of the Pookah!  
Now "it fell on a day,"  
(As old chronicles say,)  
One Darby McMannus was trudging along,  
Killing time in two ways—by chanting a song,  
Whose metre the author had marked as "six eight,"

While Darby McMannus had doubled the rate—  
When, just in the midst of a very fine shake,  
Such as Signor Rubini was ne'er known to make,  
Or an ague to match, I'll bet five pounds, and stake,  
That I'm right, and defy  
Any man to deny

The truth of this powerful vocal assertion;  
Stipulating, before he abuses my version,  
As baseless in fact as the tale of "Otranto,"  
He'd speedily pack up his private portmanteau,  
Hear Rubini, in "Lammer-Moor,"  
Where he can clamor more

Than in Tancredi or sable "Otello,"  
(Who spite of his jealousy's not a bad fellow;)   
Then to Lincolshire rush,  
That county of "slush,"  
And there mid the fens  
'Mongst the nimble moor-hens,

Who paddle about with looks of diversion,  
Secure to himself an ague called "tertian;"  
That done, if he dare  
Show his face in sweet Clare,  
He'll own Darby, (or else he'll be out of his wits,)   
"At shakes beats the Signor and ague to fits!"

But now to go back, or rather proceed,  
After this same digression, dear reader, take heed—  
I confess my own will  
Shall alone guide my quill.

Mighty boast! that its powers can master a feather!  
(A feather, the prize of the honored and brave!  
The graft from the dead and the gaud of the grave!)  
But now, mind and mind, let us wander together;  
Not as men, when the demon of gain has possessed  
them,

Or sorrows and sufferings have sadly oppressed  
them;

With lead in their bosoms, and ice in their veins,  
Or dreams of ambition disturbing their brains—  
Who know but one path, who heed but one end,  
And to gain that would sacrifice kindred or friend!  
Not as *these*, but as children, let's freely along  
And stop with delight to hear the sweet song  
Of the wild bird, which seems as it rests on the air  
To offer to heaven its musical prayer;  
Or turn from the beaten track gladly aside  
To gaze on the butterfly's beautiful pride,  
Now climbing the mountain, now seeking the vale,  
And now—once more I think I'll continue my tale.

Well, Darby McMannus  
Had formed a bright plan as  
Ever had entered a pretty long head,  
And was only restrained by a lingering dread  
Of the Pookah, from draining  
A sweet bog, containing  
Some twenty-five acres of elegant land  
As ever was harrowed by husbandman's hand.  
For McMannus had heard his grandmother say,  
Her own grandmother's mother, (one Biddy Mc-  
Kay,)

Had heard from her father, who, some time or  
other,  
It seemed had the legend from his great-grand-  
mother,

From time immemorial,  
(Such was the story all  
Told and believed,) the Pookah had owned  
The vested fee simple of that bit of ground.  
"My curse and bad luck  
To the baste of a Puck!"

Thought Darby McMannus; "the villain, by jakers,  
Has had a long lease of them elegant acres,

But may I sup sorrow,  
By this time to-morrow,  
(And every one knows that's mighty bad prog)  
If I don't begin draining that same bit o' bog!"

A month had passed by,  
Five good acres were dry,  
And Darby went on with his work and his song,  
Only stopping at times to laugh loud and long  
At his ancestors' folly, who six score good years  
Were kept from their own by such credulous fears.  
But mirth is a thing of an uncertain nature,  
Man's mouth is at best but a mean, partial feature,

For it can't be denied  
Though a laugh, on *one* side,  
Is the last thing on earth we are anxious to smother,  
The case is reversed when a laugh from the other  
Is forced, and the jester  
Comes in second best, or

As they say, when a steed in a race cannot crawl  
Inside of the "distance," is "no where at all;"  
So, though mum as a mute,  
The disturbed elfin brute  
Determined, while all things seemed pleasant and  
quiet,

To kick up with Darby the deuce's own riot;  
And just for a lark,  
As between light and dark,  
When the white and black clouds are blending in  
gray,  
And night takes the shine out of fast fading day,  
And all things look dreary,  
As hungry and weary,

Friend Darby was vending his way to his home,  
Plump down in his path the ill-natured gnome,  
Not lying like beast that was bred for a stable,  
But all in a heap like a badly coiled cable,

Lay silent as death,  
Midst the fern and the heath.  
And as Darby, to clear him, attempted to straddle  
Across the impediment, heedless of saddle  
Or other accoutrements common to horsemen,  
Away went the Pookah!—of all sad and cross-men  
That ever their fate and their miseries curst,  
I do believe Darby McMannus was worst!

And mighty small blame  
To him for that same—  
For no mortal rider at that pace e'er went, or  
Was turned into half of a run-away cantaur.

I'd have the world know  
I've seen Andrew Ducrow  
On the tip of his toe,  
In a blue satin tunic all covered with spangles,  
On the top of a horse, t'other foot at right angles,  
(To guess very near)  
With the rim of his ear,  
Without shadow of fear,  
Hold a nice little dear

Of an infant, who recklessly chuckled and smiled,  
While whirled round and round on the back of the  
wild

Steed, which D's wallopping  
Kept at full galloping;  
And I've said to myself, "as sure as a gun,  
Though to look at these pranks is most excellent  
fun,

I think my life's race would have a short run  
If I were so poised on that ill-looking dun."

And again,  
Other men  
Do mighty strange things  
In the saw-dusted rings;

We'll take for example the great Levi North,  
Who rides on three coursers, while driving a fourth,  
A fifth and a sixth, like old Harry before him,  
And I give you my word it don't seem to bore him.

Then I've seen George Llewellen  
Mazeppa play well in,  
Though sinew and art'ry  
Were strain'd when the Tart'ry  
Wild steed he dashed on,  
(Of course being lashed on,  
To keep him from falling—  
For though men of his calling

Are not much afflicted with lady-like nerves,  
That riding's not easy, and now and then serves  
To use up and diminish  
And finally finish

Its hardy professors; and it isn't the thing  
To "be in" when "the death" is your own in the ring,

So he'd rather, by far,  
As "young Lochinvar,"  
Take a ride

With his bride,  
On a saddle or pillion,  
Though pursued by a million

Stage cousins, and uncles, and fathers in rage,  
Than break his own good looking neck, I'll engage.

As a matter of course,  
All have heard of the horse,

Or rather the mare, (though not much of a stickler,  
I feel in this instance I'd best be partic'lar;

'Tis a sin and a shame,  
And I own I'm to blame,

Dear reader, that *u* should be left out this time;  
But pity the poet! and think of the rhyme :)  
Well, you've heard of the mare, and the decent  
day's work

She did, when from London she galloped to York,  
With *no Turpin* upon her,  
Though he claims the honor;

For this, maugre "Rockwood," is one of spite's  
tricks

To wrest the due merit from highwayman "Nicks."

The ill-treated blackguard  
Ne'er meant thus to fag hard,  
To find in the end the result of his pains, worth  
So little attention to fact, from "H. Ainsworth."

Now here,  
Reader dear,

Opportunely I find I have just laid my fist on  
The notes of the feat, done by "Squire Osbaldiston,"

Whose powers  
For hours

As a jockey were pretty well put to the test,  
For a ride of two hundred miles isn't a jest!

That was done,  
And he won

The wager without even turning a hair!  
With an hour and forty-five minutes to spare.

Then there's "Chiffney" and "Scott,"

The two "Days" and a lot

Of "light weights" and "feathers," well known at  
"the Ledger,"

And steeple chase "Mason," who at fence, rail, or  
hedge or

Six feet of stone,  
Can ne'er be outshone.

These have all "done" their work across country  
and course,

But then they were borne by a mortal bred horse,  
Per chance got

By *Launce-lot*,

Flying Childers, Eclipse, Grey Momus or Whalebone,  
All thorough breds, staunch from the head to the  
tail bone.

Or it may be by Cadland, Maroon, or the Colonel;  
But I'm positive none owned descent so infernal

As that

Which poor Pat

Was predestined to stride

On this ill-omen'd ride.

Away like a whirlwind dashed off the elf steed.

The lightning could scarcely have equalled his  
speed;

As far, far away, 'neath the moonlight he flew,  
Still choosing his path where the furze thickest  
grew;



And laughing like one whom a funny thought  
tickles,  
As he felt Darby writhe 'neath the sting of its  
prickles.

Then through the vile bogs like bedlam he'd rush  
And cover his victim with aguish slush.

'Midst the hedge-rows he dashed with desperate  
bound,

Whose thorns filled his rider with many a wound.  
He plunged in the torrent, he sunk 'neath the wave,  
And nobody knows what vile duckings he gave  
The unfortunate fellow; who, though nothing loth  
To be quit of the partnership, couldn't get off,  
At the price of his life, the torturing back  
Of the Pookah—who now was his volunteer hack.

With sighs and with tears,  
And odd remnants of prayers,  
In piteous complaints,  
He called on the saints  
"Faith, it's no use at all—  
Sure the louder I bawl

The more they won't come! och hone! wirrastrew!  
May my curse light, you baste of a Pookah! on  
you,

Bad luck to your father! bad luck to your mother!  
Bad luck to your sister, aunt, uncles, and brother!  
(That is if you have them,) may the blessed saints  
smother

The lot of yez up in the bottomless bogs,  
Or sell yes in ha'porths as food for the dogs:  
Tareanages, you baste, I wish you may have in  
Aich of your hind legs the worst kind of spavin!  
And I pray from my sowl you may break both your  
knees.

Bad luck to your eye sight! you thafe, why thim  
trees

Will bate me to jelly! You murderin' villin,  
Will nothing contint ye but out and out killin'  
A poor honest boy? Thim, may every oat  
You ate for the future stick tight in your throat!  
If this is the way, you *blaguard*, you behave—  
You thafe of the world, may the devil recave  
Yourself an' your family. Och hone! by the powers,  
It's a beauty ye are! for a mortal two hours  
Myself has been here like a man on a rack!  
Here's wishing there isn't a bone in your back

But will warp with the rumatis! may the lumbago  
Stick tight to your carcase! may never a day go  
O'er your head but your teeth may be aching!  
An' could agues keep you eternally shaking!  
May corns prick your hoofs like three cornered  
daggers,

And every hour may a fit of the staggers  
Afflict you, you dirty contemptible varmint!  
It's yourself should be hanged for not hearing the  
sarmint

Was preached by Saint Patrick, that prince of be-  
lavers

Which bothered the sarpints and other desavers.

And may——"

Well a day!

A kick from the Pookah sent poor Darby flying  
Clean over his head; and while he was lying,  
Half killed by the tumble, the evil brute came  
And said, "Mister McMannus, you've just got this  
same

Small taste of a ride, as a bit of a warnin',  
To mind your own bis'ness. I'm mighty discarnin,  
And see you've begun at an ilegant rate,  
You robber! to dig up my private estate.  
But by this an' by that, if I catch you again  
Attemptin' to make the laste taste of a drain—  
If it's into my premises poking your nose is,  
I swear by the piper that played before Moses,  
You'll get such a kick as won't lave you a bone  
Any gentleman's son would wish for his own!  
So try it, my darlin', that is, if you dare;  
But remember, you swindler! I bid you beware!"

The Pookah was gone,  
Poor Darby alone,  
On a pitchy dark night,  
Was left in this plight.

His home was miles off; and limping and crawling  
He made for its door, where lustily bawling,  
He woke the good woman, and told the disaster  
Which thus had befallen her dear lord and master.

And from that very hour

There's no earthly power  
Could make Darby McMannus dig, drain, delve, or  
plow—

The bog which he owns is the "Pookah's bog"  
now.

HALF-A-DOZEN BULLS.—A merry evening party,  
in an English country town, were bantering poor  
Teddy about his countrymen being so famous for  
bulls.

"By my faith," said Teddy, "*you* needn't talk  
about that same in *this* place. You're as fond of  
bulls as any people in all the world, so you are—  
for in this paltry bit of a town you've got more  
public houses nor I ever seen wid the sign of the  
Bull over the doore, so you have. I'm sure I can  
count half a dozen of them."

"Pooh, nonsense!" cried the party. "That'll  
never do. What will you bet on that, Teddy?  
You're out there, my boy, depend upon it—we  
know the town as well as you, and so what will you  
bet?"

"Indeed, my brave boys, I'll not bet at all; I'm  
no better, I assure you—I should be worse if I  
were." This sally tickled his companions, and he  
proceeded: "But I'll be bound to name and count  
the six. There's the Black Bull."

"That's one. Go on."

"And the Red Bull."

"That's two. Go on."

"And the White Bull—and the Pied Bull."

"That's four. You can't go much farther."

"And there's the—there's—there's—the Golden  
Bull in—what's it street?"

"Well done, Teddy; that's five, sure enough;  
but you're short yet."

"Ay," said a little letter-carrier, who sat smirk-  
in the corner; "and he *will* be short, for there  
isn't one more, I know."

"And thim, remember," continued Teddy, care-  
fully pursuing his enumeration, "there's the Dun  
Cow."

At this, a burst of laughter fairly shook the room;  
and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling,  
amidst boisterous cries of "A bull! a bull!"

Looking serious at all around, Teddy deliberately  
asked, "Do you call that a bull?"

"To be sure it's a bull," they exclaimed.

"Then," said Teddy, "*that's the sixth.*"

## THE POTATO-CAN.

BY J. STIRLING COYNE.



"KIND or morose—urbane or surly reader! as the case may be, are you ready to accompany us in a stroll through the Strand?"

You shrug your shoulders doubtfully—

"The hour!"

"Well, it is not so late; St. Clement's clock has only chimed nine."

You thrust your face between the closely-drawn window-curtains of your luxuriously appointed snuggery, and peeping out on a raw foggy November night, through which the gas-lamps shine with a sort of fuddled brilliancy upon the wet flagways, reply by a shake of the head, and an affectionate glance at the bright burning fire in your grate,

"Pooh! never mind the night; light your cigar, and come with us; we are going character-hunting."

"Ah, that will be interesting. I place myself in your hands."

"Thanks, good reader. Now let us begone."

"*Allons!*—But where are we to seek for your characters?"

"Have I not told you?—in the Strand. We will cast out our nets at random, and trust me we shall soon bring up a curious specimen of the *genus homo* that will reward our trouble. Hark!"

"Tatoes hot!—all hot! hot! hot!"

"There; I said we should not be long till we had caught one. Listen to that cry!"

"Tatoes hot!—penny a-piece—all hot! hot! hot!"

"The performer is not far distant. There he stands by the pillar, under the archway that leads from Pickett street into Clement's Inn, the proprietor of the most popular Baked 'Tato-Can within the bills of mortality."

"You surely do not call this fellow a character?"

"Why not, my friend! I anticipate your objections: he may be somewhat too vulgar to figure in a legitimate comedy or a fashionable novel, but he is nevertheless a *character*; and humble though he be, he fills an important position in the social stratum to which he belongs. You that have been accustomed to the piquant *plats* of a French *cuisine* may probably despise the simple fare that he offers; but let me tell you there are worse things in the world on a frosty night than a piping-hot baked potato; and many a costly whitebait dinner at Blackwall has been eaten with less relish than an unpretending *murphy* from a Potato-Can."

Stand forth, then, thou "Soyer for the million," while we sketch thy portrait, and celebrate the flavor of thy Irish fruit, though the dignity of the subject might require a pen like his that made "The Groves of Blarney" immortal—

Oh! had I janus like that bould prater  
Lord Henry Brougham, or like Masther Dan,  
I'd surely be thy brave *can-tator*,  
And sing the praises of thy *tator-can*!

Here we can stand in the shadow of the spacious archway and observe him. The busy and eager throng that throughout the day filled the streets are gradually receding before new multitudes, as busy and as eager as those that have passed away. And so it is with the world; centuries sweep onward, as wave follows wave, and still the ceaseless human tide swells and rolls its living billows to the illimitable Ocean of Eternity. A new race of workers and idlers have succeeded to those that flowed through the veins and arteries of the City



in the morning—artisans from close workshops; clerks from dim offices or dingy warehouses; pale children of misery to whom night offers a friendly veil; and the numerous brood of crime and shame who live in the shadow of its ebon wings, are hurrying or loitering along. Here a serious party, returning from a Temperance Soirée, is jostled by a group of drapers' assistants, who are making an "Early Closing Movement" in the direction of the Casino. And there, a steady citizen, hastening to the bosom of his family, is nearly overturned by a lawyer's clerk rushing to the pit of the Olympic Theatre at half-price. Then what an indescribable medley of sounds fills the air! What clattering, rolling, screaming, whistling, singing, talking, laughing, and crying on all sides, mingled and confounded into one deep roar, amidst which the quick peculiar cry of our neighbor of the Potato-Can comes at round regular intervals on the ear—

"'Tatoes hot!—all hot! hot! hot!"

Observe with what intense admiration the group of urchins, who surround his locomotive kitchen, watch the slender jet of steam that issues from its diminutive safety-pipe, and wreathes its light drapey around the massive pillar against which he has established himself. We doubt whether "the Father of the Steam-Engine"—as some enthusiast in railways once called the ingenious Watt—ever excited so much interest by his monster offspring as the Baked 'Tato Man creates nightly in the minds and stomachs of the penniless investigators of the scientific principles of his simple cooking-machine.

But hold! a customer approaches—a youngster, rich in the sole proprietorship of a penny, which he has determined upon investing in "a jolly meally 'tator, with a shave of butter, and a shake of pepper—certingly." There is not much in the external appearance of the *gamin* to command respect; his cap is a deal too small for his head, and his bluchers a deal too large for his feet; the remainder of his incongruous habiliments seem to hang rather by complaisance than necessity to his body. Yet there is a certain confidence in the manner in which he thrusts his hands into a couple of wide chasms, originally intended for pocket-holes, in the garment he calls his trowsers, and a saucy independence in the way he juts out his elbows, that forces a conviction of his wealth, and procures for him the deference always paid to its envied possessor. The circle opens to admit the young *gourmand*, who, with a knowing wink of the eye, commences a sort of preliminary skirmish with the potato-vendor before he enters upon the serious business of ordering his supper.

"Well, guv'nor, I see you're a-keeping the steam up as usual. Vot's the lowest figure now for your werry best—takin' a quantity?"

"Penny a-piece—all hot!"

"Penny a-piece for baked 'tators, and the funds a-going down like winkin'! Why, I had a pineapple myself out of Common Garden this morning for two-pence. Trade's uncommon bad, Guv'nor."

"Penny a-piece—all hot—hot."

"There's a hoppelosition can, too, started by a gentleman at the corner of the Olympic Theyatre, 'The Halbert and Wictoria,' it's called. Isn't it a spicy concern? and don't they give prime 'tators there—real nobby ones, with plenty of butter. Oh! not at all! And 'tis so respectable, it's a pleasure for a gentleman, coming from the hop'ra, to stop and have a bit of supper there on his road

home. I des'say the proper-ietor is a-making of his fortune, and that he'll retire from business in a couple of years to his willa in the Regency Park."

This picture of his rival's prosperity irritates the owner of the original "*Victoria*" can, and he orders his tormentor to "move on, directly."

"Oh! werry likely. I'm a-standing here on Her Majesty's kerb-stone, expressing my opinions upon the pop'lar subject of 'tators, and consekvently shan't move on."

A murmur of applause runs through the juvenile circle for the spirited speaker.

"I don't want money or crédit, so look sharp, old fellow—open your can, and pick me up a stunner from the lot."

The potato-baker's countenance relaxes at the sight of an ostentatiously displayed penny-piece; and while he extracts a mealy tuber from his stock, the *gamin* goes through a series of sleight-of-hand performances with the coin—such as shaking it out of his cap after having swallowed it, or thrusting it into his eye and bringing it out of his ear; assuring the spectators, all the time, that he has spent two large fortunes, which have not yet come to him, in learning these tricks. Then he turns to the potato-man, and expressing his indignation at the ridiculously thin shave of butter inserted in his potato, demands to have the deficiency made up by an extra shake of the pepper-box; and having obtained it, makes his exit in one of T. P. Cooke's favorite hornpipe steps.

The *gamin* has scarcely departed, when a pale, elderly man in whose hollow cheeks want and misery have ploughed deep furrows, approaches timidly. His threadbare black coat is buttoned closely to his throat; he casts around him a quick, fearful glance to ascertain that he is not observed—hastily places his penny in the hand of the potato-baker, and receives in return one of the steaming esculents, with which, without speaking a word, he hurries away, to devour it in his fireless, lightless, solitary garret. That man—some fifteen years ago—was one of the "merchant princes" of London; his commerce extended to every quarter of the globe, and his credit was unimpeachable wherever his name was known. Luxury and ostentation, however, went hand in hand with affluence, and the vast wealth of L— was only equalled by the princely magnificence of his mansion, his equipage and his entertainments. But the fair wind of prosperity, which had so long filled his sails, at length shifted round—an extensive mining speculation, in which he had invested a large sum, proved a complete failure; this was followed by other heavy losses; but the credit of the house remained unshaken, and prudence and economy only were required to restore it to its former high position, when the railway mania burst forth, and spread like a contagion throughout the land. Amongst the most reckless adventurers was L—, who hoped by a brilliant *coup* to recover all that he had latterly lost. The sequel may be anticipated. When the monster bubble burst, L— found himself a ruined man. It would be painful to describe his subsequent career in the downward struggles of poverty, until, abandoned by the friends of his prosperity—family he had none—he sunk to his present miserable condition, the recipient of a niggardly allowance of a few shillings a-week from a distant relative—barely sufficient to keep him from the work-

house door. Thus slides the world! The Amphitryon whose epicurean dinners were praised by the most fastidious gastronomes, sups to-night on a baked potato, purchased with his last penny at a vulgar 'Tato-Can.

But, while we have been engaged with the misfortunes of the ruined merchant, another customer appears; a girl, rather short than tall—rather smart than pretty—rather fine than neat—rather voluble than persuasive—the maid-of-all-work from a lodging-house in Surrey street, who has been dispatched by Mr. Malachi Daly, the Irish law-student in the second floor, for a thundering big dish-full of his native fruit. Mr. Daly has invited his cousin, Tom Geoghegan of Ballydine, Counsellor Donnellan, Mat Burke of Kiltulla, and three or four more of the boys, to "a slight sketch" of a supper, consisting of a Wicklow ham (a present from his aunt Moriarty in Dublin), backed by a tea-tray full of oysters and the aforesaid dish of baked potatoes, with an unlimited allowance of whiskey punch—for the judicious manufacture of which a regiment of Kinahan's real LL quart bottles have been paraded on the chimney-piece, and the large metal kettle from the kitchen has been ordered to be kept perpetually boiling on Mr. Daly's own fire.

But here come new figures upon the scene; a young working man, clad in a stout flannel jacket, accompanied by his pretty-looking wife, have mingled in the group, and are evidently undecided whether the few pence they have determined to spend on some little luxury shall be devoted to

Baked 'Tatoes or to the Hot Mutton Pies of which a neighboring professor is boasting the delicious quality. A secret misgiving, perhaps, relative to the feline character of the Pie-material, induces them to give the preference to the productions of the Potato-Can.

A thickly-coated, short, fat man, with fine purply-tinted features, and little gray eyes twinkling beneath a pair of light bushy eyebrows, next bustles into the circle to light his cigar at the potato-vendor's lamp. That is the Chairman of a Charitable Society, who, in the true spirit of the benevolence which begins at home, has been dining with the Treasurer, Secretary, and Committee, at the London Tavern, at the cost of the Institution. A rich odor of charity and roast venison diffuses itself around him, and words of the warmest sympathy for human sufferings seem to hang upon his moist lip, till a poor shivering woman, who has been anxiously watching the countenances of the passers-by, ventures, in a subdued voice, to ask for a penny.

"Penny, be d—d! Go to the workhouse if you're hungry," replies the benevolent Chairman, puffing the smoke of his cigar indignantly before him as he shuffles off.

A miscellaneous crowd from the theatres now surround the Baked 'Tato Man—customers pour in, and we leave him with his hands full of business—trusting, as sermons may be found in stones, that something good may be extracted even from a Potato-Can.

## ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S FIRST LOVE.

ANON.

I WAS a lad of about seventeen, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which was done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy McLeary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg hurlers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithe-proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensigncy. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the almanack, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of the country, and would "bate the Curnel, ay, and the General, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Master Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return. I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock, about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly

look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing-parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connell, and pic-nics down the river to Carrick Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarrelling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whiskey punch down our throats. We flirted and jigged, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another; Susan had such lips, and Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry, in honor of the charms of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my tumbler of whiskey punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the muse, and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whiskey, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew;

and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine bills under my control. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to install her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, *vice* a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful legs, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small-pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her: one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honor forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loth, and only said, "Ah now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking." After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did, to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Mister Casey about the scullery story; and after exchanging three shots, (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best,) I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was never having him out.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one might see any where; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two,—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, "Juliana my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?" "Is it through the long grass, ma'am?" "Yes, Juliana, my love; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass." Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe. "Ah, now do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker, and thicker—till

at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when fortunately Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said "Stop!" and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning, at ten o'clock, for that famous citadel, Clare Castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel; but



Juliana requested me not, for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye, would have been unkind and unhand-some; so at nine next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant of the party who was to accompany me, to call at Arthur's Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessys. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound; and when Katty Lynch, the hand-maiden of my beloved, came to the door, and hesitated about admitting me, I darted by her, and entered the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the "genteel officers," at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whity-brown worsted stockings, that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel waistcoat. He was rasping the thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast cloth, which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor, and dabbed the shave into the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large colored cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing-gown; and she

was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks, and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana, — Juliana of my love — Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and his right grasping the razor — his amazement was so great that he could not stir a muscle. Mrs. Hennessy shifted her seat to the next chair, and the lovely Juliana Spring, throwing down the *Sorrows of Werter* with which she had been improving her mind, raised her fingers to get rid of the hair papers. Each individual would have taken to flight; but, unfortunately, the enemy was upon them, and occupied the only means of egress, except the little room, which it seems was the younker's den; so that, like many another body, when they could not run away, they boldly stood their ground.

I apologized for the untimely hour of my visit, and pleaded, as an excuse, that in half an hour I should be on my way to Clare Castle. My friends say that I have an easy way of appearing comfortable wherever I go, and that it at once makes people satisfied. In less than a minute Mr. Hennessy let his nose go; his wife wreathed her fat face into smiles; and Juliana Spring looked budding into summer, squeezed a tear out of her left eye, and blew her nose in silent anguish at my approaching departure.

Katty brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs; — the sweeps had been in the house — the child had been sick — Mr. Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the masons — Mrs. Hennessy herself had been "poorly" — and Juliana was suffering with a nervous headache. Such a combination of misfortunes surely had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still, Juliana was in grief, and between pity for her, and disgust at the color of the table cloth, I could not eat. Mr. Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned.

He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him a tall, loose-made fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat, and brown corduroys. I had never seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be. "Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend — "sit down, and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headache this morning." "Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by and by. Sure my darling niece

isn't sorry at going to be married." Here were two discoveries — Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to be married — to whom, I wondered? "O, Jerry! she will be well enough by and by," said her father. "But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue — let me introduce," etc. Accordingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw. "Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation." "Your relation, sir? I am not aware" — "Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connexion by marriage." — "I am not going to be married," said I. "You not going to be married?" "Not that I know of," I replied. "Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it — arn't you going to marry my niece, Juliana there?"

A pretty *dénouement* this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres's valor — so I answered, "I rather think not, sir." "Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father. "Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother. "Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but, by Saint Peter, you shall — didn't you propose for her last night?" "I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night" — I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm. "You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Kilballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up and locking the door. "If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr. Hennessy. "If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy. "If I do, call me fool," said I. "And I am unanimous," said a third person from the inner door. "The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family-circle; a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches, and gray pearl stockings — as he issued from the smaller apartment — how he got there I never knew. "Don't swear, young gentleman," said he. "I'll swear from this to Clare Castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover, by this and by that, and by every thing else, I am not in the humor, and I'll marry no one — good, bad, or indifferent — this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them. "Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings. "Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered. "You won't?" said old Hennessy. "You won't?" echoed the wife. "You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry. "That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare Castle; so good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season." "Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way" — and he disappeared into the small room.

The father sat down at the table, and began to write busily — the pearl-stockinged gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door — Juliana sat snivelling and blowing her nose by the fire — I sprang to the door, but it was not only double locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat-pocket. "You have dishonored me and my pedigree," said Jerry — if you

don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms." "Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "may-be the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document." I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused. "I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; "so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—if you don't, I'll pop you to Jericho." "Ah! do, now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother. I turned to the priest: "Sir, it seems that you then are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?" "*Batherashin*," interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your *come-heither* on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about; and if he don't, I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other. "Give me one of those pistols, you scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play." "Who would be the fool then I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadha-hawn* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you *spalpeen*?"

I seized the poker—Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms. "Ah! now Mr. O'Donoghue! dearest O'Donoghue!—dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond any thing. Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah! now, do!" "Ah! do now," said the mother. "Listen to me, now," cried I, "listen to me all of you, for fear of a mistake:—you may murder me—my life is in your power—and Father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were

dressed in Roache's five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself head-foremost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say, Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now, have you had an answer, Juliana Spring?"

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, levelled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring!—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan straight from Italy, and bought her a bran new forte piano from Dublin—O! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard! And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the Pride of the Quay? Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee? Wasn't that something? And you here late and early getting the best of every thing, and philandering with her every where—and now you won't marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear! oh dear!"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall-door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard sergeant O'Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers. I shouted to the sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me." "Then, by St. Patrick, your honor, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant. "Katty, shut to the door," roared Jerry.



Katty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, so was not so nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed the sergeant had thrust his halbert between the door and the post, which effectually prevented it closing. I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences; and immediately a charming sledge-hammer din was heard, as my men applied the butt-ends of their fire-locks to the wood. The attorney ran to the inner room, so did the priest,—and Jerry, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door, and in bounced my light-bobs. Mrs. Hennessy cried "fire" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran into the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was jumping from the window. Mr. Hennessy and the priest, in their hurry to escape, had impeded each other, so that uncle Jerry, who was last, had not time to fly be-

fore I clutched him. I dragged back the scoundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighborhood, my lads?" I asked. "Yes, sir, in the back yard," answered O'Gorman. "Then *don't* duck him!"—"No, your honor!" they all said. I walked out of the house; but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed; for uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life.

At the corner of the street, I waited for my party, who soon joined me. A few minutes afterwards, I met Casey. "Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring is at your service." "She may go to old Nick, for all that I care," said Casey. "With all my heart, too," said I. "Small difference of opinion to bother our friendships, then!" rejoined the good-humored boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the *calf-love*, by which we both had been stultified, we took a hearty stirrup-cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.

## AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

BY BENSON E. HILL.

DOCTOR W——, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken *garrons* used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill, and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed, when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.



The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his

tattered garment, than with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? a few paltry tinpennies! It's the gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah, don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone." His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, don't ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please; as sure as I'm *not* a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up: a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or may-be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now, it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch,—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron,—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do any thing I'd be sorry for,—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy —"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim,—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh

handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found, by its own gravity, a place of safety, he said—

“And now be off with you, and thank the blissed saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt.”

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry, he set off at what equestrians term a “hand canter;” scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

“Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!” roared the robber,—“stop, I tell you! I’ve a parting word with you yet.”

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said,—“And is it likely I’d let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you’ll be quit o’ me.”

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat,—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig,—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and, with a loud laugh, ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt by a few brief words the danger he had undergone. “My dear W——!” exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, “for heaven’s sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put on my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling.”

“That is more easily said than done, my love,” he replied; “I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left, me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!”

“Never mind your watch, or any thing else, just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch, if you persist in wearing it?”

“Take it off, dear papa,” observed the daughter, “but don’t throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the wretch who robbed you.”

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance,—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy, carrotty locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverend the Bishop of Cashel.



UPON BEING OBLIGED TO LEAVE A PLEASANT PARTY FROM THE WANT OF A  
PAIR OF BREECHES TO DRESS FOR DINNER IN.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Between Adam and Eve the great difference is,  
Though a Paradise each has been forced to resign,  
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,  
While, for want of my breeches, I'm banish'd from mine.

## DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

ANON.

ONE fine morning in May, I *tuck* the road from Inchebeglagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw lots of ships with big broad boards fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, these are about to run for a wager; this one sez she'll be first, and that one sez she'll be first. At any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I wint on board to ax the fare, who should come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own. "Och, is it yourself that's there, Ned," siz I; "are you goin' to Amerrykey?"

"Why, an' to be shure," siz he; "I'm *mate* ov the ship."

"Meat! that's yer sort, Ned," says I; "then we'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?"

"You're time enough," says Ned, "I'll tell you when we're ready for sae—leave the rest to me, Darby."

"Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broth ov a boy; for the sake of ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrap." So my jewel, Ned, brought me to where there was right good stuff. But when it came to three o'clock, I found myself mighty weak with hunger; I had got the smell ov corn beef an' cabbage that knock'd me up entirely; so I wint to the landlady, and siz I to her, "Maybee your leddyship id not think me rood by axin' iv Ned an' myself cou'd get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?"

"In troth, you can, an' welkim," siz she, an' she look'd mighty pleasant.

So, my darlin', dish an' all came up. "That's what I call a flaugholoch mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, an' how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage. Day after day, we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last, says he to me, one day after dinner—

"Darby, the ship will be ready for sae on the morrow—you'd betther go on board an' pay your way."

"Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you."

"Ah! Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the thrue one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way."

"O, Ned," siz I, "is this the way you're goin' to threat me afther all. I'm a-rooin'd man; all I could scrape together, I spint on you. If you don't do something for me I'm lost. Is there no place where you could hide me from the captain?"

"Not a place," siz Ned.

"An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov?"

"Och, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo's stow'd."

"An' is there no other place?" siz I.

"O yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks."

"An' Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?"

"Not a mother's sowl," siz he.

"An' Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, an' give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?"

"Why, Darby," siz he, an' he look'd mighty pitiful, "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're discover'd, it's all over wid me, an' you'll be put on a dissolute island to starve."

"O, Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me—never fear, Darby—I'll mind my eye."

When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me:—

"Now, Darby, what's to be done? we're within three days sail ov Quebec; the ship will be overhauled, an' all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money."

"An' is that all that frets you, my jewel?" siz I; "can't you lave it all to me? In troth, Ned, I'll never forget your hospitality, at any rate. But, Ned, what place is outside ov the ship?"

"Why, the sae to be shure," siz he.

"Och! botheration," siz I, "I mane what's the outside the ship?"

"Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it's called the bulwark."

"An' tundher an' turf!" siz I, "is it bulls that work the vessel along?"

"No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?"

"Why, I tell ye, Ned—get me an empty meal bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham bone, an' that's all I'll ax." So bedad, Ned looked very quare at me; but he got them for me anyhow.

"Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sae; do you cry out, there's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, an' lave all the rest to me."

"Well, to be sure, down into the sae I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roar'd out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass—"A man in the sae—a man in the sae." Every man, woman, an' child came running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—an' so thinkin' he was intint on shootin' me, down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what should I see but a boat rowin' to me, as fast as a throuth afther a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, "Bad scran to yeess, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived again like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhrag'd into the boat. To be sure I didn't kick up a row—"Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared, "it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissolute place, or be the powthers I'd



make you feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look I had to follow ye's at all, at all; which ov ye is the masther?" As I said this, every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, and the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointing to a little yallow man in the corner of the boat. "May bad weather rise blisters on your rapin-hook shins," siz I, "you yallow-looking monkey, but it's amost time for you to think of lettin' me into your ship—I'm here plowin' and plugin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a *thrawneen*, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three straws, as I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull;" so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sae agen.

'Darby Doyle.' "The sorra stop your throaths," siz I, "it's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowling like a tub in a mill-race the other day fornenst your faces." When they heard me say that, some ov them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work, till they most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captain does no more but runs to the book, and calls out the names that paid, and them that *wasn't* paid—to be shure I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with *wonderment*, he now looked with astonishment! Nothing was tawk'd ov for the other three days, but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed—

"I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer."

"De ye remember," sez another, "when Darby's



"An' pray what is your name, my lad?" siz the captain.

"What's my name! What 'id you give to know?" siz I, "ye unmannerly spalpeen—it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—aye, Darby Doyle, that was never afear'd or ashamed to own it, at home or abroad!"

"An' Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this, afther us?"

"That's more of your ignorance," siz I—"aye, an' if you sted three days longer, and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore; there's never a coroner in Cork iv you don't pay for leaving me to the marcy of the waves."

All this time, the blue chaps were pushing the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure, every one's mouth was wide open crying out

dog was nigh been drown'd in the great duck hunt, when Darby peel'd off an' brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours endways; and do ye remember when all the dogs gother'd round the duck at one time; when it wint down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for amost an hour—and sted below while the crathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak and hungry; and when every body thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue? (left hand.)"

Bedad, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captain wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms staring at poor Darby. At last, I called Ned.

"Ned avick," siz I, "I want to go about my *bis'nese*."

"Be easy, Darby," siz he, "havin't ye your fill of good ating, an' the captain's got mighty fond ov ye entirely."

"Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin' to sae?"

"Augh, ye omedhaun," siz Ned, "shure they are come to look at you."

Just as he sed this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face.

"You'll know me agen," siz I, "confound yer manners, and the schoolmasher that taught ye." But I thought he was going to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould of my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt, and look't at my breast.

"Pull away, mabouchal," siz I, "I'm no desarthur, at any rate." But never an answer he made, but walked down into the hole where the captain lived.

"This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what could that tallah-faced man mane?"

"Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin' to see iv* your fingers were webb'd, or had ye scales on your breast."

"Hiz impidence is grate," siz I; "did he take me for a duck or a bream?" But Ned, what's the meanin' ov the boords across the stick the people walk on, and the big white board up there?"

"Why, come over and read," siz Ned.

But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

'THE GREATEST WONDHER IN THE WORLD!!!  
TO BE SEEN HERE;

*A man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!*

He has swum from Cork to Amererrykey!!!

Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

*Admittance, Half a Dollar.'*

"Arrah, Ned, jewel," siz I, "does this mane your humble sarvint?"

"Sorra one else," siz he—so I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captain, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was afther starin' me out ov countenance.

"Pardon my rudeness, your honor," siz I, mighty polite, and making a bow—at the same time, Ned was at my heels—so, rising my foot, to give the genteel scrape, sure, I scraped all the skin off his shins.

"To the ould boy with your brogues," siz he.

"You'd better not curse the wearer," siz I, "or —"

"Oh! Darby," siz the captain, "don't be ungenteel, and so many ladies and gentlem'n lookin' at ye."

"The never another mother's sowl shall lay their peepers of me 'till I sae sweet Inchegeelagh agen," siz I; "bedad, you are doin' it well. How much money have ye gothered for my swimmin'?"

"Be quiet, Darby," siz the captain, and he looked very much frickenened, "I have plenty, and I'll have more for ye, iv ye do what I want ye to do."

"And what is it avick?" siz I.

"Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm afther bouldin' a wager last night with this gentlem'n, for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; and Darby, if you don't do that, I'm a gone man."

"Augh, give us your fist," siz I, "did you ever hear ov the sons of the sod desavin' any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves?"

"Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred."

So saying, he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life or me to see such a wondherful place, nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Bedad I was amost ashamed to ax the gentlem'n for the dollars. But siz I to myself agen—the gentlem'n has too much money; I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sae, for I often heard the sae was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow.

"Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But bedad, my jewel, it was only a bit ov paper he was handin' me.

"Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon thravellers," siz I, "I had bether nor that, and many more of them, melted in the sae; give me what won't wash out of my pocket."

"Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a marchant for the amount."

"Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath," looking round mighty respectful at the goold walls.

"Well, well, Darby," siz he, "you must have the real thing;" so, sure enough, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimney on my aunt, and cut her forred.

"Now, Darby," siz he, "you are a rich man, and you are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, and take a bottle ov wine." So, to please the gentlem'n, I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned.

"Captain," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevent any more from coming in to see Darby. Bring him up, or—as sure as a gun the ship 'ill be sunk."

"Come up, Darby," siz the Captin, smilin' wondherful pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tindher as iv I was a lady, or a pound of fresh butther in the dog days. When I got up, shure enough, I couldn't help starin'; such crowds ov fine ladies and yallow gentlem'n never was seen before in any ship. One of them, a little rosy-check'd beauty, whisp'd the captin somethin', but he shuk his head, an' then she came over to me.

"Darby," siz he, "I know an Irishman would do any thing to please a lady."

"In troth you may say that with your own purty mouth," siz I.

"Well, then, Darby," siz he, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sae."

"Och, an' they shall have them an' welcome," siz I.

"That's a good fellow," siz he, "now sthrip off." "Decency, Katty," siz I. But all to no use, I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race, and jump't ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they lookt on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I'd show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks in the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the tother side, and every one ran to that side; then I took a houl't of my two big toes, and making a ring of myself, rowled round like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'lieve I

opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs to me to come out, so I got into the boat, an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks, runnin' to shake hands wid me.

"Shure," says they, "you're the greatest man in the world!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *frying* in the wather for shame.

At last, the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captin lookin' very often at me. At last,

"Darby," siz he, "are you any way cowed? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls and catharacts."

"Can he, avic," siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby for that! But Captin, come here; is all my purvisions ready?"

"Are you bothered, neighbor?" siz I to him agin, mighty stiff.

"I reckon I'm not," siz he, as chuff as a bear.

"Well, then," siz I, "why didn't you answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we shwum to Keep Cleer, or the Keep ov Good Hope?"

"I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyein' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets.

"Well then, have ye any favorite place?" siz I.

"Now, I've heard a great deal about the island whers poor Bony died; I'd like to see it, iv I had any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there." But not a taste of a word could I get out ov him, good or bad—so off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gentlemen. Such cheerin' an' wavin' ov hats never was seen even at *Dan's* enthy into Dublin; an' then the row ov purty girls laugh-



don't let me fall short of a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things." An' who shou'd come up while I was tawkin' to the captin, but the chap I was to shwim with, and heard all I sed. Bedad! his eyes grew as big as two oyster shells. Then the Captin called me aside.

"Darby," siz he, "do you put on this green jacket an' white throwers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap."

"With all hearts, avic," siz I, "green for ever—Darby's own favorite color, the world over; but where am I goin' to, Captin?"

"To the shwimmin' place, to be shure," siz he.

"Here's at you, my hearty," siz I, and "the de'll take the hindmost." I was then introduced in due form to the shwimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yellow as a kite's foot.

"Tip us the mitten," siz I, "mabouchal," quite pleasant. Siz I to myself, I'm done—but, cheer up, Darby! if I'm not able to kill him, I'll frighten the life out ov him. "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" siz I, though bedad, if all was known, I was rightly nonplussed at the same time. But never a word he answered.

in' and rubbin' up against me, that I cou'd harly get on. To be shure, no one cou'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big lump ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a big ring to it. "Who! Darby," siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turned round to look at what thript me.

"What d' ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow.

"Why, Darby," says he, "that's an anchor."

"Have ye any use for it?" siz I.

"Not in the laste," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to."

"Maybe you'd give it to a body," siz I.

"An' welkim, Darby," siz he, "it's yours."

"Good luck to your honor, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the crathur hadn't as much as an anvil, but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad look to him. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shouldr when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow."

Bedad, the chap turned from yellow to white when he heard me say this; an' siz he to the gentleman that was walkin' by his side,

"I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel *myself*."

"An' murdher in Irish, if ye're yer brother, can't you send him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here man, take a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to your betther health, an' your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take.

"No force, avic," siz I, "maybe you think there's poison in it—an' takin' another glass myself—well, here's good look to us, once more. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avick?" siz I, mighty complisant.

"I reckon in another week," siz he.

So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave—"shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Keep of Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena!—shwim to Keep Cleer!—shwim with an anchor on his back! Oh! oh! oh! that'll never do for me."

## AN IRISH PRIEST IN FLANDERS.

FROM "HIGHWAYS AND BY-WAYS." BY T. C. GRATTAN.

COMING close after the scene I had left behind, few situations could be more favorable to that train of prosing philosophy which will force itself, when least called for, upon the observer who has nothing to do but think. I felt, accordingly, falling fast into a mingled labyrinth of metaphysics and morality, when my attention was caught by a figure approaching me from the most distant visible part of the rampart. I soon discovered it to be that of an old *religieux*; and, as I distinguished the flowing drapery of his black serge dress, his small cocked hat carried in one hand, his prayer book in the other, and the silvery locks which floated out from beneath his black leather skull-cap, I recognized him for the priest, whose interference with the drummers had attracted my attention during the chant of the *Te Deum*. After a time he stopped, and looked around him, and, his vision not being quite as sharp as mine, he seemed satisfied that he was alone and unobserved. He therefore folded the drapery of his cassock still closer to his person, put his hat more securely under his arm, opened his missal, threw a glance towards heaven, crossed himself, and began to read. His devotion was instantaneous and intense. So much so that he passed close enough under the branch of the tree against which I leaned, to admit of the rain drops pattering upon the page, without his observing me or appearing sensible to the falling moisture. He took several short turns in this abstracted mood, muttering aloud his pious and rapid invocations; and I at length, from an impulse of curiosity, or something less frivolous perhaps, resolved to break in upon his occupation and accost him. I accordingly, after a forced cough sufficiently loud to excite his observation, took off my hat, and addressed him in the respectful tone habitual, I suppose, to every one who approaches age and piety, yet with a manner verging sufficiently on the familiar to show that I meant something more than a mere passing salutation. He stopped short, looked full upon me an instant, as if striving to recollect my face, closed the book, and replied to my address in terms of simple civility and with a benevolent air. The first step thus taken, I really did not well know how to make a second; and I felt that momentary embarrassment likely enough to follow in actual breach of the ice—the common illustration of such a case. My old companion, however, was one of the last persons in the world with whom a man might be subject to a fit of awkwardness. He had not an atom of the feeling which makes some people take pleasure in seeing others ill at ease with themselves. He was

too humble in heart to imagine himself for an instant an object of restraint on any one; and more happily still, he had a fluency of thought and tongue which was of all things the most convenient for allowing those he talked with to recover their self-possession. He therefore completely took the lead in the colloquy; and his loquacity flowed on for some time in a quiet stream of commonplace remarks, on the weather and other topics of conversational trade, which every one may deal in without much sense or any license.

In the very short replies which I here and there edged in, there was no room for a betrayal of my foreign pronunciation; but I had no sooner uttered half-a-dozen sentences together, in the way of commentary on some twenty or thirty which he had poured forth consecutively, than he made corresponding pauses of foot and tongue, and laying his hand gently on my arm, he looked steadily for a moment in my face, and asked me if I were not English. I made an assenting bow, which he replied to by a nod of the head, a "hem," and a half-smothered sigh that sounded hoarsely hollow as it escaped him. He stepped on at a brisker pace than before, occasionally shaking his head, uttering such imperfect sounds as the one just described, and striking his hand at times against his thigh and his breast. It was evident that some painful feeling was laboring within, and from a sharp observation of the workings of his countenance, I saw that but very little excitement was wanting to make him give vent to his emotions in a fit of passion or a flood of tears. Not willing to lead him into such betrayal of weakness, I endeavored to resume the thread of our discourse, without weaving a web for his irritability; and I calmly remarked, that I was conscious of the many causes for animosity between his nation and mine.

"My nation!" retorted he, with emphasis; and then, after a short pause, his countenance taking a melancholy expression, and his eyes filling up brim-full, he added—"Do me the pleasure, my dear sir, not to use so insulting an epithet in allusion to the miserable colony which my country now is of yours."

I did not know which to be most surprised at in this speech,—the strong feeling of political sensibility, so uncommon in the priesthood, or the deep acknowledgment of national degradation, so unusual in Frenchmen of any class. Determined to bind up the self-inflicted wounds of my companion's pride, I began a train of such soothing observations, as were likely, I thought, to effect that ob-

ject. I ventured some remarks upon the native richness of the country in soil and productions—the bravery of its men—its historical recollections—and I should have gone much farther had not the priest abruptly stopped me with—"For the love of God, sir, cease! I do not think you mean to hurt my feelings, but this is a weak point with me. I am old and hot tempered, and can little bear to think of the fertile fields of my country trampled down by English soldiers, nor of her brave youths fighting for English pay against her, nor of her historical recollections, darkened over by divisions and disgrace—this is a theme I cannot talk or think on calmly."

He spoke this with a vehemence that seemed quite to carry him away. His gray eyes flashed fire, and his white hair shook wildly with the rapid motion of his head. His words came out thick and obstructed, and his accent, which was in the former part of our conference particularly pure, and even elegant, was changed by his emotion into something boisterous and coarse. I gazed on him with wonder, for even his physiognomy struck me as no longer the same. There was a turbulent vigor of expression more strong than the fire of French vivacity; and his quivering lip and strained muscles spoke a language less refined than the civilized contortions of French features. Altogether, his person, his gestures, and above all, the words that escaped him, reminded me more of a country then far away from me, than of that in which I was placed at that time. The whole scene brought full upon my mind the memory of my native land; and the reader must excuse the egotism which openly avows what my scribblings have no doubt long since sufficiently betrayed, but which never struck the old priest as a fact, until I formally confessed it to him. As soon as he seemed recovered enough to comprehend me, I exclaimed, "Ah! my good Father, you know not what a chord you have touched. In portraying the temporary degradation of your own country, you have but too truly depicted the long enduring wretchedness of mine. And had I been addressing your words to another, he would not have doubted that I rapidly sketched the outlines of Ireland's woe-worn portrait."

While I began this sentence, his looks flashed wildly again, but as I ended, a fixed stare of surprise, accompanied by a relaxation of feature, took place of his former angry sternness of mien. "I don't exactly understand you," said he eagerly; but recovering in a degree his former tone and accent, "you told me you were an Englishman—didn't you?" "I certainly did, good father, tacitly acknowledge your conjecture as to my nation; but you know there is no distinction for us here; we are all English on the Continent; but I am, I must confess it—an Irishman."

Scarcely was this last word uttered by me, when—how shall I express my astonishment—the old priest started back—then, throwing aside both hat and prayer book, sprang forward,—opened his arms—flung them around my neck—burst into tears;—and with a broad, rich, genuine Irish brogue, exclaimed in English, that bore no taint of *foreign* accent, "An Irishman—an Irishman! you an Irishman! and I after taking you all the while for English—for an enemy! Oh murther, murther, it's too bad entirely. For the love of Jassus forgive me my jewel—my heart's chuck full of joy and sorrow. An Irishman! Oh the devil a doubt of it—long life

to your potaty face, it spakes for you plain enough! an Irishman! Oh murther, murther!"

Great as was his surprise, it could not have equalled mine, although its expression was somewhat more extravagant. I found it hard to reconcile my belief to the evidence of the metamorphosis which I witnessed; and I fear I shall have a difficult task, to persuade my readers of the reality of the scene. The change was complete, not only of tone and manner, but it seemed also of character and appearance. The pure French accent and suavity of diction, and the polished air and bearing of a perfect gentleman, were at once converted, as if by magic, into the sweeping overflowings of Hibernian rusticity and warm-heartedness. Both characters seemed equally his in all the shades of their wide distinction; the one not for an instant blending with the other, and each adapted to him in its turn, as if no other could by possibility be his. It was quite marvellous to me, and I gazed on him as a kind of phenomenon.



After he had embraced a dozen times, uttering at every pause incoherent sentences of astonishment and delight, I recovered myself sufficiently to demand some explanation of this double transformation. "Why at least," says I, "did you not address me in English, when I acknowledged myself to be a British subject?"

"What! do you think then," replied he with warmth, "that I would demean myself so far before an Englishman, as to speak his language, and to proclaim myself his slave, when I could talk French and avow myself his enemy!"

"But when you addressed me you evidently spoke of Ireland, and felt only for her!"

"Troth, that's true enough, aghra! but I had the pleasure all the while of cutting the cold heart of a Sassanach, without plainly telling him he was my master; and, after all, France is little better nor Ireland nowadays. They sarve her as they please, and as she well deserves, to tell the truth of it—but one doesn't like to confess that these English have right on their side any way."

The bitter tone of this speech told as plainly as the words the inveterate hatred of the simple and honest-minded speaker; and as our conversation warmed, I came into the gradual knowledge of the peculiarities of his situation, and the singleness of his heart. The wonderful contradiction of his manner, when viewed in the different aspects which I have attempted to show to my readers, was easily accounted for, when I learned that he had left Ireland fifty years before, at the age of fifteen, and had ever since that time lived entirely in France; inhaling, with the prejudices of the country, continual nutriment for those more properly his own, and, while acquiring a perfect knowledge of the language, not losing one tone peculiar to his native utterance and accent; his manner of acting as well as speaking had become quite French, while his habits of thought and feeling were still strictly Irish. Some peculiar faculty of memory allowed him to learn a new language, without in the least degree losing the old; and he presented the most extraordinary instance of a double identity that ever came under my observation.

There was one peculiar characteristic about him which was ludicrous in a high degree. While speaking French, his words seemed culled with the minutest variety of selection, and not a syllable crept in that bore the slightest relation to impiety or freedom of speech. When he spoke English, every sentence was thickly larded with phrases of the lowest rank in the diction of Ireland, and with oaths of the very coarsest kind. The fact was, that he spoke the first language as it had been taught him in a convent, and the latter as he had learned it in bogs and mountains. The one had all the restraint and elegance of the art, the other the untutored energy of nature. In Ireland he had been little better than a peasant; in France he became a gentleman; and I could dwell, for page after page, in efforts to describe and account for the facility with which he preserved and shifted each distinctive character—like a man slipping from his fustian shooting-jacket into his silk dressing-gown, and seeming equally at home in each.

I am almost ashamed to confess my regret that I cannot commit his oaths to print; because I feel that my samples of his conversation lose more than half their flavor deprived of those coarse exclamations, which he uttered quite unconsciously, and which, from him, were as harmless as the softest lisps of innocence. I may, at least, *salvo pudore*, give some of his less offensive quotations, with his peculiar translations of them,—for he was a poet as well as a priest.

"Oh, my darling!" exclaimed he, with a thundering oath; "never—never forget your country, or abandon her in distress. High or low, rich or poor, on fut, or a-horseback, remember the parent that bore you.—"

*Antiquam exquirite matrem.*

Seek out your old mother,  
You'll find no such another.

That's *Ireland*,—ould Ireland, my darling, as she is called nowadays; or, Inisfail, Inisailga, Jerna, Juverna, Iris or Erin, as our forefathers, the Milesians, used to call her in other and better days than ours. You'll never forget her, will you?" continued he, with great earnestness.

"I hope I never shall, my good father," replied I, scarcely able to repress a smile which seemed to

rise to my lips, from a mixed feeling in which pleasure was predominant.

"*Hope* you won't! be sure of it, my jewel, if you'd expect good luck in this unfortunate world. No good can come of a man that forgets his own country, abroad or at home. Remember what Horace told us,

*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*

They change their skies, but not their hearts,  
Who cross the seas to foreign parts.

"Remember that, aghra; and don't be worse nor the Romans. You wouldn't, would you?"

"No, not willingly," said I.

"Not at *all*, you mean" cried he briskly; "don't be saying the thing by halves. Let patriotism be patriotism, out and out. It never does no good when it's split into halves. Remember that we're scattered over the face of the world, true enough,—driven out of our beautiful island,—banished from the greenest spot on earth.—"

*Nos patria fines, et dulcia linquimus arva.*

We quit our beautiful country's bounds,  
Like hunted hares before the hounds.

But that's no *raison* why we shouldn't come round to our *forms* again. Saint Patrick forgive me! (and Virgil too!) for a free translation and a joke, at the cost of my country and eclogue the first. But the joke's a bitter one; and what's worse, it's a true one, God help us!"

Such, with the exception of the oaths, which my companion unconsciously volleyed forth, and which I listened to with fear lest the ramparts might echo them to some scandal-catching ear, was the general tenor of an hour's discourse. If the patriotism of the honest creature I conversed with ever slumbered, it did so like a hare with his eyes open, and was in an instant ready to spring forth at the slightest excitement. Country was with him indeed a fertile soil, and brought forward, at each mention, a plentiful crop of quotations and translations, the most distorted and ludicrous. He cited, without mercy, Tacitus, Camden, and the venerable Bede, Rhodogonus, Stanihurst, Giraldus Cambrensis, and all other writers, ancient and modern, upon Ireland, to prove what was never, I believe, doubted,—that "her soil was the most fertile and least productive, her position the most favorable and least advantageous, and her people the most governable, and the worst governed, of any in the world."\* From these, and other points of a general nature, he branched off into occasional mention of personal concerns, connections, and adventures; gave ancestral sketches of his family, from the days of Milesius down to those of his own father and namesake, Mister Dennis O'Collogan, of Sheelanabawn; and made himself acquainted with as much as I knew of *my* family, which was just enough to convince him that its comparative mushroom growth, its English origin, and above all, its religion, were barely sufficient to give me the title of an Irishman by courtesy, but no more *claim* to it than a man whose birth, parentage, and education had been confined to an island in the Indian Archipelago.

Two circumstances connected with this subject gained me, however, a degree of favor in his eyes, which common causes could never have produced. The first was, when in answer to his inquiry—"If

\* Sicily may be excepted.

I had ever heard tell of the Bog of Allen?" I replied, that I had been born, or at least nursed, upon its borders;—that the whistling of the wind across its brown bleak breast, and the shrill cries of the curlews that sprung from its heather into the skies, were the first sounds that impressed themselves upon my recollection,—that the blackened ruins of Castle Carbery, rising far upon its skirts, were the earliest objects on which my memory seemed to have reposed;—and that its fragrant wild-flowers and mossy banks had been many a time my pillows in the dreamless sleep of infancy. The next matter which endeared me to the friendship of Father O'Collogan, was the mention of my *name*. He was too well informed on the affairs of Ireland not to feel that it had been naturalized there, by nearly half a century of connexion with all that concerned the country's good; and he did honor, for its sake, to one who bears it with a pride that is deeply blended with humility.

The result altogether of our conference was an invitation from Father O'Collogan to dine with him in his private lodging; and I felt myself both inclined and entitled to accept of his hospitality.

"This is the house," said my inviter, as he stopped before a wretched-looking habitation, in a narrow lane close behind the church.

"Do you live *here*, my good sir?" asked I.

"Where else would I live but in my own lodging?" answered he, in the Irish fashion; and tucking up his cassock high above his knees, he stepped over the thick puddle which lay stagnant before the entrance, mounted the half-dozen broken steps leading up to it, and then sidled his broad shoulders through the little passage which led into the dark recesses of the place. I observed him to cross himself as he went in; and, looking up, saw in a niche over the porch, in which there was no door, a little image in plaster of Paris, representing a female with a child in her arms, daubed all over with red and green paint, decked in some tarnished fringe and faded silk for drapery, and a bunch of twisted leaves around the head, withered and wasted into a mockery of what once was flowers. On a stone tablet beneath was carved in the rudest possible chiselling,

Si l'amour de Marie est dans ton cœur grave  
Bon chrétien arrête, et lui dire un Ave.

I afterwards learned that this caricature of the virgin and her babe was placed as a protection from the attacks of robbers, and was supposed of sufficient efficacy to supply the place of a door; and I have since frequently observed that these effigies are almost invariably to be seen placed on dwellings where no temptation to robbery could exist, or where a rational defence was beyond the purchase of the inhabitants.

I worked my way along the ragged floor of the passage, following closely on the heels of my conductor, whose tall figure and outstretched arms were just visible as he groped along.

"Take care of the steps, my jewel," cried he, as I stumbled up the first of a flight of stone stairs which he was rapidly ascending.

"I'll take care of *myself*, if I can," replied I, laying hold of the crazy banisters with one hand, feeling my way against the wall with the other, and following as quickly as possible the strides which he was making upwards. The sunbeams glimmer-

ing through the dimness of a sheet of brown paper on an unshashed window-frame over the first landing place, enabled me to proceed more securely on the ascent, which long habit had rendered so familiar to the priest's touch, as to make light quite unnecessary to him. He seemed to have no notion of my knowledge of the place being more limited than his own; and he neither made apology for its miserable appearance, nor used ceremony in our occupation of it.

On the third, which was indeed the attic story, he paused, and taking from his pocket a key of most unwieldy dimensions, and the rudest specimen of French manufacturing clumsiness, he opened a door, and invited me to walk into his *apartment*, as he called it. I entered, and took my place on one of three crazy rush-bottomed chairs, which, with a rickety table and a small old-fashioned carved *secrétaire*, formed the visible furniture of the room. A faded green striped curtain hanging before a recess, concealed, as I afterwards found out, a *lit de sangle*, that is, a bedstead of the meanest construction, which, covered with bedding perfectly corresponding, composed the couch where the worthy tenant of the garret passed nights of pure tranquillity that monarchs might have envied. A couple of coarse prints of our Saviour and the Virgin were fastened with wafers against the white-washed wall; a boxwood crucifix stood upon the mantel-piece; three or four torn books lay on a shelf in the corner; and a *preparation* for fire-lighting filled the hearth, in the shape of two small pieces of wood with some shavings, supported behind by an apparently substantial log, which my accustomed eye soon however detected for one of those stone imitations of faggots known by the name of *Buches Economiques*. The only window of the room was placed in a position the most disadvantageous to the common purpose of a window, for it was directly facing the high wall of the old church, and instead of admitting the rays of the sun and a view of the heavens, it only displayed the discolored stones of the tottering edifice, and a couple of those hideous faces, neither of men nor beasts, which topple grinningly over the parapets of Gothic structures.

"Well, my darling," cried Father O'Collogan, rubbing his hands and looking hospitality personified, "you see I'm snug enough here, and heartily welcome you are to the share of it. It isn't much that a man wants in this dirty world, and in troth, I've nothing to complain of; I'm comfortable and content. Would you like me to light the fire? Not that the day's cowl at all, at all—but may be you'd like a bit of a blaze?"

Before I could answer this question, put in so very questionable a way, a gust of wind forced in the leaves of old books which were substituted for more than one square of broken glass in the window; and these paper panes fluttering and flapping against the frame, answered more plainly than I could.

"Well then, bad luck to that thievish *spalpeen* of a glazier, that won't come and put putty on this paper to keep it in its place! One would think it was a windy day, but it's nothing at all more nor a little breeze that's just turning the corner of the steeple—but maybe you're cowl'd? Would you like a fire, agra?" said the priest.

"Why, faith, sir," answered I, "I think a cheerful blaze in the chimney would not be amiss."

"And why didn't you say so?" cried he briskly, opening at the same time a drawer in the little table, and taking out a tinder-box. "There's nothing aisier, nothing in the world," continued he, hammering a flint against a broken segment of an old horse-shoe. His tinder at length caught the spark, and he immediately lighted a match and applied it to the shavings, which as quickly sent out a volume of thick smoke that was met half way up the chimney by "the little breeze," which rolled it back in suffocating volleys into the room.

"Why then the devil fetch that dirty little black-guard of a sweep," exclaimed my host, "that nothing can get him to claim that chimney! but it's well the glazier did not mend the window after all, for if he did, we must have been obliged to open it. It'll all pass out of the broken panes immediately, my dear; don't be unaisy. I know the ways of the place. Would you just excuse me for five minutes, while I go into the closet to take off my things, and all will be right by and by?"

I bowed consent, and he opened a door that admitted him into a little place, which seemed about the depth of a common-sized cupboard; and while changing his dress, he left me to ruminate in the smoke, on the comparative demerits of glaziers and chimney-sweepers, currents of air, and ill-constructed funnels. My reflections would probably have taken a turn somewhat more solid and tangible, had not their progress towards condensation been interrupted by the re-appearance of my host, who very quickly emerged from his retreat. His alteration of costume rather startled me at first glance, for he seemed once more to have changed with it his character. But a minute or two, convinced me that I now saw him in his primitive original aspect, stripped of the fifty years' disguise, that stood with regard to him in that secondary and artificial position, which, according to the proverb, use does to nature. He had carefully hung his hat and cassock on a peg in his dressing closet, his black leather cap upon another, his high brass-buckled shoes also were deposited on their respective hooks in the partition wall, as well as the cravat and band which had completed his professional attire. He now appeared in a short skirtless jacket of coarse brown woollen, with pantaloons of the same, serving also for stockings, and covering his feet, which were moreover garnished with a worn-out pair of stained cloth slippers, the original color of which it was beyond my skill to distinguish. His white locks flowed unconfined upon his shoulders, and his open shirt collar showed a throat still stout and muscular, and the broad bony chest covered thickly with curled gray hair. There was a flush on his gaunt furrowed cheeks, which seemed to emanate from the same feeling that sparkled in his eyes, and though the feeling might seem to a stranger one of reckless tumult or wild outrage, I saw that it was clearly a blended love of country, and delight in hospitality; the genuine union of national and domestic warmth, so rarely to be found and so hard to be appreciated. His figure and mien, taken altogether, were as far removed as possible from any theological associations, and he only wanted a shillelah brandished in his hand, to give a perfect notion of an Irish patriarch, leading on his clans to a banquet, or a battle, indifferent as to which.

The smoke, after having performed sundry vapory evolutions under the opposing influences of the chimney and the window, was now quickly tak-

ing its regular road to evaporation; and while the priest saw it clearing off, he rubbed his hands together and smiled joyously, taking a chair beside mine, and telling me ten times over that I was "heartily, heartily welcome." In a minute or two he started up, as if just recovering the trace of some fugitive thought, opened the room door, and in all the civility and mildness of the French language and accent, called upon Madame Genevieve, his next neighbor on the same landing-place, requesting her "to have the complaisance to occupy herself about preparing his dinner, of which a friend was going to partake, if it did not put her to any inconvenience." Madame Genevieve replied that "she was always ready for the service of *le bon Pere Denis*, and that the soup should be on the table in ten minutes." This announcement from her shrill voice was followed by the appearance of her shrivelled face and form, as she tottered in, bent almost double by age, infirmity, and the weight of a coarse brown table-cloth and a couple of napkins. The table was soon arranged by the old priest and his faithful friend and serving woman, who had prepared his frugal meals and attended to his desolate chamber for more than twenty years. Her next entry into the room was with a large earthen pot, called in France a *marmite*, which she deposited by the fire, while she went out again to complete the omelet, for the making of which the said *marmite* was removed from her fire to ours. I knew this was *jour maigre* for the worthy priest, and, as a tureen of onion soup was quickly smoking on the table, I was rather puzzled to divine what were the contents of the pot, until their boiling furiously up against the lid forced it to one side, and I discovered, amidst the foam of the agitated water, a quantity of large potatoes, dancing in the bubbling element, and bursting their skins, as if they laughed in concert with the emotion.

"My good Father," cried I, not a little pleased at this plentiful specimen of our national food, "I see you have not lost your Irish taste."

"God forbid that I did!" replied he, "no, no, my dear child, there's no fear of my losing the taste of any thing Irish, for I've the smack of the potatoes, and the flavor of the turf just as fresh upon my palate this minute as the day I sailed from the Cove of Cork. Sit over—sit over to the table, my jewel—Madame Genevieve will be after draining the potatoes while we're aiting our soup."

These operations were duly performed, and when our part was finished, the old woman placed her pyramid of *pommes de terre au naturel* in the centre of the table.

"Ah, there they are, the smilers, smoking and mailey!" exclaimed the priest. "There they are, just quite as natural as if they came out of my poor old father's cabbage garden at the fut of Castle Carbery. Why then doesn't this put you in mind of Ireland? upon my salvation, it warms the heart in my body, that's no lie that I tell you. Och! that's the real way to dress potatoes—there's none of your *frites* or *purees*, or *maitres d'hotel*, but plain honest downright thumpers, bursting out through their skins, and crying 'come ait me, come ait me,' like the little pigs with the knives and forks in them."

But I cannot afford more room to a detail of our repast, nor of my host's discourse. The homeliness of both possessed a considerable relish for me; and the natural bearing of the priest while I par-





took of his humble fare, and listened to his coarse phraseology, put me completely at my ease, because it convinced me that he was perfectly at his.

When we had finished the soup, the omelet, a bit of salt fish, and the "biggest half of the potatoes," as my host expressed it, he stood up and produced from the bottom of a little press in the wall, a bottle covered with dust, and about half full of a colorless liquid. While he proceeded to break off the sealing-wax which thickly covered the cork, I saw the tears rush into his eyes, as his countenance became evidently agitated.

"Well then," cried he, "it's a thought that suddenly struck me, and sure it isn't a bad one;—yes, yes, by my sowl, you shall drink share of it, you shall, and you're the first man that has so much as smelt it, for two-and-twenty years. There—smell it;—what is it, do you think? do you know what it is now—eh?"

I smelt it and tasted accordingly, and found that this treasure was nothing more nor less than some exquisite old whiskey, possessing the fine flavor of the peat smoke with which all the illicit spirits made in Ireland are impregnated.

"Ha!" exclaimed I, "this is indeed a treat. How did you come by this, my good father?"

"Never you mind how I came by it, but make yourself a tumbler—Madame Genevieve will give us hot water and sugar immediately. How I came by it is a long story—but we'll drink to the memory of him who gave it to me, any how; God rest his innocent sowl!"

There was a tone of deep grief in the utterance of this phrase, and I saw the big tears rolling rapidly down the old man's cheeks.

"Aye, aye, rowl away, rowl away," cried he, bitterly apostrophising the falling drops, and dashing them off with his hand—"it's right that my old heart should weep drops of blood if possible, instead of salt water—but even that's not wanting to keep my sorrow fresh—rowl away, rowl away!"

My curiosity being powerfully excited by these words, I ventured to ask who had been the lamented friend whose memory caused him such grief.

"Why, my jewel, he was nothing but a *garde-du-corps*; what you'd call in English, one of the body guard of unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. But he was my friend, and a real gentleman bred and born—of as ancient a family, as pure blood, and as brave a heart as any king in Christendom—that's what he was; and the devil such another he left behind him. Here's long life to his memory, which will never die while there's life in this old body, any how."

"I pledge your melancholy toast, my dear sir," said I, "without knowing even the name of your lamented friend."

"His name was Cornelius," said the priest solemnly, "that is, his Christian name; as to the other, it is not convenient nor necessary to expose an old and honorable family, though he took good care, poor creature, that his body should be as free after death as his mind was while he lived—the Lord have mercy upon his unfortunate sowl!"

It would be impossible to convey any notion to my readers of the deep-sounding sensibility which breathed in these expressions, or of the proof which the speaker's manner afforded, how natural feeling can overwhelm every impression of the ludicrous or vulgar. A high priest in his pontificals could not have pronounced an invocation in a strain of eloquence more effective than the simple exclamation of my uncassocked host. The faint light of a solitary lamp, and the moaning of the wind through the turrets and angles of the church outside, were in keeping with the train of feelings excited by the looks and words of the priest, and they were altogether more solemn than might appear natural to their abrupt development, or even the subject they were linked with.

A few minutes were passed in deep silence, during which the lips of my companion betrayed by their motion the prayers which he half felt and half uttered. I was intently observing the workings of his countenance, when the deep tone of the church bell roused him up. He started from his seat, exclaiming, "The vesper bell! I must leave you, my dear child, for awhile, by yourself—I am

rather past my time as it is—but I'll not be long, and you must amuse yourself with this bottle of whiskey and your own thoughts. When I come back, I'll tell you more about poor Cornelius,—but stop, may-be you'd like to *read* something about him in the mean time, would you?"

"You have deeply interested me for your friend," replied I; "and I shall hear or read any thing about him with no common anxiety."

"Well, then, open that *secrétaire*," said he, "you'll find several bundles of letters and papers in both prose and verse, written partly of him, and to him, and by him. You may turn them over and over; yours is the first eyes that have looked upon them, barring my own, since the poor fellow tied them up himself in the bundle there. I'm afraid they're rather mouldy and moth-eaten, but you'll see for yourself. God bless and preserve you, my honey, till I come back to you, any how."

No sooner had the priest quitted the room, than I took possession of the large packet of manuscripts from the *secrétaire*, brought it over to the table, placed a fresh log upon the fire, trimmed the

little lamp, and was beginning to read, when the door opened, and he suddenly re-appeared. "That's right, my jewel," cried he, "make yourself snug and cozy, and read away until I come back to you—but I'm just stepped in again to tell you that Madame Genevieve will make up a bed for you on the chairs to-night—a shake-down, as we say in Ireland—you can't think of laving the house, for it's raining cats and dogs outside in the street, so make yourself snug and cozy, mind what I tell you—and mix another tumbler."

"My dear sir," exclaimed I, "I cannot consent to give you and your old woman all this trouble—really—"

"Hould your tongue, hould your tongue, I tell you. Your trouble's my pleasure, and Madame Genevieve's too; so no more's to be said about it—good evening to you."

With these words, he disappeared once more, and I betook myself again to my new studies, not at all sorry at the prospect of passing my night in company with the MSS., however bad my accommodation.

## MISS BIDDY'S EPISTLES.

FROM "THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS." BY THOMAS MOORE.

WHERE *shall* I begin with the endless delights  
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—  
This dear busy place, where there's nothing trans-  
acting  
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!

Brother Bobby's remark t' other night was a true  
one;

"This *must* be music," said he, "of the *spears*,  
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run  
through one!"

No—never was known in this riotous sphere  
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my  
dear,

So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,  
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic  
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,  
And composing a fine rumbling base to a colic!

But the dancing—*ah, parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de ça*—  
There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but Papa.  
Such beauty—such grace—oh, ye sylphs of ro-  
mance!

Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has  
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can  
dance

Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!  
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature!—you'd swear,  
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,  
That her steps are of light, that her home is the  
air,

And she only *par complaisance* touches the  
ground.

And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels  
Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,  
Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,  
That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from  
heaven?

Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,  
So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I,  
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh  
To make love to me then—you've a soul, and can  
judge  
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy  
Fudge!

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart  
in),  
They call it the play-house—I think—of Saint  
Martin;

Quite charming—and *very* religious—what folly  
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,  
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,  
The Testament turn'd into melo-drames nightly;  
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,  
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.  
Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold defiance  
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions,  
While pretty young Israelites dance round the  
Prophet,

In very thin clothing and *but* little of it;—

Here Bégrand, who shines in this scriptural path  
As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic  
Of drapery round her, comes out of the bath  
In a manner that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic*!

But, in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to  
recite  
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night,  
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad  
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt  
If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out  
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,  
And rattle you down, Doll—you hardly know  
where.

These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through  
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.

Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether  
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a  
match;

In an instant you're seated, and down both together,  
Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch!  
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd  
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who em-  
bark'd,

The impatience of some for the perilous flight,  
The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and  
fright,

That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you  
can—

A fine sallow sublime sort of Werter-faced man,  
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so  
oft)

The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,  
As hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or  
A something between Abelard and old Blucher!  
Up he came, Doll, to me, and, uncovering his head,  
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,  
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—  
Just for von little course"—though I scarce under-  
stood

What he wish'd me to do, I said, thank him I  
would.

Off we set—and though, faith, dear, I hardly knew  
whether

My head or my heels were the uppermost then,  
For 'twas like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming to-  
gether—

Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.  
And oh! as I gazed on the features and air  
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,  
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair  
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,  
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a  
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara!

This achieved, through the gardens we saunter'd  
about,

Saw the fireworks, exclaim'd "magnifique!" at  
each cracker,

And when 'twas all over, the dear man saw us out,  
With the air, I will say, of a prince, to our *fiacre*.  
Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be mere  
folly—

But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?  
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of  
Prussia,

Who's here now incog.—he, who made such a fuss,  
you

Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff,  
When Sal was near-kissing old Blucher's cravat  
off!

Pa says he's come here to look after his money  
(Not taking things now as he used under Boney),  
Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he  
swore,

Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.  
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen  
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be  
seen),

Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,  
Used three times a-day with young ladies in Paris.  
Some doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief  
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its  
folly push—

Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief •  
By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot through a  
holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think  
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a  
wink

With imagining how it will sound in the papers,  
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,  
When they read that Count Ruppín, to drive away  
vapors,

Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy  
Fudge.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, it *isn't* the King, after all, my dear creature!  
But *don't* you go laugh, now—there's nothing to  
quiz in't—

For grandeur of air and for grimness of feature,  
He *might* be a King, Doll, though, hang him! he  
*isn't*.

At first I felt hurt, for I wish'd it, I own,  
If for no other cause than to vex Miss Malone,—  
(The great heiress, you know, of Shandangan, who's  
here,

Showing off with *such* airs and a real Cashmere,  
While mine's but a paltry old rabbit-skin, dear!)

Let me see—'twas on Saturday—yes, Dolly, yes—  
From that evening I date the first dawn of my  
bliss;

When we both rattled off in that dear little carriage,  
Whose journey, Bob says, is so like love and mar-  
riage,

"Beginning gay, desperate, dashing down-hilly,  
And ending as dull as a six-inside Dilly!"  
The gardens seem'd full—so, of course, we walk'd  
o'er 'em,

'Mong orange-trees, clipp'd into town-bred decorum,  
And Daphnes, and vases, and many a statue  
There staring, with not even a stitch on them, at  
you!

The ponds, too, we view'd—stood awhile on the  
brink,

To contemplate the play of those pretty gold  
fishes—

"*Live bullion*," says merciless Bob, "which I think  
Would, if *coin'd*, with a little *mint* sauce, be de-  
licious!"

But *what*, Dolly, what is the gay orange-grove,  
Or gold fishes, to her that's in search of her love?  
In vain did I wildly explore every chair

Where a thing *like* a man was—no lover sat there!  
In vain my fond eyes did I eagerly cast  
At the whiskers, mustachios, and wigs that went  
past,

To obtain, if I could, but a glance at that curl,  
But a glimpse of those whiskers, as sacred, my girl,  
As the lock that, Pa says, is to Mussulmen given,  
For the angel to hold by that "lugs them to  
heaven!"

Alas, there went by me full many a quiz,  
And mustachios in plenty, but nothing like his!  
'Twas dark when we got to the Boulevards to stroll,  
And in vain did I look 'mong the street macaronis,  
When sudden it struck me—last hope of my soul—  
That some angel might take the dear man to  
Tortoni's!

We enter'd—and scarcely had Bob, with an air,  
For a *grappe à la jardinière* call'd to the waiters,  
When, oh! Doll, I saw him—my hero was there  
(For I knew his white small-clothes and brown  
leather gaiters),

A group of fair statues from Greece smiling o'er him,

And lots of red-currant juice sparkling before him!  
Oh, Dolly, these heroes—what creatures they are!

In the *boudoir* the same as in fields full of slaughter;  
As cool in the Beaujon's precipitous car  
As when safe at Tortoni's, o'er iced currant-water!

He join'd us—imagine, dear creature my ecstasy—  
Join'd by the man I'd have broken ten necks to see!  
Bob wish'd to treat him with punch *à la glace*,  
But the sweet fellow swore that my *beauté*, my *grace*,  
And my *je-ne-sais-quoi* (then his whiskers he twirl'd),  
Were, to him, "on de top of all punch in de world."

How pretty!—though oft (as, of course, it must be)  
Both his French and his English are Greek, Doll, to me.

But, in short, I felt happy as ever fond heart did;  
And, happier still, when 'twas fix'd ere we parted,  
That, if the next day should be *pastoral* weather,  
We all would set off in French buggies, together,  
To see *Montmorency*—that place which, you know,  
Is so famous for cherries and Jean Jacques Rousseau.  
His card then he gave us—the *name*, rather  
creased—

But 'twas Calicot—something—a colonel, at least!  
After which—sure there never was hero so civil—he  
Saw us safe home to our door in *Rue Rivoli*,  
Where his *last* words, as, at parting, he threw  
A soft look o'er his shoulder, were—"how do you do!"

#### Four o' Clock.

Oh Dolly, dear Dolly, I'm ruin'd for ever—  
I ne'er shall be happy again, Dolly, never!  
To think of the wretch—what a victim was I!  
'Tis too much to endure—I shall die, I shall die—  
My brain's in a fever—my pulses beat quick—  
I shall die, or, at least, be exceedingly sick—  
Oh! what do you think? after all my romancing,  
My visions of glory, my sighing, my glancing,  
This Colonel—I scarce can commit it to paper—  
This Colonel's no more than a vile linen-draper!  
'Tis true as I live—I had coax'd brother Bob so  
(You'll hardly make out what I'm writing, I sob so)  
For some little gift on my birth-day—September  
The thirtieth, dear, I'm eighteen, you remember—  
That Bob to a shop kindly order'd the coach  
(Ah, little I thought who the shopman would  
prove),

To bespeak me a few of those *mouchoirs de poche*,  
Which, in happier hours, I have sigh'd for, my love—

(The most beautiful things—two Napoleons the price—

And one's name in the corner embroider'd so nice!)  
Well, with heart full of pleasure, I enter'd the shop,  
But—ye Gods, what a phantom!—I thought I should drop—

There he stood, my dear Dolly—no room for a doubt—

There, behind the vile counter, these eyes saw him stand,

With a piece of French cambric before him roll'd out,

And that horrid yard measure upraised in his hand!

The man, whom I fondly had fancied a King,  
And, when *that* too-delightful illusion was past,  
As a hero had worshipp'd—vile treacherous thing—

To turn out but a low linen-draper at last!

My head swam around—the wretch smiled, I believe,  
But his smiling, alas! could no longer deceive—

I fell back on Bob—my whole heart seem'd to wither—

And pale as a ghost, I was carried back hither!

I only remember that Bob, as I caught him,

With cruel facetiousness said—"Curse the kiddy!

A staunch Revolutionist always I've thought him,  
But now I find out he's a *Counter* one, Biddy!"

Only think, my dear creature, if this should be known

To that saucy satirical thing, Miss Malone!

What a story 'twill be at Shandangan for ever!

What laughs and what quizzing she'll have with the men!

It will spread through the country—and never, oh never!

Can Biddy be seen at Kilrandy again!

Farewell—I shall do something desperate, I fear—

And, ah! if my fate ever reaches your ear,

One tear of compassion my Doll will not grudge

To her poor—broken-hearted—young friend,

BIDDY FUDGE.

*Nota bene.*—I'm sure you will hear, with delight,  
That we're going, all three, to see Brunet to-night.  
A laugh will revive me—and kind Mr. Cox  
(Do you know him?) has got us the Governor's box!

## THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMEN.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

They tell us that Woman was made of a rib,  
Just picked from a corner, so snug, in the side,  
But the Rabbins swear to you that this is a fib,  
And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,  
With a tail like a monkey, full a yard and a span;  
And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,  
Why then woman was made of the tail of the man.

If such is the tie between women and men,  
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;  
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,  
And makes a most horrible ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge, as the fashions prevail,  
Every husband remembers th' original plan;  
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,  
Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.





## HOW TO MAKE LOVE FOR A FRIEND.

FROM "CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER." BY CHARLES LEVER.

It was a cold raw evening in February, as I sat in the coffee-room of the Old Plough in Cheltenham, *Lucullus c. Lucullo*—no companion save my half-finished decanter of port. I had drawn my chair to the corner of the ample fire-place, and in a half-dreamy state was reviewing the incidents of my early life, and like most men who, however young, have still to lament talents misapplied, opportunities neglected, profitless labor, and disastrous idleness. The dreary aspect of the large and ill-lighted room—the close-curtained boxes—the unsocial look of every thing and body about, suited the habit of my soul, and I was on the verge of becoming excessively sentimental. The unbroken silence, where several people were present, had also its effect upon me, and I felt oppressed and dejected. So sat I, for an hour; the clock over the mantel ticked sharply on—the old man in the brown surtout had turned in his chair, and now snored louder—the gentleman who read the *Times* had got the *Chronicle*, and I thought I saw him nodding over the advertisements. The father, who with a raw son of about nineteen, had dined at six, sat still and motionless opposite his offspring, and only breaking the silence around by the grating of the decanter as he posted it across the table. The only thing denoting active existence was a little shrivelled man, who with spectacles on his forehead, and hotel slippers on his feet, rapidly walked up and down, occasionally stopping at his table to sip a little weak-looking negus, which was his moderate potation for two hours. I have been particular in chronicling these few and apparently trivial circumstances, for by such mere trifles are our greatest and most important movements induced. Had the near wheeler of the Umpire been only safe on his fore legs, and while I write this I might—but let me continue. The gloom and melancholy which beset me, momentarily increased. But three months before, and my prospects presented every thing that was fairest and brightest—now all the future was dark and dismal. Then my best friends could scarcely avoid envy at my fortune—now my reverses might almost excite compassion even in an enemy. It was singular enough, and I should not like to acknowledge it, were not these Confessions in their very nature intended to disclose the very penetrabilia of my heart; but singular it certainly was—and so I have always felt it since, when reflecting on it—that although much and warmly attached to Lady Jane Callonby, and feeling most acutely what I must call her abandonment of me, yet, the most constantly recurring idea of my mind on the subject was, what will the mess say—what will they think at head-quarters?—the railery, the jesting, the half-concealed allusion, the tone of assumed compassion, which all awaited me, as each of my comrades took up his life of behaving towards me, was, after all, the most difficult thing to be borne, and I absolutely dreaded to join my regiment, more thoroughly than did ever schoolboy to return to his labor on the expiration of his holidays. I had framed to myself all manner of ways of avoiding this dread event; sometimes I meditated an exchange into an African corps—sometimes to leave the army altogether. However, I turned

the affair over in my mind—innumerable difficulties presented themselves, and I was at last reduced to that stand-still point, in which, after continual vacillation, one only waits for the slightest impulse of persuasion from another, to adopt any, no matter what suggestion. In this enviable frame of mind I sat sipping wine, and watching the clock for that hour at which, with a safe conscience, I might retire to my bed, when the waiter roused me by demanding if my name was Mr. Lorrequer, for that a gentleman having seen my card in the bar, had been making inquiry for the owner of it all through the hotel.

"Yes," said I, "such is my name; but I am not acquainted with any one here, that I can remember."

"The gentleman has only arrived an hour since by the London mail, sir, and here he is."

At this moment, a tall, dashing-looking, half swaggering fellow, in a very sufficient envelope of box coats, entered the coffee-room, and unwinding a shawl from his throat, showed me the honest and manly countenance of my friend Jack Waller, of the —th dragoons, with whom I had served in the Peninsula.

Five minutes sufficed for Jack to tell me that he was come down on a bold speculation, at this unseasonable time for Cheltenham; that he was quite sure his fortune was about to be made in a few weeks at farthest, and what seemed nearly as engrossing a topic—that he was perfectly famished, and desired a hot supper, "de suite."

Jack having despatched this agreeable meal with a traveller's appetite, proceeded to unfold his plans to me as follows:

There resided *somewhere* near Cheltenham, in what direction he did not absolutely know, an old East India colonel, who had returned from a long career of successful staff-duties and government contracts, with the moderate fortune of two hundred thousand. He possessed, in addition, a son and a daughter; the former being a rake and a gambler, he had long since consigned to his own devices, and to the latter he had avowed his intention of leaving all his wealth. That she was beautiful as an angel—highly accomplished—gifted—agreeable—and all that, Jack, who had never seen her, was firmly convinced; that she was also bent resolutely on marrying him, or any other gentleman whose claims were principally the want of money, he was quite ready to swear to; and, in fact, so assured did he feel that "the whole affair was feasible," (I use his own expression), that he had managed a two months' leave, and was come down express to see, make love to, and carry her off at once.

"But," said I, with difficulty interrupting him, "how long have you known her father?"

"Know him? I never saw him."

"Well, that certainly is cool; and how do you propose making his acquaintance? Do you intend to make him a *particeps criminis* in the elopement of his own daughter, for a consideration to be hereafter paid out of his own money?"

"Now, Harry, you've touched upon the point in which, you must confess, my genius always stood

close; and now, adieu to sweet equality for the season, and I am your most obedient servant for four weeks—see that you make the most of it.”

While we were talking, the waiter entered with a note addressed to me, which I rightly conjectured could only come from Colonel Kamworth. It ran thus—

“Colonel Kamworth feels highly flattered by the polite attention of Mr. Lorrequer, and will esteem it a particular favor, if Mr. L. can afford him the few days his stay in this part of the country will permit, by spending them at Hyderabad Cottage. Any information as to Colonel Kamworth’s services in the four quarters of the globe, he need not say, is entrusted at Mr. L.’s disposal.

“Colonel K. dines at six precisely.”

When Waller had read the note through, he tossed his hat up in the air, and with something little short of an Indian whoop, shouted out—

“The game is won already. Harry, my man, give me the check for the ten thousand: she is your own this minute.”

Without participating entirely in Waller’s exceeding delight, I could not help feeling a growing interest in the part I was advertised to perform, and began my rehearsal with more spirit than I thought I should have been able to command.

That same evening, at the same hour as that in which on the preceding I sat lone and comfortless by the coffee-room fire, I was seated opposite a very pompous, respectable-looking old man, with a large stiff queue of white hair, who pressed me repeatedly to fill my glass and pass the decanter. The room was a small library with handsomely fitted shelves; there were but four chairs, but each would have made at least three of any modern one; the curtains of deep crimson cloth effectually secured the room from draught; and the cheerful wood fire blazing on the hearth, which was the only light in the apartment, gave a most inviting look of comfort and snugness to every thing. This, thought I, is excellent; and however the adventure ends, this is certainly pleasant, and I never tasted better Madeira.

“And so, Mr. Lorrequer, you heard of my affair at Cantantrabad, when I took the Rajah prisoner!”

“Yes,” said I; “the governor-general mentioned the gallant business the very last time I dined at Government-House.”

“Ah, did he? kind of him though. Well, sir, I received two millions of rupees on the morning after, and a promise of ten more if I would permit him to escape—but no, I refused flatly.”

“Is it possible? and what did you do with the two millions?—sent them, of course—”

“No, that I didn’t; the wretches know nothing of the use of money. No, no; I have them this moment in good government security.

“I believe I never mentioned to you the storming of Java. Fill yourself another glass, and I’ll describe it all to you, for it will be of infinite consequence that a true narrative of this meets the public eye—they really are quite ignorant of it. Here now is Fort Cornelius, and there is the moat, the sugar basin is the citadel, and the tongs is the first trench; the decanter will represent the tall tower towards the south-west angle, and here, the wine-glass—this is me. Well, it was a little after ten at night that I got the order from the general in command, to march upon this plate of figs, which was an open space before Fort Cornelius, and to

take up my position in front of the Fort, and with four pieces of field artillery—these walnuts here—to be ready to open my fire at a moment’s warning upon the south-west tower; but, my dear sir, you have moved the tower: I thought you were drinking Madeira. As I said before, to open my fire upon the south-west tower, or, if necessary, protect the sugar-tongs, which I explained to you was the trench. Just at the same time, the besieged were making preparations for a sortie to occupy this dish of almonds and raisins—the high ground to the left of my position—put another log on the fire, if you please, sir, for I cannot see myself—I thought I was up near the figs, and I find myself down near the half moon.”

“It is past nine,” said a servant, entering the room; “shall I take the carriage for Miss Kamworth, sir?” This being the first time the name of the young lady was mentioned since my arrival, I felt somewhat anxious to hear more of her, in which laudable desire I was not however to be gratified, for the colonel, feeling considerably annoyed by the interruption, dismissed the servant by saying—

“What do you mean, sirrah, by coming in at this moment; don’t you see I am preparing for the attack on the half-moon? Mr. Lorrequer, I beg your pardon for one moment, this fellow has completely put me out; and besides, I perceive, you have eaten the flying artillery, and in fact, my dear sir, I shall be obliged to lay down the position again.”

With this praiseworthy interest, the colonel proceeded to arrange the “*matériel*” of our dessert in battle array, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a very handsome girl, in a most becoming *demi toilette*, sprang into the room, and either not noticing, or not caring, that a stranger was present, threw herself into the old gentleman’s arms, with a degree of *empressment*, exceedingly vexatious for any third and unoccupied party to witness.

“Mary, my dear,” said the colonel, completely forgetting Java and Fort Cornelius at once, “you don’t perceive I have a gentleman to introduce to you; Mr. Lorrequer, my daughter, Miss Kamworth;” here the young lady courtesied somewhat stiffly, and I bowed reverently; and we all resumed places. I now found out that Miss Kamworth had been spending the preceding four or five days at a friend’s in the neighborhood; and had preferred coming home somewhat unexpectedly, to waiting for her own carriage.

My Confessions, if recorded verbatim, from the notes of that four weeks’ sojourn, would only increase the already too prolix and uninteresting details of this chapter in my life; I need only say, that without falling in love with Mary Kamworth, I felt prodigiously disposed thereto; she was extremely pretty; had a foot and ankle to swear by, the most silvery-toned voice I almost ever heard, and a certain witchery and archness of manner that by its very tantalizing uncertainty continually provoked attention, and by suggesting a difficulty in the road to success, imparted a more than common zest in the pursuit. She was a little, a very little blue, rather a dabbler in the “ologies,” than a real disciple. Yet she made collections of minerals, and brown beetles, and cryptogamias, and various other homœopathic doses of the creation, infinitesimally small in their subdivision; in none of which I felt any interest, save in the excuse they gave for accompanying her in her pony-phaeton. This was,



however, a rare pleasure, for every morning, for at least three or four hours, I was obliged to sit opposite the colonel, engaged in the compilation of that narrative of his *res gestæ*, which was to eclipse the career of Napoleon, and leave Wellington's laurels but a very faded lustre in comparison. In this agreeable occupation did I pass the greater part of my day, listening to the insufferable prolixity of the most prolix of colonels, and at times, notwithstanding the propinquity of relationship which awaited us, almost regretting that he was not blown up in any of the numerous explosions his memoir abounded with. I may here mention, that while my literary labor was thus progressing, the young lady continued her avocations as before—not indeed with me for her companion—but Waller; for Colonel Kamworth, "having remarked the steadiness and propriety of my man, felt no scruple in sending him out to drive Miss Kamworth," particularly as I gave him a most excellent character for every virtue under heaven.

I must hasten on:—The last evening of my four weeks was drawing to a close. Colonel Kamworth had pressed me to prolong my visit, and I only waited for Waller's return from Cheltenham, whither I had sent him for my letters, to make arrangements with him to absolve me from my ridiculous bond, and accept the invitation. We were sitting round the library fire, the colonel, as usual, narrating his early deeds and hair-breadth 'scapes. Mary, embroidering an indescribable something, which every evening made its appearance, but seemed never to advance, was rather in better spirits than usual; at the same time, her manner was nervous and uncertain; and I could perceive by her frequent absence of mind, that her thoughts were not so much occupied by the siege of Java, as her worthy father believed them. Without laying any stress upon the circumstance, I must yet avow that Waller's not having returned from Cheltenham gave me some uneasiness, and I more than once had recourse to the bell to demand if "my servant had come back yet?" At each of these times I well remember the peculiar expression of Mary's look, the half-embarrassment, half-drollery, with which she listened to the question, and heard the answer in the negative. Supper at length made its appearance; and I asked the servant who waited, "if my man had brought me any letters," varying my inquiry to conceal my anxiety; and again I heard he had not returned. Resolving now to propose in all form for Miss Kamworth the next morning, and by referring the colonel to my uncle Sir Guy, smooth, as far as I could, all difficulties, I wished them good night and retired; not, however, before the colonel had warned me that they were to have an excursion to some place in the neighborhood the next day; and begging that I might be in the breakfast-room at nine, as they were to assemble there from all parts, and start early on the expedition. I was in a sound sleep the following morning, when a gentle tap at the door awoke me; at the same time I recognized the voice of the colonel's servant, saying, "Mr. Lorrequer, breakfast is waiting, sir."

I sprang up at once, and replying, "Very well, I shall come down," proceeded to dress in all haste, but to my horror, I could not discern a vestige of my clothes; nothing remained of the habiliments I possessed only the day before—even my portmanteau had disappeared. After a most diligent search,

I discovered on a chair in a corner of the room, a small bundle tied up in a handkerchief, on opening which I perceived a new suit of livery of the most gaudy and showy description; the vest and breeches of yellow plush with light blue binding and lace; of which color was also the coat, which had a standing collar and huge cuffs, deeply ornamented with worked button holes and large buttons. As I turned the things over, without even a guess at what they could mean, for I was scarcely well awake, I perceived a small slip of paper fastened to the coat sleeve, upon which in Waller's hand-writing, the following few words were written:—

"The livery I hope will fit you, as I am rather particular about how you'll look; get quietly down the stable yard, and drive the tilbury into Cheltenham, where wait for further orders from your kind master,  
JOHN WALLER."

The horrible villainy of this wild scamp actually paralyzed me. That I should put on such ridiculous trumpery was out of the question; yet what was to be done? I rung the bell violently; "Where are my clothes, Thomas?"

"Don't know, sir; I was out all the morning, sir, and never seed them."

"There, Thomas, be smart now, and send them up, will you?" Thomas disappeared, and speedily returned to say, "that my clothes could not be found any where; no one knew any thing of them, and begged me to come down, as Miss Kamworth desired him to say that they were still waiting, and she begged Mr. Lorrequer would not make an elaborate toilette, as they were going on a country excursion." An elaborate toilette! I wish to heaven she saw my costume; no, I'll never do it. "Thomas, you must tell the ladies, and the colonel too, that I feel very ill; I am not able to leave my bed; I am subject to attacks—very violent attacks in my head, and must always be left quiet and alone—perfectly alone—mind me, Thomas—for a day at least." Thomas departed; and as I lay distracted in my bed, I heard from the breakfast room, the loud laughter of many persons evidently enjoying some excellent joke; could it be me they were laughing at? the thought was horrible.

"Colonel Kamworth wishes to know if you'd like the doctor, sir," said Thomas, evidently suppressing a most inveterate fit of laughing, as he again appeared at the door.

"No, certainly not," said I, in a voice of thunder; "what the devil are you grinning at?"

"You may as well come, my man; you're found out; they all know it now," said the fellow with an odious grin.

I jumped out of the bed, and hurled the boot-jack at him with all my strength; but had only the satisfaction to hear him go down stairs chuckling at his escape; and as he reached the parlor, the increase of mirth and the loudness of the laughter told me that he was not the only one who was merry at my expense. Any thing was preferable to this; down stairs I resolved to go at once—but how? a blanket I thought would not be a bad thing, and particularly as I had said I was ill; I could at least get as far as Colonel Kamworth's dressing-room, and explain to him the whole affair, but then if I was detected *en route*, which I was almost sure to be, with so many people parading about the house. No; that would never do, there was but one alternative,

and dreadful shocking as it was, I could not avoid it, and with a heavy heart, and as much indignation at Waller for what I could not but consider a most scurvy trick, I donned the yellow inexpressibles; next came the vest, and last the coat, with its broad flaps and lace excrescences, fifty times more absurd and merry-andrew like, than any stage servant who makes off with his table and two chairs, amid the hisses and gibes of an upper gallery.

If my costume leaned toward the ridiculous, I resolved that my air and bearing should be more than usually austere and haughty; and with something of the stride of John Kemble in *Coriolanus*, I was leaving my bedroom, when I accidentally caught a view of myself in the glass; and so mortified, so shocked was I, that I sank into a chair, and almost abandoned my resolution to go on; the very gesture I had assumed for my vindication only increased the ridicule of my appearance; and the strange quaintness of the costume totally obliterated every trace of any characteristic of the wearer, so infernally cunning was its contrivance. I don't think that the most saturnine martyr of gout and dyspepsia could survey me without laughing. With a bold effort, I flung open my door, hurried down the stairs, and reached the hall. The first person I met was a kind of pantry boy, a beast only lately emancipated from the plough, and destined after a dozen years' training as a servant, again to be turned back to his old employ for incapacity; he grinned horribly for a minute, as I passed, and then in a half whisper said—

thing. Among a considerable number of people who stood in small groups round the breakfast table, I discerned Jack Waller, habited in a very accurate black frock and dark trowsers, supporting upon his arm—shall I confess—no less a person than Mary Kamworth, who leaned on him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and chatted gaily with him. The buzz of conversation, which filled the apartment when I entered, ceased for a second of deep silence; and then followed a peal of laughter so long and vociferous, that in my momentary anger I prayed some one might burst a blood vessel, and frighten the rest. I put on a look of indescribable indignation, and cast a glance of what I intended should be most withering scorn on the assembly; but alas! my infernal harlequin costume ruined the effect; and confound me, if they did not laugh the louder. I turned from one to the other with the air of a man who marks out victims for his future wrath; but with no better success; at last, amid the continued mirth of the party, I made my way towards where Waller stood absolutely suffocated with laughter, and scarcely able to stand without support.

"Waller," said I, in a voice half tremulous with rage and shame together; "Waller, if this rascally trick be yours, rest assured no former term of intimacy between us shall——"

Before I could conclude the sentence, a bustle at the door of the room called every attention in that direction; I turned and beheld Colonel Kamworth, followed by a strong posse comitatus of constables,



"Maester, I advise ye to run for it; they're a waiting for ye with the constables in the justice's room." I gave him a look of contemptuous superiority, at which he grinned the more, and passed on.

Without stopping to consider where I was going, I opened the door of the breakfast parlor, and found myself in one plunge among a room full of people. My first impulse was to retreat again; but so shocked was I at the very first thing that met my sight, that I was perfectly powerless to do any

tipstaffs, etc., armed to the teeth, and evidently prepared for vigorous battle. Before I was able to point out my woes to my kind host, he burst out with——

"So, you scoundrel, you impostor, you d——d young villain; pretending to be a gentleman, you get admission into a man's house, and dine at his table, when your proper place had been behind his chair. How far he might have gone, heaven can tell, if that excellent young gentleman, his master, had not traced him here this morning—but you'll

pay dearly for it, you young rascal, that you shall."

"Colonel Kamworth," said I, drawing myself proudly up, (and I confess exciting new bursts of laughter,) "Colonel Kamworth, for the expressions you have just applied to me, a heavy reckoning awaits you; not, however, before another individual now present shall atone for the insult he has dared to pass upon me." Colonel Kamworth's passion at this declaration knew no bounds; he cursed and swore absolutely like a madman, and vowed that transportation for life would be a mild sentence for such iniquity.

Waller, at length, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, interposed between the colonel and his victim, and begged that I might be forgiven; "for, indeed, my dear sir," said he, "the poor fellow is of rather respectable parentage, and such is his taste for good society that he'd run any risk to be among his betters, although, as in the present case, the exposure brings a rather heavy retribution; however, let me deal with him. Come, Henry," said he, with an air of insufferable superiority, "take my tilbury into town, and wait for me at the George. I shall endeavor to make your peace with my excellent friend, Colonel Kamworth; and the best mode you can contribute to that object, is to let us have no more of your society."

I cannot attempt to picture my rage at these words; however, escape from this diabolical predicament was my only present object; and I rushed from the room and springing into the tilbury at the door, drove down the avenue at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, amid the united cheers, groans, and yells of the whole servants' hall, who seemed to enjoy my "detection," more even than their betters. Meditating vengeance, sharp, short, and decisive, on Waller, the colonel, and every one else, in the infernal conspiracy against me, for I utterly forgot every vestige of our agreement in the surprise by which I was taken, I reached Cheltenham. Unfortunately, I had no friend there, to whose management I could commit the bearing of a message, and was obliged as soon as I could procure suitable costume, to hasten up to Coventry where the —th dragoons were then quartered. I lost no time in selecting an adviser, and taking the necessary steps to bring Master Waller to a reckoning; and on the third morning we again reached Cheltenham, I

thirsting for vengeance, and bursting still with anger; not so my friend, however, who never could discuss the affair with common gravity, and even ventured every now and then on a sly allusion to my yellow shorts. As we passed the last tollbar, a travelling carriage came whirling by, with four horses, at a tremendous pace; and as the morning was frosty, and the sun scarcely risen, the whole team were smoking and steaming, so as to be half invisible. We both remarked on the precipitancy of the party; for as our own pace was considerable, the two vehicles passed like lightning. We had scarcely dressed, and ordered breakfast, when a more than usual bustle in the yard called us to the window; the waiter, who came in at the same instant, told us that four horses were ordered out to pursue a young lady who had eloped that morning with an officer.

"Ah, our friend in the green travelling chariot, I'll be bound," said my companion; but as neither of us knew that part of the country, and I was too engrossed by my own thoughts, I never inquired further. As the chaise in chase drove round to the door, I looked to see what the pursuer was like; and as he issued from the inn, recognized my *cidevant* host, Colonel Kamworth. I need not say my vengeance was sated at once; he had lost his daughter, and Waller was on the road to be married. Apologies and explanations came in due time, for all my injuries and sufferings; and I confess, the part which pleased me most was, that I saw no more of Jack for a considerable period after; he started for the continent, where he has lived ever since on a small allowance, granted by his father-in-law, and never paying me the stipulated sum, as I had clearly broken the compact.

So much for my second attempt at matrimony; one would suppose that such experience should be deemed sufficient to show that my talent did not lie in that way. And here I must rest for the present, with the additional confession, that so strong was the memory of that vile adventure, that I refused a lucrative appointment under Lord Anglesey's government, when I discovered that his livery included "yellow plush breeches;" to have such "souvenirs" fitting around about me, at dinner and elsewhere, would have left me without a pleasure in existence.

## IRISH DIAMONDS.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that, when in Ireland, he had occasion to give sixpence to a poor man for opening a gate, or some such passing service, and finding, after much search, amongst his silver, that he had nothing less than a shilling, he handed it to the man, with the observation, "I only intended to give you half this sum, and therefore remember you owe me sixpence." Murphy's instant reply was, "Oh! bless your honor! May you live till I pay you!"

And it was a humorous association of ideas which was evinced by a beggar-woman on a very different occasion. She had pathetically implored alms from a lusty gentleman, who was hobbling along, in evident pain from his swollen and gouty feet; but her repeated entreaties were of no avail. He waved his hand in token of all refusal, when

she calmly exclaimed, as she turned away, "Indeed I wish his heart was as tender as his toes!"

The Irish player gave a ready and humorous turn to the feeling in which he and his manager were involved, when the latter evinced some disappointment at the former declaring himself totally unable to play the part of Henry VIII. "Why you can play almost any thing and every thing, and yet won't undertake that one part of King Henry VIII?"

"No, indeed," replied the actor, "I can't; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you—I'll play the two parts of Henry IV. and that will be a equal."

When it was proposed to adopt the English measure of miles in Ireland, it was humorously objected that it would so increase the distance between the towns, that travellers must rise earlier in the morning to perform their journeys.

## FATHER THADY HOLEN; OR, THE MONKS OF MUCRUSS.

FROM "THE LEGENDS OF KILLARNEY." BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

"Did your honor ever hear the story they tell about the monks and the farmer?"

"I've heard many queer stories about the monks," said I, "but what monks do you speak of?"

"Why, the monks of Irrelagh, to be sure sir," said White, "what other? That's the name of this Abbey."

"What is the meaning of this name?" said I, "I thought it was called Mucruss Abbey."

"And so it is too," said White; "but, you see, the Abbey of Irrelagh means the Abbey on the lake. Well, not long after, the Abbey was rebuilt by one Father Thady Holen; the poor friars didn't know what in the world to do for want of the vic-tuals, so they all began to talk at Father Holen: 'It was all along of your spending all our money on the building,' says they to Thady, 'that we're in the pucker we are this blessed day, without a bit or a sup to keep body and soul together.'

"Whisht, ye fools," says Thady, 'if I didn't make an elegant building of it, do you think the people would come to mass or confession to us, when they have many a better place nor this was to go to; but if ye'll only hold out for a little while, I'll be bail we'll have the full of the people, and then every thing will go on well enough. In the mane time, I'll find some way of making the pot boil, and ye must all lend a hand. Can't ye go to the strong farmers' wives and make much of the childer, put ye're blessing upon the house, and say an occasional mass, and I'll answer for it, they won't let you want for any thing.' 'We will,' says they; and away they all went, except one young friar, Father John they called him, and, without any doubt, he was the very image of the ould Father Thady Holen, as like as could be, and, only that such a thing couldn't be, you'd say he was the ould friar's son; but, be that as it may, it's certain they were the greatest cronies in the world, and the young one always did the ould one's bidding.

"Come here, brother Jack," says Thady, 'I want to have a bit of a talk with you. You see what a way I'm in with those ungrateful hounds, after building such an elegant house over their heads, they can't put up with short allowance for a few days; and surely, if I don't find plenty of the best for them, there'll be open murder, and we'll be all done for; so I'll tell you what I'll do, if you'll only stand by me, and promise not to let on to man or mortal.'

"Never fear me," says Father John, 'sure you know I'd go through fire and water to serve you.'

"Well," says Thady, 'well,' says he, 'I'll tell you what I have in my head. There's ould Ned Cronin above there has plenty of fat sheep, and I can't see why we shouldn't help ourselves to a couple of them, when it's for the good of the church; and sure we can give him the value of them in masses for the good of his sowl, and all his fathers before him; that'll be better for him than all the sheep in the world; and sure, exchange is no robbery, they say. So, if you have no objection, we'll begin this very night.'

"No objection in life," says Father John; and so away they went to help themselves to ould

Cronin's sheep. You must be sure it wasn't the worst they took; and when they came back, there was no want of mutton in the Abbey, nor of plenty of good broth; and the other friars had got lashens of meal from the farmers' wives, and 'twas plenty's mothers they had once more among them.

"Poor Cronin didn't know what to do; his best sheep were all going one after another, and, for the life of him, he couldn't make out the thief. 'Ah, then, wisha mother dear,' says he to his ould mother-in-law, who sat in the chimbley corner, 'isn't it a cruel case to have all my fattest sheep going this way? sure I'll be a ruined man, so I will, and be obliged to cut and run, and give leg bail for my honesty. Oh, then, if I had hould of the thief I'd make a mummy of him, so I would, but I can't, for the life of me, think of who it can be.'

"Can't you, Agra?" said the ould woman quite quietly, 'can't you, Agra? why, then, I'll tell you; it's those thieving beggarly monks that come prowling about the place, like so many foxes after a flock of geese; and, sure enough, they've hardly left me a hen in the world to lay an egg to eat for my supper; the sorrow take the whole set of them, say I.'

"Whisht! whisht! mother dear," says Cronin, 'don't be talking of the clargy in that kind of way, or you'll bring a curse on me and mine; for sure we ought to lave the clargy to God, let them do what they will.'

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my child," said the ould woman, 'and if you'll only give your consent, I'll engage to find out the thief. Put me in the big chest that's up on the loft, and make a little hole in it for me to peep through, and give me something to eat, and a drop to comfort the ould heart within me; and take the chest to the Abbey to keep, by the way you're afraid of the robbers, and I'll soon know if it's the friars that's taking your sheep. You can come for the chest next day, pertinding you want something out of it.'

"Well, sir, Cronin being over persuaded, did as the ould woman desired him, and locked her up in the chest, and took her to the Abbey.

"When the night came, the two friars as usual brought in a lump of a fat sheep, and tumbled it down on the floor. 'We have you,' says they, 'in spite of ould Cronin and all his watching.' 'Ho, ho! may be so, I think I have you now; I knew I was right, though Neddy wouldn't believe me,' thought the ould woman to herself as she was peeping through the hole in the box, when she saw the two friars killing the sheep. Now, you must know, she had a way with her, of taking a power of snuff when any thing fretted her, and the sight of the killing the sheep vexed her so, that she began to take snuff like mad; the snuff was as good snuff as ever was made by Miles Moriarty or Lundy Foot himself, and it so happened that, for the life of her, she couldn't help giving a thundering sneeze, a psha! a psha! 'God bless us!' cried the ould woman.

"By the thumb-nail of our blessed lady, we're found out; break open the chest at once," roared Father Thady.

"And, sure enough, they did break open the chest, when what would they see but my ould woman.

"Choke her, Jack," whispered Thady.

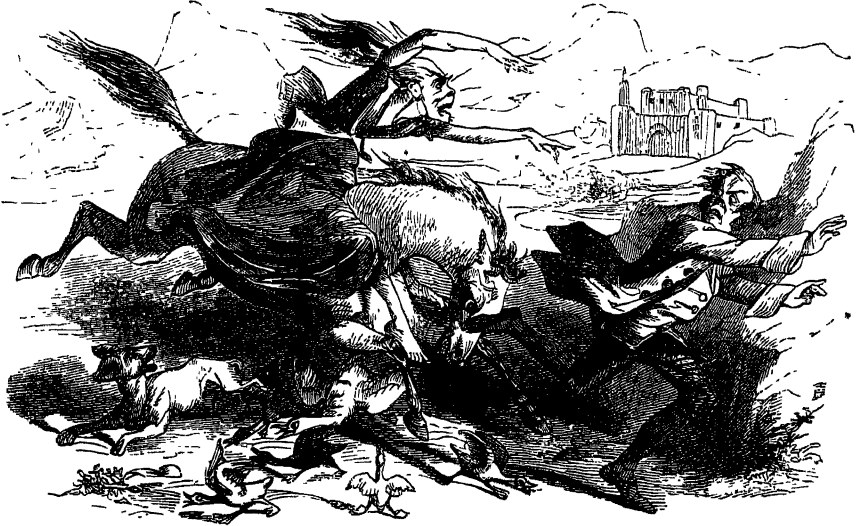
"Ay, there she's done for now; only stick a lump of bread in her mouth, that it may look like an accident, and fasten up the chest again."

"That I mightn't," said Father John, "but I'll be revenged of that thief of a Cronin, for giving us such a murdering job."

"Leave it all to me," said Thady, "I'll manage it so that we'll make a pretty penny, and throw all the blame on the ould hag herself, who'll tell no more stories now, that's certain."

The next morning, Cronin came for his chest, which he carried home with him, and his step-mother in it, safe and sound, as he thought; but when he opened it, and found the ould woman as dead as a barn-door nail, it was he was dumb-

'she must have done something that hinders her from resting in the grave; but I'll tell you what you'll do—give out a great wake, and invite all the brothers to it, and get masses said for the repose of her soul,' says he, at the same time holding open a large pocket he had in his vestment for bagging rabbits. Now, Cronin understood what this meant well enough, so he put some money in the friar's pouch for the masses, and invited all the holy fathers to the wake, where there was plenty of every thing, and they were as merry, as if at his wedding. After they had eat and drank enough, and said their masses, the ould woman was buried again. But, my boys wasn't satisfied yet, so they took her up once more, and fastened her on the back of Cronin's horse, that was grazing in the field; and when he went out in the gray of the morning, what should he see but his ould mother riding towards him! Away he ran bellowing like



foundered, sure enough. 'Och, ullagone, mother dear, and why did you die?' cried he, 'and why wouldn't you take my advice, and not be meddling with the clargy? and there, see now if you haven't brought a judgment from God upon yourself for spaking ill of those holy men? Och, ullagone, and why were you so obstinate, mother dear?' But all this ullagoning was no use; it wouldn't bring back the ould woman again; so, after a rattling wake, he had her buried in the churchyard of the ould Abbey.

"Now, Jack," said Father Thady, after the berrin' was over, 'now, Jack, I'll tell you what; when the night comes on, we'll take the ould woman up, and put her against Cronin's door.'

"No sooner said than done; and when Cronin opened his door in the morning, the ould woman fell in upon him, and he raised such a hullabaloo with the fright, that he brought all the neighbors about him in a twinkling. Well, sir, he didn't know what to make of it, for he was frightened out of his seven' senses, so away he runs to Father Holen to ask his advice.

"It's a terrible thing, indeed," said the ould rogue,

a bull, and away the horse trotted after him every foot of the way till he got over the threshold of his own door. If he was in a perplexity before, he was more so now; and, to make bad worse, the friars didn't know what to say to it; however, they advised another wake and more masses, which was accordingly done, and the ould woman buried again with all possible speed.

"Now, Jack," says Father Thady, as they raised the ould lady for the third time, 'now, Jack, for the master stroke of all, that'll finish the work, and take all suspicion clear and clean off of us.' So with that they carried the body to Cronin's sheep-house, where, after killing three of the sheep, they stuck her up in the corner with a bloody knife in her hand. When Cronin came to let the sheep out, and saw three of them lying dead, and his ould mother standing with the bloody knife in her hand, his anger got the better of his fright.

"Ah, you ould murdering vagabond!" cried he, 'I see how it is now; it was yourself that killed the sheep, and now you can't rest in your grave, for belying the holy friars.' With that he ran off and told the whole story to Father Thady, who gave

him absolution, and promised, as he now knew the reason of her walking, he'd make her lie quiet in the grave for ever after. Then the ould woman was buried, and never rose again; and the story flew about the country like lightning, and brought

crowds to the Abbey; for they looked upon it as a miracle from God in behalf of the holy fathers, who from that hour never wanted for any thing, till Cromwell (had luck to him!) came and turned them, body and bones, out of house and home.

## AN IRISH RACE.

BY T. HENNESSY.

Dm any of our readers ever have the good luck to see an Irish race? We say good luck advisedly, for of all the places on this terrestrial globe for divilmint, dancing, and diversion of all sorts, an Irish race course cannot be equalled. "Only itself can be its parallel." As we fear, among our tens of thousands of readers, much as they might enjoy such a scene, few have had the opportunity, we will essay feebly to describe a race we "assisted at" some fifteen years ago in that country, immortalized in song as containing "fine roving blades, and sweet pretty maids," to wit: old Kilkenny. To all conversant with Irish sporting matters, it is well known that Kilkenny in those days was the paradise of Irish sporting men, and its Hunt Club the most fastidious, as well as the most hospitable, in Ireland.

It was on a bright and balmy day, in the latter part of October, that I mounted my horse to proceed to the race ground, a distance of some five miles from the house of a relative where I had been staying. I had gone down from Dublin specially to be present at these races, and had been for some days hearing the most exciting, and I must add contradictory, accounts regarding the merits of the horses to be engaged in a certain race for the hunters' plate, in which the horses were to be ridden by gentlemen of the Kilkenny Hunt Club in a steeple chase across the country.

Although there were some five or six horses entered in this race, it was generally conceded that the contest would lie between two; and as these animals belonged to rival farmers, named Nowlan and Walsh, from nearly the same part of the country, who each had their partisans prepared to defend their champions with all sorts of weapons, the excitement, as may be imagined, ran very high. Two distinguished members of the Hunt Club had promised to ride them. The rival horses were called Whalebone, and Peep o' Day Boy, and were certainly as fine specimens of the Irish hunter as could well be seen. While Mr. Baker was to steer Peep o' day Boy, Mr. St. George rode Whalebone. The admirers of Whalebone would say, "Wait till Mither Sin George finds Whalebone under him; maybe he won't take the consate out of the Nowlans—the bodaghs. The divil a finer horse ever thrun a lep, or a boulder rider ever straddled a pig skin." While, on their part, the backers of Peep o' day Boy were of the opinion "That the divil resave the sight or light of the 'kup' one of the Walshes id ever see, wid such an ould, glandered garrawn as Whalebone. Cock them up with a silver 'kup'—*anagh!* The divil a 'kup.'" These, it must be confessed, were very contradictory opinions, and afforded rather slight material to make a safe "book" upon; and, as I generally risked a sovereign or two in those days upon a race, "just to make it interesting," I thought I would try to

discover in some less interested quarter an indication of the real state of the case. Accordingly, one or two days before the race, I lounged round to my friend's stables, to smoke my after-dinner cigar, and, presenting a plug of cavendish to John the groom, I asked his opinion on the merits of the rival horses.

John, after re-filling and re-lighting his pipe—a process which in Ireland is one of great complexity and deliberation, and which must be seen to be appreciated—hemmed oracularly, spat thrice, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and proceeded to enlighten me after the following fashion: "Why, you see, your honor, thim Nowlans is always boast-in' av the cattle they rare; but I wish to gracious we were as sure av the Repale, this night, as that Whalebone will show thim nothin' but his tail over that coorse—that's, if Mr. Sin George can only hould him."

This was certainly oracular, and slightly "Bunsbyish," but I knew enough of John's peculiar forms of expression to be satisfied that Whalebone was the horse to back, and I accordingly invested on him—with what result will be seen.

The roads to the course were crowded with sturdy pedestrians, and well-mounted frize-coated farmers from the Walsh mountains, all eagerly discussing the merits of the several horses, while every description of vehicle, from the handsome barouche, with its four posters, to the "Thing you Know" with a straw bed for cushions, and a red-headed farmer's wife, sitting in great state, for its occupant, blocked the way. Some of the scenes on the road to the course were of the most ludicrous character, and could certainly not be witnessed out of Ireland. On the arrival at the gate leading to the course, the crowd became almost impassable, and a small fee being demanded from horsemen and carriages, all sorts of schemes were put into requisition to evade it. "Here, hould me horse, Paddy," one stout frize-coated fellow would say, "until I run across to Finley's tint, and tell him to sind up his gorsoon to take care of the baste." The "baste" alluded to, furious to rejoin his companions who had passed thro' the gateway, was loosed as if by accident, and rushing through, nearly overturned the gate-keeper, and was caught inside by the triumphant concocter of this ruse to save a shilling. The same man would, and probably the same day did, with all the pleasure in life, spend twenty in treating his friends and boon companions. On the course, the scenes presented were of the most extraordinary and varied character. In all the most conspicuous places, and apparently in imminent peril of being trampled upon by the excited crowd, were mendicants of all descriptions. The lame, the blind, the paralytic, and others who exhibited hideous-looking sores to excite the compassion of the public, were early on the ground plying their respective



avocations. Impostors of all kinds of misery abounded, and it was observable that those whose misfortunes were simulated were the loudest in their appeals to the charitable. Some such entreaties as the following might be heard: "For the sake of the Holy Vargin, lave your charities with the poor lone widdy, and her seven *dissolute* orphans this day." Another, a great hulking fellow, with a villanous cast of countenance, exhibited his leg with a horrible running sore artistically got up for the occasion with caustic, solicited public compassion in a stentorian voice, as follows: "Ah, good *Christians*, are yez going to pass without laving a trifle with a poor deserted craythur that's on his way to the blessed an' holy well at Lough Darg?" And when the party passed him unheeding, he muttered in a lower tone, "Hell purshu yez, ye nagurs." While a third relied on his vocal powers, and the religious character of his minstrelsy, for provoking compassion, in strains like the following:

Och, 'twas on the Christmas mornin'  
That Jeroosolim was born in,  
The Holy Land adornin',  
All be the Baltic Say,  
Three Angels on a station,  
All in deep meditation,  
Wor takin' raverayation,  
All be the Baltic Say.

On every part of the race-course, except that especially reserved for the horses, tents were constructed where refreshments, consisting chiefly of potatoes, bacon, cabbage, and *lashins* of whiskey, could be obtained. In every one of the tents was a piper or a fiddler; and even at the hour of my arrival, dancing had commenced in many places with great spirit. In front of each tent, suspended from a long pole, was either the sign of the owner, removed for the nonce from the front of his hostelry, (if he kept one,) or some symbol, such as an old hat, a herring, or a wisp of hay, by which he would be known by his friends and acquaintances. On some of the signs might be read the rather incongruous announcement for a tent of: "*Entertainment for Man and Baste, by Mick Dooley*;" on an-

other, "*Good dry lodging by Mary Mulrooney*;" while another still, under the sign of the bee-hive, essayed the following poetical recommendation of his liquors:

In this hive we're all alive—  
Good liker makes us bonny,  
If you be dry step in an' try,  
The flavor av our honey.

It must not be supposed, however, that the wants of the more aristocratic portion of the crowd were not provided for. Handsome marquees of snowy canvas were also to be found, where the most fastidious epicure could gratify his tastes, and where wine and viands of the finest quality could be had at reasonable prices.

And then, universal hospitality reigned on the course. Every carriage and car contained an abundant lunch; the more aristocratic had champagne, the more sensible cold punch; and if you were unfortunate enough not to know any body—a thing of rare occurrence at such a place—still your chances of a free lunch were not entirely hopeless, for I have been deputed myself, by the hospitable proprietor of a lunch, to invite a perfect stranger, because, to use the words of our host, "He looked like a decent fellow."

Alas! I fear things are changed there now. This is fifteen years ago, and although the will is still unchanged, yet the means are now wanting.

Before coming to the event of the day, it would be unfair to omit noticing a class of frequenters of race-courses who were *sui generis*, and who always afforded me the most intense pleasure in hearing them. I allude to the ballad-singers, who, unlike the troubadours of old, did not accompany themselves on any instrument, but relied on their vocal qualities, or rather their power of lungs, and the exciting character of their songs, to command a crowd, and with it a ready sale for their wares. Heavens! such voices! Their main object being to attract purchasers, it was necessary, over the din and uproar of a race-course or a fair, that they should be heard, and harmony was, of course, unthought of—indeed, I have yet to hear an Irish

ballad-singer with even a decent voice. And then the fierce competition by which they were surrounded! On all sides were rivals for the spare pocket money of the swaying and excited crowd—jugglers, dancers, peep-shows, and every variety of attraction. Such sounds as these might be heard—"Here is the last speech and dyn' words of Martin Bradley, commonly called 'Scut,' who was hanged in frint of Clinnmoll (Clonmell) jail, for the cruel and barbarious murder of his grandmother and her two orphan childer, in order to get a crock of gould which she had consaled in the flure—and all for one hapenny." It may be said that the above Bradley had expiated his offences several years before, but he was always good for fresh execution, and his "last words" sold amazingly.

With his silver-mounted pistols I *observed* him full soon;  
Arrah! why? because he was me Enniskillen dragoon;  
Then, fare-you-well, me Enniskillen—fare-you-well for a while—

"Where the blazes are you fushin' to? Ye omadhaun of the divil, don't you see the blessed infant at my fut, that you nearly tuk the toes av wid your brogues?" "Oh! you want a ballad, do you? here it is, and the divil resave a finer song an the coorse:"

Musha Dan, who let you ont, sez the Shan Van Vocht,  
Musha Dan, who let you ont, sez the Shan Van Vocht.  
My Lord, sez Dan, I invinted a liddle plan;  
Sez the Lord to Dan, you're a divil of a man,  
And now you may stay out, sez the Shan Van Vocht.

"That's the first varse ov Counsellor O'Connell's, (may glory be his bed, I pray, Jasus this night;) as I was saying, that's the first varse ov Counsellor O'Connell's great song, which he sung in the Parliament House when he was liberated by order ov the Jook o' Willington—all for one hapenny."

"Walk up now, little boys and girls, and hinspect her Majesty's, Queen Victoria's, peep-show, one of which identically she shows the young princess and princesses at Vinsor Castle hevery day. Wipe your cyes, blow your noses, and don't breathe on the glasses."

"Oh! oh! my! what is that, sir?"

"That is the north pole by sunrise, taking on the spot by a beautiful young lady of seventeen years of age. By looking to the right you will see a white bear a suckling on her cubs, the whole forming one grand fan-tas-mo-go-ria which clearly proves that Britannia rules the waves which nature does procure. Cheep, cheep."

"The next is the portrait of '*Richard—Kure de Lion*,' so called from the color of his hair, from the two French words kure—color, and de lion—of his hair!" "Here's the kerrect card iv the races, with the names, weights, and color of the riders, all for six-pence." "Cigaws and a light—cigaws and a light." "I wan't a cigar-r-r!" "Cigaw, sir, yes sir, sixpence, sir." "Arrah, is it jokin' ye are; six-pence for a cigar-r-r? Wou'dn't I get an ounce of r'ale Limerick for thruppence? I'll give you a penny for wun." "Go to blazes, you d—d Irish clod; I'd have to teach you to smoke it, if I did give it to you."

Great Phayroe's daughter on the banks of Nile,  
Wint wun day to bathe in stlle,  
And running along the bank to dry her skhin,  
She hot her fut agin the basket Moses lay in.  
The Prencess turned round to her maids and smiled,  
Saying, "girls, which av yees owns this darling child?"

"Here's fourteen varses iv the findin' iv Moses in the Bulrushes, all for one hapenny."

Preparations now commenced for the business of the day. Before the steeple chase, were one or two flat races of no particular interest, although one of them was not without a ludicrous incident; one of the horses engaged in the race, and called by his owner "Impostor," (in consequence of his unreliable qualities,) having bolted from the course right through a party seated on the sod at lunch, knocking over champagne bottles, etc., but strange to say, injuring no one.

It was about three o'clock, when the bugle sounded for the great race of the day. Through the kindness of a friend, I had obtained access to the enclosure where the horses were saddled, and thus had an opportunity of seeing them stripped. There were six horses in all to go, out of a dozen entries, and the rivals, Whalebone and Peep o' day Boy, were





clearly the best of the lot. To a critical eye, neither of them were, however, 'fit for a fast race, as they were both entirely too "high," and were jumping out of their skins for want of sufficient exercise. Through some oversight, neither of the horses had arrived on the course until within half an hour of the time for starting. When I got inside the enclosure, I saw Mr. St. George talking earnestly to the groom who had Whalebone in charge, glancing uneasily from time to time at the horse. Presently I saw a faint smile chase away the frown upon St. George's handsome countenance, and I inwardly conjectured that he had hit upon some plan of getting a preparatory gallop before the race, although how this was to be accomplished, knowing the well-known punctuality of Lord Howth in starting the horses, I could not imagine. Meanwhile, Whalebone seemed to treat all this anxiety about him with the greatest contempt, laying down his ears ominously when any thing approached him, and being so particularly active with his heels that I made an inward vow to give him a wide berth on the course. Peep o' day Boy, on the contrary, appeared a good-tempered slob of a horse, apparently fitter for a brewer's dray than for a four-mile dash, at racing speed, over one of the stiffest countries in Ireland. At last, the bugle sounded to saddle, and at ten minutes to three, the horses left the enclosure. They all submitted to be mounted readily, save Whalebone, who reared, plunged, and lashed out in all directions, much to the danger of his rider, and all but preventing him from getting into the saddle at all. When there, greatly to my surprise, instead of adopting the soothing system with his horse, St. George struck him sharply three or four times with his spurs, irritating the horse nearly to madness, and causing him to rush through the gate with the speed of a whirlwind, nearly upsetting the other horses and their riders. The only control St. George *appeared* to execute over him was to turn him away from the steward's stand, and he pursued his way down the course, literally flying over the ground. The course, which was admirably kept by a troop of the Scots Greys who were then quartered at Kilkenny, fortunately afforded no obstruction to his terrible career. The wildest excitement prevailed among the people on each side of the ropes, and such cries as "Oh! great Saver of the world! he'll be kilt!" "Be the Crass of Cashel, he's a dead man," rising into shouts of admiration as he was seen seated unfalteringly in his saddle, his horse taking every thing in his stride, without a touch or a mistake. Nearly half the course was thus gone over, St. George still apparently passive, when, to the horror of some and the astonishment of all, upon approaching the most difficult leap of the whole, he was seen to gather up his reins, take a pull at his horse, and turn his whip upon him with all his force. The jump he rode at being one of the most dangerous sort at a

high rate of speed, deserves a passing description. It was what is called in Ireland a "boreen"—*ce glice*, a lane, generally used as a cart-road from one part of a farm to another, or as a short cut to the high-road, and having almost invariably a high thorn fence on each side, with double gripes or ditches to carry off the water, the distance usually from side to side being from twenty-two to thirty feet,\* and is generally crossed in hunting by jumping into the lane on one side, and from it into the field on the other. To see a man, therefore, instead of slackening his speed at such an obstacle, increase it, seemed almost like insanity, especially with what seemed a runaway horse. The horse, upon receiving the blow of the whip, could be seen, even from the distance I was, literally bounding from the earth with rage and pain. He rushed towards the lane with the speed of a cannon ball, and when within four feet of it rose in the air, and, incredible as it will appear to some, cleared the whole space without touching a twig, or unhorsing his gallant rider! People drew their breath more freely, and gave vent to their suppressed feelings in a cheer which must have been heard by St. George, who was seen in a few minutes cantering back towards the starting point, himself and his horse covered with foam and perspiration, but the latter apparently perfectly sobered. As almost every one imagined his horse had run away with him, few apologies were necessary to the stewards, and, after a few minutes' delay, the horses were started for the race.

I asked my friend John, who was on the course driving his master's family, what the chances were now for Whalebone, and his answer was significant and satisfactory—"Be the mortal, your honor, when I saw Mr. Sin George layan' to the horse coming to the Bureen, I thought some body's nick must be bruk; but when I saw him land safe, I said to myself, 'It's a Boyne salmon to a Waterford hake on Whalebone; 'all, he wanted was a little of the devil tuk out of him, and now he'll go as paysable as a lamb."

And John prognosticated truly. The race was run, and Whalebone had it all his own way from the start, coming in an easy winner by ten lengths, and distancing Peep o' day Boy. There was an impromptu race on the road homewards, ending in a beautiful fight between the rival factions, in which four of the Nowlans were *kilt*, but subsequently recovered, and several others were severely wounded.

\* The distance cleared by "Whalebone" at this jump was measured after the race, and was exactly twenty-four feet and six inches. The horse was purchased, before he left the course, by the Marquis of Waterford, for three hundred guineas, and under the name of "Blueskin" added to his laurels by winning almost every race he was engaged in.

AN IRISH TIT FOR AN ENGLISH TAT.—It was a piquant sally of humor by which the Irish lady, in company, retorted the sarcasm of an English lady, who, half-jocularly of course, attributed a very polite readiness for wine to the daughters of Erin. "I believe that in Ireland," she observed, "it is quite customary for a lady, if she only catches the eye of a gentleman earnestly directed to her at dinner-table to say, 'Port, if you please.' Promptitude is the order of the day."

"Yes," replied the Irish lady, not overpleased with the insinuation, and determined to repay it with interest, "and the promptitude takes another direction in your country."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, when an English lady finds a gentleman's eye upon her at table, I understand she averts her countenance, and, blushing, says in her gentlest tone, 'You must ask papa.'"

## IRISH BULLS.

EXTRACTS FROM "AN ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS." BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.

THE difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine. Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivalled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital *points*: for instance, there is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy Blake's. When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway: if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy *unique* in its kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at Port Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say, *Vo-t-en*.'"

Among the famous bulls recorded by the illustrious Joe Miller, there is one which has been continually quoted as an example of original Irish genius. An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Hephæstion used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice: he concluded writing his letter in these words:—"I would say more, but a d—d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent; but it is not originally Irish: it comes, with other riches, from the East, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled, "The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations."

"A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words, 'If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would write many other things to you which should be known only to you and to me.'"

"The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, 'I swear to you that I have not read or looked at what you are writing.'"

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"

Making allowance for the difference of manners in eastern and northern nations, there is, certainly, such a similarity between this oriental anecdote and

Joe Miller's story, that we may conclude the latter is stolen from the former. Now, an *Irish* bull must be a species of blunder *peculiar* to Ireland; those that we have hitherto examined, though they may be called Irish bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right, title, or claim to such a distinction. We should invariably exclude from that class all blunders which can be found in another country. For instance, a speech of the celebrated Irish beauty, Lady C——, has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced, in the speech of an English nobleman, *it tells for nothing*. When her ladyship was presented at court, his majesty George the Second politely hoped, "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gaieties of London."

"O yes, please your majesty, I have seen every sight in London worth seeing, except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English earl-marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your majesty, I hope it will be better next time."

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome."—"Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter *naïvement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

We know not any original Irish blunder superior to this, unless it be that which Lord Orford pronounced to be the best bull that he ever heard:—

"I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse, "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."

In the late proclamation of an Irish mayor, we are informed that certain business is to be transacted in that city "every Monday (Easter Sunday only excepted)." This seems rather an unnecessary exception; but it is not an inadvertency caused by any hurry of business in his worship: it is deliberately copied from a precedent, set in England, by a baronet formerly well known in parliament, who, in the preamble to a bill, proposed that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday (Tuesday excepted)." We fear, also, that an English mayor has been known to blunder. Some years ago the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, but the *horses* that are to run." A mayor's blundering proclamation is not, however, worth half so much in the eye of ridicule as a lord-lieutenant's.

A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

A bull on the throne is worth twice as much as a bull in the chair.

"By the Lord-Lieutenant and Council of Ireland.

"A proclamation.

\* \* \* \*

"Whereas, the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of *all species of grain, and especially in the consumption of potatoes, etc.*

"Given at the Council-chamber in Dublin."

The next article in our newspaper is an advertisement of lands to be let to an *improving tenant*:—"A few miles from Cork, in a most sporting country, bounded by an *uncommon fine turf-bog*, on the verge of which there are a number of fine *lime-kilns*, where *that manure* may be had on very moderate terms, the distance for carriage not being many hundred yards. The whole lands being now in great heart, and completely laid down, entirely surrounded and divided by *impenetrable furze ditches*, made of quarried stone laid edgewise."

We can never sufficiently admire these furze ditches made of quarried stone; they can, indeed, be found only in Ireland: but we have heard in England of things almost as extraordinary. Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on Hudibras, records the deposition of a lawyer, who in an action of battery, told the judge "that the defendant beat his client with a certain *wooden instrument called an iron pestle*." Nay, to go further still, a wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harrison, observed of Moses' two tables of stone, that they were made of *shittim-wood*.

An uninformed Irishman, hearing the Sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "The Sphinx! who is that now?"

"A monster, man."

"Oh, a *Munster-man*: I thought he was from Connaught," replied our Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family.

During the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord broke, and the criminal, who had been only half-hanged, fell to the ground. The major, who was superintending the execution, exclaimed, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you as sure as you breathe."

\* \* \* \* \*

A quarrel happened between two shoeblacks, who were playing at what in England is called pitch-farthing, or heads and tails, and in Ireland head or harp. One of the combatants threw a small paving-stone at his opponent, who drew out the knife with which he used to scrape shoes, and plunged it up to the hilt in his companion's breast. It is necessary for our story to say, that near the hilt of this knife was stamped the name of Lamprey, an eminent cutler in Dublin. The shoeblack was brought to trial. With a number of insignificant gestures, which on his audience had all the powers that Demosthenes ascribes to action, he, in a language not purely attic, gave the following account of the affair to his judge.

"Why, my lord, as I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy. 'Billy,' says I, 'will you sky a copper?'—'Done,' says he, 'Done,' says I; and done and done's enough between two gentlemen. With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-snivey—up they go. 'Music!' says he;—'Sculls!' says I; and down they come, three brown mazards. 'By the holy! you flesh'd 'em,' says he.—'You lie,' says I. With that he ups with a lump of a two year old, and lets drive at me. I outs with my bread-earner, and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket."

To make this intelligible to the English, some comments are necessary. Let us follow the text, step by step, and it will afford our readers, as Lord Kames says of Blair's Dissertation on Ossian, a delicious morsel of criticism.

As I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy.

In this apparently simple exordium, the scene and the meeting with Billy are brought before the eye by the judicious use of the present tense.

Billy, says I, will you sky a copper?

A copper! genus pro specie! the generic name of copper for the base individual halfpenny.

Sky a copper.

To sky is a new verb, which none but a master hand could have coined: a more splendid metonymy could not be applied upon a more trivial occasion: the lofty idea of raising a metal to the skies is substituted for the mean thought of tossing up a halfpenny. Our orator compresses his hyperbole into a single word.

Up they go, continues our orator.

Music! says he; Sculls! says I.

Metaphor continually: on one side of an Irish halfpenny there is a harp; this is expressed by the general term music, which is finely contrasted with the word scull.

Down they come, three brown mazards.

Mazards! how the diction of our orator is enriched from the vocabulary of Shakspeare! the word head, instead of being changed for a more general term, is here brought distinctly to the eye by the term mazard, or face, which is more appropriate to his majesty's profile than the word scull or head.

By the holy! you flesh'd 'em, says he.

By the holy! is an oath in which more is meant than meets the ear; it is an ellipsis—an abridgement of an oath. The full formula runs thus—By the holy poker of hell! This instrument is of Irish invention or imagination. It seems a useful piece of furniture in the place for which it is intended, to stir the devouring flames, and thus to increase the torments of the damned. Great judgment is necessary to direct an orator how to suit his terms to his auditors, so as not to shock their feelings either by what is too much above or too much below common life. In the use of oaths, where the passions are warm, this must be particularly attended to, else they lose their effect, and seem more the result of the head than of the heart. But to proceed.

By the holy! you flesh'd 'em.

To flesh is another verb of Irish coinage; it means, in shoeblack dialect, to touch a halfpenny, as it goes up into the air, with the fleshy part of the thumb, so as to turn it which way you please, and thus to cheat your opponent. What an intricate explanation saved by one word!

You lie, says I.

Here no periphrasis would do the business.

With that he ups with a lump of a two year old, and lets drive at me.

He ups with.—A verb is here formed of two prepositions—a novelty in grammar. Conjunctions, we all know, are corrupted Anglo-Saxon verbs; but prepositions, according to Horne Tooke, derive only from Anglo-Saxon nouns.

All this time it is possible that the mere English reader may not be able to guess what it is that our orator ups with or takes up. He should be apprised that a lump of a two year old is a middle-sized stone. This is a metaphor, borrowed partly from the grazier's vocabulary, and partly from the arithmeticians' vade-mecum. A stone, to come under the denomination of a lump of a two year old, must be to a less stone as a two year old calf is to a yearling; or it must be to a larger stone than itself as a two year old calf is to an ox. Here the scholar sees that there must be two statements,—one in

the rule of three direct, and one in the rule of three inverse,—to obtain precisely the thing required; yet the untutored Irishman, without suspecting the necessity of this operose process, arrives at the solution of the problem by some short cut of his own, as he clearly evinces by the propriety of his metaphor. To be sure, there seems some incongruity in his throwing this lump of a two year old calf at his adversary. No man but that of Milo could be strong enough for such a feat. Upon recollection, however, bold as this figure may seem, there are precedents for its use.

"We read in a certain author," says Beattie, "of a giant, who, in his wrath, tore off the top of the promontory, and flung it at the enemy; and so huge was the mass, that you might, says he, have seen goats browsing on it as it flew through the air." Compared with this, our orator's figure is cold and tame.

*I outs with my bread-earner*, continues he.

We forbear to comment on *outs with*, because the intelligent critic immediately perceives that it has the same sort of merit ascribed to *ups with*. What our hero dignifies with the name of his bread-earner is the knife with which, by scraping shoes, he earned his bread. Pope's ingenious critic, Mr. Warton, bestows judicious praise upon the art with which this poet, in the Rape of the Lock, has used many "periphrases and uncommon expressions," to avoid mentioning the name of *scissors*, which would sound too vulgar for epic dignity—fatal engine, forfex, meeting points, etc. Though the metonymy of *bread-earner* for a shoeblack's knife may not equal these in elegance, it perhaps surpasses them in ingenuity.

*I gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket.\**

Homer is happy in his description of wounds, but this surpasses him in the characteristic choice of circumstance. *Up to Lamprey* gives us at once a complete idea of the length, breadth, and thickness of the wound, without the assistance of the coroner. It reminds us of a passage in Virgil—

*Cervice orantis capulo tenus addidit ensem.*  
Up to the hilt his shining falchion sheathed.

An Irish boy (a 'cute lad) saw a train of his companions leading their cars, loaded with kishes† of turf, coming towards his father's cabin; his father had no turf, and the question was how some should be obtained. To beg he was ashamed; to dig he was unwilling; but his head went to work directly. He took up a turf which had fallen from one of the cars the preceding day, and stuck it on the top of

a pole near the cabin. When the cars were passing, he appeared throwing turf at the mark. "Boys!" cried he, "which of ye will hit?" Each leader of the car, as he passed, could not forbear to fling a turf at the mark; the turf fell at the foot of the pole, and when all the cars had passed, there was a heap left sufficient to reward the ingenuity of our little Spartan.

The same 'cuteness which appears in youth, continues and improves in old age. When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigor. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began, "Agh! my lady; success to your ladyship, and success to your honor's honor, this morning, of all days in the year, for sure didn't I dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honor gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, please your honor?" rejoined the old woman. "Then it must be your honor that will give me the tea, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a bon-mot is always worth more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

Mixed with keen satire, the Irish often show a sort of cool good sense and dry humor, which gives not only effect, but value to their impromptus. Of this class is the observation made by the Irish hackney coachman, upon seeing a man of the *ton* driving four-in-hand down Bond-street.

"That fellow," said our observer, "looks like a coachman, but drives like a gentleman."

As an instance of humor mixed with sophistry, we beg the reader to recollect the popular story of the Irishman who was run over by a troop of horse, and miraculously escaped unhurt.

"Down upon your knees and thank God, you reprobate," said one of the spectators.

"Thank God! for what? Is it for letting a troop of horse run over me?"

In this speech there is the same sort of humor and sophistry that appears in the Irishman's celebrated question, "What has posterity done for me, that I should do so much for posterity?"

\* The stomach. † Baskets.













